



THE QUIVER:

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING.

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

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The Life Story of "The Quiver Waifs."

IN this driving age, when the crowds stream along, some making haste to be rich, others bent as eagerly on pleasure, and the greater number, with the lines of stern duty impressed on their faces, toil on, every faculty of the mind on the stretch in the struggle to keep their heads above water—in these days, when we have learned all too well the lesson of minding our own business, how liable we are to overlook those who are not in the flow of the stream at all—the hapless ones who are sinking in whirlpools, or lie stranded on mud-banks!

As we troop on, what slender thought we give to the little street children that dodge about our knees or play in the gutter! Sometimes, in the midst of our schemes and calculations, we drop our eyes and note them, amid all the bustle of the crowded thoroughfares, wandering aimlessly along, now and again idly pausing to look over a bridge, or vacantly staring at the big posters on the walls, for all the world as if they were strangers and in a foreign land.

How seldom do we pause and reflect that beneath that tattered hat or shock head there is a world of surging ideas, hopes many and fears dire; in that little bosom, though it has but a rag of shirt to cover it, there are affections deep and true, and very often a generosity and unselfishness which the Piercing Eye, that singled out the poor widow casting into the treasury all her living, will approve as princely and heroic.

The wretched homes of the abject poor, how often have they been described—the darkness, the rotten stair, the sickening odour that clings to the roof of the mouth as one recalls it, the wretched room with the five or six occupants, the heap of rags that serves for a bed, the moaning, sick child that lies upon it, the woman uncombed and in rags, crushed and dispirited, the baby in her arms that does not smile, but seems to look out aghast at the world it



has entered. These things once seen are not to be forgotten; and when added to all this we find drunkenness, immorality, and cruelty, how appalling is the picture! Yet, in this atmosphere, thousands of children, perhaps as tender and as winsome as our own, are brought up.

For a moment we think of our own childhood. We had a father who was the embodiment of justice, and a mother who was incarnate love; but thousands of these waifs and strays are worse than orphaned. From the very commencement of their lives the landmarks of right and wrong are broken up; and as for justice, they do not know that such a thing exists.

You have glanced up at your boy as he bounces into the room with glowing face and fearless eye. Have you noticed the drunkard's child as he creeps home, how his steps slacken as he approaches the door, how he peers inside to see if his father has returned? Have you marked his attitude as he holds the knob of the door in his hand, ready to advance or ready to retreat? Have you seen how he scans the drunkard's face, how he drops his voice? how keenly he watches the moods of the fierce irrational giant he calls by the name of

out some hand stretched out to help, some finger to point upward?

It is a grand feature of our times that so many warm human hearts throb with sympathy for these hapless ones—that so many have bent all their energies to the noble work of rescuing them from the life of wretchedness, dishonesty, and shame which is almost inevitable.

Our readers have no doubt followed with deep interest the accounts we have given from time to time of such noble workers in this field as Dr. Barnardo, Miss Rye, and others. We have determined, with God's blessing and with the aid of the readers of *THE QUIVER*, to bear a hand in this Christ-like work.

It is a labour full of promise, and almost the only key to the vexed question of what to do with the outcast classes. For though it is impossible to straighten and untwist the gnarled and crooked thorn that for years has wound its tortuous roots into the soil and flung its perverse branches overhead, yet the tender sapling may be checked and directed, for within it there is still the law which makes it stretch its head upward towards the light.

In opening this new volume of *THE QUIVER* we inaugurate a new work. We have resolved, in the name of our readers, to adopt two "*QUIVER Waifs*"—a little boy, who is to be under Dr. Barnardo's care to be clothed, fed, and trained, at our expense, for a useful and godly life, and a little girl, one of Miss Rye's flock.

And now we will tell you a little of the history of these "*QUIVER Waifs*," hoping that you will take an interest in them, and render what assistance you can, for their own sake, and for the sake of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, My little ones, ye did it unto Me." Particularly do we hope that our younger readers will, in thankfulness to God for their happier lot, join heartily in the work of rescuing these little souls from misery and ruin.

It is but a short time since we went to see our "*QUIVER Waifs*," Mary Jane, the little girl of our adoption, is a bright, interesting child of seven years. She looked so sweet and clean in the brown dress and large white pinafore which had been provided for her, that we could not refrain from giving her a kiss.

We give you here a sketch, taken from life, of Mary Jane. So bright and happy she looks now, that you would never dream that she had suffered much from privation and cruel ill-treatment. But it is so. Her father died, and her mother married again, and treated the poor little thing with the utmost brutality.

We have all sung the hymn—

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be—"

and we have felt the pathos of the lines. But it is only too true that there are women who have sunk to that very lowest state of not only neglecting,



MARY JANE.
(*The QUIVER Girl Waif*.)

—father? Truly, he lives on the brink of a volcano, and cunning and deceit are his only protection. Deep wells of love and hope, and desire for excellence, are in his heart, God-implanted, but will they not be choked and dried up amid such surroundings, with-

but of positively hating their own little ones. Such a one is Mary Jane's mother. The neighbours were alarmed for the child's safety, and when it was proposed to take Mary Jane off her mother's hands she was only too glad to get rid of her.

At night, when the lady at Miss Rye's Home undressed the little one to wash her, she found great wales and lashes scored into her back—the work of a mother's hand!

But all that is over now for Mary Jane: her face beams with happiness, for she has heard the music of kind words, and no longer does she live in dread of cruel blows. She is being trained for a cheerful and useful life in Canada, and will soon be sailing over the Atlantic in company with other rescued ones, and most likely by the time these pages are in the hands of our readers she will be safely housed in Miss Rye's Home at Niagara.

Now for our other "QUIVER Waif," a sketch of whom we give also.

Little Willie is a gipsy-looking boy, with dark hair and wistful brown eyes. He is a bright, intelligent little fellow, about ten years of age.

All his life has been spent tramping about the country with his mother. Hungry, ragged, and dirty, they travelled from place to place, gaining a miserable living by selling such small articles as pins, needles, and matches; and when their stock-in-trade ran short, by singing and begging. At the end of each day's tramp they found shelter in the casual ward, but often enough, when the distance from workhouse to workhouse was too great for the child's weary little feet, they would lie down to sleep beneath the night sky in some barn-yard or under a hedge.

The little homeless wanderer had longings for something better than this mode of life. He had heard, as he dragged on from town to town, or slept huddled together with others in the casual ward, that there were men and women in this world who lovingly cared for the homeless and destitute ones, and that Homes had been established, where such as he were taught to read and write, and put in the way of earning an honest living.

So deep was the little fellow's aversion to the life of a vagabond, that he told his mother that he would run away from her, unless she placed him in some institution where he would be trained to become a respectable man.

Little Willie is eager to learn, and his ambition is to be a carpenter. He came down yesterday to see us at

our house by the water; his admiration of all he saw was great. He says he "should like to bide here always." It would have done you good to see his eyes when a fruit pie was brought on the table at dinner-time.

He is a gentle little fellow, and our children took to him at once. They led him down to the water-side, and showed him all the attractions of the place, and on leaving he said "it was the best day he had ever had in all his life." If our readers could have seen him, certainly our cause would have required no further pleading.



LITTLE WILLIE.
(The QUIVER Boy Waif.)

These are the little Waifs you are asked to care for and support. Surely in every way it is a sound and Christ-like work. Little ones who are precious in the sight of God are sinking into the miry clay and horrible pit of vice and hopeless degradation for the want of a hand stretched out to help in the morning of their lives whilst yet there is hope.

The Editor of THE QUIVER, whose address is La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., will be glad to receive any contribution in answer to the appeal of "THE QUIVER Waifs;" in the meantime, by the kindness of the proprietors of this magazine, he has been enabled to advance the sum necessary for the first year's support of these little ones—whom surely, had Jesus been living on earth now as of old, He would have taken in His arms and blessed. Indeed, they ARE His little ones, and the readers of THE QUIVER will assuredly love and cherish them for His sake.



NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER I.

AN EVENTFUL SUNDAY.

"Unregardful of aught else, beheld
Her face, and looking in her face, saw youth,
And beauty shining in the light of youth,
And seeing, loved."



ON a bright, cold Sunday in mid-March, early in the morning, the solitary waiter at the Royal Alexandra Marine Hotel, Flashford-on-Sea, stood at the hotel entrance surveying the prospect. Not that it was new to him—that stretch of sea, where the little waves raced so merrily along, and the brown fishing-smacks swayed lazily at anchor in the miniature harbour—but chiefly because, for the moment, he had nothing to do. The square-topped railway station to the left, and the tinsel-Gothic Town Hall to the right, closed in the view. Just at hand the church bells of St. Cecilia chimed out a blithe invitation to all and sundry to hie thitherward and worship.

But to all these attractions the countenance of Duke, the hotel waiter, betokened a noble indifference. He was a short, fat, greasy man, who "man and ooy" had been an appendage of the Royal Marine Hotel. Indeed, it was his firm conviction that that establishment could not get along, deprived of his services. And perhaps he was right.

There was but one guest staying in the hotel this sharp March morning, when the east wind drove the dust in clouds along the sea road. He had come out from the neighbouring manufacturing town of Bullionston late the night before: not to stay for long, for he brought but a small Gladstone bag with him. This young man had not yet entered an appearance in the breakfast-room, to the intense annoyance of Mr. Duke, who, in his leisure moments, sang in St. Cecilia's choir. He was used to missing many a service in August and September, when it was "the Season," and the hotel was crowded with visitors; but to be delayed and kept away from his place in the choir for the sake of only one, and that a hale young man, who should have been out of his bed long since, was really most vexatious.

A slow, lazy step echoed along the tiled corridor, and, turning, he beheld the said young man coming to the open door to look out at the morning.

Stephen Wray stretched himself in the cold, keen sunshine, filling his lungs with a great breath of the fresh sea air. A Londoner born and bred, he never tired of the sea, when he could get it. He was a strikingly handsome youth, slight and tall, and wiry-looking, with eager blue eyes full of fun and frolic. He looked as if he had never had a care in his life—

which was indeed the truth. Broad-shouldered, remarkable rather for length of limb than weight of flesh, he looked a manly young fellow enough. A deep upward crease between his brows might mean temper, but did not. He possessed a temper absolutely sweet and sound. Neither did this perpendicular line betoken studiousness or intense thoughtfulness. His Oxford career, now lying behind him in the past, had been eminently respectable rather than brilliant. He was at that happy age when the man begins to mould the life, and the boy is left behind. Athletics were no longer the supreme interest in life. At three-and-twenty years of age, although happy as a boy, and with something of a boy's simplicity still lingering about him, he had put away childish things, and felt the young, strong manhood stir within his pulses.

"What bell is that?" he asked, seating himself at the breakfast-table to which the waiter deferentially summoned him.

"St. Cecilia's, for morning service, sir."

"I shan't be in time," looking at his watch.

"No, sir. But at Biffey Church they don't begin till noon. At St. Cecilia's we have the best of music, and very short sermons, sir. Mr. Fletcher wouldn't think of trespassing on our attention more than fifteen minutes or so; while they do say, down to Biffey Church, Dr. Romney, being as it were a gentleman of the old school, goes on preaching for close upon an hour. He forgets himself, like."

"And where is Biffey?" asked the young man.

"Biffey!" with a scornful arching of eyebrows. "Oh, Biffey is down in the back streets. This is Flashford."

Here it must be explained that Flashford was a parasitic outcome of Biffey, an ancient and mildewed fishing village. In the neighbouring manufacturing town of Bullionston, where the factory chimneys crowded close, and the narrow streets were dense with smoke and dirt, there had arisen a cry for fresh air, for sea-breezes to blow the roses back into the children's faces and the brightness to their eyes, and resultant of this outcry was Flashford-on-Sea. Rows of terraces, semi-detached villas, sprang into being with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd; a new church was built, as well as one or two dissenting chapels; the aborigines, sorely displeased, withdrew into their own borders, and refused to have any dealings with the outer barbarians of Flashford. But Flashford managed to exist, notwithstanding, and, indeed, succeeded, with its Royal Crescents and Albert Edward Terraces, in completely elbowing poor old Biffey out of sight and out of mind.

Bullionston held calmly on its way, sending out its annual inundation of summer visitors, and unmindful of the feud between the old town and the new, merely demanding there should be found in either a reliable butcher and baker, and pleased that on that tame, flat coast no cliffs should be for the children to fall over, and be prematurely cut off in their early bloom.

"And so there's a church at Biffey," said Stephen Wray, "where morning service commences at noon. What do they call their church?"

"Just Biffey Church, sir—Biffey Church plain," replied Duke, with a touch of scorn. "As to a bell, they've none. The Biffey people say, quite proud like, they've been going to church, man and boy, since there was a church to go to, and they don't want no bells at this time of day to remind them of their dooty. I like St. Cecilia's myself: everything there is most correct and in order; Mr. Fletcher, if I may so speak, 'aving served his time in one of the superior London churches."

Stephen made a wry face.

"No London-and-water for me," he said, rising from the table. "Besides, in any case I am late for St. Cecilia's. The bell has ceased for some time. I shall go to Biffey."

"Dr. Romney is a fine old gentleman of the old school, but tedious, sir, tedious," replied Duke, loquacious as a hairdresser; and in a few moments more he stood at the Royal Alexandra door again, contemplating Mr. Wray as he sauntered down the garden path, and out on the road by the sea.

The young man walked on slowly, enjoying the fresh cold air and the bright sunshine, which beautified even ugly, staring Flashford. Presently he found himself outside St. Cecilia's, standing spick and span in the centre of her own greensward. He could hear the chanting within as he paused a moment, irresolute, at the open gate. But Stephen Wray had a vein of perversity in his character, which, developed, might go far to make an unbearable oddity of him in his latter days; and just because St. Cecilia was there at hand, looking so trim and new and orderly, he would have none of her, but turned off resolutely to seek and find poor old despised Biffey in the back streets.

To seek and find Biffey.

Yes, Stephen Wray—that is all very well. Here you are with a Sunday on your hands to spend as best you may in this strange place. You may as well go seek and find Biffey. It will be something to do.

And find what else besides?

Would you now, as you stand a moment at St. Cecilia's gate irresolute, if the veil over your future were to lift an instant and show you what is to come of your going to Biffey Church this Sunday morning—would you go on? Or would you slip into a modest back seat at St. Cecilia's, and listen to the fifteen minutes' ethical discourse of the polished Mr. Fletcher, and return to London to-morrow morning no better and no worse than you came?

The way to Biffey was not hard to find. After he had gone some way along the main street, with its double line of closed shops, he came on small groups of people with books in their hands, all wending in one direction. With these he mingled, and presently found himself in a narrow lane bordered by two high walls, with clustering ivy on the top.

A high gate, wide open, introduced the churchyard to his notice, and he turned in. The tall and stately young stranger caused a sensation, of which he was beautifully unconscious, as he walked up the aisle of

the dark little church. The ancient verger considered the classic retirement of the Rectory pew the only fitting destination of the distinguished stranger, and accordingly popped him in there.

Stephen nearly gasped as the intense and consistent hideousness of the building suddenly rushed in upon his soul. The church was low, flat-ceiled, white-washed, and perfectly square. It was an ordinary room, in fact, with a three-decker arrangement of table, reading-desk, and pulpit at one end, and an object in the form of a diving-bell gracefully poised above the pulpit.

Presently a side door near him opened suddenly, and admitted a burst of wintry sunshine and two individuals—an old gentleman and a young lady.

Stephen Wray almost gasped, and rubbed his eyes as this vision burst upon him. It was not the classical beauty of the young woman—he had not eyes to look at her—but the supreme elegance of this marvellous old gentleman which made him wonder.

Never before had he beheld a mortal man gotten up in a cut-away velvet coat with lace ruffles, several brilliant waistcoats of silks and satins, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, and long hair worn in a queue.

This quaint apparition of bygone modes came right on to the Rectory pew, filling all the church with his benignant smiles. Courteously he held open the pew door to allow his companion to step in.

Then he marched in himself, and seating himself, looked curiously at Stephen Wray. The young man felt rather uncomfortable.

"I trust I do not intrude," whispered Stephen hastily, for the square high pew, with its seats all round and carpeted floor, seemed to him more like a private room than a seat in a church.

"Not at all, sir," responded the old gentleman, bowing in the most chivalrous style imaginable.

Stephen returned this courteously inclination with a brusque bow of the Jack-in-the-box style of salutation common in these degenerate days, when elegance of deportment may be classed among the lost arts.

At this moment a venerable harmonium—which, like most things present, had seen better days—began to wheeze forth a melancholy melody; the ancient sexton took up his position in front of a cushioned stand, whereon reclined an enormous prayer-book; and a heavy-browed, ponderous man in a crumpled surplice made his appearance, and clambered up into the second storey of those mysterious railed-off spaces at the end of the church.

The old gentleman in the pew with Stephen politely handed him a book, and the service began to drag its slow length along.

Stephen was longing to study his companions, especially the younger one, but politeness forbade him. He furtively looked within his book, and found, inscribed in faded ink, a legend, setting forth the gift of the said book to "George Frederick Augustus Drury, from his loving sister, Hilda Romney." The prayer-book fervently besought blessings upon "our most gracious and religious sovereign, King George the Third," and was furthermore adorned with long *s's*, which wofully puzzled poor Stephen's intellectual capacities.

Since he had been a curly-headed little thing, in velvet frocks and lace collars, Stephen had been accustomed to go to church, and to behave himself with propriety while there. But here, to his great shame and confusion of face, he found himself the object of general attention, and the cause of some tittering. The Biffeyites were not going to keep a clerk to say "Amen," and do their own "responses" at the same time. The ancient sexton represented them amply, and they sat mute. Stephen felt greatly ashamed, and hiding his roseate countenance within the covers of his book, hoped the young lady opposite had not heard him.

When the old clergyman had clambered into the topmost place of all, and began to drone out his sermon, Stephen dared a little, and looked about him.

His eyes wandered from the quaint form in the pew with him to the rows of bent silver heads (occasionally nodding) and rusty poke bonnets (vigorously alert and wakeful); and he wondered for how many years the owners of these heads had been coming to this musty old church, where the very atmosphere smelt of dust and mildew, and cobwebs adorned the window corners, and hung festoon-like from the heavy fringes of the pulpit and reading-desk cushions. The wrinkled sexton seemed to bear the hall-mark of centuries on his thin, hard face, and the old parson appeared more than half asleep as he laboured through his sermon.

A ray of brilliant sunshine suddenly slanted in athwart the dingy edifice. Stephen's eyes involuntarily travelled along its track, and it carried his gaze straight to the face of the young lady in the pew, at whom, since his early disaster, he had not ventured to look. She moved a little aside, but finding she could not get out of range of the sunbeam, she submitted to its scrutiny, simply leaning her head against the high pew behind her, and closing her eyes.

Stephen now could look at her as much as he would. And looking, he said to himself that she and the sunbeam were surely kindred—the only bright things in all that mouldy old place.

She was very young, and very simply dressed. A long brown velvet cloak, bordered with fur, and fashioned in a style of twenty years ago, hid her figure, while a heavy brown velvet bonnet framed her small face like an aureole. But Stephen liked her dress. Fastidious as he was, and well versed in ladies' dress, as is the wont of the existing generation of fashionable youth to be, yet he liked the dingy, unsuitable costume of this young girl. He recognised its age at a glance, and wondered what his sisters would say could they see it. In all his life, he thought, he had never seen so fair and sweet a face. Small, regular features, framed with soft brown hair, and long lashes lying on the clear pallor of satin-smooth cheeks. But more than the flawless beauty of outline and contour, the deep, unconscious sadness of the girl's face attracted him. The lips in repose took a patient, pathetic droop, strange to see on a face so young. It went to Stephen's heart with swift directness, for his was a nature quickly miserable at the sight of pain in others. He wondered why a cloud so

deep shou'd rest on a face so young, so altogether lovely in its pure, childlike beauty.

She sat very still, with closed eyes. One might contemplate her as one would a statue or a picture, and with some of the same artistic pleasure in so doing. Stephen wondered of what she was thinking. He tried to weave out for himself the probable pattern of her daily life. He was just endeavouring to satisfactorily adjust her relationship to the quaint old oddity with her, when the sunlight passed from off her face, and, opening her eyes, she looked straight at him.

Page after page of sermon-paper had been turned over by the preacher, Stephen catching here and there classical allusions and quotations which surprised him; noisy flies, waking in the brief scant sunshine from their winter sleep, buzzed up and down the dusty window-panes; the weary old sexton dozed and nodded in his place, and the grimy-faced clock—four hours and twenty minutes slow—ticked loudly on, when the ray of sunshine vanished as capriciously as it had come, and Hilda Romney, opening her eyes, found the stranger calmly contemplating her.

He blushed vividly—and so did she. And for the rest of the service the only thing that interested these young people was the pattern of the carpet beneath their feet.

But he had caught a glimpse of her eyes. Grey, clear, almost child-like in their innocent sweetness—very lovely eyes they were.

The longest sermon comes to an end, and so did this one. Stephen found himself holding the pew door open for the young lady to pass out, and returning the courteously salutation of the old gentleman in the many-coloured waistcoats. She did not vouchsafe him even one little glance in going. The young man possessed himself of his hat, and prepared to depart, not without a wistful look in the direction of the little side door through which she had disappeared, and with a certain unpleasant, half-defined sense of loneliness at his heart, which was, to say the least of it, very unaccountable.

In going down the aisle, he suddenly found himself face to face with the preacher, who was shambling along vestrywards. The young man stood politely aside to let him pass, a little awed to find himself rubbing shoulders with the divine.

Dr. Romney, the "gentleman of the old school," and who felt himself pretty much the same individual in his ecclesiastical garments and out of them, raised his head abruptly, and looked at the stranger from under his shaggy brows—a glance which surprised Stephen by its keenness, contrasting oddly with the mumbled service and sermon just gone before.

"A stranger," he said abruptly, and in a tone which implied that this was a most objectionable point in Stephen's character. Stephen felt he was not to blame, but he had to own to the charge.

"I came to Flashford yesterday evening," he supplemented, in extenuation.

"We call this place Biffey," the old clergyman said severely.

Stephen felt he had blundered.

"And I heard so much of St. Cecilia from the waiter at the Alexandra this morning," the young man went on suavely, "that I decided to come to Biffey for morning service."

Dr. Romney looked pleased. He waved his hand about him magnificently.

"Ours is a very beautiful church," he said, "and very old."

Stephen bowed assent, not making it clear whether it was to the beauty or to the antiquity of the fabric he handed in his adherence.

"Have you friends in Biffey, sir?" asked the old clergyman abruptly. "No? Then perhaps you will honour me by stepping into my house close at hand; we are to use hospitality, you know; 'angels unaware,' you know, and that kind of thing. But few strangers come our way to test our principles, so we had best make the most of those that do.—Here, Morton, take my things."

And unrolling his robes upwards, all in one grand wisp, leaving them for the long-suffering Morton to disentangle at his leisure, the fat old parson rolled along the aisle, conducting Stephen to the selfsame little door where *she* had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

STEPHEN WRAY MAKES UP HIS MIND.



BIFFEY PARSONAGE was just as old as Biffey Church, but happily of a more qualified ugliness. Going over it, one came to the sarcastic conclusion that it had been planned in a nightmare, begun on the 1st of April, and finished—never. Dark, tortuous passages, that could easily

have been straight, cunning flights of steps in hidden places,

to serve no other purpose, apparently, than to cause the unwary to fall and crack their necks, for no sooner down than an equal number of steps led back to the original level. Unnecessary doors abounded, blind windows—in fact, a general wild incompleteness of design—were the distinguishing characteristics of Biffey Parsonage.

The people of the house were no less strange, thought Stephen Wray, fresh from the artificialities of his home in London. Dr. Romney, father and patriarch, was a man of great learning—learning and attainments both—which all his life had hung like a millstone about his neck. It was hard to believe now, looking on the deeply furrowed face, and meeting the harsh abruptness of his manner, that this old man had been young once, and ambitious and happy. Yet he had been all three. The youth had fled, the ambition waned; the happiness lay buried in a grave close by in Biffey Churchyard. She who for a brief space had made his life blossom as the rose had at the birth of their one child closed her eyes in

the sleep which knows no waking. Since then his life had been sombre; all interest in outer things left him, and of the many bright hopes he had started in life with, he had neither heart nor courage to attempt to achieve even one. With him lived his wife's brother, Master Drury as he was always called. His life, too, had seemed to stop short at his sister's grave. And to both of these young Hilda was the dearest treasure this life could hold.

Miranda on her island home knew more of the world than did Hilda Romney. She was nineteen now, and all her life had been passed in this dark old parsonage, shut in from the small world of Biffey by high, ivy-clad walls. If the truth must be told, the girl loved her uncle better than her father. His queer, quaint, wrinkled face had always a loving smile for her; his manner to her was the very embodiment of courtly chivalry; he watched her as carefully as he watched his flowers; he tried in many small, pathetic ways to please her, to give her pleasure;—while her father was so quiet and reserved, and his thoughts and affections so much buried in the book he was writing, that days might pass without his seemingly remembering her existence. But to old Master Drury she was the lodestar of life, the very apple of his eye.

Her life had always run in the one tranquil groove. Week in, week out, an unbroken serene existence, a round of homely duties faithfully performed. The same fresh joy in each successive spring, when the sap rose in the branches, and she felt youth and health within her veins; the same gentle regret when the year slowly yellowed to its close, and the wintry winds and fogs returned, the brightness all buried till another year, with its blossoms and bird-songs, should roll round again. She knew of no other life than this—this gentle, sweet-eyed maiden guessed not at the hidden possibilities of life, but moved through her little world with serene, unawakened heart, and fair, placid, smiling eyes, the joy of all who looked on her.

"I wonder where that young stranger in our pew came from?" mused Master Drury, as she and he passed homewards through the churchyard.

Unwittingly he had struck upon the subject of his niece's meditations.

"Yes, I should like to know," she replied readily.

"He looked so stiff and ungraceful," Master Drury went on; "and was so badly dressed."

"Did you think so?" Hilda said, with evident disappointment. "I thought he had such a nice face."

"Face, yes; perhaps so. But his dress!"

"I suppose," said Hilda hesitatingly, "it is *our* dress, uncle, that is really odd and absurd. This mantle of mine was mother's, and it is not like in shape to any of the cloaks the ladies who come here in summer wear. I am sure they would laugh at it!"

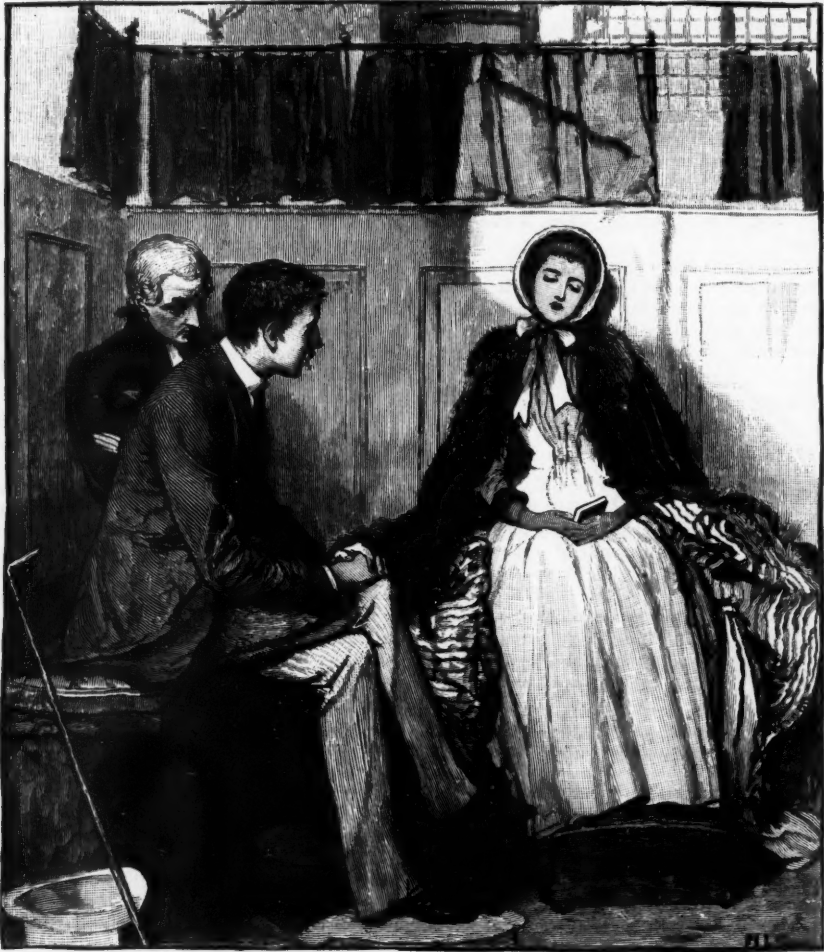
"Let them laugh," Master Drury replied, with scorn. "I should like to know if one of them had a face so pretty as yours to show above their fine cloaks."

Hilda smiled. She was so used to her uncle's extravagant admiration, it had not the effect of making her vain, for she told herself it was only his love for her that made her beautiful in his eyes.

They had reached the Parsonage door now. As

they paused, and Hi'da looked round, a sudden colour came up in her face. Through the postern-gate into the churchyard, which she and her uncle had left open for her father, came the heavy, stooping figure

Drury had likewise disappeared — presumably to announce the new arrival to the cook—Hilda was thrown on her own resources to accord a welcome to the stranger.



"She sat very still, with closed eyes."—p. 6.

of Dr. Romney, and with him, in quite familiar converse, the tall young stranger who had this morning occupied so many of her thoughts.

"Hilda," her father said, in his abrupt way, "here is a gentleman who has had the good taste to prefer our simple church to the gaudy attractions of that place which it pains me to mention. I have brought him to dinner. See to it."

Then he disappeared into the house, and as Master

Stephen felt miserably awkward, and she was tongue-tied and shy. The poor young things looked at each other in a dejected manner, half-apologetic but entirely absurd.

Woman-like, she was the first to regain self-possession. She offered him her hand with a pretty smile. "I am very glad to see you," she said, with simple directness that was in itself a charm. "May I know your name?"

"My name is Wray—Stephen Wray," the young man replied shamefacedly. "And indeed, Miss Romney, I do not know how to apologise for this intrusion."

"Pray do not try," she said graciously. "If papa thought you admired our poor old church more than St. Cecilia's, of course he asked you to dinner. He would give you anything in the world if he thought that. But, Mr. Wray, how could you pretend to like it best? Don't you think it was very wrong of you? Because it could not be true, you know."

The reproach in the girl's eyes stung Stephen into exculpation of his sin. He explained how matters really had fallen out, but he could see by her quiet, amused smile that she did in nowise believe him. He chafed helplessly under the sense of this. "I could make no comparison between the churches," he said, in loftily injured tones, "seeing I have never crossed the threshold of St. Cecilia's."

"Should you like to see our garden before we go indoors?" she asked him, dropping the thorny question of the churches. Stephen assented very willingly, and she led the way along the strip of lawn beneath the Parsonage windows, and into a large and apparently well-stocked fruit-garden behind the house. Within the garden door was a stretch of grassy sward, bordered by overshadowing apple-trees, not yet in leaf this March day, but holding up bare, shining branches to the cold blue sky. As Stephen followed his fair hostess from flower-bed to flower-bed, he little thought, or imagined, or foresaw how intimately every smallest detail of this sunshiny and sequestered garden nook was to grow into his spirit, become a part of himself, as it were, and parcel of his life, and of its every memory of joy and pain. He now walked through it as a stranger, stopping every now and again to rapturously admire a cluster of crimson auriculas or scarlet anemones, or the long ranks of tall, upstanding daffodils by the ivy-covered walls, while all around him tribes of jubilant spring blossoms glorified the smooth-shorn sward, and made the very atmosphere sweet and warm with fragrance.

"It is like a garden one reads about in a poem!" the young man exclaimed, standing still, and looking about him.

"I am glad you like it," said Miss Romney. "Uncle Drury is our gardener, and he loves his flowers as though they were living things, as indeed they are. But you should see this place in summer, when the limes on the lawn are in blossom, and the house is smothered in flowers. It is really pretty then."

"It is lovely now," he said, wondering at the old-fashioned garden, and the great beauty of the girl beside him, and, most of all, at himself—that he should find himself here.

"You live in London?" she said timidly. Then, with a rosy flush, "Forgive me; it is rude to ask questions."

"Ask me as many as you like," he said eagerly. "I have a father and a mother, and two sisters, and we live in Portman Square; and, on the whole, we are a most uninteresting and commonplace family."

Hilda did not think him either uninteresting or commonplace, but she did not say so. "You have a mother," she said softly; "and I have not."

Stephen felt deeply ashamed of himself when the pathos of this little speech struck on his ear. He was not accustomed to look upon his mother in the light of a blessing exactly.

"Your mother is dead?" he said.

"Yes, so long ago—so long ago that I do not remember her; but I think of her. And sometimes I think how different all would be if she were still here with us. But that, I suppose, is useless, and perhaps wicked, to think. And I have felt as if she were very near me. Sometimes, when I am grieved or unhappy, I feel as if she comes quite close to me; and, though she says nothing, her presence soothes me, and I grow happy again. Do you think she really comes to me, or that I only imagine she does, as Uncle Drury says?"

"I am sure she comes," Stephen replied fervently. He did not in the least know how to answer the question, or the look in the appealing eyes raised to his. He wished he could frame some pretty remark suitable to the occasion, but he could think of nothing.

"I think we had better go down to the house now," she said; and obediently he followed her from the garden, feeling very much as one may imagine the fairy prince felt when wandering in the enchanted mazes of the wood where the sleeping princess lay.

Master Drury came ambling across the lawn to meet them as they left the garden. The sunshine fell full on his powdered hair and brilliant attire.

Hilda introduced the stranger, to whom the old man most graciously bowed—Stephen looking rather as if he had swallowed a ramrod, and it had disagreed with him. Master Drury led off with some suitable remarks, and Stephen found himself replying, with the impression of being in a dream deepening upon him every moment.

The grass out here was just as green and carefully cut as in the garden, but the flowers were not so luxuriant as within the high shelter of the red brick walls. Here also a long rank of daffodils waved their golden heads in the sunshine, against the sombre background of a laurestinus hedge.

Hilda stepped away across the grass, leaving Stephen in conversation with her uncle, but with his eyes and thoughts following her.

Presently she returned to him, a small bunch of Russian violets in her hand.

"These are all I could find," she said, with a frank smile, and held them out to Stephen, who took them gratefully, wondering if there was another girl in the world so deliciously sweet and natural—like her own violets, he thought, as he carefully placed her offering in his button-hole.

With any other young lady he ever met, the fellow would now have played a little comedy anent the pinning-in of the flowers to his coat—a comedy both he and she would have perfectly understood; but with Hilda Romney things seemed different. There was an atmosphere of simple truth about her that disarmed him, and kept him at a distance, even while he felt she was the most charming woman he had ever met.

Then they went indoors.

The Parsonage drawing-room was as mellow with

age and old-fashioned ideas as the rest of the place. The architect's eccentricity had in it taken the form of unexpected nooks and recesses, with one side of the room boldly curving out into the lawn like an overgrown oriel window. It was nevertheless a pretty room, its dark oak carvings lightened up by an overflow of the garden outside into every nook and cranny. There were flowers everywhere, and ferns and palms in large old china jars standing here and there.

Stephen had not time to notice many details before dinner was announced, and Dr. Romney led the way to the dining-room. Here was more oak carving, but the walls were hung with tapestry: Rebekah at the well, Moses in the bulrushes, Samson and Delilah; Stephen felt more than ever like the fairy prince—oak carving and tapestry as daily furniture in the nineteenth century was too much for his equanimity—only the fairy princess was not asleep, but very wide awake, sitting opposite him at the table, stealing glances at him from time to time from her soft grey eyes, and across the dream and the glamour mingled the fragrance of the violets she had given him.

"We dine early, sir," remarked his host—"that is, on Sunday—as my evening service commences at five."

"Do you make a lengthened stay in Biffey?" Master Drury asked, by way of conversation; for if Dr. Romney asked a man to dinner, he had no idea of entertaining him mentally as well. He left all efforts after sociability to his brother-in-law and his daughter.

"No," replied Stephen. "I return to town to-morrow morning. The fact is, I came to Bullionston on business for my father, and was not able to get it finished in time to go home yesterday evening, so ran down here last night for the Sunday. I am glad I did now."

Master Drury politely bowed at the compliment implied.

"Perhaps you may have heard of the firm of Wray and Owens?" Stephen went on, not sorry of an opportunity to offer hostages to conventionality, and give some certificate of respectability to these innocent people, who asked for none. "My father is the head of the firm."

"Publishers?" Dr. Romney asked, with sudden interest, lifting his shaggy head from his plate.

"No; stockbrokers," Stephen replied, smiling at the idea of his father, or old Owens either, knowing anything about the inside of a book, unless it was a book all red and blue lines, and with frequent references to £ s. d. within its pages.

"And how do you like our church, Mr. Wray?" Master Drury asked, falling back on that question, inevitable at a parson's board.

Stephen glanced at Hilda. She was smiling at her plate in a most provoking way.

"It is very old," he stammered. For Stephen, although a young man of the world, was one of those rare souls to whom even the shadow of untruth was as painful as sand in the eyes is to the ordinary human being.

"That is its chief beauty," Master Drury replied solemnly, all innocent of irony. "We are old people here—and we like the old ways."

"And you, Miss Romney?" said Stephen boldly, determined to carry the war into the enemy's country. "You are not old; and what do you think of St. Cecilia's?"

"Papa does not approve of my going there, and so of course I never go."

Dr. Romney gave a grunt expressive of disdain, and as Stephen noted the colour in her face, he felt rather sorry he had put her to such a test.

"We are a remnant of another age," Master Drury went on solemnly. "Stranded here by time—far removed from the clamour of earth—the world forgetting—by the world forgot"—Hilda even, young though she be, belongs rather to my age than to her own. From all I gather of the ladies of the present day, Hilda is not the loser from our life of cultured retirement."

Stephen thought of his sisters, and looked at the sweet, serious face of his young hostess, and marvelled if this indeed were the sole cause of the wide difference between them and her.

"I don't think the new type of woman is to be admired by men or angels," he replied, with a touch of cynical disapproval which surprised himself. Heretofore, the young women of his acquaintance had not been so marvellously distasteful to him, and his sisters had been good girls enough, as girls go. His ideal had suddenly become higher. In fact, he never had had an ideal before—now he had. He had looked upon women as all precisely the same, some of them perhaps a little wittier or a little prettier than others. Now they were suddenly severed into two classes. In one class, Hilda Romney—with half-reluctance he owned it, for he should have liked Hilda to be first and alone—and Mary Owens; in the second, all the rest of the women his world held.

"In my young days," continued Master Drury, "all women were beautiful and good. We men, made of a coarser fibre, found our highest meed of praise in the approval of their bright eyes. We tried to present ourselves in the best of lights to them. Now, what cares a man what a woman thinks of him? She has stepped from off her pedestal, and fights in the arena with him on equal terms. Ah, my young friend, I pity you!"

Stephen was by no means an adherent to the theory that women were sent into the world to stand aloft on pedestals, but he was not rash enough to attempt to argue the point with Master Drury, and so silently accepted the proffered pity.

"We are going so fast," he said, as Master Drury paused, and he found he was expected to say something, "that I suppose we must all, men and women alike, move onwards, or we shall get left behind."

"Yes, you live too fast. You drain the goblet of life so swiftly that the delicacy of its aroma is lost. Here we live apart, in our mellow and chastened atmosphere, not altogether untouched by sorrow, or forgotten by the hand of Time. My brother-in-law is engaged upon a stupendous work which will stamp the name of Romney all along the ranks of posterity. I live in the Arcadia of my flowers and the memories of my youth. And Hilda—my niece—she supplies the element without which life must be inharmonious

—the benign influences of womanly grace and beauty."

Master Drury paused triumphantly. And to himself, deep within his heart, Stephen pitied Hilda.

She, blushing a little at her uncle's praises in the presence of a stranger, rose and led the way to the drawing-room.

"I think I must be going," said Stephen presently. He hoped Hilda would press him to stay, but she did not.

"Can I say good-bye to your father and uncle?" he asked, lingering.

Hilda smiled.

"Come with me," she said, with her pretty little laugh, and Stephen followed her back to the dining-room. There, in an arm-chair, lay Master Drury, fast asleep, a gentle smile playing over his features. Hilda stole softly in, and placed a velvet cushion behind his head.

"Come," she whispered again to Stephen, who had modestly remained at the door. And she led him along a dark passage, warning him in whispers of the steps in secret places. She opened a door to the left, and silently pointed in.

He looked cautiously into the room. It was fitted up as a study, and a bright fire was burning on the tiled hearth. On a sofa close by the fire was extended the portly frame of Dr. Romney with one pendant hand prone along the floor, and a silk handkerchief over his face. Master Drury had been caught napping, as it were, but Dr. Romney had deliberately laid himself down to woo sleep. There was no mistaking the trumpet-like tones proceeding from beneath the handkerchief.

"Is it always like this?" Stephen asked, as they retraced their way along the passage to the hall.

"Yes," said Hilda simply. "They are both old, you know, and need rest."

"And you?" said Stephen. "What do you do?"

"I read," she said. "I read as much as I can. I have many books, and I want to read them all—over and over again—and get them quite into my head, that I may have them to think about afterwards."

There was a sudden feverish energy in her manner as she spoke which surprised Stephen. And a look of deep, unutterable sadness came suddenly into her face. Every vestige of brightness died out from her eyes and voice.

"But would you not rather have new books?" he asked. "I would send you some gladly, if you would let me."

"No," she answered sorrowfully. "New books would only puzzle me. I want to read my own old ones, so that I may remember them by-and-by."

She pressed both her hands to her face with a little gesture of despair that thrilled the young man through with pity, though he did not understand it.

She looked so small, and slight, and wistful, standing ever in the shadow of these old lives, that all his heart went out to her, and he would have liked to gather her up in his arms, and kiss and caress her as one does a little pet child.

"But I am detaining you with my foolish talk," she

said, holding out her hand with a little air of dignity all her own. Stephen felt himself dismissed.

"If I come to evening service," he said, grasping this last straw of hope, "shall I have an opportunity of thanking your father for his kindness?"

"Papa is sure to be there," she replied.

He would have liked to ask if she would be there, but most unusual shyness stopped his tongue. A trim housemaid was already holding the door open for him, but still he lingered.

"Perhaps, if you do not find it dull," she said, "you would come in after service to tea?"

"Dull!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I am as sorry as I can be to go away now."

"Then why do you go?" she asked. "Have I been rude, and made you think you ought to go?"

Stephen was in that frame of mind that he thought she was an angel, and would have liked to tell her so. But he restrained himself.

"You must not judge me by your sisters," she went on hurriedly, "or London young ladies. I do not know quite how to behave. But I am sure papa and Uncle Drury will be disappointed if you go away. It is such a pleasure to them to have someone new to talk to, and you must not be vexed because they have gone to sleep. They are so old, you know. But if you like to stay, and as you have no other friends at Biffey—and if you do not really find it *very* dull—I shall be very glad. If you liked, we might go and see some of the sick people in the outlying hamlet, and I could show you the place."

It is hardly necessary to say how eagerly Stephen jumped at the offer.

An hour later he and she were walking briskly homeward by the sea-shore. The village soon lay behind them, and they were out on a long flat reach of scant herbage. There was no beauty along this tame coast; but on this March Sunday, the sunshine, clear and cold, bathed every object in dazzling radiance, and made the smooth surface of the steel-blue sea impossible to look upon.

Presently she led him down upon the strand of hard, unyielding sand, with its fringe of blanched ocean-wrack and weed. Then they turned up a narrow deeply rutted lane, which led them to a hedge-bordered road, and so home again to Biffey.

Stephen never in his life enjoyed a walk so much. He would have been ready at that moment to declare that Biffey was situated amidst the most beautiful scenery in the world. The barren reach of desert sand-hills was glorified in his eyes.

Hilda talked to him as they walked along—gravely chatted to him about her life, and its little interests and occupations among the poor. She told him of the books she liked, and, warmed by his sympathy, revealed perhaps more than she was aware of herself, her dreams and girlish thoughts, and, above all, her simple piety.

To her, he was simply the most delightful companion her solitary life had known—not ancient, but rather of her own age, and with heart and thoughts in harmony with hers. And so with sweet and gracious unconsciousness her nature revealed itself to him in all its maiden softness and high

nobleness, expanding in the pleasure of his companionship, as the folded beauties of the delicate sea-weed fronds reveal themselves when the tide rises, and the limpid sea-water stands in every little pool.

To him—what was she?

Simply the loveliest, and best, and sweetest woman he had ever known—and his wife, if he could win her.

CHAPTER III.

A WORLDLY FAMILY.



SUNDAY came not as a "day of rest and gladness" to the Wray family, but rather as an oft-recurring period of intense dullness, to be got through in the best way possible, with novels, and yawns, and family jars.

The father and mother of the family usually spent the afternoon of Sunday in their own especial sanctum, a small and dingily furnished room, looking out at the back of the house. This worthy pair had not always

been in circumstances so affluent as those they now enjoyed, and possibly both felt most at their ease in this plain, ugly room. A large table with an oil-cloth cover filled the centre of the room, and rows of stiff, hard chairs stood along the walls; at each side of the fire-place a lumbering arm-chair, and in these chairs Mr. and Mrs. Wray reclined, the former having the additional comfort of his feet upon another chair.

Mr. Wray was a short, stout man, with an exceedingly red face, a shining bald head, small sharp eyes adorned with outstanding brows, and a nose scarce worth mentioning, so small an oasis was it in the vast desert of his face. He had one worship—money; one rule of life—"Get money"; one creed—belief in money. Never at any time in his life had he lost sight of the end and aim of his being, and he was now a very wealthy man. He married young, and had three children, and as years went on a large household of servants and a respectable office staff came under his control, but no one of these human beings had ever loved him; some had feared him, some deceived him, some despised him, but not one had ever had a kindly thought associated with him in their hearts. Not that he wanted or cared for any "humbug" of the sort. If they each did their duty in that state of life to which it pleased him to call them, that was all he needed; if they failed to do so, they might go elsewhere. The culprit was summarily condemned on the first offence, without hope of reprieve. His wife was the sole person who contradicted the autocrat. She feared him not at all. His daughters and his son both feared and disliked him cordially.

Mrs. Wray consented to his authority on the tacit understanding that in most cases her word was as good as his. She seldom actually opposed him in any

of his plans, but she ever met him at every point with a rapid stream of contradiction and condemnation.

Her favourite *rôle* in life was to pose as a "doleful creature." No one could be lively, or witty, or even cheerful, in her society. She infused a drop of gall into every cup. The most harmless gaiety felt itself sinful near her, and withered up. Her husband, her son, her daughters, her servants, she looked upon as so many thorns in her pillow. In her scheme of existence everything always invariably went wrong, and nothing ever by the remotest chance went right. In the great dining-room down-stairs there was a full-length portrait of her as a young woman, in her bridal silks and laces. Even then had there lurked a latent acerbity about the coldly smiling lips. Years had developed the acerbity and extinguished the smile.

On this especial Sunday afternoon Mr. Wray appeared to be in anything but a good temper. Perhaps the east wind blowing along the dusty streets outside may have had something to do with it.

"I can't understand," he said peevishly, in reply to some remark his wife had made about his daughters—she always styled them *his*, as if she had nothing to do with them or him—"I can't understand why those girls are not married."

"They've had offers," Mrs. Wray replied.

"Yes, yes; I know. Fortune-hunters; but never a one with pound for pound with them—not one amongst the lot that could have made a marriage settlement. What's the matter with them? They're not very ugly, though they have not much to boast of in the way of good looks. Stephen's got any good looks that were going. I don't know where from. I am sure."

"Not from you, Mr. Wray."

"I'd say the same to you, only it might not be polite, Mrs. Wray," her husband returned placidly. "What's the matter with the girls? They're properly dressed, they've all they need; no father could do more than I've always done for them. Over a hundred a year for their schooling alone. They go out, they've a box at the opera, they've carriages, riding-horses, everything any young woman can need to set her off, and there they are still on my hands. I've often said I'll give each of them ten thousand down on their wedding-day, and then I'm done with them. I must save the rest for Stephen. He's my only son, and will carry on the name."

"That is a great consideration," Mrs. Wray said sourly.

Her rank had been one degree higher than her husband's in the social scale when she married him long years ago, and she never allowed him to forget the condescension she had shown.

Mr. Wray snorted angrily, but did not attempt to argue the point.

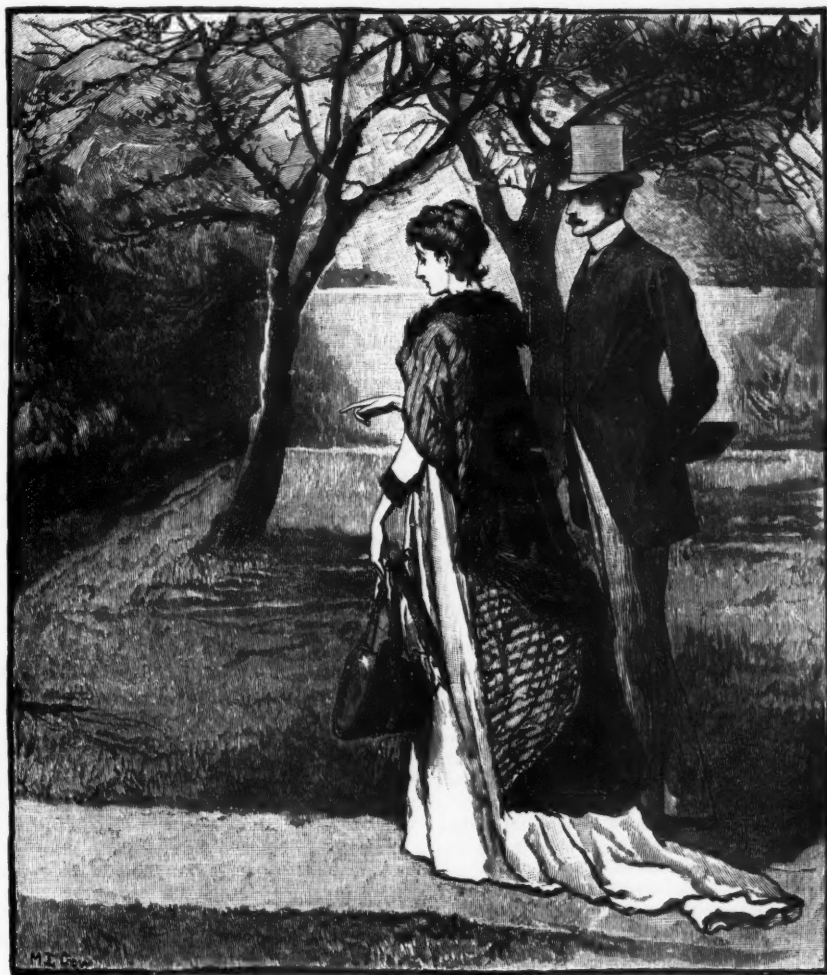
"My father was at least an honest man," he said, "and yours was a scamp of an attorney."

"Go on, Mr. Wray, go on as long as ever you like. You are my husband, and I suppose I must bear insults from you with what meekness I can command."

"Never mind our fathers, Jane. I don't want to insult you, but you'd try the patience of a saint—you

really would," Mr. Wray replied, putting his feet back on the chair from which he had withdrawn them in his wrath. "The question is not what our parents were, but what to do with our children. I want those

"Stephen is young enough. He's only three-and-twenty. But I intend him to marry this year. Someone will snap up Mary Owens and her money if he does not look sharp."



"It is like a garden one reads about in a poem."—p. 9.

girls married and out of the way; for every day they live in my house, and spend my money, that is so much out of Stephen's pocket. Louise is close on thirty, and Annette is eight-and-twenty this year. They ought to be married. It is absurd for them to expect I am to support them for ever. I'm not going to do it."

"Why don't you tell your son to marry, if you're in such a hurry?" Mrs. Wray asked, as he paused.

"No fear of that," replied Stephen's mother. "Mary Owens has been waiting for Stephen long enough. Since they were children she's been fond of him."

"That's so much the plainer sailing."

"Stephen won't marry her," Mrs. Wray continued. Not because she believed what she said, but that she wanted to say something irritating.

"Stuff and nonsense! Stephen will do what I tell him," the father returned sharply.

"Mary Owens is two years older than him," Mrs. Wray said, with a cold smile.

"I don't care if she was twenty years older than him. He's got to marry her, that's all there's about it. No great penance either, to marry such a fortune. Twenty thousand in her own right from her mother, and all her father will leave—as much as I have for my three children. Stephen's no fool. He'll do what I tell him."

"He does not care about Miss Owens."

"And who wants him to? Do you think I care a pin whether he does or not? Why, you talk like a fool, Jane. One woman is as good as another, and a good deal better if she has money. I'll speak to Stephen about it to-morrow."

"You'll find he'll rebel," Mrs. Wray returned. In her secret heart she believed Stephen was very fond of Mary Owens, and fully intended to marry her.

"I'll find he'll do nothing of the sort," Mr. Wray returned fiercely. "Rebel, indeed! And he dependent on me for the very food he eats, and the very clothes he wears! I gave you credit for more sense, Mrs. Wray. I shall tell Stephen to-morrow I wish him to marry Miss Owens. You say she'll have him—very well. This is March. I'll give him six months. He'll marry Mary Owens by next September, or I'll disinherit him. Good gracious! you drive me mad with the mere suggestion of his letting slip such a chance. He might live long before he would meet with such another."

"Stephen has a good deal of your obstinacy about him," Mrs. Wray said, in a slow, languid voice that always intensely irritated her lord and master.

Mr. Wray rose from his chair, gasping with rage, and his face growing purple with indignation.

"I don't care if he has all my obstinacy in him," he almost shouted, "and all yours too, which is saying a great deal more. He is my son, and he shall obey me. Say no more about it, madam."

So ended the parental conference. Mrs. Wray retired weeping to her own room, and Mr. Wray poked the fire vigorously to let off his angry feelings, and then sat down in his arm-chair again, and fell asleep.

Up-stairs, in the vast region of ormolu and gilding and mirrors known as the drawing-room, Stephen was also the subject of conversation.

The Misses Wray were very like each other. They were built on a large and decided type. Their dress was decided, also their opinions and conversation. There was no gentle feminine haze of hidden possibilities about their characters. They were clear, hard, and defined as a basso-relievo, and with something of basso-relievo rigidity also.

Both felt secretly that they were "social failures." Men had come, and men had gone, but they were still unwed. Their circle was a limited one, for they had committed the error—condemned in the vulgar proverb—of throwing out dirty water before they had gotten them clean. They wanted to know "lords and ladies," and so moved out westwards, and cut their former acquaintances; and, after five years of Portman Square, knew not a solitary "lord" or "lady," with the exception of the widow of a defunct Lord Mayor, who had been knighted during his year of

office. Stephen had graduated at Oxford, and knew a much better class of people than they did. His men friends came to the house, and were polite, and went away again untouched by the charms of the sisters. Louise had come to that now, she confided to Annette, that she would marry "anyone." And Annette was rather of the opinion that "anyone" had appeared above the horizon, and only needed a little encouragement to come forward.

"Dear me!" said Annette, with a yawn, "I wish Stephen had come home last night. Sunday is bad enough, but Sunday without Stephen is dreadful!"

The sisters were honestly fond and proud of their young, handsome brother.

"I wonder what the poor boy is doing with himself. Flashford-on-Sea must be very dull just at this season."

"Everywhere is dull. I hate Sunday!" Annette said vindictively.

"I should have liked to go abroad for Easter," Louise said plaintively. "It's absurd how papa can never afford to let us do anything we want to do. But I don't hate Sunday, Annette, and it is wrong to speak that way of it."

"You may find it amusing trotting off to church and arranging your attire to suit the occasion—ringing the changes in dainty pearl-greys and violets, deepening as you go, and composing a joyful and jubilant costume for Easter meanwhile. That kind of thing may suit you, I say, but it does not suit me; and if there's anything at all in religion, it is not what we wear at special seasons, nor does it consist in attending a great many services. No one on earth will convince me of that. Of course Mr. Whyte may tell you otherwise."

"Mr. Whyte never tells me anything that is not to my great advantage to know," Miss Wray replied, with dignity.

Annette laughed maliciously.

"Do you know, sister of mine, that you'd better look after Mr. Whyte? He goes very often to call on Mary Owens of an evening, Stephen says, and it is not to see old Owens, you may be sure. Mary is an heiress—Mary has four times as much money as you or I; and all her mother's fortune in her own right, so she can marry anyone she likes."

Miss Wray knitted her brows.

"I wish Stephen would marry Mary, if he is going to do so," she said.

"Stephen says he is not in love with Mary," remarks Annette sapiently. "I asked him. He says he looks upon her as a dear sister, and that she is very good, and he is very fond of her; and all that sort of thing."

"What nonsense!" Louise returned, with a sneer. "This amateur brotherhood ever comes to a bad end. It invariably ends in matrimony."

"That's not a bad end."

"Well, no; I did not mean that exactly. I mean that playing at being brother and sister, when people are not born in those relationships, never succeeds. The brother soon oversteps the brother's bounds, and finds himself the lover."

"Stephen is not one little bit in love with Mary," Annette said sagely.

"No," said Miss Wray; "it is sometimes the woman who suffers."

"There's a knock at the hall door," said Annette. "Now, Louise, if it is Mr. Whyte, give him to understand Mary and Stephen are engaged. You need not say it right out—but you know."

The door is flung open, and a gorgeous footman solemnly announces Mr. Hawthorne Whyte.

Mr. Whyte—soft and pathetic as his simple name—advanced and shook hands tenderly with the young ladies. He was like nothing in the world so much as a study in black and white. A deathly white face, framed by smooth black hair, worn rather long, and furthermore ornamented by the most brilliant beady black eyes ever seen, and his extremely correct costume carried out the idea of "black and white" to perfection.

Mr. Whyte was not happy in his choice of a subject when the weather had been discussed, the east wind condemned, and Stephen's absence explained.

"I have just come from visiting your cousin—Miss Owens," he said blandly.

Miss Wray frowned slightly, but the quicker-witted Annette saw the opportunity, and seized it.

"Miss Owens is not our cousin, Mr. Whyte," she

said, with an innocent smile. "Her father and ours are partners, and we see a good deal of her, naturally." She paused, with an expressive glance at Louise, who instantly took up the running.

"We hope she *may* be a relation some day," Louise said sweetly, and shyly looking down at her long white fingers while she spoke.

"Indeed!" the young man said, with a slight start, not lost on Annette.

"We look on her already in the light of a dear sister," Louise continued.

"Is your brother engaged to her?" Mr. Hawthorne Whyte asked, with a rather forced smile.

"We don't put it that way *yet*," said Annette, thinking that perhaps he would congratulate Stephen or Mary. "But they have known each other all their lives."

"We hope they will be very happy," murmured Louise.

"I am sure I hope so, too," said Mr. Whyte limply.

Annette congratulated herself, and Louise told herself she had only spoken just in time. Very soon the visit begun so propitiously flagged, and Mr. Whyte arose, and took his hat and his departure.

And this was Stephen's home!

(To be continued.)

WEALTH AS A PROFESSION.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.



Once heard an old physician of great eminence exclaim, when the word "philanthropist" was mentioned in his presence, "Don't speak of those cruel men; and deliver us from their tender mercies!" In the same spirit of righteous indignation a

well-known philosopher writes:—"Fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good, is an extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing-up of miseries for future generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing them an increasing population of imbeciles and idlers and criminals. To aid the bad in multiplying is, in effect, the same as maliciously providing for our descendants a multitude of enemies. It may be doubted whether the maudlin philanthropy which, looking only at direct mitigations, persistently ignores indirect mischiefs, does not perpetrate a greater total of misery than the extremest selfishness inflicts. Refusing to consider the remote influences of his incontinent generosity, the thoughtless giver stands but a degree above the drunkard who thinks only of to-day's pleasure and ignores to-morrow's pain, or the spendthrift who seeks immediate delights at

the cost of ultimate poverty. In one respect, indeed, he is worse; since, while getting the present pleasure produced in giving pleasure, he leaves the future miseries to be borne by others—escaping them himself."

But although thoughtless giving, either on the part of poor-law guardians or of rich individuals, is no charity at all, but a social crime, let us not jump to the conclusion that there is no way in which the rich can help the poor. The existence of maudlin philanthropy may be acknowledged while, on the other hand, we believe in the possibility of true charity.

Every gift of God is good, and we have no sympathy with the cant of disparaging riches, which is generally in the mouths either of those who have none themselves, or of those who desire to compound for greediness in making money by affecting to despise it when made. Money is a great power for good or for evil. In our present complicated social arrangements, however, the possession of large wealth by an earnest Christian is a great responsibility, and one of which we need not be envious. Indeed, we should all give to such men our sympathy and whatever help we can in their endeavours to perform the duties of stewardship "as ever in the Great Taskmaster's sight." "What are we to do

with our money?" is now the question of serious-minded men of wealth. "Charities are so badly managed, and then political economists are down upon us if by mistake we help those who might have helped themselves. It is easy to talk against our extravagance; tell us rather how to spend our money as becomes Christians."

The fact is, riches must now be considered by all good men as a distinct profession, with responsibilities no less onerous than those of other professions. In the nature of things money tends continually to fall into the hands of a few large capitalists. Whether such men acknowledge it or not, they are really members of a new profession, the *raison d'être* of which is, that it should spend money for the greatest good—not some less good, producing remote bad consequences—of the greatest number.

This very difficult business, therefore, must be learned by studying social science, and otherwise with as much care as the professions of divinity, law, and medicine are learned. When the rich are willing in this way to train themselves for their high calling, and take for their motto, "With both hands earnestly," they may rest assured that He who is the Light of the World will reveal to them ways and means of benefiting His poor, that are in harmony with Christianised social science. Let them only remember that if one member of Christ's body suffer, all members must suffer with it, and that other Christian saying, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Guided by such principles as these, rich people will endeavour, in giving relief, to combine the advantages of organisation and individuality. They will not trust their own unassisted judgment as to the merits of a case, fearing lest by yielding to the clamours of dirty sensational poverty they may wrong the retiring respectable poor. On the other hand, they will remember that no amount of machinery can dispense with the grasp of a brotherly hand, and a human heart speaking words of sympathy to those who are distressed in mind, body, or estate. How much might the rich do for the poor by enabling them, at whatever cost of patience and money, to become self-supporting; by rescuing from villa-builders a few plots of recreation ground; by starting benefit societies, libraries, and schools of cookery; by encouraging such pastimes as would enable "the masses" to soberly enjoy their holidays!

Something, too, may be learned from the words, "In quietness shall be your strength," for if the accumulation of capital be the only means of providing employment, he who, while owing no man anything, makes a fortune and invests it, does more for the poor than he who, urged by bustling philanthropy, gives away all that he receives to the neediest people about him. So true is it that prudence and thrift are perfectly compatible with the spirit of brotherly love.

The truly charitable are always thoughtful. They have learned the inestimable art of doing kindness in the kindest manner. A benevolent man—Dr. Wilson, of Bath—discovered a clergyman who, he was informed, was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. One evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting him to deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend said, "I will wait upon him early in the morning."—"You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

On the principle that "charity to the soul is the soul of charity," we should try to improve people's moral nature rather than aim merely at making them more comfortable in their bodies. Surround people with every luxury, and they will be miserable still unless their hearts and wills are in harmony with the moral laws of the universe. Nero on his throne was far less happy than St. Paul, the aged prisoner of Jesus Christ. A faithful friend can often save much misery by gently reminding us of our failings. In his description of the work of charity a Christian writer includes "wholesome blame." By far the best way, then, of helping people is to make them capable of helping themselves and so of improving their surroundings.

Is it not strange that people should be so ready to help those who do not want help, and so brutally careless about those who do? Dinners are given to those whose health would be much improved if they ate less, while those who really want a dinner find a great difficulty in getting one. Many a poor invalid might be almost restored to strength by a few drives in the carriage of some rich lady who is ruining her health by not walking or taking any other kind of exercise.

It must be admitted, however, that people are getting far more kind and considerate than they used to be. We have heard of poor over-worked shop-girls being invited for a day to the country and given a good dinner; of poor clerks being so well befriended that they did not form vicious habits; of deeds of kindness done in the kindest possible way for those who formerly were better off than they afterwards became.

Lady John Manners gives the following instances of kindness that came under her notice: "In some houses I have seen the children, from the time they are old enough to dine at the luncheon-table, given a basket containing a china jar, in which they were allowed to place little portions for the sick, toothless, and bedridden poor. A simple pudding and a few vegetables or some fruit are a great treat to the poor. The children consider it a pleasure to pay these little visits; and if a few flowers are added occasionally, or a book or a newspaper, they will feel that they are doing what they can to comfort those who are in need. Some old toys, if given to a family of little ones, are great comforts to them and their parents, for they keep the children amused.

I know a gentleman who provides much enjoyment to his servants by giving them in turns tickets for the Zoological Gardens, letting them know a day or two before when they can go, in order that they may arrange to take a friend. I have heard of a great house where all the servants are allowed a fortnight's holiday in the year. Of course, arrangements are

she would not shrink from giving words of good advice; and she would point out to parents the great difference there is between real kindness and weak indulgence."

It is said that, among the daily petitions which the late Lord Cairns was accustomed to offer, one was that, if he had omitted to do a kindness he



THE CHILDREN'S POOR-BOX.

made to facilitate their going at a time convenient to employers and to themselves. I remember a lady over fourscore years of age, whose sympathies were as deep, and whose interest was as great in young people, as if she had been a girl. If she thought a girl who was not rich needed a gown, she would send her one in the prettiest manner; would give little parties for those who she thought needed cheering, and would send her carriage to fetch those for whom she thought it would be inconvenient to come. She never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness to poor or rich, yet

might have done, or had not done it in the kindest manner, he might be forgiven, and enabled to do better in the future. "Smiling on thy neighbour's face is charity," and truly there is often more real charity in a kind look or word, or in the suppression of an outburst of temper, than in the gift of a thousand pounds.

One of the truest kinds of charity, or rather justice, consists in paying people properly for the work they do for us. Some do not see this, and they stint their servants and other employes, and give

so-called charitable gifts out of the money they have saved by oppressing the hireling. Of the same nature is the action of those who are always on the look-out for a "bargain." It would be well if the ladies who rejoice at their good or cheap bargains would reflect that it is because they will not give a proper price for the products of women's labour that thousands of their poorer sisters have to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in order to earn what will buy a crust of bread and a cup of tea. You have got some pieces of wearing apparel very cheap. Why? Because of the low remuneration of women's labour. If the working women are young and good-looking, they are almost starved into supplementing their wages in ways that the employers know and very often calculate on, whenever they pay wages unusually low; and thus it often comes to pass that the buyer may get cheap goods, and save for "charity" too, at the expense of women's lives. Surely it is an insult to God to offer money made out of the life-blood of our brothers and sisters on the altar of so-called "charity!"

According to Chrysostom, "to know the art of alms is greater than to be crowned with the

diadem of kings; and yet to convert one soul is greater than to pour out ten thousand talents into the baskets of the poor." But though true charity warns us to try and improve the moral condition of the poor rather than destroy their independence and power of helping themselves, there is no reason why we should not give them useful and pretty things, which without our help would not be enjoyed. Photographs may be given of countries we have visited, books that we would read ourselves, an easy-chair or some other comfort for the aged and sickly. Of course blunders will be made at first, and our gifts may not be appreciated. We all know the story of a poor old woman of old times, who, getting her first gift of tea, and hearing that it should be boiled, put it in the pot and then ate the leaves, telling the giver afterwards that it was "nice enough," but "she could not say she liked it better than cabbage."

Above all, let us never forget that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Our gratitude to God, who enables us to bestow, should far exceed anything we expect from those who take from us.

HOW GOD PRESERVED THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.—FIRST PAPER.

WE have in the New Testament the words of our Lord and of His Apostles, and it is to them that we appeal in all matters of faith. They hold with us the first and highest place, and naturally we assume

that they always held this position. As a matter of fact it is not so. For a long time the Old Testament was the Bible of the early Church, and only gradually did believers become conscious that there was a Christian Bible, and that they, too, had books which for them had the same plenary authority as the books of Moses and of the prophets for the Jews. In treating of this subject, "How God Preserved the Bible," it is important to show how believers were led by the Divine Providence to the conviction that the writings of the New Testament were to be guarded by them with the most earnest care.

The Church had existed for twenty years before any book of the New Testament was written. For nearly a century afterwards the faith was propagated by those who had themselves been eye-witnesses of our Lord's ministry, or by such as had been taught by them. Both the facts and doctrines of Christianity were well known and believed on the authority of the living words of Apostles and Evangelists. Yet the need of documents was soon felt, and many took in hand to

draw up narratives of what was fully believed on the authority of eye-witnesses still living. And the words of St. Luke bear witness to the kind of teaching on which the early Christians depended. For he says that he wrote his Gospel that Theophilus "might know the certainty of the things which he had been taught by word of mouth" (chap. i. 4: see margin, Revised Version). It was only as the eye-witnesses were gradually removed by death, and the number of those who had personally heard them, and had stored up their teaching in their memories, gradually diminished, that certain of these narratives and other authoritative writings took the place of the oral testimony of the Apostles and Apostolic men.

Yet, when in the fourth century the Church became free to act for itself, it found this great task of settling the Canon of New Testament Scriptures virtually accomplished. There were a few books concerning which doubt was entertained. These are the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. James, the second of St. Peter, the second and third of St. John, the Epistle of Jude, and the Apocalypse. As regards the rest, the Church in its general councils did but give synodical authority to what had been practically decided long before. As early as the second century we have in the Muratorian Canon a list of the Books of the New Testament as then received, and it is identical with our own, except that it omits the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. James, and both

those of St. Peter. Even, too, thus early a distinction was clearly drawn between genuine Apostolic writings and works of secondary authority, an Apocalypse of St. Peter and the Shepherd of Hermas being noted as unfit, in the opinion of many, to be read in the Church. It is thus plain that believers were rapidly feeling their way towards the formation of a Canon of New Testament Scriptures, and that what the Church did in the fourth century, at the Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, and elsewhere, was to give public authority to those many "books of which there had never been any doubt in the Church," and to examine and sift the evidence for those which had not been universally received.

There is, however, a statement of St. Peter too important to be left unnoticed. In it he places St. Paul's Epistles on a level with the Scriptures of the Old Testament. "Men wrest," he says, "our beloved brother Paul's Epistles, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." The words occur, indeed, in the Second Epistle (chap. iii. 16), concerning the authenticity of which there were doubts in the early Church. Many modern scholars also feel a difficulty in believing that St. Peter would, during St. Paul's lifetime, place his writings on a level with those of the prophets. Yet the evidence for the Epistle was such that it was accepted in the Synods which had to deal with the subject, though not placed on a level with the First Epistle. But be this as it may, certainly at a very early date St. Paul's Epistles were regarded as Scriptures.

But at first the use of the New Testament Scriptures was for help in holy living. The early Christians generally cherished the expectation of Christ's early Advent, and it was long before they understood how great a work the Church had to do in and for the world before it would be fit for the Master's re-appearing. And this thought of Christ's immediate coming made men indifferent to controversy, and in earnest only about practice. In the Tractate lately discovered, called "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," written immediately after their days, and giving a summary of their doctrine, we find proof manifest how entirely the one thing valued was a godly life. But gradually other needs arose, and it was found that God had in the New Testament fully provided for them; and the result was that its authority in matters of doctrine became as fully recognised as had been its power in aiding men in the struggle after holiness.

And thus in the first century there is a constant reference to the facts of the New Testament, and the quotation often of its very words, for the ends of the Christian life, and yet in a very general way, and with little particularity about the book quoted from, or the name of the writer. But in the second century a very different state of things gradually came about, chiefly as the result of the Gnostic controversy. For controversy requires some authority to which appeal can be made. It may be right reason, or written law, or historic testimony or proof adduced by some science,

which is invoked to settle the matter in dispute. For Christians, whose high claim it is that they live under a revealed religion, the appeal can be only to inspired words. And it was the Gnostics who by misusing them made believers aware how high was the authority of the Apostolic writings. For the Gnostic leaders arranged, first of all, a Gospel for themselves culled from the Church's Gospels; and next an "Apostolicon," drawn from the writings of St. Paul, whom alone they deemed worthy of notice. And this they did because the books were confessedly of high authority, but without intending to submit to them their own judgment; for these works covered but a small part of their speculations. But when writings, which previously had been used as aids for personal holiness, were thus pressed into the service of a wild philosophy, orthodox Christians were forced to consider what was the true position of their holy records, and what was the nature of their authority, and what books had this authority, and what fell short of it. The practical decision was that only such books as had Apostolic authority were to be regarded as inspired. In the fourth century the Church synodically affirmed the same; but there were books which claimed to have been written by Apostles, but which had never had more than a local acceptance; and several of these books were also admitted into the Canon.

We have seen that the Muratorian Canon acknowledges almost all the books contained in our New Testament. It is so called because it is found in a fragment discovered by Muratori in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. There is also a most interesting statement made by Tertullian at the end of the same (the second) century. He is discussing this very question—so interesting then, and so happily settled for us in the Sixth Article: that "nothing is to be required as necessary to salvation unless it can be proved by Holy Writ." Now Tertullian was in the face of a controversy which carried its speculations far beyond the limits of inspired teaching. The Gnostics, as we have seen, accepted some parts of Holy Scripture; they rejected other parts. They taught, moreover, theories which went far beyond anything warranted in the Bible. The whole question of authority thus arose. To what was the appeal to be made both for acceptance and for rejection? For help in holy living you may quote a hymn, or a passage from a sermon, or from a favourite author; but in controversy you can appeal only to that which binds your opponent as well as yourself. In the fourth century the controversies waged were about the interpretation of the Scriptures—Arians, Nestorians, Monophysites, Eutychians, all alike appealed to it. It was in the controversy with the Gnostics that Christians felt their way to the conclusion that they were bound to hold neither more nor less than that for which they had the warrant of Holy Writ.

Tertullian at this early date includes something more: for he appeals to Apostolic custom and practice,

as well as Apostolic writing. But for us Apostolic custom has passed into oblivion. For Apostolic practice we have valuable testimony in the history of the primitive Church; yet is the verdict often uncertain because the testimony is obscure. But Apostolic writing is as clear and as exact now as at the first. Tertullian's words, addressed to one looking for the authority which must decide in matters of controversy, are, "Go through the Apostolic churches, in which the very seats in which Apostles sat still

letters were still used for reading; but that they were carefully preserved and highly valued is very probable. Critics assume that they were written on the cheapest material, papyrus; yet, to say nothing of papyrus rolls from Egypt, we have leaves of an uncial manuscript written on papyrus as old as the fifth century ("Codex Porfirianus"). But papyrus is never named in the New Testament, while *charta*, paper, is mentioned in 2 John 12. And *charta*, paper proper, was so good and sound that it



"Their own authentic letters are read."

hold their old place of honour; where, too, their own authentic letters are read, bringing back the very sound of their voice, and recalling each one's features. If Achaia is nearest to you, there is Corinth: if you are in the neighbourhood of Macedonia, you have Philippi, you have Thessalonica. If you can travel into Asia, you have Ephesus; if you dwell in Italy, you have Rome" ("De Praes. Her.," c. 36). Now Tertullian is generally thought guilty of exaggeration in saying that the autographs of St. Paul's Epistles were still preserved in the cities to which they were addressed. And we must own that he lived in Africa, too far away for his testimony to be conclusive. Perhaps he was wrong in saying that the original

would stand long wear and tear. St. Paul mentions parchments (2 Tim. iv. 13) as well as *books*. The parchments would be the more precious documents, such as Old Testament Scriptures and memorials of our Lord's life, possibly St. Luke's Gospel. But was it not reasonable, then, that when he ordered his Epistles to be sent from church to church, that they might be read to the brethren (Col. iv. 16), he provided for the possibility of this large use of them by having them written on parchment? As he employed a scribe to write them, it is gratuitous to suppose that he used only the meanest writing material; but even so they would quickly be valued as things most precious, and when they became worn they

would be copied and the originals carefully preserved, not merely as relics, but also for the collation of copies, so rapidly multiplied that the Epistles of St. Paul were in the course of a few years known throughout the West.

But the main point is that Tertullian knew of no higher authority to which to appeal than the writings of an Apostle. In the next century a further advance is made. For immediately at its close, in A.D. 303, the Diocletian persecution arose, and this was directed not so much against the persons of Christians, as against their books. The books of the New Testament were so identified with Christianity that the Emperor and his council concluded that if they could destroy the Christian Scriptures they would destroy also the religion based upon them. And so the order went forth that from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the Cataracts of the Nile to Britain, Christians should be compelled to surrender their holy books under penalty of imprisonment, torture, slavery, and death. And many feeble creatures obeyed, and were branded by the rest as *traditores*—that is, men who gave up their Bibles were looked upon as guilty of the same crime as the traitor Judas, who betrayed his Lord. And when the persecution was over, when some of these traitors after public penance were readmitted into communion, the Donatists broke out into open schism, and alleged that the crime was one past forgiveness. Great indeed must have been the value set upon the Scriptures in those days, when thus men could place them upon a level with the person of Christ. And it is interesting to find that the Donatists received the same books of the New Testament as ourselves, excepting the Epistle to the Hebrews. But another unexpected result of this persecution was that a sharp line of distinction was drawn between the books that were canonical and those that were not so. The Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, the

Shepherd of Hermas, and similar works, were read in church for instruction of life, and are even found in Biblical manuscripts; but a man was not deemed a traitor for surrendering these. The act was not approved, but it was visited by no ecclesiastical censure; and it seems as if sometimes such books were placed in the way of the Emperor's emissaries, and surrendered after decent resistance, while the copies of the Gospels were carefully hidden away.

To sum up this part of our subject, we find at first no controversy in the Church, but an eager expectation of the Second Advent, and a devout and earnest care for a holy life. In those days the Gospels and Apostolic writings formed only a part of the Christian heritage, and an almost equally important place was held by institutions founded by Apostles, by Apostolic practices (comp. 1 Cor. xi. 16), and by the living memory of their words, and of the words of Christ narrated by them. But in course of time controversy arose, and the attempt was made to blend Christianity with Oriental philosophies, and believers were thereby compelled to look to their foundations, and were Divinely led to the conclusion that they must accept no doctrines, however specious, for which Apostolic authority could not be found. And this appreciation of the value of their holy books so grew during the many trials of the Church in the third century, that the heathen world now identified Christianity with the writings of the New Testament, and supposed that by destroying them they would obliterate also the religion of Christ.

And thus we have seen how the providence of God gradually led the Church to the conviction that they had in their sacred books a treasure of inestimable worth. And it had been made all the dearer to them by the attempt to rob them of it by force. We shall next see how this treasure was made sure—first by means of manuscripts, and secondly by its translation into other tongues.



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

1. In what way does St. Paul illustrate the Christian duty of mutual help?
2. What description does Moses give of the journeyings of the children of Israel through the Wilderness?
3. How long was the brazen serpent kept which Moses made in the Wilderness?
4. What terrible catastrophe befell the army of the Syrians at Aphek?
5. Who were the Zamzummins?

6. In what words does St. Paul express his love for his brethren the Jews?
7. What land is mentioned as producing a hundredfold in one year?
8. The head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger to Herodias. What is a charger?
9. Quote some words which show that the Jews in the Wilderness kept the Sabbath as a day of public worship.
10. What words of the Psalmist did St. Paul quote to teach the Corinthians that all things come of God?

A Song of Faith.

Words by JOSEPH ANSTICE.

Music by G. M. GARRETT, M.A., Mus.D.
(Organist to the University of Cambridge.)

mf *cres.*

1. O Lord, how hap - py should we be, If we could cast our

f *f*

care on Thee, If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that

dim. *p*

One a - bove, In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best.

2. How far from this our daily life !
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms.

3. Oh, for the faith to cast our load
Of anxious thought upon our God !
For He will clothe and feed;
And from the lilies as they grow,
And from the tended ravens, know
That we are safe indeed.

4. Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers,
And from self-torment cease:
Father! we trust, and we lie still;
Leave all things to Thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

HOW DICK MANAGED IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYLVIA MORETON'S PROBATION," ETC.



"Effie had settled herself cosily, a child on either side."—p. 26.

I.

"EFFIE, I am afraid you don't find that book so interesting as I did; but I think we ought to read everything we can about Australia; and Edmund told us of it, too!" There was a tone of mild reproach in Mrs. Karton's last words.

"It's a dull, stupid book, mother!" said Effie decidedly. "As far as I've gone, there's nothing interesting, except that account of the dreadful accident to a sheep-farmer, and really I was thinking I shouldn't mind if we were to sail

to-morrow; I might have some chance of getting a little practice in the bush!" and she threw down her book impatiently. Turning to her brother, who was busy with his Latin dictionary, she continued, "I followed an omnibus all down the street this afternoon, because one of the wheels wobbled so. If it had come off, there would have been some splendid cases—it was crowded, inside and out. As I was hurrying along I just felt the handle of my sunshade, to see if I could break the stick to use as extemporised splints, you know, and snap it went in a moment. Wasn't it provoking? And then I met Clara Gower. She had a sprain, divided artery, and nearly a fractured collar-bone, only that a doctor unfortunately came in just as she found her bandages. She hasn't much method; and it was to aggravate

me, I'm sure, she told me that Ellen Roberts' cook had a 'really magnificent scald'—emptied a kettle of boiling water over her arm—and Ellen dresses it and everything. Before we heard of the St. John's Ambulance classes, Dick, you were always hurting yourself; and since I've taken my certificate, you have only had that miserable cut on your forehead!" and Effie evidently considered that fate and her brother had been extremely unkind.

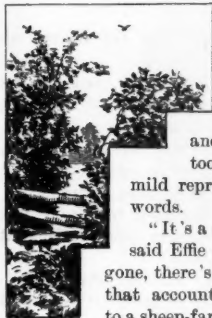
"I'm awfully sorry, Euphemia," said Dick, putting his pen behind his ear. "You know, I wanted you to be at our cricket-match last Saturday; Jack Symonds' thumb was broken by a cricket-ball, and——"

"Do stop, Dick!" exclaimed Effie. "How *could* I come, when Aunt Anne had sent for me?"

"Children," said their mother, with a perceptible shiver, "I cannot let you talk about accidents in that heartless way—it makes me quite cold!"

"But you don't understand, mother," said Effie. "We don't wish people to hurt themselves, of course; at least, if they do, it is hard that a qualified person should be out of the way just when she's wanted; I might as well never have passed the examination, if my knowledge is to be of no use to me!" with a heavy sigh. "If Clara hadn't been on the spot when that artery was cut through, for instance, it might have been quite serious. Nobody else had an idea, she told me."

"You could do it all twice as well as that bungling Clara," said Dick. "I'd rather trust myself to our butcher." Effie's brow cleared; she was flattered by Dick's interest and appreciation, and when he added,



"Look here, Euphemia! I'll make all our fellows promise to give you the first chance next time anything happens; there's a bicycle-race this week, and another cricket-match coming off, and my chum, Charlie Preston, is a most unlucky fellow"—Effie felt as if she could have hugged him, but wisely refrained, and offered instead to help him with his English composition.

A present from Aunt Anne of an exceedingly pretty sunshade opportunely arrived next afternoon, convincing Effie Karton that there was still some brightness in this disappointing world, and she and Mrs. Karton sat in serious consultation as to whether this gift had not made a new hat an absolute necessity.

"Is that Dick?" said Effie, taking off her thimble. "How quietly he has come in!"

The door was opened about two inches, and a sepulchral voice said, "Euphemia, you're wanted!"

Effie was in the hall in a moment.

"A bicycle accident," said Dick, glancing with infinite satisfaction at a deplorable figure, smirched with mud, and hastily binding a handkerchief round a bleeding hand.

"Your cuts shall have attention at once: sit down in the drawing-room, please," said Effie, as she flew to her "ambulance" drawer, whilst Dick introduced her case as Charlie Preston's brother.

"I must apologise for coming so unceremoniously," said their visitor. "But I have just had an awkward tumble, and your son took compassion on me and brought me in."

"Oh, quite right: I am afraid you are a great deal hurt; your forehead is bleeding terribly," murmured Mrs. Karton a little faintly, sinking rather suddenly in the nearest chair. Just then Effie came in, carrying a basin with cold water, several bandages, a case of plaster, scissors, etc.; she took in the situation at a glance.

"Mother, I'll turn your chair round till I've removed the traces of the accident. There, now you won't see anything."

"My daughter, Mr. Preston," said Mrs. Karton; "you will excuse it, I'm sure, if I seem a little impolite."

"I'm only sorry to put you to so much trouble and inconvenience," said Mr. Preston, addressing the back of Mrs. Karton's chair.

"You needn't think it's any trouble to Euphemia; she would rather see those cuts—" began Dick, when he was stopped by a stern glance, and a request to hold the basin.

"I am fully qualified to render first aid," said Effie, untying the tightly knotted handkerchief.

"So your brother has been telling me," replied Mr. Preston. "I have most implicit confidence."

It was quite as well that Mrs. Karton could not see the wound.

"Arterial hæmorrhage," said Effie to herself—"I must apply the tourniquet;" quickly taking it from the table, with the necessary bandages. "This will stop the excessive bleeding," she explained meanwhile to her patient, who bowed, and closed his eyes, his lips twitching convulsively.

"Let me give it another screw!" said Dick eagerly.

He was watching the proceedings with the deepest interest. "Look out, Euphemia! he's going to faint; whatever shall we do?—I know; irritate the back of the throat with the forefinger, or tickle the nostrils with a feather—no, that was in cases of poisoning or drowning, I forget which."

Mr. Preston made some inarticulate sound. Effie just glanced at him sharply, and sent Dick off for a glass of cold water.

"There is really nothing to alarm yourself about," she remarked quietly. "An ordinary attack of bleeding at the nose would be almost as bad. Will you put your hand up?—so—thank you, that is exactly the right position. You feel better now, I hope?" she went on, a little more amicably.

"Oh, yes, thank you; it was only momentary," he replied, closing his eyes again.

"I will bring you some *sal volatile*," said kind Mrs. Karton.

"Don't move for a minute, mother," said Effie. "Dick shall take away the sponge and water directly."

Then she finished binding the wounded hand very deftly and quickly, and arranged the sling; Dick made a very good assistant, and obeyed orders to the letter.

"Now for your forehead," said Effie. "Ah, that's only a graze, but there is a good deal of mud, which makes it look worse than it is. I must cut away a little of your hair—the scissors, Dick."

"Charlie's hair grows just like yours, Mr. Preston," remarked Dick. "'Mops' is one of his names at school."

Mr. Preston laughed, more than the remark required, Effie thought.

She sponged and plastered carefully, and said reassuringly, "It will not leave more than the slightest scar, and scarcely shows even now."

"It is the neatest job I ever saw," said Dick, looking at the case with genuine satisfaction. "I hope you'll get something to do next Saturday."

"I have been hastening our meat tea," said Mrs. Karton. "I'm sure you must have some nourishment before you attempt to go home."

"You are really too kind," said Mr. Preston.

"Effie dear," continued her mother, "if you dress quickly, you will just be in time for the six o'clock train. Aunt Anne is expecting you."

"You'll pass the school, Euphemia," said Dick; "I'll scribble a note, and you can leave it for Charlie—I know he hasn't gone yet; he had some lines to write—then he'll come on here, and have tea with us, mother."

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Karton. "I had been thinking someone ought to go home with Mr. Preston in case the faintness should come on again."

Mr. Preston at this remark caught Dick's eye, which had a rather quizzical expression, and hastily turning to Miss Karton, said he was ashamed to give so much trouble.

"Not at all," said Effie. "I am very glad to have been useful." She stopped at the door to say, "If the bleeding should begin again—I don't think it will—you can call in your medical man."

"I am sure that will be quite unnecessary," said Mr. Preston politely.

Dick handed his sister a very untidy note. "Mind you say when you give it in that Preston's brother has had an accident, and he's wanted directly; old Gregson's so awfully crabby to-day."

II.

WHEN Effie came home the next afternoon, she found her mother eagerly watching for her.

"Oh, Effie!" she cried, "I am sorry you could not have been back sooner! I sent Dick out twice to see if you were coming. Mrs. Preston called to thank



"Dick uttered only one word."—p. 27.

"Charlie will be rather waxy about the bicycle, sir," turning to Mr. Preston. "He's entered for the race next week, and it's the best machine out."

"I'll come with you and see the damage," replied Mr. Preston, rising without any trace of the faintness which had made Mrs. Karton so anxious.

Effie left them in deep consultation, as she passed through the hall. "I wonder if I shall meet Clara?" she thought. "Of course a dislocated collar-bone would have made it perfect, but one can't have everything! It will be nice to tell Aunt Anne about it all to-night. Dick is the sweetest boy in the world!"

us for our kindness to her son; he could not come himself; he was too busy."

"The cut is going on satisfactorily, I hope?" inquired Effie.

"Oh yes, dear, perfectly," replied her mother. "Just put your hat down on the sofa; I want to tell you about it all. We had such a pleasant, friendly talk, and the coincidences are quite wonderful. She lost her husband within a month of your poor father's death. Her youngest son is just Dick's age, as you know, and the eldest—our Mr. Preston—is exactly a week older than Edmund! She

has one daughter—that's the only difference: married, and living in India: so she understands what it is to have the seas rolling between oneself and a child! She is very proud of her son; she says he is so steady and hard-working, and has just passed some most difficult examinations."

"In what, mother?" interrupted Effie, interested at once.

"I'm sorry, love, I didn't inquire: Civil Service, no doubt. Of course, I didn't breathe or hint any surprise; but did you think he looked particularly clever? Very good, but *so* plain, poor fellow! Certainly, his wounds and cuts did not improve him, and his coat was so torn—did you notice?"

"He must be rather a duffer," remarked Dick, "to try to ride Charlie's bicycle. He had called for him at school, and Mops was kept in, as he generally is, so he was riding up and down the street, waiting for him. Mrs. Preston doesn't think much of the ambulance classes, Euphemia."

"Oh, dear! I meant to have told Dick not to mention that," said Mrs. Karton. "She was most kind and grateful; and you know, Effie, at first I did not *quite* like you to join them: it seemed intruding a little in the sphere of the properly qualified medical profession."

"Well, mother, and I am properly qualified, and did not undertake one iota more than I had a perfect right to do," said Effie, flushing up—it was a very warm afternoon. "There is not a doctor within a mile of this house; and would Mrs. Preston have wished the hæmorrhage from that divided artery to have gone on till her son had been taken to Gloster Street; and then most likely the doctor would have been out—a fainting subject, too!"

"Mops thought I was pretending when I said something about that, Euphemia," put in Dick. "You wouldn't catch him fainting; he's wonderfully plucky."

"You must not have such a false impression of Mrs. Preston, Effie; you are too hasty. I liked her *so* much. I feel as if we had found a friend, and before she left I promised we would all spend Saturday afternoon with her. She has taken a farm-house about fifteen miles out of town, chiefly for the sake of her Indian grandchildren—two dear little girls, whom her daughter has put under her care; there is a large rambling garden. I thought you would have been so pleased, Effie, and you don't look so in the least! I am just pining for a breath of country air, and Dick is delighted to go, but you care for nothing but classes and disagreeable bandages," and Mrs. Karton's pretty eyes were quite moist with vexation.

"I dare say I shall enjoy it, mother," said Effie. "I only mean it's a pity people will be so old-fashioned and frumpy. If her son is so remarkably clever, he ought to have enlightened Mrs. Preston a little, that's all! It won't be so bad, perhaps. I'll leave Mrs. Preston to her ignorance, and have a walk with Dick and the little girls."

"You needn't expect *me* to go with you," said Dick loftily. "Charlie's got a new terrier."

"I may as well order my hat to-morrow," said Effie absently. "The sateen will do very well; I've only worn it once. What is the matter, Dick?"

Her brother was laughing, and then checking himself, in a very significant way.

"Oh, nothing particular," was the answer, and the curly head went down again into the Latin grammar.

"Don't be silly, Dick; you may as well tell me," said Effie crossly.

"Well, then," said Dick, "I asked Mops what his brother is, and he's a *doctor*—just taken his M.D. There!"

Effie's cheeks were crimson.

"And I was explaining the use of the tourniquet!" she thought; but in a moment she had recovered herself.

"If he's fifty times a doctor, he couldn't have bound up his own hand," she said calmly, "and he couldn't deny that I am perfectly competent. I don't believe," she continued, rising, and taking up her gloves and hat, "I do *not* believe that he could have done it better himself."

Dick secretly quite agreed with her.

III.

WHERE can one find a more luxurious couch than a partly demolished straw-stack?

Effie had settled herself very cosily, a child on either side—it was such a dreamy, hot afternoon that her conscience even had gone to sleep, and did not inform her that she looked, for once, a thoroughly indolent girl.

"There's Uncle Bramley," cried little Elsie, at last. "I *did* want to hear the end."

"I was sent to tell you tea is ready," said Dr. Preston, "but it seems a shame to go in," sinking down into the straw, and taking one of his small nieces on his knee.

"I'd much rather stay here," said Elsie; "Miss Karton is telling us such a beautiful story of a poor little boy who broke his leg."

Effie felt her cheeks growing hot, though Dr. Preston was gravity itself.

"I like her stories much better than yours, Uncle Bramley," said Maggie candidly; "yours are fairy tales, and rather silly, but she tells about *real* people."

"But uncle's are very nice, too," said Elsie, kissing him shyly; "and the fairies are really alive, you know, only they are too small for us to see; I *should* like to hear them ringing the lily-bells on midsummer night."

Just then the boys came up, the terrier sniffing for possible rats.

"Here, children," said Uncle Charlie benevolently, "I've brought you some cherries."

"Rather numerous foreign bodies, Charlie," remarked his brother, as the capacious pockets were turned inside out.

"Why, Euphemia," said Dick, after a prolonged stare, "you are just like that picture of Ophelia, with flowers and grasses stuck about your hair; what a fright you look!"

Effie laughed merrily.

"Oh, *we* did it," said Elsie; "I think it is lovely."

Ample justice was done to Mrs. Preston's bountiful tea, especially to her home-made sponge-cakes.

"It was such a comfort to have your own eggs," as Mrs. Karton said.

How sorry they all were when the sober pony appeared, and the visit was over!

"My dear," Effie heard Mrs. Preston say to her mother, "I will come and see you whenever I go to Bramley's rooms; I like to pop in there unexpectedly, and make sure he is comfortable."

"What is to be done with this newspaper parcel, Charlie?" asked Dr. Preston.

"It is rather a large bottle," said Charlie apologetically; "but the toad takes up so much room; I couldn't get you a frog. The efts are at the top, and there are two spiders in pill-boxes. I don't think anything will get out, and Dick will soon put it back if it does."

Effie accepted the offering gratefully, and without a shudder.

"Well, Bramley," said his mother, as they strolled together in the garden, "your accident has brought us some very pleasant acquaintances."

"What do you think of the 'qualified lady,' mother?" asked Bramley.

"She is not pretty, and certainly has nothing of the coquette about her," was the reply. "How proud Mrs. Karton is of Edmund! You would suppose that he was the most clever, handsome young man that ever existed. Perhaps it is a natural infatuation, poor thing!"

"Very natural, mother," said Bramley, with a smile.

IV.

ONE wild October evening, Effie was pacing the little drawing-room. "Dick not home yet!" she was thinking; "oh, my darling! I'm sure something dreadful has happened. Why did we let him go out fishing with Charlie? The banks are so slippery——" She heard a cautious ring, and was at the door in a moment. "Dr. Preston!" she exclaimed, seizing his arm, "oh, have you brought him home?"

"Yes; I've carried him all the way. You expected him, then?"

Effie shuddered, and covered her face, tottering back into the hall.

"You are not afraid of him, surely—poor fellow!" said Bramley.

"Oh! was everything done for him?" she groaned.

Dr. Preston dragged in some heavy, resisting body, and closed the door, as the wind moaned, and a melancholy howl answered it, like an echo. Mrs. Karton and Aunt Anne ran into the hall.

"Dr. Preston!" exclaimed the former in astonishment. "What a dreadful dog! Oh, what is the matter with Effie? It has bitten her, and you are afraid to tell me!"

"Hush!" said Aunt Anne. "Effie has far too much good sense to be really frightened. Show me the place, love."

"Oh, Dr. Preston! not an Italian iron!" implored terrified Mrs. Karton.

Dr. Preston rubbed up his hair, which generally had a startled appearance. The hideous terrier,

released, went up to Effie, and began sniffing in a friendly sort of way.

"I should as soon think of biting," Dr. Preston began, looking helplessly at the group of ladies. "I don't know in the least what is the matter with Miss Karton. I obeyed Dick's orders to the letter. He said his sister was expecting Snap, and would break the news of his arrival, as you don't like dogs," turning to Mrs. Karton.

Effie was looking at him in utter bewilderment. "Dick!" she gasped.

"He is all right, and will stay to-night at my mother's. I can't say Charlie's clothes are an exact fit. Of course, he got wet through in this rain."

"Oh!—I thought—he had fallen in the river," sighed Effie.

Bramley burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughing. Poor Effie rose to her full height, and went slowly back to the drawing-room, closely followed by Dick's new possession, and, after a moment's hesitation, by his late master.

"I do hope you will forgive us both," said Dr. Preston, stroking his moustache, whilst his laughing eyes betrayed him.

"You do not really mind whether I do or not," said Effie severely. "You make a joke of everything. You couldn't understand how much I love Dick."

There was a short silence, then—"I have not given you Dick's message yet. His love, and you would find two dog-biscuits on his Latin dictionary. You were to be sure and break them up, but not soak them on any account."

Effie smiled, and gave Snap a kiss.

"You said the other day that I was always successful," remarked Dr. Preston, apparently addressing the fender; "and yet just the one thing I care for more than all the world I cannot get."

That moment Mrs. Karton appeared at the door.

"You must be almost famished, Dr. Preston," she said. "Do come and have some supper"—for these barbarous people really ate and enjoyed that meal.

Now Dick was a clever boy, and had great powers of discrimination, so next day Effie repeated Dr. Preston's remark.

"He is much nicer than he used to be, and I should really like to know that he has his wish; but what can it be, Dick?"

"I believe I know what he wants," said Dick, with a nod of intense sagacity. "Lend me your ear, Euphemia, and I'll tell you."

Dick uttered only one word, but its effect was magical. His sister's face crimsoned, and her look of consternation was delightful.

"Oh, Dick! How could you imagine such a thing? It's impossible!" she cried.

"Well, it does seem funny," Dick allowed candidly. "But then he is rather a duffer in some ways. I shall be late for school. I heard him tell mother he should call this afternoon. Don't keep so red—he'll think you've got apoplexy, or something."

"Dick," said Bramley Preston that evening, with his happy, boyish smile, "I'm the one man in the world who has everything he wants."

WILLIAM BROWN, BOY MARTYR.



THE MARTYR'S TREE, BRENTWOOD (where Brown was executed).

THE sky is dark, although it is midday;
But in the open space of Brentwood town
Red, leaping flames about the faggots play,
Waiting for William Brown;

Only a boy, a "heretic" though a boy,
Brought to his home while all the heavens are dim,
Brought here to die with courage—nay, with joy;
Good people, pray for him.

Cold is the sky, and all those faces cold,
And all is cold save where the faggots be;
And the boy says—he is but twelve years old—
"Good people, pray for me."

There stands a man with children of his own;
There stands a mother, her babe is at her breast;
Brothers and sisters stand about the town—
These all hear his request.

The father turns his scornful head away,
The mother tighter holds her infant fair,

Brothers and sisters laugh as if in play,
But no one prays a prayer.

Yet one rude voice responds, while darken down
The murky heavens as if it were not day,
"I'll pray no more for thee, boy William Brown,
Than for a dog I'd pray."

Then the boy William Brown lifts up his eyes,
From pitiless men, from fires of agony,
And says, before dark faces and dark skies,
"Son of God, shine on me!"

At once the sun shines through the thick, black clouds,
Full on the face of William Brown, whose sight
Is fain to look away, not from the crowds,
But from the dazzling light.

The sky is rent, the brightness of God's Throne
Pierces the darkness with a sudden joy;
Ye need not pray—the need of prayer is gone
For him, the martyr boy.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

STORIES FROM JEREMIAH, DANIEL, EZRA, NEHEMIAH, ESTHER.



NO. 1. JEREMIAH'S CALL.

To read—*Jeremiah i.*

INTRODUCTION. This course of lessons to be upon the Captivity and Restoration of the kingdom of Judah. Teacher must remind children how at death of Solomon the nation was divided into two parts—kingdom of Judah (two tribes)—under Rehoboam—kingdom of Israel (ten tribes)—under Jeroboam. How all the kings of Israel turned out badly—worshipped idols—till that

kingdom was destroyed, B.C. 721, in reign of Hoshea. Many kings of Judah also bad, but some good. Last good king—Josiah—killed in battle with Egyptians. After him four kings only—each reigned short time—really vassals of king of Babylon. At this period prophet Jeremiah raised up.

I. HIS CALL. (1—6.) Had been dark days in Judah—wickedness flourished—idolatry everywhere—kings setting shocking example. Yet God never left without a witness—some bright spot always. One help to this would be cities of the priests. Priests not all to live at Jerusalem—scattered about country in separate villages—there they would offer up sacrifices—teach people to fear God. One of these villages—Anathoth—in tribe of Benjamin. Here Jeremiah born—brought up—taught, like Samuel, to fear God. Lived in five reigns, beginning with good King Josiah, till captivity of Judah in reign of Zedekiah, B.C. 606.

God's voice now comes to him. How?

Perhaps in visions of night—as to Samuel. (1 Sam. iii. 10.)

Perhaps in still small voice—as to Elijah. (1 Kings xix. 12.)

Perhaps by Urim and Thummim on breastplate.

God's message. God *formed* him for his work, as He did St. Paul. (Acts ix. 15, 16.)

God *sanctified*, i.e. set him apart. (Isa. xliii. 3.)

God *ordained*, i.e. appointed him as prophet.

Why does he hesitate? Is young, diffident for so great work.

Shows proper humility. Therefore is encouraged.

II. HIS WORK. (7—10.) (a) To *declare* God's will to the people.

(b) To *travel* long journeys—even as far as river Euphrates (xliii. 5).

(c) To *prophesy* punishment to Judah for their sins (verse 10).

Need not be afraid—is not to speak his own words, but God's—and is assured of God's protection.

III. HIS SIGNS. (11—19.) Outward and visible signs that his message is from God.

(a) *Almond-tree*—first to bud in the year—token of speedy fulfilment of the prophecy.

(b) *Seething pot* (i.e. boiling) toward north—from whence—i.e. Babylon—judgment should come.

Also signs to encourage him. He should be like—

(a) *A defended city*—unable to be taken by enemies.

(b) *An iron pillar*—against kings of Judah who might harass him.

(c) *Brazen walls*—against princes.

Thus his call, message, protection—all alike from God.

LESSONS. 1. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

2. If God be for us, who can be against us?

NO. 2. JEREMIAH'S MESSAGE.

To read—*Jeremiah xxii.*

KINGS in Judah hereditary, as with us, but at this unsettled time others than eldest son sometimes reigned; thus, after Josiah, Shallum, a younger son, put on throne by the people (2 Kings xxii. 30)—he takes name of Jehoahaz; in three months taken prisoner by king of Egypt. Is succeeded by elder brother, Eliakim—name changed to Jehoiakim—reigns eleven years. Is succeeded by his son Coniah or Jehoiachin—reigns one month, and then carried captive to Babylon.

This chapter gives Jeremiah's prophecies against all three.

I. GENERAL PROPHECIES. (1—9.) Jeremiah to go to the king—as Elijah did to Ahab, prophet of Judah to Jeroboam (1 Kings xliii. 1). Moses to Pharaoh—and rebuke him for his sin. What does this show?

1. God is no respecter of persons.

2. Warning always precedes judgment.

See the duties of kings as set forth in these verses:—

(a) To carry out the laws justly.

(b) To protect the oppressed.

(c) To take care of fatherless, widows, etc.

If this done, kings shall prosper and kingdom last.

If not done, judgment shall follow, viz.:—

(a) King's palace shall be destroyed—built by Solomon at great cost.

(b) Cedars of Lebanon shall be cut down. (See Isa. xxxvii. 24.)

(c) Cities become desolate.

(d) People become by-word among other nations.

All because of forsaking God.

II. PROPHECY TO SHALLUM. (10—12.) Not to weep for Josiah—he died before this misery—his end was happy, being taken from the evil to come (Isa. lvii. 1), but weep for this king. Is to be an exile—die in foreign land—far away from home. Literally fulfilled, as he was taken prisoner by Pharaoh and died in Egypt. (2 Kings xxiii. 34.) So Christ told

women of Jerusalem not to weep for Him, but for themselves. (St. Luke xxiii. 28.)

III. PROPHECY TO JEHOIAKIM. (13—19.) What was his special wrong-doing?

(a) Unfair dealing with work-people. (See James v. 4.)

(b) Luxurious living in very troubled times.

(c) Neglecting the poor and needy.

Thus failed in duty to God and man.

His judgment—to die unlamented and to have dishonoured grave.

IV. PROPHECY TO CONIAH. (20—30.) Son of Jehoiakim. Notice:—

(a) Had had warning, but disregarded it (21).

(b) Shall now be sent into captivity (25).

(c) Shall never return to his own land (26).

(d) His seed shall become extinct (30).

LESSONS. 1. God notices all wrong-doing.

2. Iniquity shall surely be punished.

3. Punishments often come in this life.

4. Yet may return, repent, and be forgiven.

NO. 3. CAPTIVITY FORETOLD.

To read—*Jeremiah xcv. 1—14; xcvi. 8—16.*

So far have had general warnings of Jeremiah against Jerusalem and its kings for their iniquity. Now have definite prophecy as to the time and place and agents of the captivity. Judah has been warned again and again in vain—now the punishment is at hand.

I. CAUSE OF THE JUDGMENT. (1—7.) Note the time—first year of Nebuchadnezzar's long reign. Assyrian empire had fallen—Babylonian takes its place. In this year came God's word about this great king of Babylon. Why is Judah condemned? Because—

(a) Jeremiah has told them God's word early and late, but in vain.

(b) God has sent all His prophets to those who would not listen to Jeremiah.

What was the nature of the warnings?

(a) Turn from evil ways.

(b) Turn from other gods.

(c) Do not provoke God to anger.

Notice the words "rising early and sending them"—only found in this book. Show God's eager longing to win them back—to do all possible.

II. NATURE OF THE JUDGMENT. (8—14.)

(a) A heathen king to be sent against them—would be employed as God's servant to carry out His work.

(b) Destruction would be complete—whole land to be destroyed.

(c) All joy, and even ordinary occupations, would cease. No wedding feast, no songs or cheerful country noises be heard.

(d) People to be in bondage seventy years.

But after that the kingdom of Babylon would be punished. Jeremiah prophesied against it also (l. li.), and all came to pass.

III. PROPHET IN DANGER. (xxvi. 8—16.) Jeremiah been very brave—told all God's words fearlessly—like Samuel, kept none back. (1 Sam. iii. 18.) What was the result?

(a) A great gathering in Jerusalem to discuss the matter.

(b) A division—priests and prophets against him; princes and people on his side.

(c) An appeal from Jeremiah to the princes (12).

Notice Jeremiah's conduct—his perfect calmness—places himself in their hands—his declaring his mission as from God—his call to them to repent—his prophecy of woe if they kill him.

Result—he wins over the princes and people—his life is saved (16—24).

LESSONS. 1. Boldness in doing right. Jeremiah was doing God's work, and was protected by Him.

2. Trust in God's care. "Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

NO. 4. THE RECHABITES.

To read—*Jeremiah xxxv.*

In all dark scenes of this time (reign of Jehoiakim), one bright picture stands out—picture of a family leading simple, temperate lives—fearing God in midst of ungodly people.

I. WHO THEY WERE. (1 Chron. ii. 55.) Kenites first mentioned in Gen. xv. 18, as among old inhabitants of Canaan. After Israelites settled in Canaan Kenites joined them—settled down among them—probably learned from them to fear God. Hear no more till reign of Jehu—he made friends with Jehonadab, their chief (2 Kings x. 15). Now have come to live in Jerusalem (11).

II. HOW THEY LIVED. (1—11.) What was Jeremiah told to do? This giving them wine would be a test of their obedience. What rules had Jonadab laid down for them?

1. *Temperance*—To drink no wine.

2. *Simplicity*—To dwell in tents.

3. *Frugality*—To have no houses or vineyards.

Thus lived like Arabs—in tents—driving flocks and herds—no settled habitation. But since invasions of Chaldeans, obliged to come to Jerusalem for safety.

What was promised them? To dwell long in the land (7). Abundantly fulfilled. Remained obedient to ancestor's command—steadfast under Jeremiah's trial—were owned and blessed by God.

III. WHAT THEY TAUGHT. (12—19.) 1. *Obedience*. Several hundred years passed since received father's commands—yet still kept them. They obeyed earthly parent—Jews disobeyed heavenly Father.

2. *Faithfulness under temptation*. Seemed a small thing to drink a little wine. Some might say, Where is the harm? But they were forbidden to do so, and kept the command. Contrast with disobedient prophet. (1 Kings xiii. 19.) How can we copy the Rechabites?

God is our Father (St. Matt. vi. 10)—has given us commandment.

Told to keep our bodies in soberness (1 Cor. vi. 19).

Told not to set our thoughts on earthly things (Col. iii. 1).

Told to live as pilgrims on earth (Heb. xiii. 14). Have we kept these commandments?

Then may expect God's blessing on earth (Ps. cxxxviii. 1—2) and eternal happiness.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL AND HIS WORK.

AN INTERVIEW.—BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



BERCROMBY SQUARE, Liverpool, may be said, in a Tennysonian phrase, to be "half within and half without, but full of dealings with" the great city on the Mersey. It is free from the rough rush of life by the river-side; it has not the hurry of Lime Street, nor the fevered pulses

that stir near the Exchange; but it is comparatively quiet, it is retired, dignified, and decorous; the very place for the residence of a Bishop. In it resides the Bishop of Liverpool. The dwell-

ing is a stately one, deserving the title of Palace. It is a house intended years ago—in the days when statesmen declared that the Southern States "had made a nation"—as a reception-house for those of the "nation" who came to the port which is the chief centre of its export trade. The collapse of the "nation" put the mansion in Abercromby Square into the market, and it was bought by the Bishopric Committee, and thus devoted to its present use. There is, then, this singularity attached to the residences of two recently formed bishoprics: in the case of Liverpool the Palace was destined for another and a less noble use, and in the case of Newcastle, Benwell Tower—an old mansion near the Tyne—was a gift to the bishopric by a Quaker.

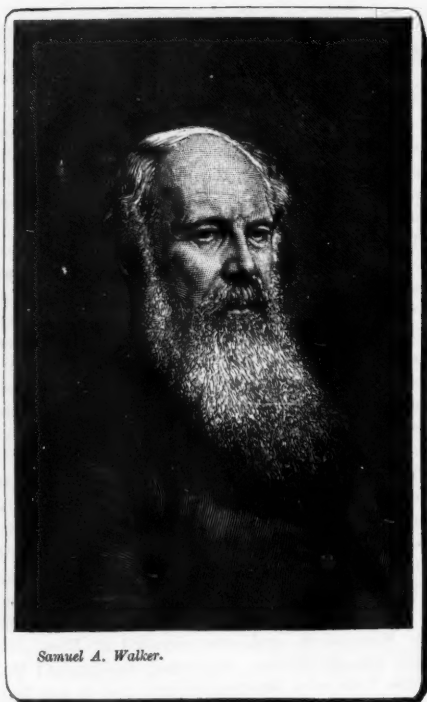
The Palace, Abercromby Square, Liverpool, is fitted magnificently internally. From the hall, on either side, handsome reception and drawing-rooms are reached—the dining-room is also on the same level—and a splendid staircase leads upwards. On the first floor is the Bishop's study, lined with volumes on three of its four sides—many of the books being those "darling folios" Charles Lamb loved. Dr. Ryle tells you he likes "an upper room;" and the quiet here, the glance out from the window into the open square, with its few green trees, justifies that liking. Here in his study, or in the reception-room below it, much of his time is passed. He has an office in the heart of Liverpool, where once a week he devotes two hours to interviews with all who may wish to see him. His correspondence is heavy, from all parts of England and often from the colonies, and needing in reply an average of more than thirty letters daily; that task and others of like nature occupy from two to three hours after breakfast. From three to four days weekly there are engagements to attend committees,

to address meetings, to fold confirmations, or to consecrate churches or churchyards. It is a proof of the growth of the Church in the diocese that since it was formed the Bishop has consecrated twenty new churches.

There is no "Dean and Chapter" at Liverpool, but the old parish church of St. Peter's is used as a cathedral, and there is a cathedral service daily, with a good choir; the Sunday afternoon service being taken by the Bishop or one of twenty-four honorary canons. There are now two archdeacons in the diocese (Liverpool and Warrington), and ten rural deans, both these numbers having been increased since the bishopric was established. There are 500 lay helpers and forty-one lay readers enrolled by the Bishop.

In an easy conversational manner Dr. Ryle gives most of these facts. Of the Bishop of Liverpool personally it may be said that he is tall, fully built, of imposing presence; his face is suffused with colour, his beard falls on his breast, and a full, rich voice gives dignity to his words. John Charles Ryle, D.D., is the eldest son of the late John Ryle, M.P.; he was born in 1816 near Macclesfield, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. At Oxford he obtained the Craven University Scholarship, and was in the first class in the final classical schools, side by side with the late Dean Stanley. He was also well known as a leading cricketer in the Oxford eleven. In 1841 his father's banks at Manchester and Macclesfield failed, which prevented his going into Parliament, as it was expected he would, and he became a clergyman, first at Winchester, and afterwards for thirty-five years at Helmingham and Stradbroke in Suffolk. He was then appointed Dean of Salisbury, and finally Bishop of Liverpool in 1880. Dr. Ryle is the writer of many theological works, and of over 200 widely circulated tracts. The Bishop has five children—three sons and two daughters. It is a fact of some interest that Dean Stanley was born near the birthplace of the Bishop of Liverpool; but though contemporaries, their scholastic and university training was at different centres, and they belonged to different schools of thought in the Church.

Dr. Ryle shows in his dining-room a portrait of his grandfather, John Ryle (a personal friend and follower of John Wesley), by whom the fortunes of the family were laid. A large portrait of the Bishop himself, taken in his robes of consecration, and one at an early period of life, are also hung in the same room. In his study he retains a view of his birthplace—Park House, near Macclesfield; a map of the diocese is over the fireplace, and on the landing is a curious little engraving of Liverpool two centuries ago. There are other indications of the liking retained for the memories of old, and for the scenes of the present; and there is a pair of pretty pictures



Samuel A. Walker.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

—miniature likenesses of good Queen Bess and of Mary, Queen of Scots, the gift of a relative—which attract attention in one of the reception-rooms.

Of his work and his sphere of labour Dr. Ryle talks freely. He says that his diocese of Liverpool is one having rather remarkable peculiarities. With a population roundly numbering 1,200,000, it has a small area comparatively. It includes Liverpool, the second city of the Empire, with its 700,000 people; the watering-place of Southport, with some 40,000 persons; Wigan, with 120,000 people within three miles of its market-place; the partly

manufacturing town of Warrington; St. Helens, dependent chiefly on chemicals and glass, and having the largest plate-glass works in the world; and Widnes, a mass of chemical works. In the diocese there is an immense number of Roman Catholics—more, perhaps, than in any other. Lancashire is one of the strongholds of that form of faith, and many of the older families have professed it through many generations; and, in addition to this, there is large and continued immigration of a lower order of Roman Catholics. Coming in numbers from Ireland, they find work at the docks and elsewhere, and generally stay in or near the city. Again, the diocese has a large number of Welsh inhabitants—a number estimated by the Bishop of Liverpool at 80,000, some of whom cannot understand with readiness any other language than their own. There are also large numbers of Presbyterians, many wealthy merchants being Scotchmen; and thus Episcopacy has not the predominance of wealthy adherents it has in some dioceses.

Seven years ago the diocese was cut off from that of Chester, the endowment was raised, the house bought, and Dr. Ryle was placed in it as the first Bishop of Liverpool. Dr. Ryle was offered the choice of residence in or out of the city, and he chose the former; in his own words, because he "thought it better to live amongst the people." And thus for ten months of the year he is a dweller in the city on the Mersey, going in and out amongst its people, mixing with them in their gatherings, social and philanthropic, and at their command in all that concerns the good of his great diocese. He is one of the few bishops thus resident in a great city—the Bishops of London, of Manchester, and of Newcastle adopting the same rule. His work is lightened, it is true, by



THE BISHOP'S STUDY.



BISHOP RYLE PREACHING TO THE EMIGRANTS.

the network of railways through the diocese, but something of its extent has already been hinted at. But with a limited number of churches—there are only 200 incumbencies in the diocese, and to the 200 incumbents there are 140 curates—and with a continually growing population, it will be seen that it must be a struggle to keep the Church abreast of the advancing population. Fifty years ago thirty-six churches and about seventy clergymen sufficed for Liverpool itself; now there are ninety churches and 185 clergy. Concurrent with that increase, there has been an increase in other methods of attaching the people to the Church, and of endeavouring to carry Christian philanthropy to the people. Liverpool has a grand School Board, and its Churchmen have rendered it all possible aid, whilst they carry on a number of efficient Church day-schools. There is an agency, the use of which is indicated by its title—"A Sheltering Home"—of which the Bishop speaks most highly, and which is carried on by Mrs. Birt (sister to Miss Annie Macpherson), and both in the number relieved and in the proportion "turning out well" there are encouraging results. In the city there are four large general hospitals, as well as six or seven special ones for cancer, ailments of the eye, children, etc. There are diocesan societies—one for church-building, one for the augmentation of small livings,

another for church aid (giving grants to enable curates to be employed), and a fourth for educational purposes. Jointly with the diocese of Manchester there are kept up schools for daughters of the clergy at Warrington, and a Training College for Schoolmistresses. There is a powerful Scripture Readers' Society; and other kindred institutions, all of which claim the sympathy, time, and aid of the Bishop. There is also a Bible Women's Society, for employing women to visit their own sex, at home and in mothers' meetings—of which society Mrs. Ryle is fittingly President.

The Bishop recognises most fully the manner in which, by public bodies and by private beneficence, the wants of the people are being met in Liverpool. The Corporation spends its thousands in a wise and liberal manner, the three large parks being well kept up; and the Walker Art Gallery, the fine Library of Sir William Brown, and other similar institutions, speak of great private liberality. The great difficulty of the diocese is the common one of intemperance, but even in that the Bishop speaks with hope, for the committals of Liverpool have been brought down from 22,000 yearly to 17,000, though the population is growing. Drunkenness amongst women seems to increase, and that increase is by some attributed to the "grocers' licences," but, regretting the increase,

Dr. Ryle does not express any opinion as to the cause. Of the powerful local branch of the Church of England Temperance Society the Bishop is the President. As to infidelity, there must be some looked for in so large a population, but it is not believed to prevail to any great extent.

The prospects of the diocese are not so easily defined as they might be if the terrible trade depression had passed away. The people are more bound up in business; they have less money to devote to Church purposes, less to give away. Their liberality in other times is unbounded. Voluntary contributions founded the bishopric at a cost of nearly £100,000; a year or so afterwards a similar sum was spent on the University, and within four years another hundred thousand was contributed for rebuilding the Royal Infirmary. Again, by a widow lady, Mrs. Charles Turner, £20,000 was given to form a pension fund for aged and invalided clergymen in the diocese of Liverpool, the Bishop, the two archdeacons, and two laymen being the trustees. In conversation with the Bishop, the lady asked whether such a fund would be useful, and, on being assured that it would, she devoted to it the large endowment named. From the late Mr. Groves Dr. Ryle received also the large amount of £10,000 in one sum, for building churches, so that he has reason to speak with knowledge of the liberality of some of his people.

In the midst of this large population, with comparatively few wealthy supporters, with the resident noblemen of its own faith numbered literally on the fingers of one hand, and with a striking absence of adherents who are wealthy landowners, the Church in the diocese of Liverpool has struggled on and advanced in seven busy and eventful years.

In the great and varied diocese the Bishop renders constant, if changing, service. Regularly the stream of emigration is flowing from the Mersey, and Dr. Ryle is found frequently in the year addressing those leaving this land in the "liners" from Liverpool. The training ships in the port are visited by him, and he takes a lively interest in the Sailors' Homes. He ordains thirty to forty deacons yearly; he confirmed over 6,300 persons last year. When the Mayor and

Corporation attend a special service, he is often found to be the appointed preacher, and the latest of such sermons (in commemoration of the Jubilee, on the passage, "For kings, and for all that are in authority") is striking in its appropriateness and simplicity. This year he preached also the "Spital Sermon" before the Lord Mayor of London, and in the same month one on the "Rights and Duties of Lay Churchmen." Of his style in preaching it may be added that in his little work on "Simplicity in Preaching" he says, "I honestly confess I do not think I have preached two sermons in my life without divisions. I find it of the utmost importance to make people understand, remember, and carry away what I say, and I am certain that divisions help me to do so. . . . I often read the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon. I like to gather hints about preaching from all quarters." He advises in all sermons, simplicity, directness of style, the use of short sentences, and the employment of plenty of anecdotes and illustrations.

Beyond the work, religious and philanthropic, directly falling on the Bishop, there is much more: distinguished men come to the Mersey, and he is called upon to give dignity to the feast; scientific associations gather, and he is often found needed; and he has had to "drink a little of the cup" of displeasure which follows any attempt to set ecclesiastical law in motion. Dr. Ryle is not often found in Parliament; he does not deem it needful for him to meddle much in general politics, but, as Chaplain of the House of Lords, he attended for eighteen months, and occasionally attends. He finds time to read much—he reads not fewer than three daily papers, magazines and reviews many, and he has the art of rapid reading of books, which Lord Macaulay possessed—in his own phrase, he is speedily able to get at "the brains of a book." He does not now write much—the varied work of a Bishop has checked the flow of works from Dr. Ryle's once prolific pen. This, then, in these modern days is the exemplification in the See of great ports factories, works and mines, of that "good work" which Timothy associated with "the office of a Bishop."



GOD'S CARE IN SMALL THINGS.

(ST. MATTHEW x. 29-31.)

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.



O doubt, before true science came, men learnt much about God's operations. Their sound went out into all lands, and their words into the ends of the world. But they were His grander ways which chiefly attracted attention. "The heavens,"

says David, "declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work. He maketh the clouds His chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind." Thus, too, Job's littleness and ignorance bow down in the presence of the Lord. "Hast thou," he is asked, "entered into the springs of the sea? Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds?"

Here, as elsewhere in most of the Old Testament, the imagery is of a very visible kind. The Hebrew prophets and poets walk in a world whose wonders are august and gigantic: wonders before which, man, with his hand full of little doings and wants, is sometimes tempted to shrink back with a sense of being overlooked. To us, however, the wonders of nature are not seen only in the cloud, the mountain, the lightning, and the storm. Another world has been revealed to us by modern science. We have learnt to correct our notions of great and small. Size or magnitude is of little account in the scientific revelation. We dare not use the term "the world of insignificance" in speaking of what is there revealed to us. It is profoundly significant. It is not merely that we see (with exclamations of delight) new beauty in the flake of snow, or in the feathers on the wing of the moth which snaps unheeded in the flame of our candle; but in the atoms of creation, in the material germs of good and evil, we perceive that fresh light may be shed upon the truths which interest us most deeply, and are mixed up with the very beginning of creation.

Now, there is wonderful magnifying power in the lenses of the Gospel of Christ. This shows us God's concern in what we have been tempted to call the common or lesser things of life. It reveals to us the true importance of what is close by, but which, without its magnifying power, we should naturally overlook. It shows us, in part at least, as we are able to bear it or take in the sight, the connection which exists between the least and the greatest in the economy of God, and the relation between the highest and the lowest in His Household and Kingdom. I think that this may be first seen in the foundation on which the Gospel of Christ is built: I mean what is called the Incarnation. The idea of the great God revealing Himself and His mind to man through One who does not make His appearance

in the world with full-grown authority and power, but enters it as we all do, as an infant, and then increases in wisdom and stature, is a divinely original declaration, so to speak, of the kinship between the least and the greatest in His Kingdom.

We see this, too, in the "mode" of the ministry of Jesus. He does not display His wisdom and perform His works before potentates and kings and senates. He is not like Solomon, who was waited on by the Queen of Sheba. He is not like Moses, who does his wonders in the land of Egypt upon Pharaoh and all his host. But though charged with a wider mission to mankind, and set to do the will of God as it had never been done before, He at once mixes in the—to men—unnoticeable and common-place crowd around Him, ready indeed to sit in the Pharisee's house, but also to eat and drink with publicans and sinners.

The whole course of Christ's ministry, if it teaches us anything of the way of God, tells us how truly He concerns Himself with what we call the common lot of mankind. It brings up into sight that which would be otherwise overlooked as too small to be noticed. Christianity shows us God's great power and laws working in these small things just as much as in the greater. In the Gospel of Christ, God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong, and things that are not to bring to naught things that are: *i.e.*, God is seen to show His concern in those which are commonly of small account. This appears, as I have said, in the lowliness of His entrance into the world, and in the mode of the ministry of Christ, in His mixing with men and things of no great note in the world.

It appears, moreover, again and again in His words, and in the use which He makes of them. They are not grandiloquent, stupendous, or far-fetched. He uses the simplest, most domestic illustrations, and talks about the most homely matters. And He does this after the most plain and direct fashion. As to the pure all things are pure, so to Him there is nothing common or unclean, in itself. And as we see in Him one revealing the will and mind of God, this again shows us God's concern in the smaller matters of life. We learn that there is nothing beneath His notice, but that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we are in close relationship with God. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." I am tired of hearing people draw distinctions between spiritual and earthly things, as if there were a set or group of matters which you could not expect God to care for or busy Himself about, like a king immersed in affairs of state, in holding councils, consulting with his ministers, reviewing his army, and giving grand entertainments at his court. We might think many

things beneath such a king's dignity. We might think him bound to keep up his state in public, though he might be human enough in hours of royal retirement. Now God, so to speak, knows no such grand publicity, no such divine privacy. He knows no royal state procedure. All is as one to Him. He shines with equal warmth and light on the dustheap and on the throne. He equally paints the colours in the long-lived jewels of a crown which are the heirlooms of a dynasty, and in the rainbow which hangs for a minute in the summer shower.

And so also in what we call the spiritual world. He knows no separate set of duties. All works and operations come equally under His hand, whether we pretend to distinguish between them, and define them as material or mental, secular or religious, natural or sacred. He helps the wren to build its mossy nest in the deep silence of a wood, and He opens the lips of the prophet to reveal His will to mankind. He gives knowledge in the strenuous law court, the laboratory, the college, and the noisy market. All good gifts come from Him; instinct and reason, wisdom, understanding, and counsel; and they need to be used in any work that has to be done, if it is done rightly. There is no world of insignificance in the spiritual kingdom any more than there is in the world of nature. As there is a God at all, He must be concerned in every part and kind of life and work.

One great fault of religious people is the connecting or associating of God too exclusively with religion, as if He were too good and too particular to care much for the contests of the world. What God does not care for, what He hates, to use Scripture language, is falseness, cruelty, selfishness, intemperance, whether in the world or the Church, whether in earthly business or religious devotion, whether in small things or great; but all the lesser matters and motives which go to make up the round of an ordinary honest life are known to and cared for by Him, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who numbers all the hairs of our heads. If there is anything we need to realise, it is the infinite and minute nearness of ourselves and our ways to God. We are ever in His presence. There is no moment of the most changeable life, no action of the dullest drudge who toils mechanically through his daily labour, no paltry wish, no trivial loss, no childish gratification of vanity, no hidden triumph over self, no peevish whim or gnawing secret, no selfish appropriation of little comforts nor unseen generosity, no secret concession to or victory over the spirit of sloth, but must be known to an all-seeing God. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

And what use should we make of this? Of what consequence is it to us? Some may be ready to think, since He knows all, since we cannot conceal from Him any of our actions or motives, some of which we feel to be questionable or very small, surely we must be despised or despicable in His sight. But

thus we argue from men to God. We think if even our friends were to know us as constantly and intimately as we know ourselves, we should sometimes sink in their estimation. How must it be with the Perfect One, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity? But the great virtue and glory of the Gospel is in the mystery that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us; that our relationship to Him is revealed in the Christ. It is in our nearness to God that our salvation is found. This is the foundation of our hope. The worst, or one of the most hurtful things to be feared for a Church, is that it should conduct itself towards God as One who is a long way off from man in all senses of the word—unlike him, distant from him, needing to be approached as from afar, like a king to whom an embassy is sent. Or if we can fancy that prayer flashes to Him in an instant, we think a prayer to be something like a telegraphic message, which takes no count of distance or time, but which nevertheless does enable us to converse with a person who is a long way off. So we are sometimes tempted to think of God as One who needs ambassadors and special spiritual processes that we may have communion with Him. And some might be, as it were, shocked at the suggestion that He is really close by, and minutely, immediately cognisant of ourselves and all things about us.

"Nevertheless," says Christ, "even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." And what is the lesson which He draws from this? "Fear not, therefore," says He. It is not the idea of nearness to God, but that of separation from Him, that we should dread. We need not shrink from the thought of His knowing our hearts, and everything about us and our circumstances; that is, we need not shrink if in our consciences we wish to do well. If, however frail and faulty we may seem to ourselves, we would really wish to rise higher and live better, we may find our greatest comfort in the thought that God is at hand and knows our heart. For He is a Father who loves His children, and would have them turn to Himself, that so they may have divine strength and happiness of soul. But then they must lean upon Him, and not upon themselves and what they can do. They can find true happiness only in the desire to do His will, and in ceasing to plan and scheme for their own comfort and peace. If we can turn to God thus, we find Him to be a Father who understands His children. We might, perhaps, have great difficulty in explaining ourselves to any friend, however near and dear—for the nearest and dearest have much that is earthly mixed up with that which is divine in them, and cannot get rid of their relation to the world of men, which judges imperfectly. We cannot satisfy our souls in any court of human inquiry, or touch the true ground of peace in any human confession. Genuine, unquestionable justice and love are not to be found among fellow-men—only rough imitations or weak mixtures of them. Thus, foiled and disappointed, despising human praise, resenting human blame, we

turn for sympathy to God, and to God in Christ, who shows Him to be loving and near. Thus we throw ourselves into our Father's arms, "casting all our care upon Him, for He careth for us." "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore." We fear Him not, because He is so near. I do not believe that any are kept from that which is really sin by the thought that God sees them and knows them thoroughly, and so is sure to punish. But I believe that the true cheer and strength of life comes from the thought of His nearness to and knowledge of us, and that we may thus turn to Him without explanation or fear of being misunderstood.

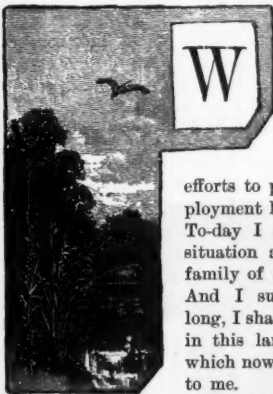
Only we should turn to Him more utterly. As we can realise Him as our Father, knowing us through and through, and yet, in spite of what He sees in our

hearts and lives, loving us with a mighty, eternal love, we find peace to our souls, and the strongest motive and help to a purer, truer, more unselfish life. This is the Gospel of the Christ who came not to destroy, but to save. And the way to use and find the power of that Gospel is to give up all thought of serving and saving ourselves, and to trust in Him. So we do not perish, but have everlasting life. So we are touched with the sacred contagion of His Spirit whose meat was to do the will of His Father—our Father—which is in heaven. For there can be no true union with the Christ and God without the bearing of the Cross in our hearts, without the yielding of self, and the taking in of something other than self, even the will of God, who willeth not the death of a sinner.

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

CHAPTER I.

"It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,
To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years;
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears."



WHO can tell what a day will bring forth! Yesterday I was quite despondent because I had nearly exhausted my funds, and all my efforts to procure suitable employment had proved fruitless. To-day I am in an excellent situation as governess in the family of a retired tradesman. And I suppose, before very long, I shall feel quite at home in this large, handsome room which now looks so unfamiliar to me.

At half-past ten o'clock this morning I called at a lawyer's office, in answer to an advertisement, and had an interview with the advertiser, Mr. J. Bloomfield, of — Square, Kensington. I started with expectations considerably sobered by the remembrance of past failures. But fortunately I was first in the field; and, as Mr. Bloomfield seemed to take it almost for granted that I was competent to undertake the education of his little niece, and as he happened to be personally acquainted with the writer of one of my testimonials, I was, to my great joy, engaged on most liberal terms, before any other applicants made their appearance.

He seemed greatly relieved to get the matter arranged so quickly. And as he had some time to

spare, he gave me a short history of my future pupil. It appears that his youngest and favourite sister married a man named Giffard, of good family but bad habits; that she went with her husband to India, where she soon after died of a low fever; and that Mr. Bloomfield had heard nothing of her husband or any of his family until yesterday, when he received a letter from a lawyer in F—, announcing the death of old Mr. Giffard, and enclosing one which that gentleman had written during his illness. In this letter Mr. Giffard states that he has brought up a little girl, the daughter of his son and Mr. Bloomfield's sister. He confesses that, from motives of sinful pride, he has hitherto kept the fact of her existence a secret from her mother's family. He says that, finding himself poor and on the point of death, he throws himself on Mr. Bloomfield's generosity, and trusts that he will forgive the past, and provide a home for the child, at any rate until she is able to take care of herself.

Mr. Bloomfield's intention was to start for F— by the next train, and bring the little girl back with him in the evening; and I promised to be at his house to receive her on her arrival.

I have been waiting here now for more than half an hour, and I begin to wish that someone would come and invite me to take off my bonnet and cloak, for they are rather too warm to wear by the fire.

Surely they will be here soon! Perhaps the mistress of the house does not care to introduce herself to me—or perhaps she has not yet finished dressing for dinner. I wonder what she is like? Mr. Bloomfield told me that his wife had been dead some years, and spoke of writing a note to someone named Julia, who appears to be his housekeeper, but I have no idea how old she is, or how nearly she is related to him. Of one thing I am quite certain—that if she is only half as good-natured and easily pleased as Mr. Bloomfield, I shall find this a very comfortable home.

I can hear someone coming at last. The door opens, and a young lady sweeps slowly down the room and greets me haughtily.

She supposes I am the lady Mr. Bloomfield mentioned in his note this morning. She could not read the name very well, but believes it was intended for Scott?

Yes, it was intended for Scott.

As Mr. Bloomfield is expected every minute, she thinks I would like to wait till he comes, before going up-stairs to take my bonnet off.

On my assenting to this she stands looking intently into the fire, and seems to forget my existence completely.

So this is Julia! Surely she is not Mr. Bloomfield's daughter? He is a stout, commonplace-looking man, with rather light hair, and a pleasant but by no means handsome face; while she is thin and dark, and gives me the impression at first sight of being strangely brilliant and un-English looking. She does not appear to me to be handsome; yet I have a feeling that this opinion is the result of error of judgment on my part, rather than any defect in her face. She is wearing a long brown velvet gown, which is plainly made, and hangs in straight, heavy folds. There is rich lace at the neck and sleeves, and the firelight gleams on more jewellery than should be worn by so young a girl. I wonder if it is that which makes her look so brilliant? No! for at the sound of wheels at the door she turns round, and I see that it is principally owing to her dark hair and complexion, and a certain angry flash in her large dark eyes. I am afraid we shall not get on very well together, for, unless I am much mistaken, she has something of the tigress in her nature.

After a minute's bustle in the hall, Mr. Bloomfield comes in, accompanied by a pale, fair girl of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, who looks the very picture of sullen apathy. There is no expression of sorrow in her face, no pleasure at meeting us, nor even any curiosity as to what we may say or do—nothing but blank indifference.

"Here we are at last! and we are glad enough to get home, aren't we, Maggie?" says Mr. Bloomfield, in a cheery voice, putting his arm round her to draw her towards the fire.

Ever since the morning, I have been prepared to be very kind to this motherless child; but, noticing that she shrinks from Mr. Bloomfield's touch with a scarcely perceptible look of disgust, I instantly infer that she has been imbued with some of her grandfather's pride. This banishes my pity, and I receive her almost as coldly as Julia does.

"She is tired and cold, I know. You must take her up-stairs and make her feel at home, Julia; and Miss Scott too. I am sure they must both want their dinner," says Mr. Bloomfield, seating himself in a great arm-chair, and warming his hands at the fire.

"I will show you up-stairs now," says Julia, in a constrained voice to me; and turning to Mr. Bloomfield, as we reach the door, adds,

"I have ordered dinner to be ready in half an hour, uncle."

So Julia is Mr. Bloomfield's niece. I am glad she is not his daughter; it would have seemed so unnatural.

She leads, the way up a broad staircase, shows us into our rooms, says that she will send a servant with some warm water, and goes down again. I know now what it is that spoils her face: it is her mouth, which is too small for the rest of her features, and a way she has of closing it tightly after every sentence.

Being left to myself, I take a survey of my room. It is moderately large, and there is a door of communication between it and Maggie's. Everything in it is of the most expensive and substantial kind, but all those little things so essential to the comfort of a bed-room are absent. Evidently there has been no womanly care bestowed upon it.

A maid presently brings me some warm water, and I discover that my trunks have not yet been brought up-stairs, so I send her back for the smallest of them, and proceed to make a hasty toilet.

On going to Maggie's room, to see if I can help her in any way, I find, to my great astonishment, that she is in bed.

"My dear, do you feel very tired?" I ask, sitting down by the side of her.

"No, thank you."

"Don't you want any dinner after your long journey?"

"No, thank you."

"You don't feel ill, do you?"

"No, thank you."

"Then what induced you to go to bed without saying good-night to anybody?"

"I don't know. Was I wrong? I thought we had come up to bed. Shall I get up again?"

I suppose my voice expressed the displeasure that I



"Sitting in a great chintz-covered chair."—p. 41

felt, for she sits up in bed and looks at me in a perplexed, anxious way. She is either very, very stupid or very ill, and it is plainly my business to find out at once which it is. I am afraid she must be ill, for, now that her hat is off, I can see that she has a well-shaped head, and, however confused and strange her manner may be, her face is not the face of an idiot.

"Never mind," I say soothingly. "Stay in bed now you are there. I will bid them good-night for you, and then bring you something to eat. What would you like best?"

"Oh, I don't want anything, thank you: only to stay here," she answers wearily.

So I bid her good-night and go down-stairs and tell Mr. Bloomfield that I am afraid she is really ill; her hands and forehead are so hot, and her pulse beats so quickly. But he is tired and sleepy after the journey, and too thoroughly enjoying the comforts of his arm-chair and the prospect of dinner to look on the dark side of anything.

"Poor child! she is quite worn out," he says; "send her up something to eat. She'll be all right in the morning—after a good night's rest."

And I am obliged to be contented with this arrangement, though I feel rather doubtful about the "good night's rest."

"You never saw such a queer old place as Mr. Giffard has been living in," says Mr. Bloomfield, at dinner. "They tell me that it is part of the ruins of a monastery. It has been fitted up with ordinary doors and windows, and seems quite snug and comfortable inside. I don't think I ever saw walls so thick before: they must be capital to keep the cold out in the winter."

"Why is it that no such walls are built in these days?" I ask. "Do you think it is because we are not able to make them so thick and strong, or because we will not? One would think, to look at some of the houses they build now, that men are at last convinced that the end of the world is at hand, and consider it a waste of time to make anything that will outlast their own day."

Mr. Bloomfield laughs.

"What was the cause of Mr. Giffard's death?" inquires Julia.

"A fit," answers Mr. Bloomfield. "He was quite well till one day about a fortnight ago, when he was suddenly taken in a fit. It seems that he has been a wonderful man for his age, hale and upright, and with all his faculties unimpaired. The old servant tells me that he could read without his spectacles up to the very last, and he used to spend half his time poring over a lot of musty old books."

"His sudden death must have been a great shock to his granddaughter," I remark, thinking of her strange manner.

"Yes, poor child!" says Mr. Bloomfield, compassionately. "But she takes it better than I expected. I was afraid she would make a trouble of coming away, but she didn't even cry about it. She has been wonderfully quiet all along, the maid tells me. I couldn't get her to talk much on the journey; I suppose she was too tired."

"Did they keep only one servant?" asks Julia, with some contempt in her voice.

"That is all. They lived in a very quiet way. I dare say one was quite as much as they wanted, or could afford. I have left her in charge of the house for a few days, till I have time to go and settle the old gentleman's affairs. I am glad I wrote yesterday, so that Maggie was all ready to come away; it is a dismal place for her to have been left in."

After dinner we go into the drawing-room. Mr. Bloomfield settles himself in an easy-chair by the fire, and is soon asleep. Julia begins to read, and I sit and long for bed-time. I am thoroughly tired with packing up and making arrangements for leaving home, and so much has happened since the morning that the day seems to have been unnaturally long. I wonder whether I really shall find this a comfortable home? After all, it is trying to live always with strange people in strange houses. The walls are not household walls; there are no memories connected with the pictures; and it requires an effort to take an interest in the growth of the shrubs and the fortunes of the inmates. One is apt to grow selfish under such circumstances. Then, too, it is almost impossible for strangers to sympathise with me in my various moods. I can scarcely expect my employers to look sad because Jack's baby is dead, or because Charlie is out of a situation. They may be rejoicing over some piece of good fortune whilst I am in the depths of despair. Our lives flow on side by side, though our interests are as wide apart as the poles. Who can expect to be quite happy under such circumstances?

"Would not you like to go to bed?" asks Julia, breaking in on my reverie with her hard, ungracious voice.

"I am rather tired, but——" I hesitate, and look towards Mr. Bloomfield.

"Never mind him," she says carelessly. "He won't be awake for another hour. I'll tell him you were tired and went to bed."

"Thank you. Well, if you are sure he will not think it rude——"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Then I will bid you good-night."

"Good-night," she answers, and before I reach the door is absorbed in her book again.

I find Maggie asleep. She has tossed the bedclothes into great confusion; her long, fair hair lies in tumbled heaps upon the pillow, and her cheeks are hot and flushed. Poor child! I had no idea she was so pretty! Her long lashes have veiled her apathetic eyes, and the rigid lines of her face have relaxed into soft curves. My heart goes out to her with a bound. She too has come amongst strangers, and if I, who have trodden the world alone these sixteen years, find it somewhat hard, how much harder it must be for her, with her new heartache.

So I smooth the bedclothes and pillow, and the kiss that I leave on her forehead is altogether loving.



"Here we are at last!"—p. 38.

CHAPTER II.

"So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out."

AT midnight I am awakened by strange sounds in the next room, and going hastily in I find Maggie sitting up in bed, talking and gesticulating with wide-open, frightened eyes.

I make her lie down, and try to soothe her, but she springs up again and startles me with a fresh burst of incoherence. Then I ring the bell violently, and in a few minutes the servants arrive, followed by Mr. Bloomfield, only half awake.

But he is all active sympathy in an instant; sends one girl for his boots, another for his hat, buttons his great-coat over his dressing-gown, and goes himself to fetch the doctor—a sight to be long remembered, and remembered with a smile.

The doctor pronounces Maggie to be in a dangerous fever, occasioned by some great mental shock. And when the world rises the next morning, Mr. Bloomfield's household is in a state of restless anxiety, with but one centre of action and interest—the sick-room.

Mr. Bloomfield wants to hire a nurse for her, but I am confident in my own powers of nursing, and will not hear of such a thing.

The days that follow are strangely unsettled: they have no proper beginnings nor endings; there is no such thing as a dinner-hour; and the maids do each other's work cheerfully, and run on errands at all hours of the day without a murmur. In the first two days I become more intimate with the family than I should have done in two months in the ordinary course of things.

Mr. Bloomfield comes up incessantly to make inquiries, and if he were not so very anxious I should sometimes feel quite impatient with him, the suggestions he makes are so absurd. Everything that

money and attention can do is done, yet Maggie continues to get worse. The doctor orders her hair to be cut off, and the long, bright locks (of which her mother would have been so proud) are laid away in a drawer.

It is very pitiful, when everything has been done, to stand and watch the restless movements of her shorn little head, and listen to her disjointed wanderings.

"Alone!" she says, in an awe-stricken whisper that it chills one's blood to hear. "Alone! in this wide, unknown world; no human soul to speak to my soul through human lips!" Then she seems to listen intently for a few minutes, and goes on in a more natural tone: "Can't you hear the rush of their wings? Why, there must be hundreds of them! Nonsense! it isn't the wind amongst the trees. Why, I can hear the very sweep of their garments. And, oh!" (with a little cry) "there is my mother rattling the window, trying to come to me."

I put fresh ice on her forehead, and she is out in the fields with her grandfather, babbling of spring beauties.

"Poor little lamb!" says Mr. Bloomfield, who has been sitting by the bed-side, holding one of her hands in his, and looking intensely miserable. "She makes me think so of her poor mother. Ah! dear, dear, we none of us know what a day will bring forth!" he adds mournfully, and goes away with cautious, heavy steps.

One afternoon, when the illness has almost reached its crisis, Julia comes in, bringing a bouquet of the most exquisite hothouse flowers, which she must have been some distance to buy. She walks eagerly to the bed-side, but on finding that Maggie is too ill to notice them, falls on her knees and bursts into a passion of weeping, her whole frame shaking with convulsive sobs.

"What is the matter?" I ask, going round to her, and drawing her away from the bed, lest she should disturb my patient.

"I am so miserable!" she moans. "I hated her! Poor little thing! What had she done to me that I should have hated her with such a deadly hatred! And now she is going to die, and I shall feel as if my hate had killed her!"

"My dear Julia, you must not give way like this!" I whisper. "It certainly was very wicked to feel so bitterly towards a poor little girl whom you had scarcely seen. But I would not distress myself so much about it now, if I were you. After all, it has done no real harm to anyone but yourself."

But Julia will not be comforted; it is distressing to see the violence of her grief; and she is fast making herself ill, and upsetting my nerves, which are already sufficiently tried. So at last, by dint of persuasion and entreaty, I get her into her own room, and leave her to sob herself to sleep, if she is so disposed. Who would have thought that my "young tigress" had so soft a heart!

If Maggie should recover from this illness, she will find herself surrounded with warm friends. Even Julia's unreasoning hatred, which would have been so trying to encounter, has vanished at the sight of her helpless sufferings.

The next day we have a consultation of doctors; and though Mr. Bloomfield will not tell us what they say, we read in his face that there is but little hope. So we are hourly expecting an unwelcome guest, and we wait for his coming with sad hearts and hushed voices.

CHAPTER III.

"Delicately pure, and marvellously fair."



THE grim visitor did but cast his shadow over us, as he passed on his way. And the young life that had drooped in the gloom of his presence gradually revived; and we breathed freely again, for we knew that the danger was past.

As soon as our patient began to recover, Julia went to pay a long-deferred visit to the sea-side, so I have been Maggie's chief companion. At first we were very careful not to say anything that would be likely to remind her of her loss; but she introduced the subject herself, and seems to like talking of it. She speaks very affectionately of her grandfather—says he was the kindest, the wisest, and the best of men; and cries a little, softly, to herself, to think that he had so few comforts in his old age. But on the whole she is very cheerful. She seems to be fond, too, of the old house at F—, in spite of its dismalness. And in the long conversations we have together I see glimpses of a strangely dreamy, mournful life—lonely wanderings about the country, hours spent in a great empty church listening to the organ, games of chess with her grandfather, and, for the rest, books, books, books. Reading must have been her chief enjoyment, for there is no mention made of any young friends, or of

any gaieties whatever. Childish as her appearance is, we learn that she is eighteen, her eighteenth birthday having passed unheeded during her illness. Her luggage was not unpacked until she was able to sit up, and then we laughed together at the incongruous things that the old servant had packed up. As I expected, her wardrobe is very plain and scanty, but of course Mr. Bloomfield will soon supply that deficiency.

She is sitting in a great chintz-covered arm-chair, in a room next to her own, and looks exactly like a little figure out of a stained glass window. Though, now I come to think of it, the saints in stained-glass windows are stiff, awkward things, without much beauty, so I should say that she looks as a little saint in a window ought to look. The pale blue dressing-gown that I made for her harmonises well with her delicate complexion, and the short rings of her fair hair do duty as a halo. There may be a little more brown in it than one usually sees in the halo of a saint, but that is an advantage rather than the reverse.

During the period of her unconsciousness she has won a place in the hearts of all the household. And now that her soul has come back from the land of dreams and spirits, and looks intelligently at us out of her blue eyes, and speaks rationally to us from her thin lips, she is not likely to lose her hold on our affections. She is so gentle, so anxious to avoid giving trouble, so grateful for any little kindness, that the sick-room is still the centre of attraction in the house.

We have had a fresh visitor to-day—Hilton Bloomfield, Mr. Bloomfield's only son. I met him several times on the stairs when Maggie was ill, but had no idea who he was until the first day I dined with the family; and then I was surprised to find that he had been living in the house nearly all the time.

He is a well-built young man, of medium height, with brown hair, grey eyes, and a refined, intelligent face. His manners are quiet and gentlemanly, and I hear that he is a barrister—at present a briefless one, but I don't think that distresses him much. We have become such good friends that this morning I inquired how it was that he had never been to see my patient.

"Why should I?" he asked with unusual warmth.

"Oh! of course there is no reason why you should," I answered, "except that it seems natural to take an interest in such a dangerous case."

"I did take an interest in it," he replied. "But I am not a doctor! What good could I have done? I was told that a strange little girl was dying in a room up-stairs, and my father invited me several times to go and look at her. I hate that morbid sort of thing! Besides, it's enough to add new horrors to death to think that strangers are going to witness one's dying agonies! Now that she is getting well, and can take a pleasure in speaking to anyone, I shall come up-stairs and see her."

So he has been here nearly all the afternoon, amusing us with descriptions of entertainments that he has been to lately; and has promised to take Maggie to all kinds of places when she is well enough to go.

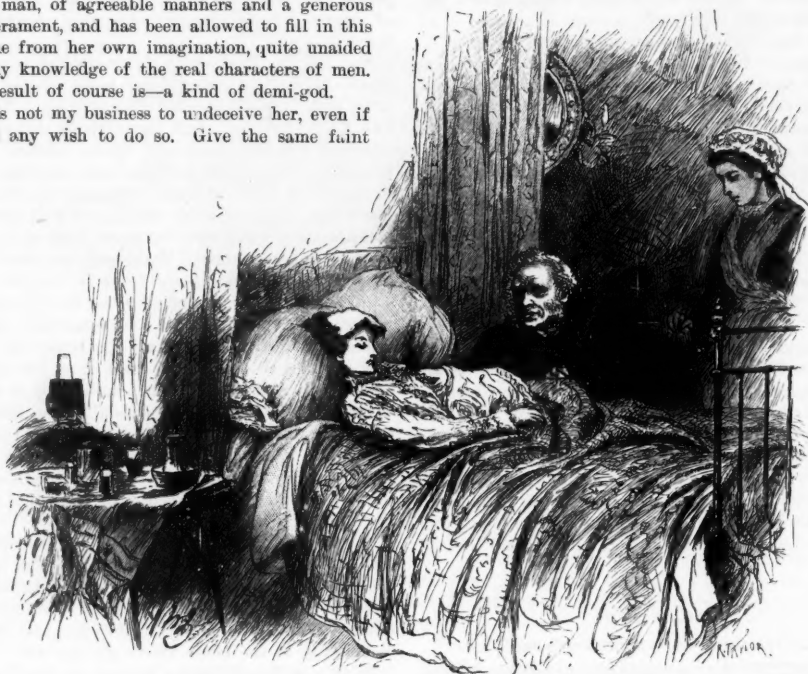
Now that he is gone, she is unusually talkative, and

begins telling me for the first time about her father. Remembering what I have heard of him from Mr. Bloomfield, I am considerably astonished at her description. She has been supplied (principally by the old servant, for it seems that her grandfather seldom mentioned him) with an outline of a tall, handsome man, of agreeable manners and a generous temperament, and has been allowed to fill in this outline from her own imagination, quite unaided by any knowledge of the real characters of men. The result of course is—a kind of demi-god.

It is not my business to undeceive her, even if I had any wish to do so. Give the same faint

outline to a hundred ignorant, innocent girls, and I believe ninety-nine of them will produce just such imaginary heroes, differing, of course, in style and intensity, but all alike in representing demi-gods.

(To be continued.)



“‘Poor little lamb! she makes me think so of her mother.’”—p. 40.

THE DIVINE CALL.

TO-DAY, to-morrow, evermore,
Through cheerless nights without a star,
Not asking whither or how far,
Rejoicing, though the way be sore,
Take up thy cross,
And follow Me!

Though some there be that scorn thy choice,
And tempting voices bid thee stay,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
If thou wilt hearken to My voice,
Take up thy cross,
And follow Me!

I cannot promise wealth or ease,
Fame, pleasure, length of days, esteem;
These things are vainer than they seem—

If thou canst turn from all of these,
Take up thy cross,
And follow Me!

I promise only perfect peace,
Sweet peace that lives through years of strife,
Immortal hope, immortal life,
And rest when all these wanderings cease:
Take up thy cross,
And follow Me!

My yoke is easy, put it on!
My burden very light to bear;
Who shareth this My crown shall share—
On earth the cross, in heaven the crown:
Take up thy cross,
And follow Me!

GEORGE COTTERELL.



ANGELS' WINGS AND VOICES.

MESSAGES OF JOY, WARNING, AND JUDGMENT DELIVERED BY ANGELS.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

I.—A MESSAGE TO A MAN GREATLY BELOVED.

"Yea, whilst I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation."—DANIEL ix. 21.



ANGELS have both wings and voices. If we see them, we are nearly sure to hear them. As winged messengers we watch them as they speed forth in their swift and willing services of love and obedience; and theirs is not a silent, voiceless ministry; at the same time

that our eyes are gladdened with the brightness of their presence, our ears are filled with the music of their speech or song. Allusions to the bright appearances and marvellous sayings and doings of angels crowd the pages of Scripture. Is it not strange that we should think so little of that wonderful ministry concerning which God says so much?

If we turn to sacred Scripture—our only source of information—we find that we are told something very considerable concerning those good and holy angels who have kept their first estate, and who are described as "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

These wonderful beings are distinguished by many different names, which indicate certain grades or orders which exist among them, or certain peculiarities in their natures or occupations. They are, however, all of them *Angels*—messengers, those who are sent forth on God's errands—those who maintain intercourse between God and His creatures. When Jacob in the vision of the night looked upon the mystic ladder which connected heaven and earth, he saw it thronged with ascending and descending angels.

These wise and powerful, holy and happy beings, while they probably account heaven their true and proper home, do not always abide there. They are sent forth on God's gracious errands, they visit earth with heavenly messages; they are all ministering spirits, and their ministry seems to consist very largely in the services which they variously render to the redeemed Church. They are described as habitually standing before God, as those who are ever ready to engage actively in His service; and they are continually sent forth on special ministries—sometimes one is sent, sometimes another, sometimes a whole company or cohort, but always those who are suitable and sufficient for that particular work to which they are appointed.

God has on many occasions employed angels to communicate to His people revelations of His will; it was so on the occasion here referred to. Daniel represents himself as being in great perplexity: he is both confused and troubled as he considers the course and movement of events; he sees not whither they are tending, and he cannot forecast the final issue and result. God deals with His servant (the man greatly beloved) by the ministry of an angel—the angel Gabriel, who again and again comes to him and

imparts instruction and strength and comfort. Swift and willing was the service rendered; and, on one occasion, certainly, while the words of prayer were yet on the lips of Daniel, the angel Gabriel was at his side with the answer to prayer.

Daniel at first receives a communication from a nameless angel, who is referred to merely as one of the angels that appeared attending the Ancient of Days in His glory. He then has a further vision, after which there stood before him the appearance as of a man, and this time Gabriel was made known to him as the minister of interpretation. After this we see Daniel in prayer, and that which seems especially to have moved him to prayer was that he understood by the books—the prophecies of Jeremiah—that seventy years were fixed for the continuance of the desolations of Jerusalem, and these years, according to Daniel's reckoning, were now running out; and he set his face to seek God by prayer and supplications, with fasting and sackcloth and ashes.

This prayer was answered—was answered at once, and answered in a very remarkable way; while the answer itself is the most wonderful and complete of all the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament.

While Daniel was speaking and praying, while he was yet on his knees, the answer came (it was at the time of the evening oblation)—and the answer came by a special messenger, an angel whom he saw standing by his side, and he at once recognised him as the angel Gabriel, whom he had seen before. The angel touches him, to remind him of his presence, and call his attention to the Divine and heavenly message with which he was burdened, and with which he had been caused to fly so swiftly that he was there with the answer to Daniel's prayer before Daniel had ceased praying. And he gives him the assurance that this message has come to him, and come thus to him as to one greatly beloved.

The message which came to Daniel in a way so wonderful was received by him and placed on record, and, whatever interpretation he may have put upon these words, we who read them in a light which he did not enjoy cannot but admire the way in which many of the more distinguishing features of our Divine Redeemer's work are set forth with a clearness and distinctness that we look for in vain in any other Old Testament prophecy.

God is as willing as ever to answer the prayers of His people; intercourse between heaven and earth is not suspended; angelic ministrations have not ceased; around the Eternal Throne there still stand thousands upon thousands of bright and happy spirits, who are ready ever to fly swiftly on errands of love and mercy, carrying messages of strength and comfort to God's greatly beloved ones—prayer has lost nothing of its potency.

"This passionate sigh which, half begun,
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
Of God's calm angel standing in the sun."

Were our eyes opened, we might see (what Daniel saw) how even while we are yet speaking—God hears.

II.—TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—ST. LUKE ii. 10.



INASMUCH as the angel Gabriel was employed in making so remarkable a communication concerning the coming Messiah, hundreds of years before His actual appearance among men, we are scarcely surprised when we meet with him again at the time of the Advent, or to

find that the angels had to play so important and prominent a part in connection with it. We may well suppose that they who willingly minister to the heirs of salvation, account it their highest honour to minister to Him who is the Author of Salvation.

In the New Testament we first meet with the angel Gabriel appearing to Zacharias as he was executing the priest's office before God. Zacharias was in the sanctuary, burning incense before the Lord, while the people were praying without. As he was thus engaged he saw an angel standing on the right side of the altar, and when he saw him he was troubled, and fear fell upon him; but the angel said, "Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John." Now, whatever reference there may be here to any personal desire previously cherished and expressed by Zacharias, we cannot but believe that his supreme desire was for the advent of the promised Messiah, and the announcement of the angel, which comes as an answer to prayer, evidently covers the larger and the more limited request. He receives the twofold assurance that the Messiah Himself shall appear in his days, and that he shall become, in his old age, the father of a son who shall be the immediate forerunner of the Lord's Anointed, and make straight His way before Him.

Zacharias cannot bring himself at once to receive the astonishing announcement; the news seems to be too good to be true, and he asks for some confirmatory sign; and the angel, answering, said to him, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to show thee these glad tidings." The announcement of the angel's name would carry the thoughts of Zacharias back to the time when this same angel appeared to Daniel with

that wonderful prophecy which was now on the point of fulfilment.

Some months after this, the same angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to make to a virgin named Mary a much more wonderful announcement than that which he had made to Zacharias in the Temple—the announcement of the miraculous conception of our Lord by the power of the Holy Ghost.

And now we pass on to the most wonderful event of all—that great mystery of godliness, God manifested in the flesh—the birth of the Lord Jesus, for whose advent preparations had been made extending through ages and generations, and of whose nearly approaching manifestation angelic pre-intimations had been given to Zacharias and Mary.

Everything fell out according to the Word of the Lord, and Jesus was born, not only in the fulness of the times, but, being of the house and lineage of David, He was born in the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. And we see Him, whom all the angels of God are commanded to worship, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn.

But this great event, though it secures for itself so little of the regard of men, is not to be passed over in silence. There is to be a Divine and heavenly announcement of the fact, an angelic celebration of the Advent. The birth of Christ seems to have created no stir, to have awakened no interest in Bethlehem itself; but outside the village there were some shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and to these humble men the first preacher of the Gospel appeared in the form of an angel, and the glory of the Lord—that manifestation of glory so often alluded to in the Old Testament—shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

Their thoughts at the time were probably not travelling beyond, or soaring above, the limited and humble sphere of life and duty in which they were called to move, when suddenly this glory of the Lord shone around them—they found themselves all at once in an atmosphere of celestial light and splendour, and there, standing before them, or in their midst, they see one who has the appearance of an angel, and they are sore afraid. The very first words of the angel are, "Fear not. Behold! I am an angel—a special messenger of God. I am sent forth on this errand of mercy. I bring you good tidings of great joy—that unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord; and this is not only tidings of great joy to you, but tidings of great joy to all people."

So soon as the angel—not improbably Gabriel—had made this announcement, "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill towards men." The vision of angels then faded from the view of these

shepherds, and the voices which had proclaimed these wonderful tidings died away into silence, and the shepherds were left with no company but that of the sheep they tended. But they did not put the whole matter on one side as a bright and beautiful dream. They were so impressed by the visions which they had seen, and the voices they had listened to, that they determined to go to Bethlehem at once; and they went and found, as all true inquirers will find, the Saviour whom they sought.

Angels have been sent forth on many different errands, but never on such an errand as this; many have been the messages of love and mercy which they have carried, but none to be compared with the glad tidings of great joy; and never was such music heard as the music of that angelic song. We cannot recall the vision—the music of the Christmas anthem cannot be reproduced—but all that is of chief value we retain. The words of that angelic announcement, and the burden of that angelic song, we have with us to this day.

III.—AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE.

"And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands."—ACTS xii. 7.



WE have seen how God employs angels in communicating His will to His own people; we have many instances in which He employs an angelic ministry for the effectuation of His gracious purposes concerning them. God sends forth His angels that they may exercise their skill and power for

the defence or deliverance of those intrusted to their care. He gives His angels charge concerning them; and many of the most remarkable of the angelic interpositions of which we read in God's Word, are those in which we see these wonderful beings using their great power for the protection or rescue of those who seemed otherwise doomed to destruction. Without referring to particular instances, the Psalmist celebrates the fact that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." And we have reason to suppose that by the ministry of angels the Lord doth in an especial manner protect us from the power and malice of our spiritual foes. Happy are we to have an angelic

guard set for our defence. We know not what havoc our enemies would work, did not these watchers from the Holy One disappoint them.

We have here a very remarkable illustration of the way in which God can assist His servants in the apparently unequal conflict in which they are engaged.

We see a great trouble—or, rather, a whole troop of troubles come upon the infant Church: there is famine and poverty, and then bitter and malignant persecution. The Apostle James is murdered, and Peter is imprisoned. We have just a new breaking out of the old quarrel between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, and, however sharp the conflict, we ought not to doubt the issue.

Peter seems very weak, compared with his enemies, who have prisons, and chains, and fetters, and weapons of war, and all the resources of the world at their disposal; but then Peter is under the care of One who can at any moment send His angel to deliver him. Peter's enemies seem very powerful, but they are not nearly so powerful as they seem. They are strong enough to kill the Apostle James, and put Peter in prison, and keep him there under four quaternions of soldiers; but there their power ceases; after that there is little more that they can do. They cannot prevent the prayers of the saints entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. They cannot destroy the peace of Peter, or prevent God giving His beloved sleep. Though they deprive Peter of his personal liberty, they cannot hinder the access of God's angels, and they cannot prevent or delay his emancipation when God determines to set him free.

We see here that there is nothing in all the world so mighty as prayer. On the one side we have the persecuting power of the world, on the other the almighty power of God, which the Church is able to summon to its assistance. On the one side there is all the might of Herod—there is the prison with its strong and massive walls and iron gates, and there in immediate charge of the prisoner are four quaternions of soldiers—while on the other side there are a few despised Christians, who have no material resources to fall back upon, but who believe in the power of prayer and the faithfulness of God. They pray on day after day, but there is no sign of any answer to prayer; and now, on the night before the day on which Herod proposes to bring Peter forth for execution, they meet again for prayer. And here do we see what has been often seen—that man's extremity is God's opportunity; God chooses His own time and His own way for doing His own work.

On that distressful night we see Peter in prison, quietly sleeping. With a peaceful and clear conscience does he sleep, and under the ever-watchful care of the God whom he serves. As he is lying there asleep—without fear and without expectation—behold, the angel of the Lord touches him, awakes him out of sleep, bids him arise, put on his sandals and his clothes, and follow him. Free from the

chains which had bound him. Peter renders obedience to the angelic command, and, following the angel, he passes by the sleeping guards, and through the great iron gate, which opened to them of its own accord, out into the city; and being separated from the prison by the length of one street, forthwith the angel departed from him. The whole thing appears like a dream, and it is only when he is left alone there in the open street, and he begins to recognise the familiar objects around him, that he realises what has taken place.

Having considered what he should do, he determines to go straightway to the house of Mary, the mother of John, where, though he knew it not, the disciples were at that very time assembled for prayer on his account. Having arrived at the house, he knocks at the door, and a young serving-maid named Rhoda comes to hearken, to find out who was there; and when she recognised the voice of Peter, she opened not the door for gladness, but ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate; but they refused at first to accept her testimony. But Peter continued knocking, and when they had opened the door and saw him they were astonished.

Have we not here an unexpected deliverance? Peter certainly did not expect it, nor did those disciples who were praying that the Lord would appear for Peter. There were probably many degrees of faith in that little company. Some were expecting little; others, more; but no one was expecting this. They were surprised, not so much that God had answered prayer, but that He *so* answered prayer—so completely, so gloriously.

IV.—ERRANDS OF JUDGMENT.

"For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians: and when He seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you."—Exodus xii. 23.



GOD sustains relations to His foes as well as His friends. He has dealings not only with those who do His will, and walk in the ways of His commandments, but also with those who are perverse and rebellious; and He employs the ministry of angels quite as freely

in breaking the power of and punishing His enemies, as in defending, rescuing, and furthering the interests

of those who love and trust Him. Indeed, the defence and rescue of His friends imply the discomfiture and overthrow of those who set themselves against them and seek their injury and destruction.

Scripture teaches nothing more plainly than that angels are sent forth from heaven—when the occasion demands—as messengers of the Divine vengeance, and to punish the sins of man. Some have maintained that the different executions of judgment referred to in God's Word were effected by the instrumentality of evil spirits; but while it must be admitted that in certain instances they have been permitted to exercise their malign influence, nothing can be more evident than that God has ordinarily, and for the most part, employed good angels in this service. They are in perfect sympathy with the Most High, hating what He hates, and having their anger and indignation kindled by what awakens His; and there is nothing more befitting than that these holy angels should speed forth to inflict the just judgments of God upon those who resist and defy Him. Those who destroyed the guilty Cities of the Plain were unquestionably good angels. As such they were received and entertained by Lot; and with reference to their solemn errand they say, "The Lord hath sent us to destroy Sodom." That was evidently a good angel whom God sent unto Jerusalem to destroy it, and to whom, after seventy thousand men of Israel had fallen, the Lord said, "It is enough; stay now thine hand;" for he was employed—as a wicked spirit certainly would not have been—to indicate the site of the future Temple.

We all know by whom the army of Sennacherib was laid low, when

"The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still."

We are distinctly told that this was none other than "the angel of the Lord."

In the New Testament, to refer but to one instance: in the account given of Herod's miserable end we read, "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory."

Perhaps the most remarkable example of angelic interposition for purposes of judgment was that which occurred in connection with the exodus of Israel from Egypt. It would at first appear on reading the narrative that the destruction wrought on that memorable night was the result of the immediate visitation of the Lord—it is throughout spoken of as the very act of God—so thoroughly does God identify Himself with the slaying of the firstborn, by which stroke of judgment the last bond of Israel's captivity was broken, and the long-enslaved people were led

forth as those whom the Lord Himself had redeemed. But while the act of deliverance is thus ascribed to God, so that He might have all the honour of it, it would seem that God laid low the firstborn of Egypt, not by the immediate exercise of His own almighty power, but by the employment of the destroyer—the destroying angel—an angel of the Lord who was commissioned to do this very work; and so completely and swiftly was the work of destruction done, that not one of Egypt's firstborn escaped. In that midnight hour the stroke of judgment fell with terrible impartiality, and "Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians, and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."

But on that night of terror and confusion there were some who were safe; the word given to the destroying angel was, "Touch not Mine anointed—do them no harm;" and wherever the protecting blood could be seen sprinkled on lintel and side-posts, there absolute security was enjoyed—into these houses the Lord did not suffer the destroyer to enter. Israel's deliverance is thus linked with Egypt's discomfiture, and while a great and bitter cry of mourning and lamentation rises up in every Egyptian house over the slain firstborn, there is joy in all the houses of Israel, for the long-promised, long-delayed hour of redemption has come.

If we pass on to the book of the Apocalypse we everywhere meet with the angels—unloosing the seals, and emptying the vials, speeding on errands of mystery and mercy and judgment. Yes, the angels have their work to do, even to the end. In the solemnities of the Resurrection Day and final Judgment they are described as playing a great and important part. As they welcomed the Lord Jesus at His first Advent, so will they attend Him at His second Advent—His final and glorious appearing. "He shall come in His glory, and all His holy angels with Him," "and He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." They are to take part in the great work of discrimination and separation to which we look forward. And when all is over, and the righteous are gathered into the Kingdom of their Father, we shall hear "the voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders: and the number of them is ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."





THE
HEART'S FLOWERS.

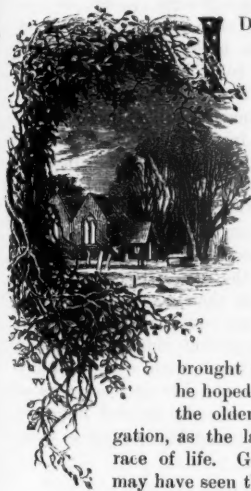
BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, B.A.,
AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE,"
"GASLIGHT AND STARS," ETC.

BLOSSOMS, bright blossoms,
Rosy, gold, and white;
Blossoms, sweet blossoms,
Feasting sense and sight;
Grown in order'd gardens gay,
Springing up beside the way—
Roses for the beauty's breast;
Buttercups for children blest;
Oh, a darker life were ours
Had the earth no gentle flow'rs!

Blossoms, bright blossoms,
White, and only white;
Blossoms, sweet blossoms,
Breathing pure delight;
Beautiful in regal halls,
Just as fair in cottage walls—
Peace and hope, and truth and love,
Wildings from the bow'rs above;
Oh, a weary world were ours
Had the heart no gentle flow'rs!

HOW TO KEEP OUR YOUTHS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MEATH, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY.



DO not suppose that anyone who has had experience in Church work will deny that it is not always an easy task for a minister to retain elder scholars in communion with the Church. Between the ages of thirteen and twenty a serious defection is continually taking place in the ranks of the young recruits whom he has

brought up, and who at one time he hoped would take the place of the older members of his congregation, as the latter dropped out of the race of life. Gradually, one by one, he may have seen the former fall away from the early promise of their youth, until

his heart grew sick, and he began to ask himself whether when the older members of the congregation were gone a sufficient number of the younger generation would be left to form a congregation.

These fears were of course ill-founded, and as time advanced a sufficient remnant of the younger flock remained true to their Church; but still there was enough foundation for these dismal forebodings to cause him to think seriously how he might draw tighter the bonds of affection between the younger members of the flock and the Church of Christ.

He probably came to consider what were the reasons of these lamentable defections from the ranks of the Church, and what were the remedies to be applied. Amongst the principal causes, he probably found the following:—

1. Class custom.
2. Fear of ridicule.
3. Fear of being considered singular or hypocritical.
4. Indifferentism.
5. Fear that the profession of religion would be a barrier to an enjoyment of the pleasures of life.
6. The anti-religious pressure of employment or companions.
7. Want of some organisation which could give support to the religiously disposed.

He then probably looked to the principle of association for the means of counteracting the disintegrating influences to which I have referred.

He thought associations would supply the support so greatly needed to enable class customs or ridicule to be boldly faced, and he perhaps applied for

assistance to the Young Men's Friendly Society, or the Girls' Friendly Society, or to both societies, for the means to enable him to unite his younger members in some bond of union, which should give them the courage to be obtained from the consciousness of acting in concert with others.

Perhaps, after some delay, a branch of either or of both associations was formed in his parish, and without further thought he set forward once more on his task of parochial duties with a light heart, feeling that all was now well, and that he would shortly have the pleasure of seeing his church crowded with young men and women, the grown-up Sunday-school scholars of former days. If so, it is possible that his hopes were shattered, and that no such result took place as that which he had fondly anticipated. The Communion Service still remained neglected, or only attended by the aged and the infirm. A reaction then will, in all likelihood, have taken place in his mind; he will have blamed—very unjustly—the societies which, in his opinion, had misled him, and which had failed to do that which they had never undertaken to accomplish without exertion upon his part.

Societies and organisations are lifeless abstractions, unless animated by a living spirit. If that spirit be not evoked, the best societies are but an empty name. Work must be accomplished by the agency of human hands, hearts, and intellects. Let our imaginary clergyman ask himself whether he instilled this life into the dry bones of the organisation; and if he did not, let him not then be astonished if the bones are still dry, and likely to remain so to the end of the chapter.

To be of use, the Girls' Friendly Society or the Young Men's Friendly Society, or, indeed, any society for the benefit of men and women, must thoroughly saturate the minds of its members with the spirit of brotherly love, and of practical Christian kindness one towards another and towards all mankind. It must give them work to do. It must prove to them that the happiest man even on this earth is he who renounces for the sake of another, and not he who passes his life in the endeavour to get the better of his neighbours.

It must show them that work for others is the most ennobling of all pursuits, and that it is possible for the very poorest and the very busiest to do some little act of kindness to his fellow-man.

It must furnish them with opportunities of being useful to others, and show them that their organisation is a means of accomplishing this, and is a blessing to themselves and to others.

Each member should be made to feel that it is a privilege to belong to the society, and that dismissal

from its ranks would be a disgrace. To establish such an *esprit de corps*, the society should have some local habitation, where meetings may periodically take place, and where associates and members may feel themselves to be really at home. However small may be the house or room, it should be the exclusive property of the society, and should be used for no other purpose.

Once a feeling of pride in the society has been established, it will be comparatively easy for a clergyman or associate to make this *esprit de corps* instrumental in raising the moral and religious tone of the young men and women of the parish. The members must be shown how to undertake some work for others, and must not be permitted to remain satisfied with working only for themselves.

Custom and fashion have often been pressed into the service of the devil; may not they sometimes be made to do duty in furtherance of wholesome moral objects? The associates should take their members into counsel, get to know them personally, and, if possible, occasionally invite those whom they have under their more especial charge to visit them of an evening for a pleasant chat or for reading. Such friendly intercourse would be productive of immense social good in a parish, by bringing all classes more

closely together, and by giving the associates an opportunity of making their influence for good felt by the young men and women commended to their care. Many would be the opportunities which might then be seized of giving to young men and women wholesome advice, encouragement, praise, or rebuke—advice which, under such circumstances, would be listened to much more patiently than if uttered by one who had never come into actual friendly social intercourse with them. These associations should be made instruments for supplying the members with means of instruction and recreation. Classes of all kinds should be held, to suit their requirements; their amusements should not be forgotten; temperance and thrift should be inculcated; and they should be encouraged to perfect themselves of an evening in the theory of the profession which they put in practice in the day. If these associations were always to make themselves useful to the members: if, indeed, they could always establish their position as being important aids to the young in the battle of life, the Church would find—as many a minister has already found—that such societies as these were well fitted to exercise a decided influence for good, by the retention of elder scholars in communion with the Church.

GIPSY'S BABY.

A STORY FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.



EVER since Mollie had been born, three years ago, she had been Gipsy's Baby. The child of four had staggered about under the weight of the big, bony baby, that seemed to do nothing but cry from morning to night, never pacified except when Gipsy rocked it in her arms, or sat with it on the doorstep in the alley, while Jimmy, who was then two years old, dragged at her ragged skirts.

Poor little Gipsy! She had never known what it was to be a child—save in the way of receiving blows which she was not big enough to parry or return. She had never been beyond Blindpen Alley, where the tall, tumble-down houses, garnished with clothes-lines, whereon various rags were always fluttering, allowed but a narrow strip of sky to be seen, or the long, narrow slum into which the alley debouched.

She had never run amongst buttercups in the green fields, nor dipped her bruised feet into a stream. She had never seen the sun set nor the moon rise—never made a daisy-chain. She did not know there were such things as daisies or streams. She did not know that life was, or could be, anything better than

listening to the complaints of an invalid mother and the oaths of a drunken father, washing rags and nursing babies. Her lot was to go half-clad and half-starved, learning nothing but sin and misery, and knowing no end to it but to be put at last in a dark, deep hole, the very thought of which made her shudder. Yet Gipsy had a large, warm heart, that no evil surroundings had as yet cramped. She loved her mother and Jimmy, though the love she felt for them was as nothing to the love she bore her baby. She was never satisfied except when Mollie was in her arms. She never knew joy but when the pinched mouth parted in a weird smile, or when the fretful features relaxed in restful sleep. The baby took the place in Gipsy's heart that a doll takes in that of a happier child, only never was doll loved as this child loved her ailing, puny sister.

A year after Mollie's birth the mother died of decline and semi-starvation. The drunken father only appeared at long intervals in the wretched attic which was "home" to his children. When he did appear, it was apparently only for the purpose of beating them, swearing at them, and seizing the few pence they might have. The more seldom he came and the sooner he left, the better Gipsy was pleased. She did not, however, think his conduct strange. She thought that fathers always drank, and always

beat their wives and children. But she was afraid for her darling, on whom his heavy hand never yet had fallen.

Mrs. Cutter, the landlady, who lived down-stairs, was a good-natured woman, and did not turn the children adrift even when they were behind with the rent. She put them in the way of earning a few pence by the sale of matches and newspapers. She would also look after Mollie when it rained, and Gipsy had to trudge out alone—her little heart full of all sorts of formless fears and anxieties until she had her baby safe in her own arms again.

One wet evening—the evening of her seventh birthday—Gipsy caught a severe cold on her chest, and was not able to sell matches, nor to go out to do odd jobs for the neighbours, for a whole fortnight. It was November, and very cold, but the children could not afford to have a fire. With Mollie nestling close to her for warmth, Gipsy huddled under the rags on their wretched bed, shivering and coughing, drinking eagerly the water the landlady brought her, or the rarer cup of hot tea, but too ill to eat, too weak to get up.

Jimmy brought in a few coppers every night, which sufficed to buy bread for Mollie and himself, and every day Gipsy declared she should be better.

While she still lay helpless, towards the close of one dull, cheerless day, she heard the well-known sound of her father's unsteady steps coming up the stairs.

"Mollie!" she cried hoarsely, with instinctive fear. "Come here, quick!"

For Mollie was crawling weakly about the floor, in the way of danger.

Before the child could reach the bed, James Dyott stumbled over her. Raising his heavily booted foot, with an oath, he kicked her aside, unheeding the shriek she uttered.

Inbued with sudden strength, Gipsy sprang out of bed and caught her baby in her arms, soothing its moans and cries by every tender word she could coin.

"Have yer no brass?" said the father, taking no notice of the scene, and searching the room in vain.

"No, we ain't none; and I'm ill; and oh! how could yer do it?" wailed Gipsy, striving in vain to soothe her poor little sister.

"Look sharp and get well, then, for I'm coming 'ome next week—yer'll be glad of that, I bet!" laughing coarsely; "and I'll have no lazy wagabones here! yer'll have to earn yer living, well or ill; and that 'ere kid"—with another oath—"shall go to the 'Ouse; I'll be plagued with her no longer, a ugly little owl!"

Gipsy broke into a cry of such bitter agony that even the brutal father was startled by it.

"Well, I'm off now!" he said hastily, slouching out of the room as he spoke; "and mind you've some brass for me next time I come!"

"Oh, my baby! my baby!" moaned Gipsy, rocking the child in her arms, while their tears mingled

together; "he'll send yer away from me! Oh, what'll I do? There isn't no one to 'elp us nohow!"

After the kick her father had given her, Mollie Dyott grew slowly worse. She never crawled about the floor now, but lay motionless on the bed, only whining occasionally to be taken up and nursed on Gipsy's knee.

Mrs. Cutter shook her head when she heard the latter's story, and said she "doubted but Dyott had done it this time."

"You'd best take her to the workhouse," she advised Gipsy; "they'd give her proper 'ention there."

"Would they let me nurse her?" answered Gipsy, considering the question.

"Why, no; I don't say as they would."

"Then Mollie shan't go!" declared the child resolutely, clasping her treasure more closely to her; "nobody shan't take her from me!"

"God will," said the woman to herself, shaking her head again.

A few days later Gipsy wrapped Mollie in an old shawl, and took her into the street beyond the alley; for the sun was shining, and Mrs. Cutter said it would do the little invalid good to get out a bit.

In the street a crowd of people—some laughing, some listening—was gathered round a man in black clothes, who was speaking to them, and Gipsy joined them to see "what was up," as she phrased it.

Soon it dawned on her that the man was telling his audience of somebody who could cure sick people and make them well again. She pressed nearer, all anxiety now to hear.

"Come to Him!" the man was saying, in clear tones that were touched with pity for the misery around him. "Come to the dear Lord Jesus! He will not send you away. The poorest, the most ignorant, the most sinful of you, can come close to Him. Are you sick? He can heal you. Are you miserable? He can comfort you. Are you wicked? He will teach you to be good. And you children too! He calls *you* to Him. 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'—that's what He says. He loves little children. He loves you all. He waits to save and bless you. Come to Him!"

"Oh, sir, where does He live?" shrieked Gipsy, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushing scarlet—could it be possible He would help her?

Just then a great dray came down the street, and a policeman pushed the throng aside.

"Here, you move on! clear out of this!" he said, laying a rough hand on Gipsy's shoulder; and, terribly frightened, Gipsy ran home as fast as she could.

"Jimmy," she said, telling her brother the wonderful story that night, "I wish I knew where that kind man as loves children lives! He could make Mollie well and strong, and mebbe He'd 'elp us agen father too, if we ast Him! I must go; I must go and find Him somehows! Where d'yer think He'll likely be?"

"I dunno," said Jimmy stolidly; "I never heerd on Him. In a big 'ouse," he suggested as an after-thought; "mebbe in the Queen's pallis! They wouldn't let you in there, Gip!"

"I'll find Him somehow!" declared Gipsy boldly; "and when Mollie's well, we'll all go away, Jimmy, where father can't never find us, and Mollie'll 'elp us to earn somethink. Oh, I'll find Him, never you fear!"

And Gipsy looked so bright that even Mollie essayed a smile as she sucked her thumb, and Jimmy beat a triumphal march on an old pot which was his drum.

The next afternoon the sun struggled out through the mist again. Gipsy made herself and her baby as tidy as she could, and started off on her quest with grave, intensely resolute face, and heart beating high with hope. Never for a moment did the child doubt that she should find Him whom she sought. She pressed on, looking for a house big and grand enough for so great and good a man. It was Sunday, but the day had no meaning for Gipsy, and now she was too engrossed by her own thoughts even to notice the well-dressed people who were passing to and fro.

At length she paused opposite a large church, whose bells had just ceased ringing, and surveyed it questioningly.

There was a flight of broad steps leading to massive doors. There were coloured windows, and a tower with a clock in it. Could this be *His* house? It was a large, grand-looking place.

"What's that 'ere—d' yer know?" she asked a boy near.

"Christ's Church," he answered shortly.

"Christ's Church! Who's Christ?"

"Why, Jesus—the Lord Jesus Christ."

"It's His house!" she gasped, all the colour leaving her face now.

"Yes, I s'pose so! Don't you go to school, that you're such a dummy?" with contempt.

"What's He like?" she asked in an awed whisper; "for I'm a-going to speak to Him."

"Oh, ain't you a dummy! Why, o' course I never seen Him, except in a picter, in a gownd and—and a——"

Gipsy stopped to hear no more. Perhaps Jesus was not often to be seen—she must lose no time.

Hurrying up the steps, she went into the church, straining Mollie more tightly to her heart, that beat so fast she could hardly breathe.

Inside were tall pillars that upheld an arched roof, wide aisles, subdued light, a sense of space, of quietude—all strange and awe-inspiring to the girl, who had never been in a place of worship before.

Softly she stole up the aisle, and there, at the further end of the church, stood a young man with outstretched hands, and what looked like the "gownd" of the picture in Gipsy's eyes. He was talking to and smiling kindly on a group of children who sat near, listening to him.

A rush of indescribable feelings came over Gipsy's ignorant soul, full of the latent, beautiful faith of childhood—feelings of mingled awe, wonder, and rapture, a strange, sweet certainty of help and safety.

She had found Jesus! All was well now.

Right up the aisle she came, looking neither to right nor left—up to the very feet of the astonished minister, and held her baby out to him with both arms.

"He said you'd cure people as was sick," she cried breathlessly, her eyes like two stars in her white face. "He said you loved little children, and called 'em to you, and—and—I've been a-looking for you—cause my Mollie's sick; and oh, Jesus! you'll make her well, and 'elp us to get away from father, won't yer?"

Some of the youthful congregation began to titter, but tears were in the minister's eyes as he laid his hand very gently on Gipsy's head.

"My dear child," he said; then paused, as if there was something in his throat that hindered his speaking.

"Oh, sir!" cried Gipsy, breaking into sobs, "he said as you was good and kind; and you'll cure my baby quick, won't yer?"

"Come with me," said the minister, recovering his voice; and taking Mollie from her sister's arms, he carried her into the vestry, where a bright fire was burning. "Sit down, my child," he went on, bringing a comfortable chair to the blaze, "and get warm, both of you. When I have finished with the children, I will come and speak to you."

Very soon he returned, and sitting down by Gipsy's side, he told her very simply and tenderly that he was only a servant of the dear Lord Jesus, but that Jesus was indeed with Gipsy—looking upon her, listening to her—though she could not see Him.

At first Gipsy's disappointment was intense, but soon she was listening with renewed eagerness to all that Mr. Somers told her. After all, it was true that there *was* such a Man as the Lord Jesus, who did love and call little children to Him, who could cure sick people, and make wicked ones good!

Some day she would see Him, Mr. Somers said, and live for ever with Him. Meanwhile, He would teach her to love and serve Him.

"I do love Him," asserted Gipsy, with conviction, "cause He's so kind. I know He'll cure my baby, too."

Mr. Somers thought of those gracious words of old—"According to your faith be it unto you"—and said "Amen!"

Gipsy is a grown-up woman now, with little children of her own, who are never weary of hearing how mother went to look for Jesus, and found Him. They like to hear how Gipsy went back to the old attic full of joy, to find her father—alas!—laid dying on the bed, and Jimmy playing his drum as if it were quite a festive occasion; they never can be persuaded to

feel any sorrow for the man who kicked poor Mollie! They like to hear how Mr. Somers found the orphans a happy home with a kind old widow, who cared for them as if they had been her own children; how Gipsy and Jimmy went to school, and learned to be useful, industrious members of society; but most of all, they like to hear how the Lord Jesus cured Gipsy's Baby, through the instrumentality of a skilful doctor, a friend of Mr. Somers', who worked amongst the poor in the same loving, self-sacrificing spirit.

"Ah! that was a blessed day for me, when I found the Lord, and asked Him to cure my Mollie!"

This is always the way Gipsy finishes her story, and as surely as she does this, her youngest child turns gravely to the plump, merry-faced auntie whom they all love so dearly, and says, with ever-renewed wonder—

"So, *you* were mother's baby once!"

"Yes!" says Aunt Mollie, with a fond smile at Gipsy.

ON PUTTING ONE'S NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSHUA PADGETTS."



YOU will observe, O wise and judicious reader, that the title of this paper is "On Putting One's Nose to the Grindstone," not "On Having One's Nose Put." And in this distinction lies the main virtue of the whole thing, for it is manifestly a different thing to do an act of one's own will and to do it on compulsion.

Have you ever tried the former? Have you ever suffered the latter? Probably both. I will deal with the former in the first place. You can scarcely remember the first application in your own case. You were a little boy at school, and the lessons were your abomination; yet, because there were sundry objectionable features in your life unless you learnt those lessons, you *did* learn them, believing that the learning of them, disagreeable though it was, was less disagreeable than the other thing. So you put your nose to the grindstone. But you did not keep it there any longer than you were obliged. It was an unwilling act, yet your own act, to do it at all. Still you must admit that as you grew older there grew with you a greater adaptability to circumstances, and the work you before-time hated became more and more endurable.

Now just the same experience may be had with the actual grindstone of the smithy. When the rough blade is laid upon it first there is a tendency to fly off, but after a little while, when the unevenness has been reduced, the blade becomes more manageable.

When schoolboy days were over you were started again in a line that was new to you. Old habits had to be broken and new ones formed. Instead of the cricket bat, you handled the pen (and made a pretence of handling the razor), and in place of kicking the football you kicked your master's desk. You didn't like it—one seldom does; still, you knew it had to be done, and like a sensible fellow you did it. After a little time you got so well used to your new duties that the wish to evade them became almost eliminated—it was the scythe and the grindstone again. Perhaps your

next great move in life was the "setting up" for yourself. For a time there was comparative freedom in this, and the mere fact that you could do as you liked made you more willing to do as you ought. But by-and-by the novelty wore off, and you began to give yourself too many holidays. At the end of the year, when you balanced your accounts, you found things were hardly so rosy as they appeared, and then you resolved to make a new endeavour to put your nose to the grindstone.

Nor did you regret it. Business began to come in to your office, and ready money was more plentiful in your coffers. Then, what more natural than that you should seek for a partner to share with you the sweets of a successful life? (She has, I know, always stated that to her fell the sour, and to you the sweets. But never mind!) Then you married, and a new set of habits had to be formed. No more idling in the evenings at your club. (I am taking it for granted that you are one of the right sort.) No more bachelors' parties at Richmond or Greenwich. You groaned in your spirit at the bride you had set to your own mouth; but still you had the sense to see that your old life would not do, and after some hesitation you put your nose to the grindstone, and were altogether a better man for it. Nevertheless, you have sometimes felt that it was irksome to have to consider another's tastes and wishes; and there have been times when you have sighed again for the flesh-pots of Egypt! Don't blush, and don't deny it. Better men than you have made the same mistake. The grindstone hadn't taken all the "rough" off!

At the present moment you are willing to admit that life has gone very well for you. You have had your sorrows—who has not?—and your inconveniences have sometimes protruded themselves rather too plainly on your notice; but, taking it all round, you have exceedingly little to grumble at. Wait a moment, now—*audi alteram partem*—is there "nothing to grumble at" on the other side? Have you been quite so thoughtful as you might have been? When the grindstone was particularly active, was

yours the nose that took the principal part? What about that long sickness of little Nanny's, when the poor wife was worn out with want of sleep and nourishment? What was your part? Oh, yes—of course!—you were anxious; everyone knows that. You carried the look of a worried man in your face. When you turned into your club at night to find a little relief from your sorrow you smoked an extra cigar out of the very heaviness of your heart. You behaved like a man—uncommonly! You were very kind, though, in your way. You took home with you every day some luxury or other—often at great cost—and you never counted the cost. And when the little one was able to be moved you insisted on taking wife and children to Brighton or Bournemouth, for you were very tired of seeing the pale faces in your home. Now, candidly, do you think that your nose was at the grindstone all this time? You do! Well, then, I'll be equally candid with you, and tell you that I don't. It was the poor wife and mother who had to bear the constant anguish of waiting. It was she who lived in hourly dread of the advent of the last enemy. Hers were the ears that listened all night for sounds from the sick-room. Her feet were the busy ambassadors that waited at the Court of Death. No, no, my friend! You may be a good sort of man in your way, but you don't take the cake here.

There are some men who persistently carry out the title of my paper, and who yet never make much of a mark in the world. They rise early, and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, but their success is not commensurate with their efforts. You see, it all depends how it is done, as Tommy Atkins said when he tried to milk a cow. He worked at it as hard as he could, but hardly a spoonful of milk could he extract, while when Kate, the charming girl who carried the milking-pail, came along, Dame Durden herself would have been delighted with her performance; and yet Kate did not work half so hard as Tommy. It is just the same with the scythe at the smithy. If the grinder holds it badly it will be badly ground, hollowed out here and ripped up there, and the more grinding that is done the more will bad workmanship be obvious to the onlooker. Then again, some people apply their noses to the stone by fits and starts. This is a course which is invariably a failure. Farmer Jones had a very eccentric servant-man—most people thought him crazed—and one day, during a press of work, he was told off to churn. So at it he went with a will for two or three minutes; then he sat down to rest awhile. Presently he started up and recommenced churning; then he rested again. He kept at it like this all day, and late at night Mrs. Jones inquired how much butter had been turned out, when the blunder was exposed, and the whole business had to be gone through again on more reasonable lines. Yet this is much the way in which many men endeavour to "churn the world's cream." First work, then play—everything by turns and nothing long—no

steady application of the energy in one particular direction, and failure, of course, to finish.

But it is time that I said something about the second part of my subject—the having one's nose put to the grindstone.

You see that donkey yonder, drawing a load of coal up the hill, and you say to yourself, "There's another nose putting itself to the grindstone." Nothing of the sort—the nose, in this instance, is not putting itself, but being put! The driver carries a goad, and whenever that donkey flags in his efforts that goad and that donkey come into close personal contact. The creature will do no more than he is obliged to do—because he is a donkey. And there are many human donkeys like him—men who will do nothing until adverse fate goads them, and then they will do only so much as fate compels them to do. This is making our life a labour and a sorrow. The willing cheerfulness that meets every storm of life with renewed energy is lost here in sullen indifference, and the capacity for enjoyment is completely destroyed in the desire of selfish ease. But many of us ignore the goad altogether. "You don't know what a lot of work I've done this last month or two," said the mole to the bat. "I've moved several hundredweights of soil, made several miles of tunnels, and formed a thousand hillocks, while you have been flitting lazily through the air, when you haven't been fast asleep in your nest!" Precisely! But, then, the goad of hunger pushed him on to all this work, or he would have slept more than the bat. "Bless us all!" said the pigeon, "I flew nearly a hundred miles in one day—what do you think of that?" But she forgot to mention that the reason of her long flight was the fact—an awkward one, no doubt—that she was being pursued by a hawk. So it often happens that men boast of the work they do, as though it were labour cheerfully undertaken from a mere dislike of idleness, while all the time they have been urged on to the work by the most pressing necessity, and the exertion for which they claim credit was merely Nature's effort at self-preservation.

At the same time, there are plenty of people who openly admit that their noses are being put to the grindstone, and, while they admit it, they do not forget to complain, loudly and emphatically, that such is the case. But is it, after all, so unhappy a circumstance that man should thus be used? The scythe at the smithy might object, if it could, to the process of being ground, but of what inconceivably more usefulness is it capable after this operation than before? And men are but human scythes, in a way. The grinding is necessary to take off the roughness, and to put on a keen edge, and if they do get hurt a little in the process, they are so much more valuable afterwards that they need not mind. Character is a matter not of disposition only, but also of circumstance, and the grindstone is a very material factor in the formation of sterling character. At the same time it is well to remember that it will take the gilt off the gingerbread.

NOTEWORTHY CHURCH ROOFS.



THE roof is mentioned a dozen times or more in Scripture; but it is nearly always the flat housetop that is meant, that is still in common use in the East, on which people can pleasantly take the air. It was on the roof spread with the stalks of flax that Rahab

hid the two men whom Joshua had sent to Jericho to search the country. And in Gaza three thousand men and women were on the roof when Samson took hold of the two middle pillars on which the house was borne up, and destroyed them all. Again, David was walking on the flat roof of the king's house when he saw the beautiful Bathsheba. And it was upon the roofs of their houses that the children of Israel made themselves booths, as well as in their courts and streets, on their return from captivity. When, however, we read of the order to overlay the roof of the Temple with gold, we must conclude it was of a form on which the rich covering would be seen.

But it is to the splendid specimens of carpenters' work forming the roofs of our own buildings in olden times that we would now draw attention.

For nearly two thousand years there have been carpenters at work in England, as well as masons. Except in the instances where large buildings have been vaulted with stone groining, the clever masons of old times, indeed, were always followed by carpenters as skilful as themselves. When the click of the masons' tools ceased, the sharp tap of the carpenters' hammers, and the rasping sound of their saws, and the smooth rush of their planes, began. But the very first churches were made entirely by carpenters. The old chroniclers tell us that the Saxon evangelists on the island of Lindisfarne built their church there of wood, and thatched it with reeds. It was not till the Danes had burnt it, and it had been abandoned for two centuries, that it was rebuilt in stone, after the Norman Conquest. There is a specimen of one of these small ancient timber churches still standing at Greensted, in Essex: very small, very hoary, and very pathetic. We may see that the carpenters took the trunks of trees and split them in two, and

then placed the rounded surfaces of the outsides close together, side by side, to form a wall, leaving the semicircular parts to be the exterior of the fabric, and the smooth faces to form the interior wall-surface. The roof of this relic is, however, of later workmanship.

The roof of Westminster Hall is one of the masterpieces of English carpentry. The width of its span, the "pride" of its height, the nobility of the mighty "principals" resting so gracefully on their stalwart corbels, the richness of the open tracery-work in the spandrels and other compartments, all unite to give it a splendour that we must admire to-day as much as those who first looked up to it must have done. The perfection we here see at a glance was only reached gradually, in the course of years of development. The rigid triangle of the simplest form of roof in meaner edifices was softened and strengthened and coaxed and curved, cut away here and diverted there, upraised, and spread out, time after time, and enrichments added, and support given by fresh means in new places, till this luxury of construction was eventually reached. As becomed, great names were given to the grand timbers that performed the most important parts, or stood the greatest thrusts, in these structures—no less, indeed, than king-posts and queen-posts; and the slates that eventually covered them were called ladies, countesses, and duchesses.

Our church roofs have not such a wide span as Westminster Hall, though some of them have very fine proportions. South Creak Church, Norfolk, has a fine timber roof. In this example of medieval carpentry the centre of the massive beam that ordinarily spanned the whole distance between the opposite walls is cut out, and the two ends of it projecting from the walls are supported by curved brackets springing from the caps of columns on the walls below. Each of these shortened beams is carved in the likeness of an angel, and supports a queen-post which rises from it to the principal beam above it. Where the ridge and the ribs cross the principals there are carved rosettes, and the edges of most of the timbers are notched to represent castellated work. Instead, therefore, of a series of beams striding from one side of the edifice to the other, with king-posts in the centre of each rising to the ridge, this roof is open to its utmost height, and enriched with rows of winged figures on both sides.

There is still richer work at New Walsingham Church, in the same county. The serene beauty of the roof of the aisle in that edifice is not less than captivating. As, on account of the slope of the roof, one side of the aisle is higher than the other, there is a considerable difference in the size of the spandrels that fill up the interspaces of the curved timbers that



"'I'll find Him somebaws!' declared Gipsy."—p. 52.

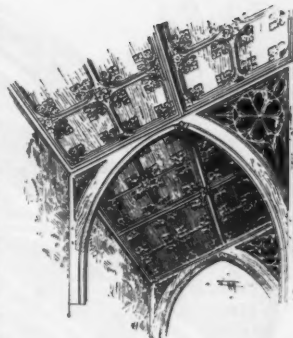
span the width at regular intervals. On the side adjoining the nave the open-traceried spandril is more than three times the size of that on the other side; hence, there is space for an open circle or rose, with six cusped divisions in it, whereas on the lower side there is but room for a small quatrefoil. There are no angels with close-folded wings, as at South Creak. Indeed, they would serve no purpose, for there are no great beams to uphold. But beautiful foliage, all disposed with geometrical precision, is spread out on a flat surface, as though intended as a banquet for the eye. Spars and rafters, softened at the edges with many mouldings, crossing and re-crossing, leave square panels between them. Their points of intersection are enriched with quatrefoiled ornaments, and radiating from these are arrangements of rosettes and trefoils, the whole forming a recurring set of geometrical figures, almost as flowery as a *parterre*; and for diversity, occasionally, where the rafters touch the side wall, and elsewhere, and there is space but for half-squares, the central ornament is changed to a cinquefoil.

The roof of Knapton Church, too, in the same county, has two tiers of hammer-beams beautifully carved. Tradition, clinging to it as limpets and seaweeds cling to old piers in the sea close by, avers that this roof was constructed out of the timbers of a ship wrecked on the adjacent coast. It is also thought it was raised as a thanksgiving by a pious soul saved from shipwreck.

There is a wonderful roof in a mortuary chapel, or chantry, in the south aisle of St. Mary's Church, Bury St. Edmunds. Those who devised it must have had the firmament of the "Pentateuch" in their hearts. After they had raised the great timbers and set them firmly in their high places, they made the spaces between the rafters as blue as the sky, and then they studded this deep blue ground with countless stars that had raised rays made of lead, and central mirrors,

made of convex glass backed with pitch, that flashed back every gleam from every taper that reached them.

Well-wooded Warwickshire is rich in ancient timber roofs, as witnesses quaint and bright Coventry, with its "three tall spires," the frame-



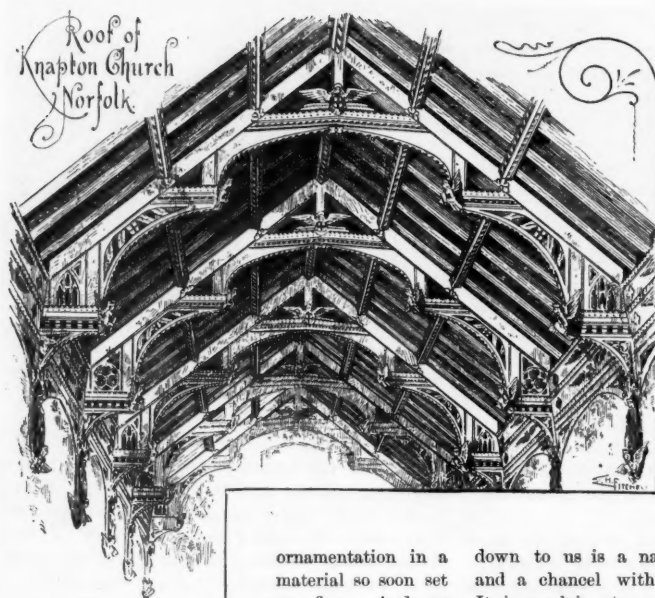
SOUTH AISLE, WALSHINGHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK.

works of which are but continuations of the triumph of the roof-carpenter's skill. The bowery cider counties are full, too, of examples. Sunny, balmy Surrey, Sussex, and Kent tempt us to wander down their bewitching lanes in search of their retired village churches, holding out to our minds, as it were, the certainty that we shall be sure to alight upon some appealing bit of ancient work—if not an elaborately carved roof, perhaps a spirelet covered with split oak shingles scorching in the sun, or a timber-framed porch hooded in a perforated barge-board, casting fanciful shadows on the neighbouring tombstones and deep green grass, as delightful to look at. But as we approach the border-lands examples get scarcer. In the north aisle of St. Peter's Church, Ruthin, Denbighshire, however, there is an extremely rich example. No fewer than five hundred devices may be counted among the sumptuous enrichments of the ancient timbers forming the roof. The roof of the nave is scarcely so elaborately treated, but it is also exceedingly handsome.

The old parish church of Morpeth still possesses the timber roof put on the nave by carpenters who learnt their business in the days when Edward IV. was king, or ever the descendants of the Welsh gentleman, Owen Tiddor, came to the throne. This venerable edifice stands in a green churchyard, thickly planted with yews and other evergreens, about half a mile out of the town. It has a nave with north and south aisles, a chancel with a north aisle, a fine tower, and a porch, and a two-storeyed sacristy, which last may have been occupied at some time as a hermitage. In both jambs of the chancel arch are narrow slits, or openings, through which the nave can be seen; and in the sacristy is another opening rising from the ground, for which no one can account. Over the nave is spread the fifteenth-century roof, as indicated, which is divided into plain rectangular compartments by the intersection of the timbers, and covered with lead. In this part of the country in these old times the constant incursions of our Scottish neighbours—by way of reciprocity, probably—precluded the use of costly



SOUTH CREAK, NORFOLK.



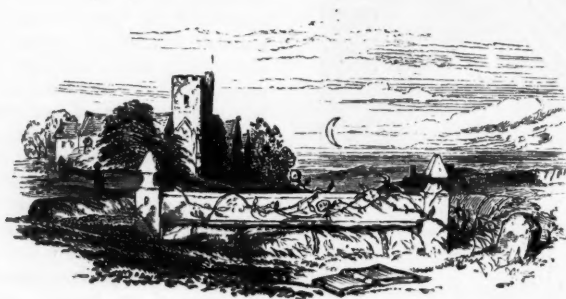
woodwork is extremely rare in the north.

There is a church roof that is a puzzle to all who look upon it. It is that of the chancel of Kirk Newton Church, in Northumberland, in the district where our great green pyramids, the Cheviots, divide England from Scotland. This is the locality concerning which the Venerable Bede wrote:—"Paulinus coming with the King and Queen into a manor, or house of the King's, called Ad-Gebring, abode with them thirty-six days, employed wholly in catechising and baptising, during which time he did nothing from morning till night but instruct the people resorting to him in the saving word of Christ; and being thus instructed, he baptised them to the forgiveness of their sins in the river Glen, which was hard by;" and for testimony of the fact of the greater population of the hill-

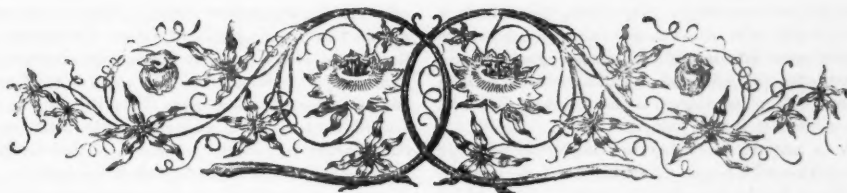
ornamentation in a material so soon set on fire. And, as mentioned, ancient

down to us is a nave of the date of Charles II., and a chancel with the curious roof mentioned. It is a plain stone vault, with the spring of its arch commencing only two feet and nine inches from the ground. Out of the nave opens a similar vault at right angles with it, only smaller. Antiquaries, with their heads full of Paulinus and his grandly successful mission, cling to a belief in the possibility that this small, plain, solemn, vaulted chancel may have been the scene of his labours, or of those of his immediate followers in the ministry, and that a rude carving of the Magi is a relic of his times. Others have concluded that when the original building lay overthrown and open to the winds, this vault was made as a place of security, and was but the base of a tower. In alterations and repairs made within the last quarter of a century this low stone-vaulted chancel, with its humble entrance, like that of a cellar door, is carefully preserved.

S. W.



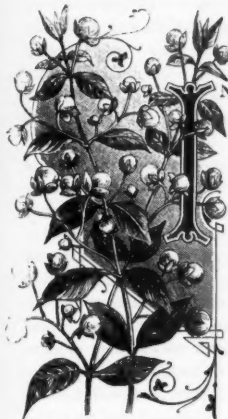
tops and hill-sides in those old times compared with their desolation to-day, the ancient fortlets and hut circles all round bear abundant witness. In the heart of a small plain in this wild and stern country stands the Church of St. Gregory. As century after century went by, battle after battle was fought, and then the district was left to its heathery solitude, its gorges, its streams, and its clouds; and the little church was left to moulder and decay. We learn it was in a very dilapidated condition in 1669, and it was probably then put in repair; for what has been handed



ON PROMOTING THE PRESENT AND FUTURE WELFARE OF OUR SERVANTS.

BY LADY JOHN MANNERS,

VICE-PATRON OF THE ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.



In the midst of the preparations for the celebration of the Emperor of Germany's birthday, the Empress, who is ever watchful for opportunities of encouraging every enterprise undertaken to promote the welfare and true happiness of others, found time to send me a gracious message expressing her interest in the Order of Honourable Service.

Her Imperial Majesty sent word that the plan she

had adopted of giving a gold cross to every servant who had been at her present post forty years, had borne good fruit in Germany and Prussia, and she earnestly trusted that the movement set on foot by the Editor of *THE QUIVER* would be equally appreciated.

The idea has been most warmly received in England. The Editor of the *Morning Post* was good enough to insert a letter from me on the subject, and other papers also manifested their interest. The Editor of *THE QUIVER*, up to July 25th, had received over eight thousand three hundred letters on the subject; while I, though I have nothing to do with the distribution of Bibles and medals, received several letters containing such interesting, touching accounts of fidelity and devotion on the part of servants, that I only grieve it is not possible to record them in the pages of this magazine.

I think if we all could endeavour in our families to realise the German expression "house-fathers" and "house-mothers," we should find far more happiness in our domestic life. The number of cases brought to light by the Order of Honourable Service, of servants who have remained fifty, forty, thirty, and twenty years in the same family, effectually disposes of the allegation that servants nowadays are not what they used to be. Still, I fear that service is not now regarded as such a desirable career for respectable persons as it formerly was,

Perhaps the more hurried conditions of modern life, when it seems that people of all classes live at high pressure, prevent the master and mistress from taking the sustained interest in their servants that would call forth corresponding kindly feelings in their minds. When young people first enter service, consideration as to their bodily health and their mental welfare should be exercised; it must be remembered that they require recreation, and opportunities of seeing their friends. Our affections must be cultivated as well as other parts of our characters; and I fear that the latter years of servants are sometimes very dreary, from their having lost keen interest in their relations and friends. In some houses it is customary to allow each servant a fortnight's holiday during the year, and experience proves that this is very refreshing to them, and that they return to their duties with renewed vigour of mind and body after the change. It may sometimes happen that servants have no home to stay at in these cases. By a little forethought and consideration it may be possible to arrange for their accompanying the family on some little expedition; or rooms might be taken for them in a pleasant neighbourhood.

Occasionally a few words of kind advice and sympathy would be much valued, and such words might make all the difference in the future life of young servants; and I am sure there are times in the lives of everyone, old as well as young, when the heart is easily touched by sympathetic kindness.

In very large establishments, where a good deal of entertaining goes on, the lives of the under-servants particularly are often very hard. For instance, if the ordinary dinner-hour is eight or half-past eight, how very late it must be before the kitchen-maids can get to bed! They must be up early in the morning. I am afraid sometimes we rather overlook the necessity of having good sleeping accommodation for our servants, and perhaps we expect a little too much from them. It sometimes happens that places let for shooting are quite inadequate for the accommodation of large establishments, and instances have been known of overcrowding leading to very bad results. I have, however, known kind masters and mistresses who gave particular attention to this point, and, in some cases, iron houses have been constructed

to prevent overcrowding. Sometimes attention to a minor detail will convert an unhealthy, cheerless sleeping-room into a wholesome one. For instance, a ventilator will make all the difference in a room without a fireplace, though it is always desirable to have a fireplace in every room.

Damp may be prevented by simple means, after consultation with people who understand the subject, and damp is also too often a source of ill-health to servants. We must remember health means fortune to them. And we ought to see they have opportunities for fresh air and exercise, and that at times of extra work they have assistance. It is sad to think that sometimes an excellent hard-working young servant's health may be ruined by overwork, or want of fresh air; or, in the case of men-servants, by exposure to bad weather without proper protection or wraps. I have been told that variety in fare is necessary for all of us, if we wish to keep our health, and plenty of vegetables should be supplied to all. Where it is possible to provide it, a liberal diet is essential for those who work hard. This puts me in mind of a story of a farmer who took a boy into his service. The first day he gave him bread and cheese; in the afternoon he went to see how the lad was getting on, and heard him singing, as he worked very leisurely—

'Bread and cheese:
Work at your ease.'

The second day the farmer gave him potato pie, and stepped round again to see how the lad got on. He was working faster, and singing—

"Potato pie:
Work accordingly."

The third day the farmer gave the boy beef and pudding, and on going to find out what he was about, he saw him working vigorously, while he sang—

"Beef and pudden:
Work like a good-un."

The rest of Sunday is invaluable to all, from the Sovereign and the statesman to the head of the humblest home, and to the servant. And it is most earnestly to be hoped that those who are in the responsible positions of employers will do all they possibly can to make Sunday a Day of Rest for all over whom they have influence, and to cause it to be understood that while Sunday is to be looked forward to as a happy day by master and mistress, children and servants, all unnecessary work is to be avoided on that day. Here a mistress and a cook may co-operate, and by preparing the dinners on Saturday, much Sunday work may be avoided. There are many households where it is found very difficult to have family prayers every morning; and if on Sundays there are not opportunities given for the members to attend a place of worship, by degrees the religious must become careless, and it is to be feared the careless become still more forgetful of things that belong unto our peace. There are now societies, adapted to various schools of thought, which

offer reading-rooms and social intercourse for young men. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Men's Friendly Society are among these; while for young women there are the Young Women's Christian Association and the Girls' Friendly Society. I think if masters and mistresses realised the enormous benefits conferred by these societies on young people, they would encourage their servants to join, or at all events would not discourage their doing so.

I have so often advocated the great importance of providing interesting and improving books and periodicals for our servants, that I will not dwell on the subject now; but I am certain if we could provide them with healthful recreations they would greatly appreciate them. The late Lord Derby used to take delight in watching his servants play cricket. There is one point that those interested in the welfare of servants should bring before them—that is, the duty of thrift. No doubt a very large number of servants practise great self-denial in order to support parents, and in some cases even distant relations. In fact, I believe that extraordinary virtues exist among servants; I have heard of so many cases of almost heroic self-denial among quite young men and women. But where there is no particular motive for saving, it is to be feared that servants are no more free than other people from temptation to fritter away their money. Mr. Granville Baker, of Hardwicke Court, Gloucestershire, son of Mr. Barwick Baker, the well-known practical philanthropist, has published for distribution a report of the workings of Aids to Thrift. The pamphlet explains the system he pursues, and when I mention that through his encouragement his butler—who was a single man—saved nearly sixty pounds in three years, his groom forty-two pounds in four years, and his nursery-maid (out of wages ranging from eight pounds to fourteen pounds) saved thirty-eight pounds in nine years, it will be seen that the plan was successful. Mr. Baker used to mention the advantages of thrift to his servants, and generally found them very glad to be advised.

After making several inquiries, I found there is a General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution; the office is at 23, Sackville Street, Piccadilly. It was opened, as the report tells us, thirty years ago, for the purpose of enabling masters, mistresses, and servants to combine for the support of those servants who from no fault of their own might fall into distress. The funds are spent in apportioning pensions of fifteen or twenty pounds a year to deserving old servants, who have themselves been annual subscribers to the Institution, of sums varying, according to age, from three to ten shillings a year. There is a general registry for the servants who are subscribers.

It is melancholy to read that, owing to the general financial depression, there are distressing claims for pensions and temporary relief at present.

I read with pleasure that this society has in contemplation, when funds permit, to build an asylum. I trust, however, it will be called a college. We have Chelsea College, and other colleges where many

retire, whose feelings might be wounded at the idea of entering an asylum. I do, however, believe that some institution of the kind would be an immense boon to servants. On retiring, I fear they are often very lonely, and many have little idea of household management. Life, for instance, in London lodgings is very expensive, even if only one room is hired; frequently a little advantage is taken of an inexperienced person by those with whom they lodge.

Moreover, it is not every family who can afford to pension retiring servants. And I am sure it must be a great sorrow to many a master and mistress to think that poverty and loneliness await their faithful servants.

Mrs. Eliot James has written a work in which I found much that is very useful. It is called "Our Servants: their Duties to Us, and Ours to Them." I learnt from those pages what incessant work and what multifarious duties many have to perform. There is also a charming little book by Lady Baker, written in that kind, sensible manner that characterises all her works: "The Responsibilities of Mistresses of Young Servants."

The same temptations beset people of all classes. Young men are tempted to exceed in drink, to bet, to gamble, to be idle; while young women have their own special temptations—to be fond of dress, perhaps of gossip, or of continually reading silly novels.

I cannot help feeling that we must be on our guard against putting stumbling-blocks in the way

of the young. We ought to point out the blessings of temperance to them, and I do earnestly hope the day is coming when money will be universally given instead of beer, or that a rate of wages will be fixed without special mention being made of beer. I know that having taken the pledge has proved the greatest safeguard to young servants in families. I think it must be from a mistaken feeling of kindness that elder servants sometimes press the younger ones to drink; but a feeling is growing up that it is not right to urge those to do so who have taken a pledge, and I am thankful to say it often now happens that at servants' parties non-alcoholic beverages are provided for abstainers.

Coachmen are often sorely tried. I heard the other day that it sometimes happened in suburban places, where coachmen put up while entertainments are being given, that they are turned out about half-past eleven and have to wait till the entertainment is over. It is an incalculable benefit to them if arrangements can be made with a coffee-house for them to spend the evening in.

A well-known newspaper, good-naturedly commenting on the Order of Honourable Service, remarked that masters and mistresses whose servants lived very long with them ought to have medals bestowed on them. Undoubtedly, in every relation of society, there must be give and take, but the whole question of happiness in domestic life—real happiness, which is certainly not dependent on worldly prosperity—would be solved by acting up to the maxim, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

THE FLYING SKULL.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



THERE are many monuments in Blaystone old church. It used to be the parish church once; but as a new town sprang up at the end of the parish another church was built, and the old edifice ceased to be the parish church any longer. But

for all this it retained its place in the affections and respect of many, and was looked upon with

all its old veneration by the original inhabitants, and those who dwelt immediately around its ancient walls.

Indeed, there were some who looked on the edifice recently erected as a new-fangled place—one spick-and-span new, no doubt, which might in time come to something, but which, under the most favourable circumstances, could not look grey and venerable for

many a year, could never have monuments on its walls reaching back as far as five hundred years, and, above all, could never have one like that in their church—the monument called the "Flying Skull," because the marble tablet which narrated the birth and death of the deceased commemorated thereby was surmounted with this ghastly emblem of mortality—part, so to speak, of the ground-plan of Mr. John Soames, who once had been, but was now, so far at least as this world was concerned, no more.

It is very astonishing what men will be proud of when they have little in reality of which they might boast: if such a miserable thing as boasting could, under any circumstances, be allowed to such poor creatures as we are.

There were many in Blaystone who actually prided themselves in belonging to the church which possessed such a unique monument as the "Flying Skull." They used to take their visitor friends to see it; I am sorry to say they used often to look at it themselves when service was going on. Many of them could tell you exactly how many teeth it had,

and which molars were wanting; and the parish doctor, if the truth were known, had often speculated as to whether those molars had yielded to the decay of nature, or to the persuasive force of some bygone dentist, with much palaver on his lips and something hidden in his hand.

On close examination of the skull, as the reader will learn by-and-by, the doctor's mind was set at rest; these molars, from the appearance of the marble, had died a natural death. But there was another tooth gone, a front one, which the doctor never could account for; nor was it likely that he should ever be able so to do, for it had been knocked out, the deceased having received a severe blow, with this result, at a comparatively early period of his life.

For this skull, be it known to you, good reader, was, so to speak, a photograph in marble of the original head-piece of John Soames of Blaystone Manor—that is all I can tell you about it at present; and I should not have told you that much, only it is essential to your understanding what I have hereafter to say.

But this matter of the teeth was by no means the chief noticeable feature about this skull. It was adorned at either side with wings—it was a "flying skull."

It was well known in the neighbourhood, for it was a matter of carefully preserved tradition, that the monument had been designed during his lifetime by the man whose name it bore; but what he could have meant by those wings, or by that irregularly toothed emblem of the original draft or substratum of his head, no one could even guess.

There were, no doubt, many sapient speculations in Blaystone, as there always are upon recondite subjects everywhere; the wisest, perhaps, of which was an old Irishwoman's, who said, "And shure he was a good man, and put it up there to frighten people when they think what they'll come to in the end." This was her most charitable view of the "Flying Skull;" but there were times when Biddy Cooney's liver troubled her, and when, in consequence, she took a morbid, and, I may say, even an uncharitable view of people and things; and on these occasions, until her views were ameliorated by Cockle's pills, she used to say, "Shure and 'tis goin' to fly away, good luck to it, to have a new face clapped upon its ugly bones. Sind me word when ye come back, me honey, and I'll call and pay me rispiots; and mind ye doesn't forgit yer whiskers; and if ye gets a choice, get yer nose ruled straight, and yer mouth wid a purty twist in it. I'll be bound ye'll be a purtier-lookin' lad than ever ye were before."

There the skull was, and not a word ever came forth from its lantern jaws to gratify the curiosity of the Blaystone gossips. The wings were not in size proportioned to the skull. If the living John Soames had essayed even a short flight with them, he would probably soon have had a fall which would have rattled every tooth out of his skull, and made its marble representative even a still more piteous spectacle than it was now. They were no larger than an ordinary pigeon's, but that was large enough to be emblematic—to mean "something"—whatever that

"something" might be; and that was evidently the design of the deceased Mr. Soames.

How Mr. John Soames, who never troubled church much during his lifetime, came to get his monument and horrible post-mortem effigy in the honoured position in which it was, was, however, no mystery at all. There was a parochial charity, called "Soames' Gift." It was the interest of £200 which the testator left, on condition that his monument was placed in the very identical spot in which it had now stood for many a day. It was not far from that part of the church where of all others God's love and good-will and forgiveness were set forth. John Soames had become a very wicked and unforgiving man before he died; and he had felt a demoniacal kind of pleasure in putting his grinning skull, and all that was associated with it, in his mind at least, in that place where, of all others, it should not have been.

There it was, and it was the glory of more than one in Blaystone old church that the new parish church, with all its brass and grandeur, had not, and could not have, anything like their own dear old skull.

There was one person in Blaystone who took a much deeper interest in the Flying Skull than anyone else. This man was Jacob Soames the sexton. You will, of course, have observed, good reader, that the sexton, whose skull was still "padded out with flesh and blood," bore the same name as the man whose skull had no longer an existence on the earth, but might be said still to live vicariously in the horrible marble effigy in Blaystone church.

And if you had had the privilege of the acquaintance of John Soames when in the flesh, you would have been able to trace somewhat of a resemblance between him and Jacob of the same name.

Jacob the sexton was now an old, old man; he was seventy-five, but he was hale and strong, and bade fair to being able to dig other people's graves for the next ten years. His own thoughts certainly did not run upon going into the grave himself. And yet, to look at Jacob Soames' face, he ought to have died many years ago; and to know his history would be to make one sure of it. For the sexton had a brow deeply furrowed with thinking, and an abstracted air which showed that his thoughts were of a serious and puzzling character; such as, when long continued, generally wear men out.

Yes; Jacob Soames was, as he said himself, "always a-thinkin', and always a-thinkin' of the selfsame thing." "I've been a-guessin' of that blessed riddle these seventy-five year—ever since I was a baby, and I ain't no nearer the end of it than I was at the beginning, if there be any end to it at all. I wants to know," said Jacob, "what is the meaning of that 'ere skull not restin' in its grave like other skulls, unless they be turned up again quite unexpected when the ground is wanted for someone else. I wants to know where it's a-flyin' to. I wants to know why they didn't put on the monument as how he was a good father—an example to the parish, and mourned by what they calls a disconsolate widow and eight fatherless babes." True! John Soames was never married. Had he been, there would have been no "Flying Skull." "But what did that matter?"

said his namesake; "ain't there lots of lies on these here monuments? It would have been only one the more, and it wouldn't have hurt nobody. A lie's a lie, whether 'tis about eight small children and a disconsolate widow, or about no end of goodness which a man never had at all."

But, in truth, the last thing that would have entered the sexton's mind would have been the attributing any virtue of any kind to the deceased John Soames of Blaystone Manor.

Curiosity, and wonder, and mystification gathered round that gentleman's ghastly memorial in the mind of his contemplative namesake, but no kindly thought—and, indeed, according to the ordinary laws of men's thinking, Jacob Soames was not called upon to have any such thoughts, for it was owing to the diabolical thinkings, plottings, and plannings of that of which this marble effigy was an emblem, that he was a poor man, living the most part of his life in and about Blaystone churchyard, instead of enjoying himself at Blaystone Manor.

It was well for Jacob Soames that that cold skull had no ears which could hear, and that its lantern jaws had no muscles whereby they could snap, and that inside those broken teeth there was no tongue which could speak; otherwise Jacob would have received from John such a dose of horrors, more than once, as would have made him wish he had left that skull to its own meditations, whatever they might be.

That "Flying Skull" was the effigy of the true and original head-piece of Jacob Soames' uncle—his father's brother—the owner of Blaystone Manor, which, if John Soames had not made away with the property, ought to have come to his brother, as his natural heir, and to Jacob himself in turn as his father's heir again.

Jacob Soames, I am sorry to say, dealt much more in curses than in blessings; at least—for let us give him his due—not generally, but in everything connected with this horrible skull—this unnatural thing, outraging all nature; and that, in the very place where all was reduced to nature—the monumental place of the dead, where it was so often said that "man brought nothing into this world, and could carry nothing out."

Often did Jacob Soames hear those words. He dared not deny them, because they were in the Bible. But how was it? How could things be reconciled and squared? The parson said this over and over again in Jacob's hearing. In a private interview, the parson had told him that personally he believed every word of it—it was quite true. The sexton himself, in his capacity of undertaker, which line of business he worked with the sextonship, had never known anyone he coffined take anything away; and had he not from time to time turned up from old graves a wedding-ring, and other small trifles? plainly showing that, however much things were valued, they never went beyond this world, though no doubt their former owners would have taken them to another world if they could.

All this was conclusive to Jacob Soames' mind. His uncle had not taken the proceeds of the sale of Blaystone Manor with him. But where had he put

them?—that was the question. His history was tolerably well known in the family. He had lived soberly and frugally to the end. He had left no will, so that no clue was to be got in that way. All that could be accounted for was the £200 he had settled on the poor of Blaystone; and it was quite clear he would not have let the destination even of so much be known had it not been that he wanted, so to speak, to insure his monument being put up in Blaystone Church—the monument, of that particular kind, and in that particular place.

When John Soames died, his brother, with whom he had been at deadly feud for many a year, naturally expected to come in for the estate. In fact, he made sure of it, as he knew it was entailed; and so he did not feel that, in the way of worldly wisdom, there was any necessity for him to make friends with his brother. A little Christian charity would perhaps in this respect have proved useful, as Christian principles generally do, even where purely worldly matters are concerned; but neither John nor his brother troubled their heads about such things, and so they continued their bitter enmity to life's end; and one of them, at any rate, carried his enmity out of this world into the next. And that enmity he enshrined in the horrible imperfectly toothed skull, which, wonderfully sculptured as it was, was both the pride and the horror of the good people of Blaystone.

Many a bitter speech did the old sexton address to the ghastly emblem of the ground plan of humanity which looked down upon him from its somewhat airy perch. "You know your own secret, whatever it is," said he, "and you keep it well. I'd give all I have in the world if those marble jaws of yours would speak—ay, even if they had nothing good to say. Anything would be better than nothing—to go on year after year as my father did, and as I've done, and as my son and his son will do, is more than flesh and blood can stand;" although, Jacob Soames, it had to stand it, nevertheless, and I doubt not would, if necessary, be able to stand it to the world's end.

But the skull spake nothing in reply. In vain was it cursed, in vain coaxed; even the rector had been asked to inquire from the bishop whether there was no way of dealing with its contumaciousness, for Jacob Soames had heard that there was something called Convocation, where all the bishops met, with the Archbishop at their head; could not the rector get them to do something? but everything remained just as it used to be—at least, so far as this dismal representative of the John Soames of former days was concerned. And so the Soames family—now represented by Jacob the sexton and his immediate belongings—continued poor; and the manor and manor-house of Blaystone remained in other hands.

But these hands were not the same as those into which Blaystone Manor passed at old John Soames' death. Nor had they been the same for any great length of time together. Somehow or other, no one kept the manor for any number of years—it was always changing hands; and this gave the place an evil reputation, though in itself it was a pleasant abode, and did not really deserve its bad name.

And all this only aggravated Jacob Soames the

more. "You see," said the perplexed and angry man, "it all shows that there's a something wrong; 't is I as ought to be in Blaystone Manor—I and mine—put me there, and you'll soon find that once I'm in I shan't easily be got out—there won't be no more changings after that." But no one seemed inclined to put Jacob Soames into Blaystone Manor, and he could not get in himself; so he had to stay out, and comfort himself as best he could, by hurling maledictions against, and heaping them on, the representative of the man to whom he believed he owed all his woes.

CHAPTER II.

LONG years before the time of which we write, the real skull of John Soames, of Blaystone Manor, was fleshed after the fashion of ordinary men, *i.e.* men—but he it understood not handsome men—such men as by mere facedness win at times a woman's heart.

The flesh which clung to that skull was such as might have belonged to Pharaoh's lean kine. It was not very plentiful in quantity, and the quality did not make up for the deficiency. The ears which garished its sides were large; the teeth which adorned its jaws were irregular, and apparently at deadly feud amongst themselves; while the eyes which once filled the skull's now empty sockets were keen and piercing, but they had in them no shine of love. The cartilage—now gone—which in life was called a nose, and which once clung to the gap above the teeth, was sharp and aquiline; and the crop which grew on the top of all might have been called stubbly, without any action for libel justly lying against the man who said that so it was.

But though not cut out by nature for being a ladies' man, it must not be supposed for a moment that the owner of Blaystone Manor had no intention of becoming a married man. The very opposite was the case; but unfortunately, when he came to bring his ideas into practical operation, he found what appeared to be insuperable difficulties in the way.

The fact is, Mr. John Soames was so ill endowed by nature, that what are called the fair sex—though it is perfectly wonderful, and inexplicable, and bordering almost upon the marvellous, and I might almost say the horrible, what they will sometimes have—would not have him at any price. Nothing disconcerted by the rebuffs of one and two, he tried three and four, but he fared none the better; and so it might have been if he had tried forty-four, or even more.

And what made the matter worse was that his only brother was as good-looking and agreeable as he himself was ugly—and I am sorry to say ill-tempered too; so that he could not help drawing comparisons; and though he was inclined to give himself the benefit of any doubt which might by any possibility be supposed to exist, still he could not but see that there was an almost immeasurable distance between them.

And this fact came home to the owner of Blaystone Manor in a very disagreeable way.

This gentleman had no idea of leading a single life; on the other hand, he was rather an admirer of the "fair sex," and was quite prepared to join his fate with that of some lovely creature; if he could find one exactly to suit his taste, and—but it was a big "and"—and one whose taste he would suit in turn.

The combination of these two requisites, when reduced to practice, formed a considerable difficulty—the net result of which was that, Mr. John Soames remained a bachelor up to a comparatively advanced period of life—where he fancied he was not fancied; and where he was (shall I say?) fancied, he did not fancy; and so it came to pass that time passed on without there being any mistress for Blaystone.

"T is a long lane which has no turning," whether it be matrimonial or otherwise, though the matrimonial one, when once you get on it, is often remarkably short, ending with a stone wall against which people frequently knock their head; and



"You know your own secret, whatever it is."—p. 63.

at last there appeared on the scene a young lady with whom the Master of Blaystone was quite satisfied, and with whom he believed he had a reasonable chance.

This girl—for she was no more than a girl—was an orphan. "Good," said Mr. John Soames, "then she'll want a home. And she had no money. "Good," said he again, "then she'll be all the more ready to take mine;" and so the Master of Blaystone condescended to become a visitor at the village schoolmaster's house, where this young lady had her two little rooms, and he even drank tea there—for the schoolmaster's lodger boarded with his family.

Avron was this young lady's name—Amy Avron; and she was to be at Blaystone for three months, her doctor having sent her away from London, overworked as companion to a sick lady, and needing change of scene and air, and perfect rest.

I don't know, I'm sure, how it would have ended—indeed, I may say I don't know how it was going on, or whether it had begun at all—by "it" I mean a matrimonial affair.

Perhaps, good reader, you are shocked at the bare idea of there being even an inkling of such a thing at all; but your nursery education must have been very much neglected if you do not remember the true and interesting story of "Beauty and the Beast," and your observation must be strangely at fault if you have not, during your experience in life, met with "Beauty and the Beast" over and over again.

Only, alas! in these latter instances and in modern times the Beasts do not become transformed into beautiful princes, but they remain as they are—to put it very mildly, very unprepossessing; and the fair ones have to put up with them as they are, in pure and unadulterated ugliness, even to the end.

I shall not say what might have happened if no interrupter had come in the way of the master of Blaystone's suit. Women sometimes do wonderful things in the way of matrimony; in that department of human life the unexpected often comes to the front, and becomes the actual, almost before you know where you are.

This much I may say: Mr. Soames was on very good terms with himself in this matter, and believed that in it a great future lay before him. And so far as

Amy Avron was concerned, she certainly was kind and good to Mr. Soames. She was grateful for the drives which were given her in the Blaystone pony chaise, and for the grapes which came from the Blaystone Manor hot-house, and for the flowers which came from the gardens of the same place; but I do not say that the idea ever entered her head that all these were Mr. John Soames himself, only in different forms, animal and vegetable, and that the end of them all, in the course of nature, was to be the taking of Mr. Soames for better or worse.

All, good reader, that it

is necessary for you to know is that the gentleman of whom I am writing, so far as he himself was concerned, thought that he was getting on admirably, and would ere long be a married man.

"There is nothing so certain," the French say, "as the unexpected"; and nothing could have been more unexpected than the arrival at Blaystone Manor of its owner's half-brother and heir-presumptive, Henry. Henry Soames had not turned up at the manor for a long time, though no one ever knew when he would appear; for he had a room there, to which he used to come at odd times when he could leave his ordinary avocations, which generally kept him in London,



"One at each side of the cradle."—p. 68.

engaged on artistic work. Art and poetry, these were Henry Soames' delight; and though neither of them, nor the music which so often goes with them, brought him in very much, still there was enough to live upon, and there was leisure to enjoy a little of country life.

Henry Soames was welcome to every covey of part-ridges on the Blaystone estate, provided he did not aim at the one little bird which his brother John had marked for himself. "May he spend his time, every hour of it, in fishing and shooting," said the owner of Blaystone, "and be so dead-beat when the day is over that he will want nothing but to go to bed and make one sleep of it until the next day."

I do not remember its being in my "Euclid" that "When two people love the same object they love one another." Euclid is too precise for any such proposition—at least, I think he is. Though not being fond of mathematics, and having suffered unutterable things of that professor of them in my youth, I am prepared to hear anyone who can bring forward any fallacy from his everlasting A B C, his angles obtuse, acute, and right; my chief remembrance of which is that I was very obtuse in taking them in, and that the mental sufferings they inflicted were very acute, and that I found it by no means easy to make his propositions come out right at the end.

Anyhow, when people like the same thing, and when they get to talking about it, and admiring it together, they get the chance of knowing each other's ideas, and liking one another, if other elements of liking be there.

Ill luck followed you, John Soames, as regards womankind, up to the very end. You did not care twopence about the Blaystone river; you could not talk of its deep star-mirroring pools, or of its silvery ripples, or of its soft murmurings and whisperings; you did not know that the water-lilies were the beds where fairies slept, or that the dark fir-grove along its side, with the sun glinting through its sombre foliage, and on its red and brown and orange bank, was all a picture of human life; and so were the withered cones, which lay upon the ground, too easily within reach, and the whispering music in the topmost branches—alas! not within reach at all. You, John Soames, would never have been able to wake with sad yet strangely dreamy thought the deep-toned vibrations which slumber in some human hearts. Woe betide that lover who crosses the track of a heart like that of Amy Avron, and whose only knowledge of Nature is that it is "a fact," and whose only belief concerning all beyond and above Nature is that it is "not a fact." Woe betide you to the bitter end when that track is crossed by one who sees where you see not, and hears where you hear not, and understands where you understand not; and these twain see and hear and understand *together*, and in so doing understand *each other*: when these things come to pass, the end is not far to seek. The threads of destiny are twining together—to the dullard who can climb no higher than acres and accounts, the crack of doom has come.

Alas! John Soames, you had no chance with Amy Avron after your brother Henry appeared upon the

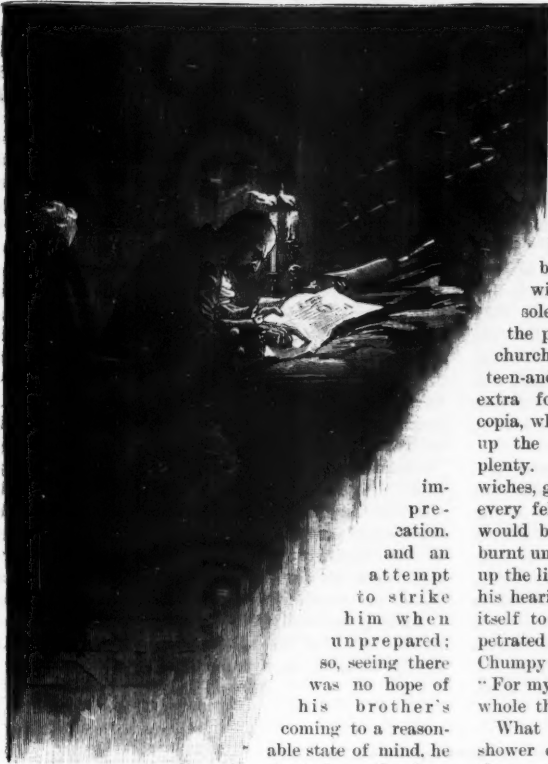
scene—if, indeed, you had the smallest before, whatever you yourself might have imagined, "the wish," as Shakespeare says, "being father to the thought." No, John Soames, you could not whisper words which fall so lightly on the heart that, like snowflakes, they are there without a footfall to say that they have come; you could not waken echoes at which the heart listens wonderingly, not knowing who spake the words, which, as it were from some far-distant world, they repeat. What did you know of wafting breezes through the heart, which wake its silent strings for the first time to Æolian sounds? Could you touch, and yet, save by a thrill, leave it doubtful whether one had been touched? Could you dart a beam of light and heat into the heart, and yet, save by the heart's knowing that somehow spring—and, quickly following, summer—had come, leave it unknown that a sun was riding in the heavens in its strength? These softer mysteries of love, with its dreamings and enchantments, and dissolving views from scene to scene, each vision brighter than before, were all unknown to such spells as could be conjured by a soul like yours. And yet, you had to win a heart which must be looked at from beneath a lengthened lash, and whispered to with a softness of the evening's breath.

And, alas for you, John Soames! all that you could not do, that your brother Henry could do; and that he did. And this finished your earthly career so far as womankind was concerned, for you became a woman-hater, and registered a solemn vow that with their sex you would never again have anything more to do.

It was a sad affair, that parting between the brothers. It was no case of weeping upon each other's shoulder, or grasping each other's hand, or giving one long, last look, such as those give who are never on earth to meet again. The parting was a violent one, and had its lasting commemoration in the "Flying Skull." For, it will be remembered, that piece of monumental sculpture had one tooth wanting in the front of the upper jaw; and that hole represented the place from which an incisor flew under the pressure of Henry Soames' fist.

In a word, the brothers parted in violent anger. The scene was a terrible one. Lashed to fury at finding himself rejected, John Soames not only said hard words to his brother, but followed them up with hard blows. And these blows would have soon made Amy Avron wonder who Henry Soames was when he next presented himself to her, had it not been that he was as lithe as a willow, and had been trained to use the gloves as well as the brush. It was a blow from one of those fists that sent the incisor away from John Soames' jaw, never to return there again.

But let Henry Soames have his due. Long time he defended himself with his trained skill against his brother's blind rage, and it was only in a moment of temporary exasperation that he struck out as he did. Henry Soames was horrified when he saw the blood flowing profusely from his brother's mouth—horrified when he saw that the tooth had flown too; and, opening his hand, he advanced with it outstretched for reconciliation. But his overture was met with an



"The flaw is fatal!" at last the gloomy man ejaculated.—p. 68.

im-
pre-
cation.
and an
attempt
to strike
him when
unprepared;
so, seeing there
was no hope of
his brother's
coming to a reason-
able state of mind, he
retreated to the door,
and made his exit as
quickly and decently
as he could.

"The coward!"

shouted John Soames, in hopes his brother would hear the taunt and return to the fight; which it was just as well for him that he did not do, for if he had done so, and if a marble skull were to be put up on John Soames' monument in after years—a faithful representation of what that cranium would have appeared to a phrenologist's eye after a second edition of the fight—I am afraid it would have looked like an eccentric Jerusalem artichoke—knobby here, and there, and everywhere, without apparently any order or system or correlation of the parts at all.

The brothers never met again. I need scarcely say the elder did not appear at the younger's wedding, or propose the health of the bride and bridegroom, or return thanks for the bridesmaids, or go in for any of the amenities of that social season—very amusing to those who look on, but sometimes somewhat distressing to those who have hopelessly to flounder through their part of it, from the bridegroom himself down to that last dismal bore, who, when every imaginable person's health has been drunk, remembers to the sorrow of the company that someone has been forgotten, and, "in a few words," prepares to propose his health.

Indeed, for the matter of that, even if John Soames had been inclined to attend the wedding, either in the capacity of best man, or in any other character save a declarer of reasons why the two people chiefly concerned should not be joined together in holy matrimony, he would not have had much opportunity of distinguishing himself; for the little wedding was quite private—an art student who was befriended by Henry Soames being the best man, and a certain little bumble-bee looking woman, a Miss Chumpty, with whom Amy Avron once lodged, being the sole representatives of friends, and relations, and the public generally. The party returned from church to coffee and sandwiches, and to a seven-teen-and-sixpenny bride-cake, with half a crown extra for cherubs, and one shilling for a cornucopia, which answered the double purpose of making up the guinea and symbolising hoped-for future plenty. The art student, having finished the sandwiches, got up and wished the bride and bridegroom every felicity, and hoped that their palette of life would be spread with bright colours, with no more burnt umber on it than would be necessary to bring up the lights. This simile cost him the week between his hearing he was to be best man and the wedding itself to prepare; so he collapsed when he had perpetrated it; and as the weather was too hot, and Miss Chumpty was too fat to say much, she simply added, "For my part, I say, Amen, with emphasis;" and the whole thing was over.

What sky-rockety affairs weddings are: a fizz—a shower of falling stars—red, white, and blue—and then—and then—alas! too often—an interval, and the ignoble fall to earth of a charred and sooty case, a naked and uncanny stick. I draw a veil over the collapses of too many wedding-days—the impetuous blazing rush—the softly falling stars of light—the last extinguished spark—the after midnight gloom.

The humble wedding over, the parties concerned therein, after a short honeymoon, settled down to the real business of life. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Soames were to be found in a nice and tasteful little villa at Twickenham; and another who was very much concerned indeed in the wedding—though in his case indirectly—i.e. Mr. John Soames, at Blaystone, where he was to be found, from this day forth, limiting himself to inhabiting a single room.

This was a vaulted, crypt-like chamber, which I suppose was chosen by the recluse as having its surroundings most in consonance with his feelings.

Anyhow, what between the thoughts which were within his skull, and the surroundings which were outside it, there was hatched, and there eventually came forth into being, the monumental marble skull, of which, good reader, you have already heard a little, and of which you are yet to hear more.

To pace up and down that chamber and curse the man who, as he said, had robbed him, and the woman who, as he said, had deceived him; to plan the surest and the bitterest vengeance against them—these were now the general avocations of Mr. John Soames' life.

Many and opposite were the diabolical plans of vengeance which suggested themselves to his mind; but one after another was discarded—some as unfeasible, and some as not likely to inflict misery enough.

At last, one dreadful night, after this bad man had been perambulating the dismal chamber for some time, a plan struck his mind which would fulfil all the conditions of his revenge.

While Henry Soames and his young wife were sitting, one at each side of the cradle of their first-born child—none other than the now old Jacob Soames, the sexton of Blaystone—while they were already forecasting his future, and talking of his some day being the owner of Blaystone Manor—while they were spinning a cobweb of golden thread, alas! the dust which was to gather on it, and dim it, and choke it up, and make it a thing miserable to be beheld, was already beginning to gather round it, making that fond cobweb what so many of like kind have been, and will become again.

While Henry Soames and his young wife were seeing their little lad in, it may be, far-off vision, the Squire of Blaystone, the present Squire was seeing him in quite a different light. Stung to madness by the fact of there being a new heir, or apparent heir, to Blaystone, its present owner quickened himself to mature his plans that Blaystone he should never have. And so, helped, I suppose, by the thunder which was rumbling all around, and the fitful lightning which now and again lit up the dismal room, the Squire of Blaystone sat down, this time to finish

the work over which he had pondered long. There he sat poring over a parchment—a parchment which he had examined again and again, at one time frowning over it as though it were his enemy, and now and again smiling as though it would lend itself to his will.

"The flaw is fatal!" at last the gloomy man ejaculated, as a tremendous flash of lightning burst into the room, and an equally tremendous clap of thunder made as though it would have brought down Blaystone Manor House about its owner's ears; "and Henry Soames, and Henry Soames's brat, shall never inherit Blaystone Manor. I told Isaacs it was a flaw for those who could find it out; and once found out, it didn't much matter whether it were only a little crack or a big smash, the slit of a penknife or the cleft of a pole-axe. Mr. Henry and Mrs. Amy, you and yours never enter Blaystone Manor, at least—hah—hah, hah, hah!" and a loud and diabolical laugh rang through the room; indeed, it almost seemed as if there were two laughs (perhaps there were); "at least not to stay there, Master Henry; not to stay there, Mrs. Amy; not to stay there, you little wretch, whatever they may call you. Hah, hah, hah! I see it all before me—the whole thing is lovely—and I go to town to-morrow;" and then the owner of Blaystone drew his arm-chair to the fire, cocked his feet up on the chimney-piece, to all outward appearance fell asleep, but really fell into deep thought, planning all the details of his evil intention; and there, until nearly morning, he remained.

(To be continued.)

ON GETTING MARRIED: A PAPER FOR WOMEN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.



MAN once remarked in my hearing that it was the nicest women who were most likely to be disappointed in marriage. A discouraging speech, certainly; and yet when we look round us at the best of our sex, and observe their immense capacity for ideal-

ising, I do not think anyone will deny the truth of those words. A girl who has no dreams, no power of calling up a vision of a nobler and sweeter life, is not exactly the girl from whom we expect much good, nor do we feel any deep interest in her concerns. But most girls are waiting for the coming of that prince who is to rule over their world; and while they wait their hearts are busily weaving the royal robe that he is to wear. It is a beautiful robe enough, made out of thousands of tender fancies; the pity is that it so often hides the real man from their gaze.

Of course there comes the inevitable process of stripping off the veil—the disenchantment which makes life seem so bare and hard to an eager soul. The girl has expected too much, and the man is angered by her disappointment. "I did not want you

to make a god of me," he says, not untruthfully. "I wanted you to give a sense of comfort to my life, and make me a home. There is no true home without a woman. Why can't you be contented with the stream that flows on without any foaming and fuss? Didn't you know that the froth and bubbles would pass away after a while? Be satisfied with my love for you, and take me as I am, dear, and make the best of me."

And she is a wise woman if she does take him as he is, and make the best of him. She is wiser still if she does not part with the ideal of her girlhood, but believes that it can be found in the prose of life as well as in the poetry. Never refuse happiness because it is discovered in the casket of lead instead of the casket of gold.

One reason for the vague discontent which so often haunts the young wife is her ignorance of the moods of men. It is not likely that a fresh, unworldly girl has had many opportunities of studying the ways of the other sex. Her husband's first fit of the blues is sure to be a sore trouble and puzzle to her. A woman is not good at discovering causes, precisely because her habit of thought is introspective. She

worries herself to find a reason for his depression, and hunts for it in the inner life instead of in the outer life.

"Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?"

No, little self-torturer, it was none of these things. It was just something that happened out-of-doors, apart from your home-sphere altogether. It is Smith who has upset him, or it is Jones again—Jones with his aggravating supercilious airs, laying down the law, and proving that everybody else is wrong. A man must be as meek as Moses and as patient as Job to be proof against the exasperating ways of Jones. By-and-by, if you give him time, and do not bother him, your husband will tell you the cause of his gloom of his own accord, always supposing that there is a cause. Only do not question him, for a man hates being questioned.

It is not wonderful that a man who goes out daily to work in a noisy, bustling world should want soothing when he comes home. He gives and receives hard knocks; he is bruised and sore with pushing his way through a struggling crowd. From all this a woman is guarded carefully; within doors no temptations nor offences may come, unless she herself invites them to enter. Let her beware that she *does* keep her door shut against dangerous intruders—evil visitants that present themselves, not only in flesh and blood, but in a form which is not material. These enemies are many, and the deadliest of them may seem as "airy nothings;" sudden desires for a freer life and a wider sphere; a weariness of the prosaic surroundings; a vision of some brilliant circle where the lowly little wife might have been the society queen. It is always a perilous thing to encourage the might-have-beens; they are a race of mischievous spirits, bent on spoiling our peace. They make us disgusted with the work that our hands have found to do, by suggesting ideas of some grander performance. They take the sweetness out of our joys, and sour our tempers unawares. No wonder that the husband finds a cloudy face by the fireside when these malevolent sprites have been his wife's companions in his absence.

The first year of a girl's wedded life is often the saddest and loneliest that she is destined to know. The husband goes out to his daily calling, and she sits alone in a house uncheered as yet by baby voices. Can you marvel that she recalls the past, and thinks of the old home that she has left for ever? The long-tried mother's love; the well-tested father's care; the brothers' and sisters' familiar affection—all this is given up for the sake of a love untried and new. Is she as necessary to him now as she was to them once? Would he miss her from his life as they have missed her from theirs? She does not sway his will and his tastes as much as she expected to do. All women, even the meekest, have a secret desire for power, and they are generally disappointed to find that their influence is not unlimited. A man is more difficult to manage than a girl imagines. She thinks that the daisy chain will be strong enough to bind her adorer; but not even links of

iron could fetter a creature so impatient of restraint.

"Kind like a man is he; like a man, too, will have his way." It is not all at once that a wife learns how to conquer by submission.

But if it is not easy just at first for the wife to understand the nature of the husband, is there no corresponding difficulty on his side? Even an experienced man of the world is not prepared for anything and everything that he may find in a woman. Her character affords a series of surprises; her mind leaps when it is expected to crawl, and crawls when it is expected to leap. She is a combination of ignorance and wisdom; and often talks like a sage while she behaves like a child. She is like a French bon-bon box, filled with an immense variety of sweetmeats, and every sweetmeat has the very flavour which you did not think to find in it. Did any poet ever describe her better than Pope has done?—

"And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Men (if one may dare to say so!) are a monotonous set of beings, whose doings may be predicted with tolerable accuracy; but you may as well try to foretell the tints of to-morrow evening's clouds as the future moods of a woman. It is this glorious uncertainty of nature which makes her at once so charming and so provoking. She is a puzzle; and it is not surprising that men sometimes get tired of trying to fit all the dainty little pieces into their right places, and give her up in despair.

But our nice girl (even when the first chill of disenchantment is on her spirit) will never entirely lose faith in her old dream of married life. She may realise, bitterly enough, that love has only one spring-tide, and that nothing can restore the dew and perfume of its blossom-time; but she will take heart in thinking of the fruit that comes after patient waiting. A true home is not made in a few months; people do not know each other's souls after living together for a week or two. They see each other at first "through a glass darkly," and it is well if that glass be not darkened still more by the breath of their own unworthy suspicions. The charity that "hopeth all things, believeth all things," is seldom more needed than in the early days of wedlock. A woman desires evidences of love long after a man has ceased to think them necessary. He takes an interest in the round world, and all that therein is; and she, alas! is only interested in him. And so she too often calls his satisfaction indifference, and is half ready to quarrel with the peace that is born of content. But the good wife will check the reproach that rises to her lips, and stifle the craving, and avoid the smallest beginning of strife.

The beginning of strife—what a terrible thing it is, and what a little crevice will let out the waters of discord! There is one subject that very often brings about the first quarrel—a subject which ought to produce only peace and goodwill—I mean religion. And here again the best women, in their earnestness in seeking the higher life, are apt to make dreadful mistakes.

It is strange to hear harsh sayings from tender lips; but women will often utter the fiercest things in defending their "convictions." They are so fearfully sure that they are right, and so unsparing in their condemnation of those who are wrong, that one cannot wonder at the indignant disgust of the men who listen to them. "That which they can know least," says Mr. Ruskin, "they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master by scrambling up the steps of His judgment-throne to divide it with Him." Painful as it must be for a young wife to feel that her husband does not perfectly sympathise with her religious views, she must possess her soul in patience. The time may come when he will think as she does; or it may be that experience will set matters before her in a new light. She may live long enough to learn that although the greatest truths never change, God does not teach them to us all in the same way. On creeds and doctrines and spiritual matters generally a woman should be slow to speak, for in most cases her silence will effect more than her speech. It is by her pure life, her meek and quiet spirit, and her loving service, that the excellence of her religion is made known.

A little tact, a great deal of self-control, and a desire to do right, will lead the wife safely over that Disenchanted Ground which all married women must tread. She will leave her girlhood there, ay, and a folly or two, perhaps; but faith and hope will go

with her to the end of the journey. And as mile after mile is passed, and the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, she will cease to regret the illusions of her youth. When sickness and sorrow have taught him her worth, and when her children rise up and call her blessed, she will find that her old dream is fulfilled. I believe that many of our best dreams do come true, only their fulfilment is so slow, and so gradual, that we hardly realise what is taking place. And sometimes, so strange a thing is life, when we near the end we find that the doubts and miseries were phantoms, and the bright visions were the realities after all.

But what shall be said to her who has done all that a woman ought to do, and loved as a woman ought to love, and yet finds that her marriage is an utter failure? This is a subject from which we would gladly turn away; but who does not know some gentle spirit crushed under the burden of an affection thrown back upon itself? She can no longer bear to think of the dream of her girlhood. "Memories hang upon her like the weight of broken wings that can never be lifted." The soul that used to rise hopefully above its troubles has lost the power to soar.

Still, "let patience have her perfect work." It is just when the earthly has utterly failed that the heavenly steps in. The last hope is dead; and the worn nature, having expended its best efforts in vain upon the human, can only wait for the Divine.

SUNDAY EVENING IN A SICK-ROOM.

A MEDITATION FOR THE RESTLESS.



TRAMP, tramp, go the feet on the pavement outside my window; how the footsteps echo! The church bells are ringing their glad chimes. Ah! now they have ceased. I can almost hear the organ's low voice of welcome as the throng of worshippers enter

the church. Strange I never noticed it so much before; but the air is still, the hush of the sunset just lingering over the landscape; and from east and west come the footsteps, echoing—sounding—never at rest—tramp, tramp, go the feet!

The room is dark—I cannot reach towards the light. "Oh, that just for once I could go outside the four walls of this narrow room!" The thought presses heavily upon me. I think of Sundays long ago—bright, happy Sundays, when I went with the multitude to the House of God. Ah! one may read and pray, but what is that compared to the blessed worship of His sanctuary? Cannot I *once* rise and worship as in the days gone by? How often,

how passionately have I breathed this prayer! And yet to-night no answer of peace comes to my longing spirit; only outside—tramp, tramp, go the feet!

Listen again! One footstep seems to ring out more distinctly than the others, though with a certain falter in its strength, as if knowledge of weariness were not so very far off. We sick ones are quick to catch the *meaning* of a step, even of a stranger's; but this is no unfamiliar tread—rather like that of a well-beloved friend.

It draws nearer—nearer. Involuntarily I rise and struggle upward, then sink back, recalling my forgotten helplessness with a groan. My breath comes and goes swiftly, my eyes are fixed upon the door, for the footstep has paused there; then silence, a sweet and subtle fragrance of some unknown Presence is wafted into the room. I bow my head and wait. Silence *within*, but outside the ceaseless, untiring refrain—tramp, tramp go the feet!

I cannot speak—struck dumb before the sweetness of His presence—that presence for which I have longed all through the weary hours of the tedious day. Tears of silent joy are raining down my face;



"The hush of the sunset just lingering over the landscape."—p. 70.

they veil my sight, but I know Him in Whom I have believed—sight is lost in faith—what need of outward vision? . . .

The music of His voice comes through the silence like the sighing of a summer breeze—"Peace; it is I."

Then other words seem to follow.

"My wounded feet—wounded for thee—have come within thy door. Thy heart is sad with the long waiting-time I have appointed thee wherein to show My praise. Dost thou think I give it thee only for thine own sake—for thine own use? My child, thine ears are keen; the passing to and fro of feet without mars thy rest and breaks thy slumber; and well it should, for it has roused thee from dreams of selfish ease. Full satisfaction in thy Father's House *shall* be thine, but meanwhile learn the lesson I would have thee learn—forget thyself, and live for others. Thou canst not? Nay, thou *canst* and *wilt* if trusting in My strength.

"Listen! It would be easy to rise and work for Me; thou wouldst forget all thy heartaches in the very excitement of the toil—yes, and perhaps forget *Me*. It would be easy just to rise and do the bidding of thy restless will; but to lie still here, to clasp the Cross yet closer to thy heart, to see no hope of dawn till My day break—that is hard work indeed! Hard, but for My strength, which can make all burdens light. So thou art called apart—out from the glare of men's mistaken praise, into a life not of thine own choosing, from which thy very soul recoils. Thy work: to watch with Me in winning souls!

"I have given thee a quick ear for others' needs—use it for Me in *this*. Listen well to the sounds of sin and want that daily pass by thy door. Learn to detect each sign, to mark each inflection, and as thou learnest—*pray!*

"Not *all* will pass by thee. Drawn by some im-

pulse, blindly as *they* think, some will pause at thy threshold, as I have done this night. For My sake give them welcome—let them find rest and refreshment in this little room.

"And if at times thou art tempted to grow tired with the constant strain of sympathy, saying thine own sore burden is enough to bear—think of My Cross, think of the words of comfort I spoke even *there* to suffering souls; think of My wounded feet walking this weary world for love of thee, dropping red blood-tracks through heedless crowds—thou canst not then repine!"

The darkness grows. Swiftly those blessed feet withdraw their shining presence, and I am left alone, yet not alone. Henceforth a blessed, thrice-blessed life begins.

Not all at once do the old heartaches go, or the old moods of chiding discontent. But day by day I try to do His bidding in His strength, and I find His promise true.

Tales of joy and sorrow have been told within my lonely room, aching eyes have dried their tears, burdened hearts seemed eased, children's faces dimpled into smiles. They do not know the reason, cannot tell the peace His pierced feet left as a sacred legacy within these walls for ever.

And when all else fails, I can lie still and pray for homeless wanderers, for roving hearts, for wayward wills, for the slow tread of mourners and the light steps of youth that almost dance in passing; for the weak and weary; for the quick, sharp march of duty, and the slow, happy tread of lovers—praying always the same prayer for all—"Guide their feet into the way of peace."

And at dark, just before dawn, when for a little while sounds have ceased, I turn on my pillow with a smile, and sigh: "O Lord, make no long tarrying. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

NOON AND NIGHT.

I STOOD in summer on a rock-bound shore,
 Beneath a blue sky mirrored in the sea,
 But I could only think what it must be
 In wintry gloom, when winds and waters roar,
 And women's hearts in fishers' huts grow sore,
 As, kneeling prayerful by the children's bed,
 They think of dangers dared for daily bread,

And boats that founder ere the night is o'er.
 So seemed the sunshine comfortless, while I
 Saw God in sunshine only. Then a voice
 Of deeper wisdom whispered in my soul,
 "For sake of sorrow, fear not to rejoice;
 God's harmonies have place for song and sigh—
 His noon needs night to make day's perfect whole."

I. F. M.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"HE IS TURNED A BLUE LIGHT."



MRS. DANIELL.

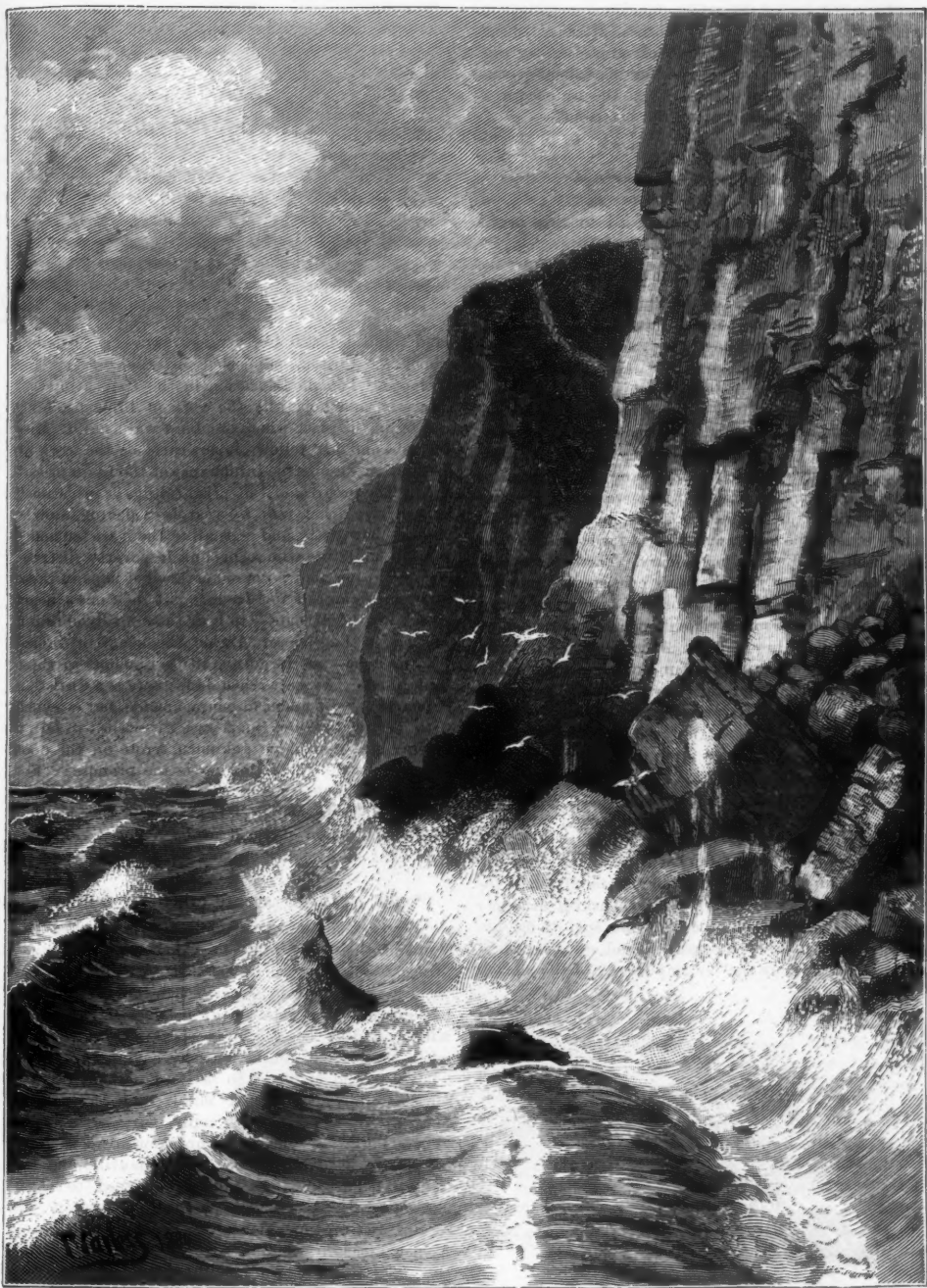
THE conversion of a soldier, if sincere, is a fact that cannot be concealed; in time the whole regiment knows that he who lives and works in their midst has come out on the Master's side. As a Highlander expressed it, "When I knelt down, it was all over the depot by next

morning—"So-and-so is turned a blue light!" A Christian soldier has necessarily a wide circle of influence, not only amongst his own countrymen, but frequently amongst those of another clime and race. "One might almost say that few things are more remunerative than to win a soldier for Christ;" such are the words of an interesting paper relating to Miss Daniell's Missions to soldiers and their families, a work which has grown from small beginnings to Homes at Aldershot, Manchester, Colchester, Plymouth, and Chatham. "It takes a woman to make a home," says one, writing of this work of faith and love. Aldershot was a most uninviting spot when first presented to the notice of Mrs. Daniell, the widow of an officer; the men must choose for recreation between the canteen, the barrack-room, the taverns, and the dancing-saloons. Mrs. Daniell visited the camp, took counsel with a chaplain, and addressed the men; she saw that their need was "a public-house without the drink," and for this she yearned and

laboured. In October, 1863, the Mission Hall and Institute, which has since spread branches of blessing elsewhere, was opened on religious but unsectarian principles; no intoxicants are allowed here, but books, writing materials, and games are provided, and the reading-room, coffee-room, etc., are as Liberty Hall to the men, who come and go as they like, being also welcome to the meeting that, every evening, is held for one hour. A great deal of helpful and sympathetic work goes on among the families of the men, and, during the winter, blankets are lent, and coal, etc., bestowed in any really deserving case. Miss Daniell at present carries on the work; her mother died after a long illness, and, followed by a great throng of officers and soldiers, the form so venerated and beloved was borne to its rest in the Military Cemetery.

"THE QUIVER" HEROES FUND.

Carlyle expressed his opinion that hero-worship would for ever exist among mankind. It is a healthy and helpful feeling if properly directed, but the important point is this—what sort of people are we making into heroes? THE QUIVER heroes, as most of our readers are aware, are such as save lives at the risk of their own; heroism that imperils its own existence for the sake of another is the sort we desire to recognise, and have in many cases recognised, by medals of silver or bronze. Our "Heroes Fund" is open for such contributions as our readers may like to send; we invite them also to bring to our notice such instances of heroic deeds as may transpire within their knowledge, and be worthy of public sympathy. Our latest QUIVER hero is Dr. J. P. A. Gabb, of Guildford, who, while visiting Ramsgate, rescued a little boy from drowning: the boy got out of his depth, and floated about forty yards out to sea. Two other boys saw what happened, and called for help to a passer-by (Dr. Gabb), who plunged in and swam to the drowning boy. The latter had just come to the surface for the third time. He was brought ashore unconscious, but the rescuer restored him by means of



"When winds and waters roar."—p. 72.

artificial respiration. "I thought the boy was dead," writes a witness of the rescue, "and was surprised to see them putting on his clothes after a time." Thanks to the doctor's presence of mind, the boy was sent home not much the worse for his dangerous experiences. The poet bids us be on the watch for a heroism greater than that of the battle-field—

"Deem not only helm and harness
Sign of valour true—
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew."

Our Silver Medal has been awarded to this brave doctor.

"WE WILL GO WITH YOU."

In the little cabin of a Chinese house-boat a Saturday night prayer-meeting was going on. A strange scene it would have appeared to those used to such services in our home churches. We had come about thirty miles from our mission station in Shanghai to visit a little band of converts connected with us, and to hold a Sunday service in a large Chinese city: and on the Saturday evening in question, the resident native preacher, Zau-Mow-Yung, and a middle-aged convert, Pau-os-Kway, were calling on us in our funny little floating abode, accompanied by three sons of the latter, who wished for baptism at the hands of the English missionary. These three lads had been led by their father's consistent Christian walk to say "We will go with thee:" in the same way his wife also, after much violent opposition to this new faith, had been brought in. After earnest and most satisfactory converse with our young candidates, it was natural that our meeting should merge into Scripture reading, and prayer and praise.

ONE SPOT OF LIGHT.

"Earth has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel."

Such are the words of the beautiful hymn, with the simple, tender melody so familiar to us all; and to-day we read in the report of the Turkish Missions Aid Society: "*Bethlehem* contains one spot of brightness in the midst of superstition and spiritual darkness." Here, where the "sweet flowerets of the martyr



BETHLEHEM.



JAFFA.

band" fell beneath the tyrant's sword, a Christian school has arisen, supported by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. Quietly, earnestly, and hopefully, the work of Bible teaching goes on in the place where our Lord was a child. Miss Jacombs and her fellow-helpers carry on the work of instruction, despite the intolerance of the Latin priesthood. The progress of the "glad tidings of salvation" is as a river that year by year is widening, slowly perhaps, but surely, and eternally; there are too many Jews in Palestine who seem sunk in poverty, distress, and oppression; but is there not dawn of hope in these little ones claimed for Jesus? "It does one's heart good," say the friends, "to hear those lovely children singing in English or Arabic the songs of Zion." The Lord has not forgotten to be gracious to these Bible lands. At sea-washed Jaffa there is a Christian Orphanage, built under discouragements, but crowned with blessing. When funds once threatened to fail, a passing stranger, name unknown, wrote on the door Isaiah liv. 10. The following is the promise: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

"THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES.

"Better than precious ointment." So says the Word of God concerning the value of a good name. *Character* is a priceless heritage for any life, and we are anxious to do somewhat towards developing and encouraging praiseworthy conduct in those who will by-and-by be thinking, speaking, and acting when the present generation may have passed away. "Boys and girls ought to be good without prizes," some severely constituted minds may be inclined to argue. We can only reply that so long as human nature is human nature, rewards will have power to encourage, inspire, and stimulate, and the God and Father of us all has deigned to cheer our onward steps by an everlasting hope of the reward and crown which await each faithful heart. A new feature of our magazine will be "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES, offered (to the value of one guinea each) to the most deserving inmate of several of our benevolent institutions for the young. At present we have offered such prizes

to the Princess Louise Home, where the most deserving girl proved to be MARY ANN HARBOTT; to the Gordon Boys' Home (prize-winner, THOMAS TOBIN); to the National Refuges for Homeless Children, and the Orphan Working School; to the Reedham Asylum, where the prize-winners are FRANCES HOTSON, aged 12½, and JOHN SAVILL, aged 14; to the National Orphan Home, Ham Common, where MARY WILSON bears the palm for good conduct by the vote of all the other children. This little maid is only eight years old. The Secretary of the Field Lane Ragged Schools, thanking us for the prizes (won by ANNIE WHITE and THOMAS NEWETT), remarks, "These awards are highly appreciated by the children, and will have, I am sure, a most beneficial effect on the schools."

A PLACE FOR ALL.

It has been well said that a good tree is not the one *capable* of bearing fruit, but the tree that *bears* it. A Frenchman described the object and end of a certain debate thus:—"To show capacity;" but an Englishman answered, "No; it was meant to set our shoulders to the wheel, to advance the business." In the cloudless days that Heaven vouchsafed us this summer many of us have held sweet fellowship with one another amid the fairest scenes of nature—we have looked up to nature's God, and spoken of His beauty and His goodness, and longed to serve Him with new ardour and enthusiasm; there have been open-air meetings of various Christian societies, and, at the present time, plans for the forthcoming winter are being zealously discussed and arranged. We have all known discussions that have simply ended where they began, in *talk*; but may the result of our debating be that we all put our shoulder to the wheel, and fill the darkening evenings with helpful and earnest work. Let us not be content alone with feeling we *can* yield fruit of blessing and healing, but let us yield it a hundred-fold with the Master's help. Those of us who are Sunday-school teachers, especially of boys, may well bear in mind that our lads will get no good hanging about the streets in the dark evenings. Perhaps one evening weekly we could arrange to receive a few

of them in our own cozy room, where, with singing and games and puzzles and reading, they will obtain hearty enjoyment, and learn more of our friendship and sympathy. Let the boys and girls visit our homes sometimes this winter; newspapers spread over the carpet will protect from mud should such awaken our fears, and the young folks will be far too happy to take offence at the precaution. "I can't get on with children," may be said by some; well, there are the shop-assistants, and the aged poor in our workhouses or our Christian communities, all of whom appeal to our thoughts and interest. If we are willing and anxious to find some groove of good work this winter, let us be sure of this—there is a place for each and all in the Master's service; there is some special work that should inspire the cry, "Here am I, send me."

"For even I in fields so broad
Some duties may fulfil,
And I will ask for no reward
Except to serve Thee still."

THE MASTER'S PRAYER.

"The Church of all space and of all time meets and is one in the Master's prayer; it is a sacrament of holy communion; the aspirations of eighteen centuries have gone up to God in it." So says Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, concerning that petition which was given in answer to the cry, "Lord, teach us to pray."

It is lisped by prattling lips, whispered on the dying bed, breathed by vast throngs in our places of worship; even when our minds seem too dim for doctrine, argument, or creed, we can still falter yearningly, "Our Father," and in the cry we shall see God. In the *Monthly Reporter* that issues from the Bible House, 146, Queen Victoria Street, that edifice dear to all Christians and believing hearts, we read of a book published at Leipzig in 1748, in the Servian language, containing copies of the Lord's Prayer in two hundred languages or dialects. Oceania is unrepresented here, and Africa and America furnish few of the dialects. "At the



"Let the boys and girls visit our homes sometimes."

present time," say our friends of the Bible Society, "after the lapse of about one hundred and fifty years, we can supply this prayer beautifully and

accurately rendered in 326 distinct languages and dialects, from all the five regions of the world." We read that certain French officials were determined to erase the Divine name from the school-books, so that no mention of God should be known in their schools. Does not age to age proclaim, as nations, and peoples, and tongues, learn to breathe "*Our Father*," the truth of what one of our own archbishops uttered at a Bible Society meeting, "All else will drop away, *except* God's Word?"

"HOMES IN THE HILLS."

Sir Frederick Roberts has written from India that any help which the Lord Mayor or others can send towards the "Homes in the Hills" will be gratefully received by Lady Roberts. The latter urged the employment of lady nurses in the British military hospitals, and the Government agreed to such proposals, and made a commencement at Umballa and Rawal Pindi, but the matter of homes of rest for these nurses must be left to private subscription; Messrs. Cox and Co., of Craig's Court, Charing Cross, would receive assistance in England towards this object. Those of our readers who have lived in India know how trying and unhealthy are certain parts and particular seasons, and the restorative value of "getting on the hills;" it would be a poor return for the all-womanly work performed by the nurses, to permit them, unaided, to sacrifice their constitutions year by year. And, whilst on the subject of places of rest, we must not forget that "charity begins at home!" Week by week hundreds of lives that are toiling day by day are found in our Sunday-schools, striving to lead the children heavenward. A Home of Rest for Sunday-school teachers has been opened amid the sea-breezes and charming surroundings of Hastings; it is called the "Hermitage," and, during the bygone summer, many were the testimonies as to the pleasure and benefit this new institution conferred. The Master has many a wearied faithful servant to whom rest at Hastings would be a godsend: all who have been able to afford and enjoy rest and change

might do worse than send a thank-offering towards the Teachers' Home to Mr. Scrutton, Sunday School Union, Old Bailey.

"THE QUIVER" ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

EIGHTH LIST,

Including all names enrolled from July 1st to September 17th, inclusive.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS (over 50 Years' Service).

Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
BINNIE, CATHERINE	Edinburgh.	60
BEATON, ALEXANDER	Insch, Aberdeenshire.	85
CAMPBELL, ANN	Perth.	51
DOWLING, HANNAH	South Lambeth Road, S.W.	50
GOULD, MARY	Rickmansworth.	52
HARRISON, SAMUEL	Langrick.	54
JONES, MARTHA	Mold.	59
IMRIE, MARGARET	Glasgow.	53
LITTLE, MARY ANN	Blackheath.	50
MAIDMENT, SARAH	Bishops Waltham.	57
PARSONS, ELIZABETH	Stalbridge.	56
REMNAINT, JOHN	Epsom.	52
SOUTHWOOD, SARAH	Clifton, Bristol.	50
SMALL, WILLIAM	Bramdean, Alresford.	51
STEWART, MARY	Lesmahagow, N.B.	52
WOOD, MARY	Edgbaston.	50
WINTER, ALICE ANN	Hertford.	54

All the above have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.

No correspondence can be entered into on the subject of the awards, which have been made upon a careful consideration of each case, in accordance with regulations which have been duly supplied to the members concerned. The Roll of the Order is now closed to all excepting domestic servants who have served fifty years and upwards in their present families.

"THE QUEEN OF THE ORDER."

"Honours achieved," said the sage of old, "far exceed those that are *created*;" what evidence of worth, of earnest effort, of domestic heroism, appears as we scan the Roll of our Order of Honourable Service, numbering now more than three thousand members! Discussions and letters seem going on endlessly about the perplexed question of domestic service; there are some employers, there are some servants who have solved this problem, for so vast has been the number of applications for membership to our Order, that the register can only be open now to the Distinguished Class—those who have been more than fifty years in their present situation. We have records of sixty-two years' service, of fifty-nine and



THE HERMITAGE, HASTINGS.

fifty-seven years. All honour to the trustworthiness such records represent! We must bear in mind that when such members as these first started in life, more was expected, as a rule, from young servants, than in the present day; nor was the "evening out" every week, or the monthly holiday, so generally granted as is now the case. The more credit to these members of

our Distinguished Class, who can show faithful service of half a century; and it cannot be denied that the honour is reflected back upon those they serve, for though the past days knew less of what maids now esteem their rights and privileges, we are inclined to think they also knew more of personal interest, affection, and sympathy, which go further with ninety-nine hearts out of a hundred even than wages, perquisites, and extra liberty. Strong must be the tie between employers and employed, and blest and holy it must be likewise, that abides for fifty years! But we have a record even beyond fifty years before us—that of the Queen of our Order, whose portrait we are sure will be of interest to our readers.

Mrs. Susannah Martin was born with the century, and was eighty-seven last July: she has been in one situation *seventy* years, and her mistress writes concerning her thus: "I am much interested to hear of the honour conferred on my dear old servant by her installation as Queen of the Order; the old lady will, I am sure, be much gratified." And, on our side, remembering what is meant by seventy years of domestic work, we have felt it an honour thus publicly to be able to record Mrs. Martin's name.

"THE WHITE MEN TAUGHT US TO DRINK."

We were present recently at a temperance meeting where a tall, earnest-looking man arose, who had been in the army, and related how certain of his

comrades, men whom he loved and esteemed, falling under the influence of strong drink, had been sentenced to corporal punishment for sleeping at their posts. The punishment was inflicted in a way that made it a general warning, and the speaker told how his heart ached on behalf of his "mates," otherwise such sterling men. "A sergeant and myself,"

said he, "had been thinking of trying to do some temperance work among the natives; we were then on the African coast, and so we arranged a meeting, and, by means of an interpreter, we tried to instil among the people our own sense of the evil wrought by drink. When the interpreter had concluded, we were surprised, and our consciences, as Englishmen, were deeply stirred, by the words of the natives, 'We knew nothing of this fire-water till the white men brought it, the strangers who brought the Bibles too. When have our brethren been disgraced by it as those English soldiers have been? It is to us a new and strange thing, this drink against which you warn us, but it is *you* who gave it to us; you white men who come out amongst

us have given Africa the fire-water.'" Words like these from a negro race hold a solemn meaning for such as are blind as yet to the evils of the drink and opium traffic among tribes across the sea.

PURE LITERATURE.

The Rev. Charles Bullock, speaking at the Church Congress, remarked that on one occasion, having purchased some papers in a populous neighbourhood, he asked the shopman, "Would you like your own children to read these?" *Somebody's* children were reading them, and many young minds are thus drinking in at the present day what has been characterised as "literary disease." "If we would win working people to church," said the speaker, "we must look



PORTRAIT OF MRS SUSANNAH MARTIN,
The Queen of the Order of Honourable Service.

well to the Printing Press." The progress of education has set hundreds reading and *athirst* for reading, and immoral and atheistic literature is as poison in many a home. Again we would earnestly enlist the sympathy of our readers for the Pure Literature Society, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is a vice-president, and which does such valuable service to the Christian Church by circulating wholesome books and papers. "Its usefulness," says a clergyman writing of this Society, "is shown by the taste it has aroused for good books at home. Our library (helped by the Society) has been so popular that we have kept it open all the summer, it being preferred to cricket, since the men are tired from work." Ministers of all denominations grieve for the sad influences of unwholesome reading, but few make a point of publicly speaking on this subject. Our friends of the Pure Literature Society would be thankful if Christian teachers would utter warnings against sensational and injurious reading, and if once a year ministers could draw attention to the power of the Press, its influence on our lives, and the importance of reading that which is helpful and pure.

AN AFTERNOON'S CHARMING DRIVE.

Those who live within driving or railway distance of Bagshot should visit Collingwood Court, the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, erected as a monument to H.R.H. the late Prince Consort. Here, in the healthy air of Surrey, amid the sweet fragrance of the trees, more than two hundred boys and girls—"orphans on the wide world scattered"—are boarded, clothed, and educated. The boys learn farming, gardening, etc., and the girls are taught house-work and plain sewing, and are trained with a view to the formation of helpful and valuable servants. Visitors can inspect the little folks and the various arrangements of the place any Tuesday or Friday, from 2 to 6 p.m. In the vestibule will be noticed a handsome marble bust of the Prince Consort, executed gratuitously by an eminent sculptor, and approved by the Queen, and a friend has presented a carved two-light stained glass window at the western end of the dining-hall,

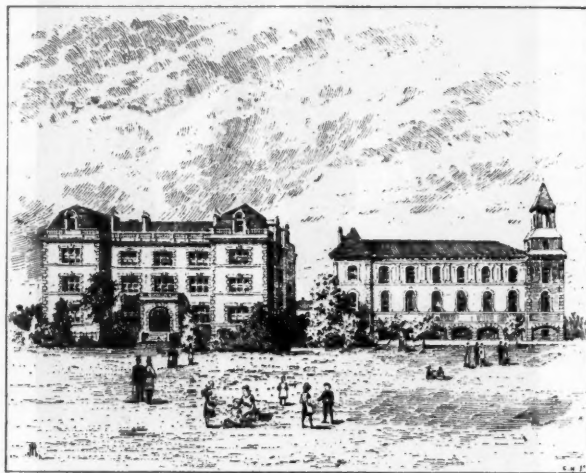
through which the sunset light streams down upon the children through the representation of the Royal Arms. In the board-room is a weighing machine where the children are weighed on entering the Home and on quitting it! The majority come from poverty-pinched houses, and efforts are eventually made to set them up in life; numbers of old pupils bear witness to the kind treatment and useful training that are in process at Bagshot. We are thankful to note that the canvassing system is *not* in vogue here; anybody who has tried to get a child into an institute by that system, and spent time, stamps, and patience in the struggle, will applaud the decision of the committee to elect by the unbiassed choice of the subscribers, whose addresses are

not given in the reports. A short narrative of each case appears in a descriptive list, which is sent in due time to the subscribers, who select and vote for the cases they consider the most destitute.

BOOKS TO READ.

A series of handbooks on "Men of the Bible" that did not include one on Elijah would

indeed be incomplete, and we are glad to welcome Professor Milligan's admirable little book on the life and times of the Prophet, which Messrs. Nisbet have lately added to their series. It is a work which both teachers and students will do well to study. The same publishers have also recently published, under the title of "The Philosophy of the Gospel," a new volume from the pen of the Rev. Hugh McIntosh, designed and well calculated to serve as a new weapon in the armoury of the defenders of the evidences of Christianity. Good sermons or addresses to children are notoriously difficult to find. There is lying before us a copy of a new edition of a volume of such addresses by the Rev. S. Cox, D.D., entitled "The Bird's Nest, and other sermons, for Children of all Ages" (T. Fisher Unwin), and those readers who do not find profit and pleasure in its pages must indeed be hard to please, while no reader need be deterred by the prospect of meeting with any reference to those special views to which many of our friends have with reason felt bound to take exception. Readers of the papers that recently appeared in our pages on the "Sages of all



THE ROYAL ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Ages" will not be surprised to find that the pagan Sages of old not infrequently gave expression to thoughts worth noting even in our days. Miss Annie C. Randell has collected and arranged many of the most striking of these in a pretty little volume entitled "Pagan Pearls." A tale of Hindu domestic life written by a high-caste Hindu has recently been translated by the Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, and issued by the publisher of Miss Randell's book, Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title of "Fortune's Wheel." Those who wish for a true picture of Hindu life cannot do better than turn to this volume. The same publisher sends us "The Rainbow Round the Throne," a memorial volume of sermons by the late Rev. Francis Tucker, prefaced by a touching biographical notice by his son. From Mr. Elliot Stock, too, comes a re-issue of a critical revision of the text of the New Testament by Granville Fenn, published fifty years ago, and which is interesting, as all such works must be, to the student of the Scriptures. Messrs. Cassell have added three more volumes to their "Helps to Belief" series:—"The Morality of the Old Testament" is a question on which sceptics often seize to the confusion of the unprepared Christian, who will now be able to turn to the admirable work on this subject contributed by Dr. Newman Smyth to this series. The Bishop of Peterborough is the author of the companion volume on the Atonement, and his work is all that we have learned to expect from Dr. Magee. The third of the additions to this series is the Rev. Brownlow Maitland's useful handbook on "Miracles." We are glad to welcome a new and popular edition of Mr. Hodder's "Life of Lord Shaftesbury" (Cassell), which is accompanied by eight full-page illustrations. In this form Mr. Hodder's admirable biography of "the Good Earl" will be within the reach of all.

ONE OF OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

We have received the following nice little letter from the winner of THE QUIVER Good Conduct Prize at the Princess Louise Home:—

"Princess Louise Home,

"Woodhouse, Wanstead, Essex,

"September 9th, 1887.

"To the EDITOR of THE QUIVER.—SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to thank you for the very handsome gift of books which you have so generously presented to me? and I hope I may prove myself through life to be worthy of it. The girls are all so pleased, and wish me to thank you too, that you did not forget our little Home in your kind act of beneficence, and they all mean to be the best behaved during the year. So I fear our Matron will find it troublesome to find the best girl next time. If you can possibly make it convenient, will you kindly come and see over the Home? for I am sure Matron will be pleased to show you, and then I shall be able to thank you in person, and all the girls will see the gentleman who has been so kind as to think of

them. Again thanking you for the handsome present, I am, Sir, your grateful and obedient servant,
"M. A. HARBOTT."

This letter is so interesting that we give it at length, feeling sure that our readers will read it with the same pleasure it has afforded us.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

We have received a letter respecting the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, King William



"The visitors read the Word of God to the blind."

Street, W.C., stating that, owing to the deaths and removal of old subscribers, this institution is in need of increased assistance, the available beds being quite insufficient to meet the demand of patients. To prevent the loss of sight, prompt treatment is often most valuable, and this hospital is open daily and at all hours for accidents and urgent cases. It is scarcely possible to imagine a charity that has more claims upon public support: there are few of us who have not personally, or in the person of some loved one, proved how sensitive to suffering and weakness is the eye, and all who have the blessing of their sight would do and give much to retain this boon of light. We hope this hospital will not appeal in vain; and we should also like to draw attention to a society that is scarcely so well known as it ought to be, that of "Home Teaching for the Blind" (31, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars). This association aims at visiting the blind in their own homes, and teaching gratuitously Moon's embossed type-reading; also it promotes the lending of useful books, especially the Bible, and the visitors read the Word of God to those who are too old or too weak to learn to read by the touch of the fingers.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

"You haven't given me anything yet for my Father's house," said Billy Bray, the quaint Cornish preacher, desirous to thatch the roof of his little Gospel Hall.—"No, I haven't," said the man addressed, "and shan't neither."—"What! are you a mind for the Lord to say to you, 'You saw me a-hungred and gave Me no meat, a stranger, and ye took Me not in?'"

"Well," was the reply, "I doan't mind if I do give 'e ten shilling."

Billy, working in an underground mine part of each day, used the other part to work at the building of a place of worship; it is always those who are already busy and energetic to whom we may confidently look for additional service. A blind girl brought a clergyman a double missionary subscription, because she was blind and thus worked in the dark without the expense of candles; hearing of such zeal and love as this, our own hearts are constrained to look around, and to ask if we are doing our best for our Lord, and for His own.

Some of us, perchance, take a keen interest in certain benevolent schemes, that just now may be perishing for lack of timely help; perchance the work is even down in our wills; but, meanwhile, the pressing need goes on. We are acquainted with a little maiden, somewhat precociously prudent, to whom her aunt rather vaguely promised a future benefit. Presently there came a knock at aunt's bedroom door: "Aunt, thank you very much for your promise, but suppose you were to die? You know, aunt, you *might* die; have you left a piece of paper to say you promised it to me?" The lady wisely considered that it would be more satisfactory for her gift to be an immediate one, and we fancy there are many Christian societies which would be thankful just now for even a small portion of our intended benevolence. Let such as

can bring fragrant and rich thank-offerings open their hands in the presence of the Lord of all.

THE NOBLEST PROPERTY.

It has been truly said that the will to help a fellow-creature is a far nobler property than intellectual wealth. To argue out a social problem takes a good deal of earnest thought, and is nowadays

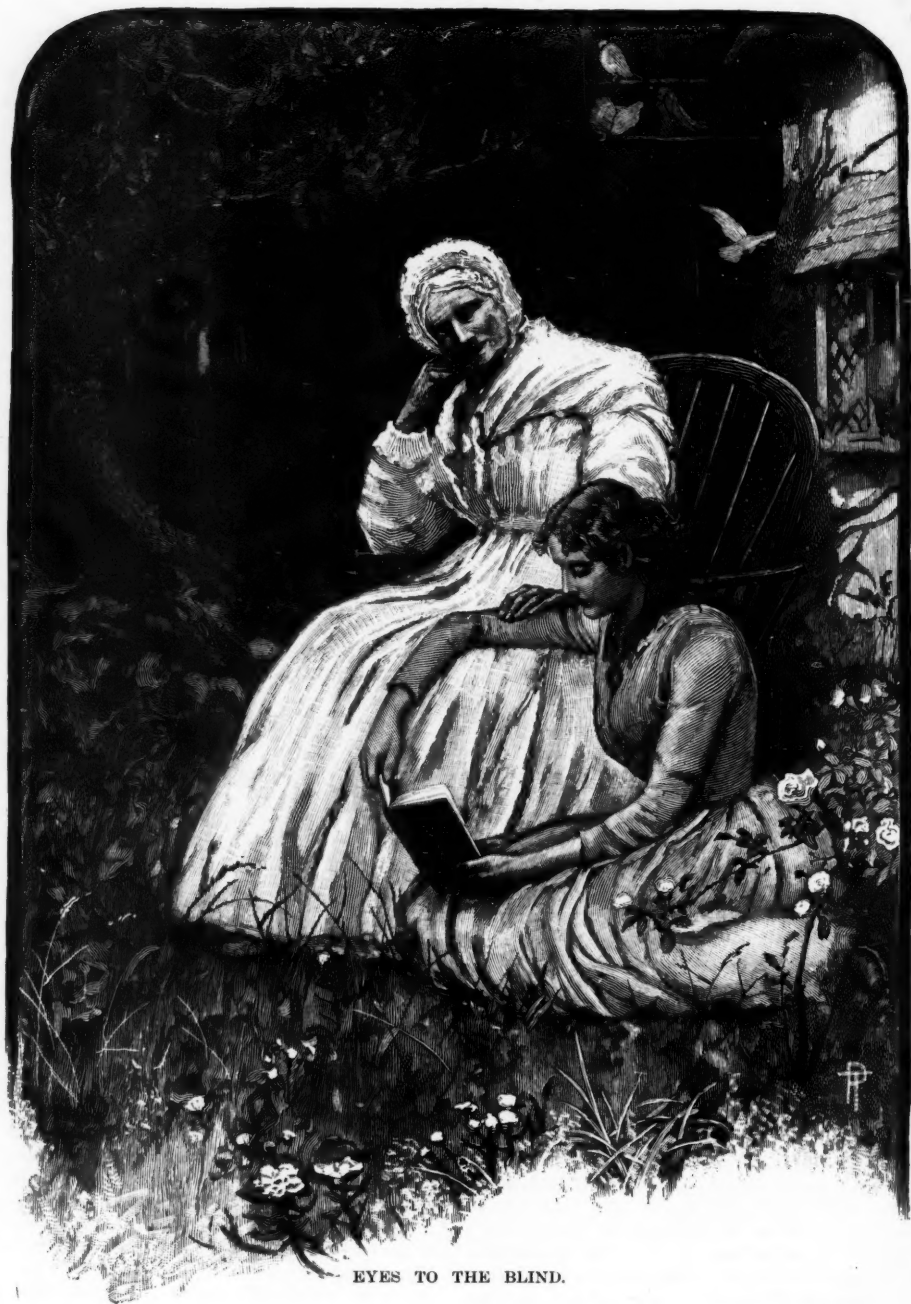
apparently more necessary than ever; but nobler still is the work of those who cut the knot of perplexity by stretching forth their hands to the friendless. While we are arguing why the destitute are among us, and proving that they ought not to be, how many would be quietly starving but for those who in the spirit of Christ not only bid them be warmed and fed, but take care they are able to carry out the advice! Our illustration represents a free meal at that busy centre of philanthropy, the "Edinburgh Castle," Limehouse, E., near Burdett Road railway station. Here Dr. Barnardo time after time gathers to-



AT THE "EDINBURGH CASTLE," LIMEHOUSE.

gether the needy and destitute, and the cry, "No man cares for me," can no longer go up from boyish hearts prematurely sharpened by their poverty. It is told of John Falk that a child under his care once asked, "Why does not the Lord Jesus come? Every day at our food we say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou providest!'"—"Dear child, He *will* come," was the good man's reply, and the little fellow ran to fetch a seat. By-and-by a poor frozen boy knocked at the door; he was welcomed to the chair, fed, and befriended. "Did Jesus send him in His place?" asked the little child earnestly of John Falk. What could his answer be but the words of Christ, still echoing down the ages, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me!"





EYES TO THE BLIND.

(See p. 142.)

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "EQUAL TO THE OCCASION," "THE MAGIC FLOWER-POT," ETC.



HERE are few things more wonderful to consider than beginnings. It is a very trite saying that "everything has a beginning," but it may not have struck everybody that we never know what is beginning when it begins. You, dear reader,

may have made two or three new acquaintances to-day, but how can you foresee that presently one of them shall enter your very inmost heart, and make you forget what life seemed before this date? Or that one of the others shall steal into your existence like a subtle poison, separating you from your chief friends, and perhaps finally overthrowing all the fair fortunes which now seem so secure?

Or you have said something to-day—you have uttered some emphatic conviction, born of some manifold experience of your life. Perhaps you gave it forth in discussion with some friend who held opposite views, and whose opinion was not shaken by yours. You seemed to have done nothing. You did not notice the young boy or girl who were present apparently occupied by their books or toys. But they heard your sentiment and marked it. (Let us infer that it was dictated by ripened wisdom, and not by mere shallow cynicism.) It is destined to sink into that young soul, and to repeat itself with varied significances in the different experiences that life will present, and the conviction which was wrought in you perhaps too late for your own action, shall shape the decisions of that youth, and turn the course of his history, and the destiny of those who shall come after him.

There is no exaggeration in this view of things. The world of "hard fact," as the phrase goes, meaning those matters which can be seen and handled, testifies abundantly how

"From small beginnings do great endings come."

When the Romans found a few poor aboriginal huts and fortresses grouped on the banks of the un navigated Thames, who could have imagined that they were the nucleus of a mighty city, whose kings should stretch out their sceptres over remote countries, whose men of genius should sing or preach to other men, of races of which the Roman never dreamed, and which at last, waxing riotous and corrupt in those reckless pleasures and regardless greed of gain, which must ever leave a dreadful dreg behind them, can be described by one of its own most gifted sons as "that great foul city of London—rattling, growling, smoking, stinking—a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore."

Or again, when the little ship *Mayflower* ploughed the empty desert of the wild North Atlantic, bearing to a sterile shore a little group of independent souls who were ready to risk anything so they might be free, who could have foreseen that the humble vessel



"When the Romans found a few poor aboriginal huts."

was the pioneer of a great emigration, which now keeps a score of steamers, heavily laden with hopeful hearts, passing weekly over the North Atlantic, wild as ever, but no longer an empty desert of waters, to a shore which, ceasing to be sterile, became first fruitful fields, and then thriving cities, and finally little more than quays and landing stations to still wider lands beyond?

When a French soldier of the *ancien régime* was pleased to amuse himself in the streets of Paris in terrifying and torturing an old woman and a little girl by curvetting his charger over a coin which they had dropped, so as to prevent them from regaining it, probably they went home disgusted and disheartened enough, with a bitter realization that "on the side of the oppressor there was power," and perhaps filled with that sense of despair which a very small injustice or defeat will suffice to breed in the feeble or the aged, in the inexperienced or the utterly worn-out. They could not dream that the little incident had been watched by one, a statesman rising into

great power, on whom it wrought the conviction that "the people" could never be happy or safe from wrong or insult, till it was guarded by a soldier identical in feeling and interest with itself; and his conviction presently found form in the organisation of the French National Guard.

We will now turn to one or two instances where the action of a single individual has sufficed to set the groove of social custom. When the worthy Quaker, Jonas Hanway, started out, amid the jeers of his neighbours and the missiles of naughty street-boys, carrying over his head the first umbrella seen in use in England, his faith must have been very strong indeed, if he could have fully believed that in a very few years the strange phenomenon would be so completely naturalised that an "umbrella-stand" would be among the regular appointments of every decent household!

Not many miles from where I write this, among the purple hills and wild moors of the North of Scotland, there is a spot where many roads meet, and where a now famous fair is held annually, and many smaller ones at shorter intervals, to which farmers bring their cattle and their produce, at which country "merchants" display their wares, and whereat many cottage industries, such as bee-keeping, or stocking-knitting, win pride and profit by prize or sale. The spot is admirably situated for the purpose—midway between several small villages, and easy of access to the farms and hamlets thinly scattered over the neighbourhood. Its advantages were first discerned many years ago by a solitary man—not the laird, nor the minister, but a simple travelling pedlar. Of such men the poet Wordsworth says—

"Their hard service, deemed deluding now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times,
When squire and priest and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration—all dependent
Upon the pedlar's toil—supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies, with the wares he brought."

Possibly our Scottish pedlar was such a one as the hero of "The Excursion," and had kept

"In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love."

At any rate, he was an honest man, whose credit stood well with his customers, and whose coming was patiently waited for, because his goods were trustworthy and his prices fair. Presently the good man felt the weight of advancing years, which did not agree well with an ever-widening sphere of traffic. He considered within himself, and decided that the spot we have already described would be a convenient point at which to let his customers understand he would regularly await them on given dates. Be it understood that the roads which meet there now were not made then: they were all lying latent in the pedlar's idea. There he could show them a wider assortment of goods than was possible if he had to toil up hill and down dale, often uselessly, under their load. It was easier for each of twenty or thirty cottage wives, who really wanted his wares, to walk her two or three miles towards him, than for him to toil seventy or eighty miles to all of them, with many divergences where he was not required

at all. Possibly a life of industry and thrift had already made such "due provision for his modest wants" as emboldened him to take this independent step. Anyhow, it prospered, and his name and story are still remembered in the neighbourhood of the fair which owes its start to him. But as far as I could discover, nobody remembers another individual who must have certainly existed, and who is worthy of scarcely less honour than the originator—*i.e.*, that individual to whom it first occurred that it would be a wise thing to carry up some produce of one's own, and, sitting beside the pedlar, expose it to one's neighbours, when they came, cash in hand, to the pedlar's trust. The first disciple of any movement is a most important person, for he takes the fire of genius and originality, at which others are content to gape in admiring or scoffing wonder, and he proves that it is useful for boiling kettles and lighting lamps—and lo! the eccentricity of the remarkable man becomes the custom of the commonplace! I wonder who was that first person who sat down beside the pedlar on the moorland? Perhaps it was some old blind woman, who could do nothing but knit stockings, and wanted to sell some. Or perhaps it was some little girl, whose bees had given her more honey than she required for home consumption.

I have been narrating all these incidents of the unexpected developments of beginning in the material world, not for their own sake—deeply interesting as they are—but because, before proceeding further, I wish to work into my reader's mind a vital conviction (which is very different from a lifeless axiom), not only that everything must have a beginning, but that whatever we do may lead to results far wider than, and actually quite different from, any we can possibly anticipate. And further (and this is most important of all) that it is always "worth while to make a beginning," though all that we can possibly do with heart, hand, or tongue may appear utterly inadequate to the end we would achieve, and even hopelessly separate from it.

"He that believeth shall not make haste." When it is borne in upon us that something is right to be done, or to be got undone, then we have nothing to do with improbabilities or impossibilities. (Why, even a great French statesman who did not much believe in God was known to declare that "impossible" was "a beast of a word" which he never wanted to hear!) Our part is simply to do what we can; if necessary, even to wait quite quietly till we find an opportunity; though we need never wait long for this if we are content with the day of small things, and ready to do what we "may," instead of sighing for what we "might." Then, with prayer and faith let us launch our little action on the stream of Time, assured, with the honourable Gamaliel (Acts v. 38, 39), that if the counsel or the work be of God, and according to His will, it must bear fruit in the end, though the little seed may lie hidden for many days; while if it be but the product of human fanaticism or whim, it must perish utterly at last, though it may seem to spring up and bear a harvest in a single night. Has not a poet beautifully said—

"Nature's least worthy growths have quickest spring,
And soonest-answering service readiest need,
And undiscerning glory's shining wing
Lights earliest on an ill-deserving head,
Winter o'er autumn-scattered wheat doth fling
A white oblivion that keeps warm the seed ;

It can be readily seen that while it is not always possible to trace the beginnings of great movements in the material world, when we come to the things of the spiritual life, whether in individuals or in movements, our difficulties are increased tenfold. The



"Nobody could have been astonished more than poor Mrs. Bunyan herself, could she have foreseen the final result of the innocent wiles which she exerted to keep John interested in the Bible."—p. 86.

And wisest thought needs deepest burying
Before its ripe effect begins to breed.
Therefore, O spiritual seedsman, cast
With unregretful hand thy rich grain forth,
Nor think thy word's regenerating birth
Dead, that so long lies locked in human breast.
Time, swift to foster things of lesser worth,
Broods o'er thy work, and God permits no waste."

deepest secrets of souls are sacred things not readily to be fully revealed even in those whose biographies or autobiographies are given to the world. And, indeed, we cannot always trace even for ourselves the first source of our best impulse or wisest line of conduct. Sometimes, when we believe we do so, we stop short at a book or a sermon on which our mind

consciously seized, instead of going back to some incident or example of quiet goodness which served to illustrate the volume or prepared us to listen to the discourse. I myself am inclined to think that an action or a person is always the seed of fresh spiritual life in the world, rather than any mere word or thought; words and thoughts being rather the water or the soil brought to enrich the growth of such seed when already planted, perhaps quite unawares. The Word of God Himself we know came to the world a Person—the Person of our Elder Brother Jesus Christ.

There is, indeed, a sense in which words themselves are sometimes deeds of the very deepest import. Such are the confessions of martyrs, ready to seal their testimony with their blood; and such are other confessions of staunch faith or determined action, which also lead to martyrdom no less surely, though it may be the martyrdom not of death but of a broken heart, an abnegated ambition, or of work withdrawn, and the consequent failure of daily bread. But that does not disturb our former proposition, for behind such words as these beats the very heart of a personal life, throbbing in their utterance with the crisis of its fate.

But even of these subtler growings of the spiritual world enough is made visible to convince us that their roots spring in quiet and shady places, among those of whom the world knows nothing and hears little.

Wherever the English language is spoken, there we find Bunyan's immortal story of the Pilgrim and his Progress. Troubled souls and trustful souls have found their own experience mirrored there. It has given us descriptive phrases which can never perish. We need not go out of our way for words while Vanity Fair and the Slough of Despond, Doubting Castle and the Herb Heart's-Ease are ready-made for us. If the roofs of British homes could be raised for us on any Sunday afternoon, how many of the aged and the suffering should we find listening to the strangely melodious description of the Land of Beulah, how many brave boys pondering over the dread battle with Apollyon, how many little maidens gazing on the charms of the House Beautiful? Does it never occur to us that the wonderful allegory would scarcely have been written, but for the unselfish life and holy influence of the poor working woman who married Bunyan in the days when he was, not the unexampled sinner which the unsparing words of his earnest repentance might lead some to imagine, but what was perhaps almost less likely to change into the Christian saint and devoted preacher—to wit, a roystering and careless youth, knowing no pleasures but those of skittles and quots and beer?

Did it seem as if it could possibly signify to the whole Christian world, whether the penniless wife of that humble Bedfordshire villager was a sincere, godly woman, intent on keeping her little household in ways of purity and piety, or a mere good-humoured slattern, who, if her husband brought her home a fair share of his wage, would be quite content to humour his "little ways" and indulge his "harmless plea-

tures"? Nobody could have been astonished more than poor Mrs. Bunyan herself, could she have foreseen the final result of the innocent wiles which she exerted to keep John interested in the Bible, or the "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," while the shouts of his playfellows on the village green penetrated to their little kitchen, which we may be sure was neat, and clean, and cosy, for all its bareness. Probably, if she could have known that John was a genius, she would have been frightened to marry him, and still more frightened to attempt to influence or control him. But God showed her all that it was necessary for her to know—that it was her plain duty to try to get her husband to do what she felt was pleasing in God's sight; and she found strength to do this. She laid her hand on the rudder of the ship of life, keeping it in its course, and the winds of God came down and filled its sails, and bore it triumphantly where she did not dream.

We think it may serve for our profit and comfort, if from time to time we give a little consideration to the great things which have sprung from the holy lives of those "who builded larger than they knew." We will try to remember such, whose hallowed "beginnings" have been recorded by others long after they had themselves passed through earth's green door into the Kingdom of God, when the seed they had sown had taken root and borne fruit a hundred-fold. Perhaps we shall be able to narrate some incidents of such "secret service" which have been made manifest to our own observation. And though we shall draw a careful line between "fact" and "fiction," we think we may be free to indicate by the aid of the eye of imagination where such secret services must enter into the forces which are to bring in the Kingdom of God, though they can never be traced by any other vision until the day of the great revealing of all things. We hold that anything which gives a deeper responsibility and solemnity, and yet a brighter joy and hope, to life, is a legitimate function of imagination, and that if it be carefully and devoutly exercised, it may make fiction far nearer truth than any mere bald statement of fact can ever be.

We want to trace "the salt of the earth" as it lies sparsely scattered, sinking into the substances around, only to be recognised by the freshness and savour it leaves behind it. We think that our search will bring us many lessons and hints that may help and console us as we go to work, each in our own little corner, and some of us in hedged-in corners, wherein we seem shut out from any service to our kind or any influence on it. We shall not have laboured in vain if we bring ourselves to a better realisation of the truth which sounds so simple in the hymn, but which, if taken home to many a warm and zealous heart, would calm its discontents and make bright the narrow path of duty—the truth that, in aspiration and act, we should be—

"More careful, not to serve God much,
But to please Him perfectly."



THE CHILD OF THE MINE.

"O H, mother, dost thou hear the voice of singing
Float from the world above?
Through the dim arches gentle echoes ringing
Do speak to me of love."
"Peace, O my child! awaken from thy slumbers;
I hear no tender hymn."
She knew not that with sweet seraphic numbers
The angels sang to him.
Yea, as he listened through the pathways dim,
The angels sang to him.
"Oh, mother, I do know the earth's sweet story
Of bird and blossoming spray.
When shall I see the sunset in its glory,
The purple hills of day?"
"Peace, O my child—hearken the voice of duty,

Although the world be fair."
She knew not that the angels in their beauty
Were bending o'er him there.
Yea, as he listened through the pathways dim,
The angels sang to him.
"Mother, I do behold the sunset lustre,
The blossoms red and white;
The sunny grape, with its rich purple cluster,
The waters crowned with light."
"Peace, O my child; it is thy slumber's vision;
I see no sunset flame."
She knew not that, from out the land Elysian,
The angels for him came.
Yea, as he listened through the pathways dim,
The angels sang to him.

S. FORSTER.

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

CHAPTER IV.

"When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow."

CHARLES MACKAY.



OE is me! Maggie does not need a governess, and if she did I could never be that lucky individual. Her terrible old grandfather has given her the kind of education that people try (and generally in vain) to grind into boys. And partly from a lack of other employment, and partly from an innate love of knowledge, she has absorbed it as readily as a sponge absorbs water.

She is quite well now, so, as there was no reasonable excuse for longer delay, I have passed the morning in inquiring into the extent of her studies. And I have been simply horrified—classics, mathematics, botany, astronomy, geology, and goodness knows what besides. I might have been comforted by finding that she was ignorant of French and German, but, unfortunately, my own knowledge of those languages is of the most meagre kind, and I dare not undertake to give her lessons in them.

I have been so comfortable and happy here—so thoroughly at home; and now, in common honesty, I feel I shall have to give up the situation. Everything here is so delightfully unconventional and free from restraint. I am not obliged to weigh every word I say; my life is not made a burden to me by the vagaries of noisy, self-willed children; Mr. Bloomfield is the kindest of men; and as for

Maggie, she is positively unique! She has the sweetest disposition in the world, coupled with quick intellect, and has been brought up in the society of a few learned elderly people, who have not only petted her as a child but conversed with her as a rational being. All these circumstances have produced in her the oddest combination of childish simplicity and thoughtful gravity that I have ever met with.

It amuses me greatly to listen to the conversations she frequently has with Hilton (between whom and herself a firm friendship has been established) on the subject of books and theories, and to hear her discuss some serious question with all the gravity of a sage, defending her opinions by quotations from all kinds of learned old writers. I fancy that Hilton himself feels inclined to laugh sometimes, but it never seems to occur to her that there is anything unusual in it.

Most of her scientific knowledge appears to be rather out of date, however, for Hilton often comes off victorious in an argument of that kind. On one such occasion, finding that for some time afterwards she continued to look dejected, I inquired the cause of her distress.

"It is nothing particular," she answered dolefully. "Only Hilton has proved to me that my ideas about the nature of light were wrong."

"Well, I would not fret about that," I remarked. "You did not make the light, nor the theory either, and you could not be expected to understand it until you were taught."

"No, but I always understood that it was radiated from all bodies, in the form of minute atoms; and now he tells me that it is in the form of waves."

"Well, I should not care whether it is in waves or

in atoms. It is equally acceptable when we want it, and just as great a nuisance when we don't," I said. "Besides, your cousin ought to understand such things better than you do. He has had the advantage of reading all the newest books."

"Oh, I'm not thinking of it in that way," she replied quickly; "but my grandfather took such pains to teach me the nature of light, and it is disappointing to be shown by quite a young man that he was altogether mistaken. I have been accustomed to trust so implicitly to every word my grandfather said that I don't quite like this new experience. Besides, if he was mistaken in one thing he might have been mistaken in others."

It occurred to me then that I was hardly competent to be her governess, and this morning's examination has settled the matter beyond all possibility of a doubt.

Well, as Shakespeare says, "If 't were done, 't were well 't were done quickly!" I am aware that Mr. Bloomfield is now writing letters in a little room at the back of the house which is called the study. This little room is always at the disposal of anyone who has letters to write, and in it Mr. Bloomfield's private correspondence may generally be read by anyone who feels inclined to do so, as it is usually kept in a heap at one end of the table. Not that Mr. Bloomfield is altogether careless. Oh dear no! he has occasional fits of excessive carefulness, and sometimes spends whole days in the study, sorting and arranging these papers into the most wonderful order. But these fits are of rare occurrence.

The time and place are both suitable for a business interview; so I walk down-stairs and rap at the study door. There is no answer, but I can hear sounds from within which are not difficult to interpret, letter-writing being dull work, and the afternoon being warm.

Shall I leave it till another time—there is no need to be in such haste? No, there is nothing I dislike so much as uncertainty! I mean to have the matter settled at once, and I continue to knock at the door till a sleepy voice bids me "Come in."

Mr. Bloomfield sits at the table with a half-written letter before him, on which is a great smudge of ink, caused by the pen having fallen on to it when he went to sleep. He is lost in contemplation of this smudge when I enter.

"I have come to speak to you about Maggie, Mr. Bloomfield," I begin, plunging right into the subject at once.

"Oh, indeed! Take a seat, Miss Scott," he says, with difficulty withdrawing his attention from the letter.

"I find that she does not require a governess."

Mr. Bloomfield gives a low whistle of astonishment.

"Her English education is complete, and she has studied Latin and Greek, astronomy, botany, and geology, besides mathematics. Of course I cannot say how thorough her knowledge of these subjects may be, because I don't understand them sufficiently myself."

"This is quite unexpected," exclaims Mr. Bloomfield, looking greatly dismayed at my catalogue of Maggie's acquirements. "They told me she had never been to school."

"Nor has she. Her grandfather taught her himself."

"Isn't there anything you can teach her?"

"I am afraid not. If you wish to have her taught anything, there are the modern languages and music. But I have only been used to teaching children, and I could not undertake to give her lessons in them."

There is a long pause, during which Mr. Bloomfield stares at the smudged letter, and I gaze out of the window and feel like a prisoner awaiting my sentence. At last he looks up and says, with a sigh of relief, "I must talk it over with Hilton. I am much obliged to you for coming to me about it, Miss Scott. At any rate, we won't hear of losing you just yet."

"You are very kind," I say, and leave him to finish his letter. My case is remanded.

After dinner, Hilton and his father remain in the dining-room an unusually long time, and I know that my case is being heard.

I feel that Mr. Bloomfield might have decided without asking Hilton. It seems humiliating for a woman of my age to have her services accepted or rejected by a young fellow of five- or six-and-twenty. However, I am quite aware, by this time, that Hilton is the real master of this house. He has chosen every article of furniture in it, and superintended all the decorations, and I must confess the result does him great credit.

For instance, the room in which I await my fate—the drawing-room—is a marvel of lightness and elegance, terminating in a deliciously cool grotto of ferns and flowers. No doubt many people would complain of its want of conformity to the acknowledged rules of decoration, but I will defy anyone to enter the room without feeling that an artist has arranged it. There is not a single crude outline or colour in the whole room. Indeed, there is something almost Quakerish in the soft neutrality of most of the tints; yet where a touch of colour is introduced, how delightfully effective it is! In fact, everything is disposed with such consummate taste that, let the eye rove where it will, it meets with refinement and beauty.

The servants look up to Hilton with a species of awe. Whatever else is neglected, anything that will come under Mr. Hilton's notice must be faultless. The "master" is quite a secondary personage; he never sees whether things are right or wrong; or if he does, it isn't of much consequence—he doesn't care. I don't believe anybody looks after his comfort, poor man! or puts the buttons on his shirts. It's too bad!

Yet I do not think they are so attentive to Hilton because they are afraid of him, for I have never heard him scold them. Nor do I think it can be accounted for by the facts of his age and sex. I believe the sole spell lies in this—that he neither praises nor blames without good reason. The same taste and judgment that were brought to bear on the drawing-room furniture are exercised on everything with which he comes in contact; and quietly, without effort or ostentation, he approves or he disapproves, and we bow to his decision.

Hilton is the kind of man to whom the women of his household are certain to become slaves. No matter

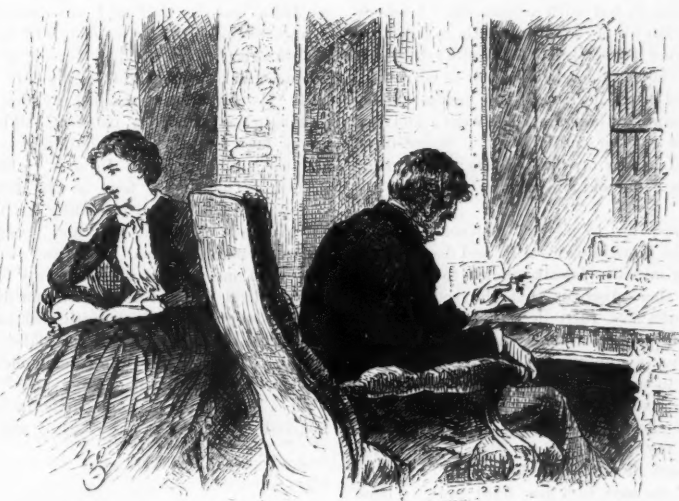
whether they are young or old, married or single, they are forced, sooner or later, to value his praise and to dread his censure. When I realised the kind of sway he had over the household, I determined that I, at least, would never put my neck under his yoke; but I have been several times startled to find myself blushing with pleasure when he has praised my work; and I am afraid I shall soon be as much under his dominion as the rest, much as my pride rebels against it.

The oddest part of it all is that it is quite possible to feel like this towards a person without having any great liking or affection for him. A public singer does not love the crowds of elegant idlers he

better have masters to teach her French and German, and all that sort of thing. Hilton says it's too late to begin to learn the piano, but if he finds that she has a voice we are going to have her taught singing. What do you think of that plan?"

"I think it is an excellent one. You could not possibly do better!" I answer, with as much cordiality as I can command under the circumstances.

"Hilton thinks, as I do, that it would be a great pity for you to leave us," he continues. "The girls want a companion—somebody to go out shopping with them and take them for a walk now and then. Besides, the servants want somebody to look after them a little, and Julia is too young to manage them



"There is a long pause."—p. 88.

sings to, yet their applause sounds none the less sweetly in his ears.

Hilton never talks soft nonsense to women, never flatters them except by seeming to take an interest in their conversation and their welfare. But what flattery is half so precious to a woman's heart as that? He has the rare gift, too, of being able to take a real interest in almost everything that comes in his way; and if you ask his opinion about anything, you may feel sure that he will give it you carefully and conscientiously.

At last this young Pope appears, and I am informed that Mr. Bloomfield wishes to speak to me in the dining-room; so I proceed thither to receive my sentence.

"Well, Miss Scott," he commences in a cheery voice that instantly raises my hopes, "I've been talking it over with Hilton, and he thinks it's a pity not to give Maggie a really first-rate education now we are about it. It's no use spoiling the ship for a haporth of tar, you know. We think she had

well. She does her best, I'm sure; but they want a strong hand over them. Hilton says you may not like to get out of practice with your teaching, but if you don't object to stay on these terms, why, we shall be very glad to have you."

"Object to stay, Mr. Bloomfield!" I exclaim warmly: "I shall be delighted to stay! I feel so thoroughly happy here that I have not the slightest wish to leave."

CHAPTER V.

"Do noble deeds, not dream them
All day long."

THE days glide on smoothly and evenly. I take upon myself the duties of housekeeper—very pleasant duties—at Alma House, and Maggie becomes more and more the queen of our hearts. She is the dearest child! I don't believe she has a fault, or if she has I have not been able to discover it. Mr. Bloomfield pours out the whole wealth of his affectionate nature upon her; he

thinks nothing is good enough for her, and is continually devising some new scheme to give her pleasure. A man of his disposition must have someone to pet, and Maggie supplies the want to perfection; besides, was she not given back to him from the very jaws of death? If it were possible to spoil her, she would most assuredly be spoiled. But, fortunately, she attributes all this devotion and homage to *our* goodness rather than to her own.

There is nothing to mar the harmony of our home; no grinding poverty to sharpen our faces and our tempers; no hurrying after wealth and grandeur; and no bowing down beneath the yoke of those hard taskmasters, style and fashion. It seems that in this one house, at least, evil has no power to enter.

One evening, after having been for an unusually long walk, Maggie goes to bed with a headache. I search everywhere in vain for my smelling-bottle to lend her, and then remember having seen one on Julia's dressing-table, and go without the least hesitation to borrow it.

Julia returned from her long visit looking much healthier and happier than when she went; and her manner at first was so cordial that I repented of having wronged her by my first dislike; but during the last few days her old ungracious ways have reappeared.

There is no response to my two distinct raps, so I conclude that she is still down-stairs, and decide to go in and get it for myself. I walk quickly to the dressing-table, and then discover that the room is not untenanted. Julia lies, fully dressed, upon the bed, crying bitterly. She has evidently not seen me, and I can slip away again unnoticed if I like; but feeling sorry to see her in such distress, I lay my hand gently on her shoulder and inquire what is the matter.

In an instant she has dashed my hand away, and sits looking at me with an angry glare in her eyes which no amount of tears will hide.

"You here!" she says, in a low, hard tone. "How dare you come sneaking into my room like a spy!"

I draw myself back proudly, and explain the reason of my intrusion. But at the first sound of Maggie's name she exclaims fiercely—

"I wish I had never seen her! or you either! I was happy enough till you brought *her* here—with her baby face and deceitful ways!—and now—I hate her! I hate her!" and she throws herself back on the bed, and begins crying more passionately than before.

I cannot endure the sight of tears, and I have never seen anyone cry in a way so distressing to witness as Julia. She completely loses control over herself, and seems to take a morbid pleasure in making herself as wretched as possible; now grinding her teeth and clutching savagely at the bed-clothes in the impotence of her wrath, then breaking out into sobs and moans of self-pity. If I saw my worst enemy in such distress I should forget my enmity in a moment; and Julia is no one's enemy but her own. So, instead of resenting her speech, I try to show her how mistaken she is in thinking that Maggie has wronged her in any way.

"Oh, of course *she* has done nothing!" she interrupts, when anger has again got the mastery over

tears. "*She* has done nothing—but supplant me in every way! I used to value my uncle's love. What is it worth to me now, when he has given the same—and more—to *her*? I used to feel proud and glad to be called his darling! What do I care for it *now*, when he calls her so twenty times a day! Bah! it is disgusting! He would be the same to anyone who happened to come in his way!" Then raising herself on her elbow she says, with a look of unutterable scorn, "I shouldn't wonder if he called *you* his darling next!"

"You are excessively rude!" I retort, and sail majestically from the room, my cheeks hot with indignation. Me, indeed! Am I so old, or so ugly, that such a term would be preposterous if applied to me? Why, it seems no time since I was as young as Julia, and, as well as I can remember, far more attractive than she ever was—or will be. Me, indeed! As though I were the last person in the world to whom such a word could be applied!

By this time I have reached my own room and my looking-glass; and, on catching sight of my red, angry face, a sense of the ludicrous comes over me, and the spell is broken. Julia is right—it would be absurd! There is a text in the Bible somewhere which speaks of a man beholding his natural face in the glass and going his way and straightway forgetting what manner of man he is; and such has been the case with me. But, fortunately, my looking-glass is a true friend, and neither flatters nor deceives. In it I see a stout, fair woman, with neat hair and dress; and a face that I should call neat also, since there is nothing to offend the eye in it. No one could describe me as "a woman with a large nose," or "a woman with a hook nose," or a particularly small nose; nor, indeed, could I be described by any peculiarity of



"My looking-glass is a true friend, and neither flatters nor deceives."

my face. I am what my dear mother would have called "a comfortable-looking person;" but certainly no one would dream of calling me a "darling!" And Mr. Bloomfield of all people! It's too absurd! So I laugh myself into a good temper, and recommence the search for the smelling-bottle.

Julia's burst of passion opens my eyes to many things which I had not previously noticed, and before very long I make several discoveries. Firstly, that Hilton takes more than a cousinly interest in Maggie; secondly, that Maggie literally adores him (which, indeed, I had foreseen from the very first); and thirdly, that, however desirous Julia may be to retain her uncle's affection, she is still more anxious to win the love of her cousin Hilton. Now she purposes to accomplish this I do not know; for, in direct contrast to Maggie's lively, sunshiny ways, she shows nothing but ill-temper. 'Tis true she occasionally has fits of amiability, at which times she is charming; but as a rule she feels herself eclipsed, and takes no pains to conceal her sulky ill-humour. I find it in my heart to pity and half like her for that very reason; though all my friendly advances are met with studied coldness. I fancy that, amongst other things, she is angry with me for having taken her place as house-keeper; though I gather from the remarks of the servants that she had no liking for those duties, and performed them in her usual jerky, impulsive way; sometimes annoying the whole house with her excessive fastidiousness, and then letting things take their chance for weeks together.

Both the girls spend a great deal of their time in reading. Maggie has never before had the run of a circulating library, and she seems determined to make the most of the present opportunity. As she is under my charge, I feel it my duty to see that she reads no objectionable books; but at present I have had no reason to complain of her choice. I think she has discovered which authors Hilton most admires, and will give herself no rest till she has read *all* their works.

Fortunately Julia is quite out of my jurisdiction, or I should be continually putting my veto on the books she reads. She is an inveterate novel-reader, and no novel could be too wild or sensational for her taste. I wonder if the reason is, that her peculiar nature craves for that form of excitement, when there is no other to be had; or that a long course of such reading has produced the craving? Perhaps it is a little of both. I believe that if she had always had plenty of useful occupation, and had read none but wholesome books, she would have been a very different girl. But, as it is, she sees everything through the medium of these distorted, highly coloured novels, and is quite incapable of looking at anything from a common-sense point of view.

I am sitting alone in the dining-room, and have just reached this conclusion, when Hilton comes in and inquires for Maggie.

On my informing him that she has gone out with her uncle, he takes up his position, in true man-fashion, on the rug, with his back to the fire-place, and from that elevation proceeds to cross-question me.

"What has she been doing all the afternoon?"

"I don't think she has done anything but read. She seems to have enjoyed it very much."

"Oh, no doubt she enjoyed it! That is the very subject I wanted to speak to you about, Miss Scott. Do you think that it is a proper state of things for a girl to spend two-thirds of every day in reading?"

"If Maggie chooses to read, I don't see how I can prevent it. She never neglects any of her duties. Besides, I am not her governess, you know, Mr. Hilton; I cannot treat her as if she were a child!" I feel rather irritable, for, to confess the truth, I believe I have taken a sort of personal pride in Maggie's goodness, and to be addressed in this way is, to say the least of it, startling.

"Yes, I perfectly understand that," he says, "but I have come to talk it over with you because you are the only one who can help me in the matter. I should as soon think of flying as of speaking to the pater about it! He would not understand me."

How skilfully he has smoothed my ruffled feelings! I know that that half-implied compliment was purposely said; yet it is almost equally flattering to know that he wishes to conciliate me.

"Now, don't you think there is a general tendency to spoil Maggie—to treat her as if she were a baby?" he asks. "I don't say that it is anyone's fault in particular, but the sooner we adopt some other system the better. It isn't fair to her. She has been shut up all her life in that lonely place, with only her grandfather and his old friends and old books; and the natural consequence is that she has become an idle dreamer. I'm sure she thinks more about books than anything else, and lives in a sort of ideal world of her own. Why, to go through life like that, is about as sensible as to go on a journey with your face turned in an opposite direction! You might see an extremely pretty view, but you would be sure to walk into the first pond you came to!"

"You are rather difficult to please."

"Am I?" (With a curious little smile which I think I can interpret.) "I want to rouse Maggie out of that dreamy state—to wake her up to the fact that there is a real world living and struggling around her—to make her see that she must fall into her proper place in the ranks, and march on with the rest. She ought to take a natural, healthy interest in everything and everybody. Don't you think so?"

"So the poor child is to be robbed of her sweet faith in humanity, and all the fancies that make her life so lovely! She is to be dragged behind the scenes and shown all the mean, paltry shams of life—for the sake of making her like other people! I wonder you can be so hard-hearted as to wish it!"

Again that curious little smile. He is evidently amused at something. Perhaps that he has roused me to such enthusiasm—perhaps that I think him hard-hearted—or it may be because I seem to give him credit for possessing the power to work this transformation.

"You are looking at the subject in a wrong light," he says. "There is not the least fear of making Maggie unimaginative and commonplace—that would be impossible. But I want her to be more

self-reliant, and more thoughtful for others. At least you agree with me that a girl cannot be really happy unless she has some kind of work to do?"

"Yes," I answer reluctantly, "that is quite true."

"Then you will do your best to remedy the evil? It is simple enough, isn't it? She is neither obstinate nor unreasonable?"

"Not in the least."

"And when once you have put her in the right way, she will go on smoothly enough. I shall very likely give her a hint myself that she spends too much time in reading."

"How do you think she will take it?"

"I don't know, but I can guess. At any rate, she will be sure to ask what I think she ought to do with her time—and I shall send her to you!"

"And about Julia. Are you quite satisfied with the use she makes of her time?"

"Oh, Julia's is quite a different case. You would not be able to do anything with her. She is a warm-hearted girl, with many good points in her character, but she wants very careful treatment. I know how to manage Julia."

I think (but I dare not say so) that I wish he would take her in hand at once, since she is in much greater need of management than Maggie.

CHAPTER VI.

"Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and sustains the rest."

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER that conversation in the dining-room, both Hilton and I, each in our several ways, try to rouse Maggie out of her dreaminess, and to a great extent we succeed; though whether she will ultimately be the better for the change time alone can prove.

Now that illness is banished from the house, we resume our intercourse with the outer world, and begin to exchange civilities with our friends. Mr. Bloomfield's circle of acquaintances is a large and somewhat varied one. It consists in the first place of professional people, proud and exclusive, who imitate religiously the manners and customs of those above them in the social scale, and feel that the deadliest of sins is a sin against society. These look upon the good man with contempt, but tolerate him for the sake of his eligible son. Secondly, of ambitious tradespeople, wealthy enough to buy up all the professional set; yet mean enough to eat any amount of humble pie if by so doing they may enjoy the honour of their acquaintance. And thirdly, of honest, hearty, commonplace people, who don't care a fig for etiquette, and who laugh loudly at their own old jokes, and are not ashamed to talk of the shop. Of course, these last are Mr. Bloomfield's especial friends.

In my nomadic life I have had many opportunities of studying these three divisions of middle-class society in cliques; but never having seen them in combination before, it interests me greatly to watch the effect when unlucky chances bring them together at Alma House. How the professionals condescend,

for the regulation number of minutes, to the tradespeople, and try to overawe them by the extreme correctness of their ideas and actions! How the ambitious tradespeople are servile to them when they think of the stigma that attaches to trade, and defiant when they remember their superior wealth! What beautiful sentiments are exchanged between them! and how Mr. Bloomfield's vulgar friends shock them by their open worldliness, and then outstay and laugh at them. Maggie, having no worldly wisdom, sees nothing of all this; she naturally prefers the more refined and well-bred people, and shrinks involuntarily from those who are unpolished in their manners. We have frequent invitations to the houses of these good-natured folk; which invitations Julia and Hilton almost invariably decline, and Maggie and I, as a matter of course, accept. For my own part, I like their honest, hearty ways; but they are evidently so obnoxious to Maggie, with her ultra-refinement, that I soon beg Mr. Bloomfield to have her excused; alleging as a reason that she is not yet strong enough to bear so much noise. He looks disappointed, but acquiesces, and Maggie accepts no more such invitations. However, there are plenty of others that she can accept, and very soon after her first introduction into society she has met more people than in all her life before.

I expected that she would be shy at finding herself amongst so many strangers, but she seems to be too much interested at the novelty of everything to feel any self-consciousness. All too soon, however, she learns that there is such a thing as etiquette; and with the knowledge of that fact comes timidity and self-consciousness.

It must be startling to discover, at the age of eighteen, that, at every turn, you may be breaking one of those dreadful rules of etiquette, and exposing yourself to comment, if not to ridicule. It must have much the same effect as when a man who has been walking on what he thought to be solid ground, suddenly becomes aware that it is only the thinnest of ice. All his boldness instantly vanishes, and he looks round fearfully, and takes every step with the greatest caution.

I am surprised, and indeed disappointed, that it should have this effect on Maggie; and when she comes to me for help in the matter, I inquire what makes her so anxious to learn the rules of etiquette.

She laughs nervously, and says she is not more anxious about that than about other things.

Then, to tease her, I ask whether she is actuated by a desire to appear to the best advantage in society, or by a sense of duty.

To my surprise, she takes the question quite seriously, and proceeds to explain, in her quaint, old-fashioned way, that, as so much often depends on seeming trifles, she finds it difficult to decide which duties are important and which are not; and therefore wishes to keep on the safe side by neglecting none of them.

"Besides," she adds, "as it always jars on my nerves when people speak incorrectly, it has occurred to me that my awkwardness may have just that effect on others. And how do I know that the want of this

foolish knowledge may not lessen my influence at some future time—perhaps just when I am most anxious to exert it for good!"

I am rather amused at the idea of looking at the subject from such a serious point of view. After all, I don't half believe in it. People who have business transactions with their fellow-creatures see the worst side of human nature, and are generally inclined to look very doubtfully upon any profession of unusually elevated sentiment.

Not that I really disbelieve in Maggie for one instant. I should be worse than foolish to do that! I only think that she deceives herself, and that underlying all other motives (unacknowledged, perhaps, even to herself), is the desire to please Hilton, and in this instance the fear of making him feel ashamed of her.

He is certainly very kind to her, continually taking her to morning concerts, to picture galleries, and to other intellectual amusements—forming her tastes after the pattern of his own, I suppose.

Indeed, he is so thoroughly sociable, and has such powers of interesting and pleasing those about him, that he is sought after by everyone. But perhaps we appreciate his society most when we spend the evening quietly at home, sitting cosily round the fire, while he reads aloud to us, either from some interesting book or from the newspaper.

If the subject happen to be a tale of woe—such, for instance, as the account of a shipwreck, with all its thrilling incidents of suffering, death, and sometimes of noble heroism—it is curious to watch its different effects on the two girls. Julia stoops forward so as to hide her face as much as possible, and seems only intent on the fastening of her bracelet, or the adjustment of some fold of her gown. But I can see, by the nervous twitching of her lips and eyelids, that she is fighting back all outward expression of the emotions of which she is ashamed. Maggie, on the other hand, sits gazing into the fire, with her face an index to every passing thought—compassionate when a child is swept from its mother's arms, tearfully sorrowful when some poor creature, who has battled long with the cruel waves, is at last overcome and dashed from his frail support.

And when Hilton has finished she looks up at him with her blue eyes full of tears, and expresses in her own quaint way the sympathy she feels. I wonder if he is ever tempted to kiss the tears away from the sweet young face that looks so innocently up at him? I know that, if I were in his place, the temptation would be altogether too strong for me!

Then Julia, having regained the control of her voice, makes some hard, unfeeling remark, which affects us like a discordant note at the close of a sonata. Poor Julia! Why does she take such pains to crush the best part of her nature—her warm heart and ready sympathy?

(To be continued.)

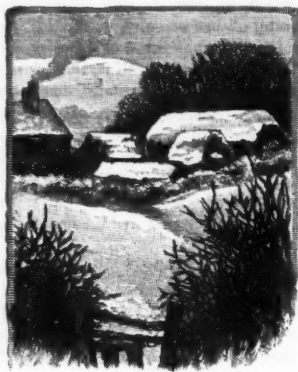


"We appreciate his society most when we spend the evening quietly at home."

R. T. A. C. R.

THE VOICE OF WINTER IN CHRISTIAN EARS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. EDIN.



WINTER is not a popular visitor; the appearances are all against him; his voice is harsh, and his breath is cold. One might be disposed to think that he could be no friend of the poets; yet one of our tenderest bards found in

Winter material for two poems of profound interest and beauty—the “Winter Morning Walk,” and the “Winter Walk at Noon.” The Psalmist couples summer and winter as alike the work of God (Psalm lxxiv. 17), and leads us to regard both of them as manifesting the Divine perfections, and summoning us to show forth His praise.

Winter, then, is the work of God. It may be useful to ask, *How* has He made it, and *why*?

I. In what manner has God made winter? By the same contrivance by which He has made all the seasons. Expressed in technical language, the axis on which the earth rotates is inclined to the plane of its orbit; it is not upright, but slanting; this gives us a longer day in summer than in winter, and a more full and direct communication of the light and heat of the sun. It is one of those very simple contrivances by which very important and far-reaching results are achieved. It is at the same time an instance of an arrangement which at first sight appears a defect, having its origin, notwithstanding, in the deepest wisdom. If God had taken counsel of man when making the earth, and had shown him its axis not standing upright, but with a twist or incline to one side, man's eye would have been dissatisfied; he would have said that it was a defect. The eye is offended when a tree does not rise up perpendicularly from the ground, when it has that incline toward the east which exposure to the west wind often gives. Yet the inclination given to the axis of the earth is the fruit of admirable wisdom, and, in such a latitude as ours, is the simple, quiet, yet most orderly and effective cause of all the changes of the seasons. Might not this teach us a lesson in modesty? It is the commonest of all fancies of half-informed men that things might have been done much better. Many deem the Bible to be so full of faults that they ridicule the notion that it is the Word of God. The Omniscient Creator can afford to smile at their

criticisms. Had man objected to the poisoning of the globe, He might have simply said, “Be still, and know that I am God.” When objection is taken to the contents and structure of the Bible, the same answer may suffice. “The foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of man.”

II. But for what ends has God made winter? The answer is twofold: to fulfil certain physical purposes, and to teach certain moral and spiritual truths.

1. Thus, in regard to the physical results that are attained by winter, we remark that by means of it the circle of vegetable life is completed. If there had been no winter, there would have been no summer, but all the year round something between the two. What would have been the effect in such a latitude as that of Britain? There would not have been heat enough to ripen half our crops and most of our fruits, and the attempt to cultivate them must have been abandoned, or rather would no more have been thought of than it is thought of by the Esquimaux. Such plants as we might still have had would have been growing in a languid way all the year round; flowering in a languid way, a little now and a little then, always half-fresh and half-withered, half-young and half-old. Whereas, by the existing arrangement, the vegetable world has a rest in winter; even while resting, it is preparing for the outburst of spring and summer; lying fallow for a time, but only to come forth in richer luxuriance when spring comes round; preparing in secret its buds and flowers and seed, and then at the proper time bursting into activity, flowering and bearing fruit, with a vigour that would have been unknown but for its winter rest.

Then we must further remember how winter gives hardihood to such plants and animals as have sufficient vigour of constitution to stand it, while at the same time it hastens the decay of such as are drawing near their end; it obviates that slow, lingering death which it would have been alike sad to witness, and, in the case of animals, painful to endure.

And, still further, since it is summer on the opposite side of the globe when it is winter here, we are reminded that what may be loss to us is gain to others. We are taught to think of others as well as ourselves; we get a great lesson from God as to the distribution alike of His temporal and spiritual gifts. Especially are we reminded that there are many poor, naked, and friendless creatures, on whom winter presses with a sharpness from which others are mercifully exempt. Strange to say, winter warms our hearts, and the day that is buried in the heart of it, Christmas, is morally the warmest of the year. We are reminded, too, of the countries where, in a

spiritual sense, there is yet nothing but winter. We think of those dreary Polar regions where the nights last for half the year; but more desolate still is the spiritual state of countries where the Sun of Righteousness has never yet risen with healing under His wings. When shall these sunless regions welcome the Bright and the Morning Star? When shall they luxuriate in the beams of the Sun? We are taught with new ardour and earnestness to pray—"Thy Kingdom come!"

2. This brings us to the other branch of our subject—the moral and spiritual lessons of winter.

And first, there is the familiar, commonplace lesson that life has its dark, stormy experiences; that these must be patiently borne; and that, if possible, they should be conquered and turned to good. The sun does not always shine on us; the sky is not always smiling. Hardship, disappointment, blighted hopes are joined more or less in every lot. One thing is very plain here—it does no good to complain of it, any more than it does good to complain of bitter blasts and drifting snow. Calm endurance of what comes from without, and is utterly beyond our control, is surely the part of wisdom. Many of our troubles are brought on us by our own folly, and might easily be avoided. Troubles that are brought on us by the injustice or cruelty of others call, doubtless, for remonstrance. But that which is utterly beyond our control ought surely, even on grounds of earthly wisdom, to be borne with patience. It is hard for us to kick against the pricks.

But surely for the Christian that is not all. It is the doctrine of Scripture that there is by Divine appointment an element of correction in all God-ordained sorrows and troubles. How many an afflicted person has found infinite comfort in that verse (Heb. xii. 11): "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby." It is a text that is very true to human nature. Chastisement though it be, the stroke is not joyous, but grievous. When it falls, it makes us very miserable. There are moments, perhaps hours, of utter wretchedness to many a bereaved Christian. Further, the well-known influence of time in softening the pain is recognised—"nevertheless, *afterward*." And, still further, there must be "exercise" of spirit under it—spiritual gymnastic; the exercise that comes from fixing our minds on the loving nature of God manifested in Christ, on the desperate hold the world has on our hearts, and the need for loosening it, so that we may be able to rest in the Lord, who doeth all things well. For "He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not, with Him also, freely give us all things?"

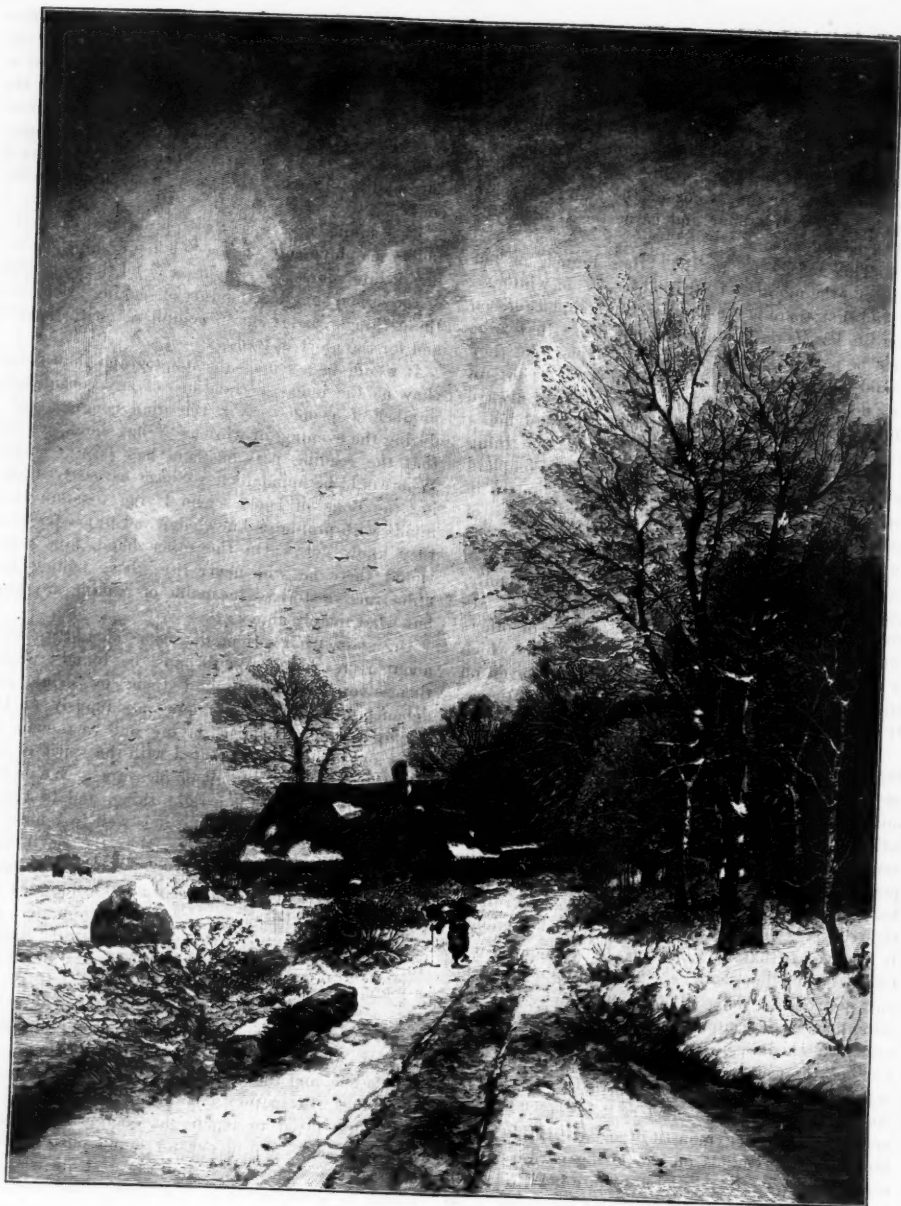
Thus, if we cannot annihilate winter, we may greatly modify its severity. If we cannot, with the swallow and other birds of passage, wing our flight away from the approach of cold and snow, and find near the equator a clime where there are no bitter

winds, we may discover a balm in Gilead that soothes the bitterness and modifies the chill. If we may say of our Lord and Saviour, "It is not night if Thou be near," so we may say, It is not winter. Where the promises come in all their richness, the chill of winter vanishes. Where brethren dwell together in unity, where love warms the atmosphere, let the outward surroundings be what they may, it is summer in the soul.

But, again, winter is the appropriate season for indoor employments, for social fellowship, for domestic intercourse and recreation; and the recurrence of the season suggests the duty of seeking to have all these things carried on in compliance with the will and for the glory of God.

It would be a remarkable photograph that should show us the indoor occupations of any considerable number of people—say a Christian congregation—during the evenings of winter. What should we find that the reading part of them had been reading? Who would be found to have been earnestly studying the Book of books? who trying to store their minds with profitable knowledge and to master what they know not? On the other hand, how many would there be who never rise above trifling and uninteresting stories—incapable of reading anything but what merely amuses?

Or, again, what sort of disclosure should we have about recreation? Would any be found ruining themselves and all around them by drink and debauchery? Any worshipping assiduously at the shrine of mere frivolity, laying out vast sums on dress and gaudery, intoxicated with the spirit of the world, mad in the pursuit of pleasure? We do not forget that recreation is a right thing, and to young persons a needful thing. But it is well to remember that it is one of the things that the devil tries specially to get hold of and turn to his purposes. Things most innocent in themselves are mixed up with so much that is pernicious that thousands are ruined. Music is a charming gift, a gift to be thankful for, and to be cultivated and enjoyed; but if (as a mere recreation) it draws away from solid duty, if it is associated with dissipation, if it takes away the relish from everything else, it is a stumbling-block instead of a recreation. The notion of recreation is a simple one, and the word is the key to the nature of the thing. Recreation, creating over again, denotes something fitted to repair the energies, to refresh mind and body, and fit one for doing one's ordinary work more vigorously; and the test of whatever claims to be recreation is, Is it really fitted to refresh us, to make us stronger, better, brighter, more useful, more helpful, more mindful of our duty to God and to man? It is sad when so-called recreation contributes to the very opposite end; when, instead of knitting up the powers more firmly, instead of girding up the loins of mind and body, instead of oiling the wheels, it brings all to a dead halt, and makes the machinery go as heavily as Pharaoh's chariots. It is as if one meant to take medicine but took



"Winter is the work of God."—p. 95.

poison instead. You wish to be braced, in reality you are paralysed.

There is yet another very commonplace lesson to be got from winter. It reminds us of old age and its usual accompaniments. It seems to say, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before

the days come and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." It is hard for the young to believe how bare, empty, and sapless life may one day become. It would have been equally hard for the child to believe, a few weeks before winter, how cold, and bare, and colourless the

earth would soon be. Hard to believe, when the trees were yet in leaf and the flowers in bloom, and the birds gaily fluttering, and the bee hurrying along, that in a few weeks the flowers would be withered wrecks, the trees stretching their naked branches against the cold sky, no lark singing from above, no swallow skimming the air; only the hapless black-bird and the trembling robin, hopping anxiously about the window, glad of a crumb to keep them alive. It is but a picture of joyous young life passing away so quickly, and winter following apace.

And then the question arises, Is life worth living? And how many to-day are putting that question, in a dull, grim despair? Why should men be brought into this world, they ask, to taste every pain and mortification, to become acquainted with every grief, and then perish miserably? Why should they spend their lives like beasts of burden, to be laden up with sorrows, till at last their poor backs break? But surely this is not the universal view of life. "They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing." Among the very poorest such cases may be found.

I remember many years ago hearing that, owing to advanced years, a worthy working man in my neighbourhood had "got his leave," as people called it, by his employers. It seemed to me a sad blow, for the man and his excellent wife had nothing earthly to fall back on. I went to see them, expecting to find them in deep waters, but, to my surprise, I never saw them more cheerful. "We have never wanted a meal," said the old woman, "and when we sit down at the fireside, we have such fine 'cracks' about Providence!" I could hardly convey the meaning of the Scotch phrase in classical language. The spirit of trust had got a wonderful place in these poor people's minds, and it brought with it wonderful serenity and joy. They certainly did not ask, Is life worth living? To them winter was almost annihilated. Life in all its varied experiences was as God ordered it. And death, when it came, would be great gain.

This is the last victory over winter. Across the Jordan is the Land of Promise. "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord God shall be thy everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

HOW GOD PRESERVED THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.—SECOND PAPER.



WE have seen in our last paper how God gradually led on the minds of Christians to the conviction that they had in the writings of Apostles and Evangelists Scriptures as authoritative as those of the Jews, and equally "able to make men wise unto salvation." It was concerning the Old Testament that St. Paul spake these words (2 Tim. iii. 15—17), but the Church of Christ soon became aware that the Gospels held for it the same position which the Pentateuch held for the earlier Church; while the Apostles were the inspired interpreters of doctrine, and stood in the same relation to the Gospels which the Prophets had held towards the Law. And just as no book might be admitted into the Old Testament which had not prophetic authority, so no book was received into the New Testament Canon unless it had an Apostle for its author, or rested upon Apostolic sanction.

There was this only difference—that whereas the Jews had recognised different degrees of inspiration, and placed such books as Proverbs, Job, Esther, Daniel, Chronicles, and even the Psalms, upon lower ground, the Church formed no theory of inspiration, but accepted all Apostolic books as authoritative. The question debated as to the reception of certain

books simply was whether they were genuine, or books passing under a false name.

As their value was thus acknowledged, it became an object of desire both to churches and to the clergy and the faithful generally to possess copies of these writings. But copies were very expensive, and men were content with possessing a part. Some of the large manuscripts which remain to this day owe their preservation to their immense value, which caused them to be laid up for only occasional use; while what men generally could afford to purchase was a copy of one or more Gospels, or of the Acts, or of the Catholic (or "General") Epistles, or those of St. Paul. And of all these classes of manuscripts large numbers remain to this day, especially of the Gospels; while copies of the Apocalypse and of the Epistle to the Hebrews are comparatively rare.

These MSS. are divided into two classes, uncials and cursives. Uncials are so called because written in capital letters, often of large size, the word literally meaning the twelfth of an inch in length. For *uncia*, whence our word ounce (signifying the twelfth part of a pound), means the twelfth of anything whatsoever. But all MSS. written in capitals are called uncials, though sometimes the letters are delicately small; while occasionally they are more than the twelfth part of an inch in length. Cursives are MSS. written in running hand, and are much later in date

than the uncials, the oldest cursive being of the ninth century, while the uncials date from the fourth century after Christ.

The writing in them is arranged in parallel columns, with no division between the letters, and no stops. Thus the beginning of St. John's Gospel would be as follows :—

INTHEBEGINNINGW
ASTHEWORDANDTHE
WORDWASWITHGODA
NDTHEWORDWASGOD.

Each column contains perhaps forty of such lines, and two or three columns occupy a page. But sometimes they are written with a total disregard to economy of space. Thus the Codex Laudianus, in the Bodleian Library, containing the Acts of the Apostles, is written in two columns containing one word only in each line, that on the left hand of the page being the Greek, while the other column contains a Latin translation. This codex is of the sixth century, and was brought from the East by Theodore of Tarsus, who introduced the study of Greek into England, and became Archbishop of Canterbury in A.D. 666. This example may serve to show how great were the care and expense incurred in making copies of the Holy Scriptures, and naturally it is these costly copies which survive; while cheaper copies made for daily use were worn out and thrown aside. Yet the industry and the love for the Word of God manifested in modern times have recovered portions of many of them, a considerable number of the uncials being represented by only a few leaves recovered from the bindings, perhaps, of other volumes, or from collections of fragments in various libraries. And these odd leaves have been deemed worthy not merely of collation, but even of publication in full, in such magnificent works as Tischendorf's "Sacred Monuments."

These MSS. are called *codices* from their shape. A *codex* is strictly a block of wood, but the term was applied by the Romans to their pocket-books, formed of several thin slips of wood placed like leaves one over another, and so forming a square or oblong block. Long after the substitution of parchment or paper for the thin slips of box, or other hard material, on which the Romans scratched their writing, the wooden covers were retained, whence we speak of a book being bound in wood, though what is now used is thick paper, called cardboard because it took the place of the wooden boards originally employed. So, too, a part of a book is called a tome or a section, the words each signifying a cutting, and referring to a time when these codices were shaped with axe and saw; while a volume means a roll, such as was used for the Old Testament Scriptures. Such rolls were not in fashion for the New Testament, but the parchment or paper was folded, and made up into quires consisting of four, or five, or six sheets, which were then bound between solid covers of wood. When, through rough treatment or long use, these heavy covers were broken off,

the outer leaves were especially in danger of being lost. And thus a large number of MSS. are defective either at the beginning or at the end, or both.

Of uncial MSS. there are about eighty, many, as I mentioned, being mere fragments; while of cursives there are more than sixteen hundred. To these we must add about four hundred Lectionaries—that is, copies of those portions of the New Testament which were read in the daily services of the Church. And while uncial writing began to give way to cursive about the ninth century for ordinary copies, these service-books continued to be written in capitals for a long period, probably because of the sacred purpose for which they were intended. As a general rule uncial MSS. date from the fourth to the tenth centuries, and cursives from the ninth to the sixteenth, when printing put an end to this costly method of multiplying books.

Now these numbers may strike the reader as large or small, according to his knowledge of the subject. Perhaps he may think two thousand a small number of copies of the New Testament for the use of the whole Church. But he will perhaps change his mind when he learns that the oldest complete MS. of Homer belongs to the thirteenth century, though there are papyrus fragments of his works as old as the sixth or even the fifth century. The oldest MSS. of such portions as remain of Æschylus and Sophocles belong to the tenth century, and of Euripides to the twelfth. Virgil is the only classic writer of whom there is a MS. as old as those of the New Testament—namely, the Medicean codex of the fourth century. As a matter of fact, there is no book in the world for which there is such vast and ancient authority as the New Testament. But this serves to sharpen the contrast with our own days, when the Bible is printed by millions, and a copy of the New Testament can be obtained for a penny.

Of the eighty uncial MSS., four are of primary value and antiquity. Of these, the first, the Codex Sinaiticus, was discovered by Tischendorf in the convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, in 1844 and 1859. It consists of about 346 leaves, and contains large portions of the Old Testament in the Greek version (the Septuagint), all the New Testament, the Epistle of Barnabas, and part of the Shepherd of Hermas. It was in 1844 that he found forty-three leaves of the Old Testament in a basket of fragments, and obtained them without difficulty. But when he revisited the convent in 1853 the monks had discovered the importance attached by him and all Europe to his discovery, and would not show him their treasures. Nothing daunted, he went again armed with letters and great powers from the Emperor of Russia, who is the head of the Greek Church, and was reluctantly allowed to carry the rest of the MS. away as a loan; but subsequently the monks thought it best to give it to the Emperor, and it is now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. In the year 1862, in honour of the millennium

of the Russian Empire, the Czar Alexander II. caused a facsimile edition to be printed, forming four massive volumes. Of the 300 copies issued, 200 were presented to Sovereigns and great public libraries throughout Europe, and 100 were granted as an honorarium to Dr. Tischendorf. These copies of course came into the market, and have enabled scholars to obtain for themselves this princely work.

Tischendorf has given good reasons for believing that this codex is one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures made at the command of the Emperor Constantine about A.D. 332 for the use of the churches in Constantinople, and that it was presented to the convent of St. Catherine by its founder, the Emperor Justinian. But though the priceless value of this codex is now admitted, its genuineness was at first sharply contested, and a Greek named Simonides even asserted that the MS. was his own handwriting. It was this Simonides who once offered some MSS. for sale at the Bodleian, and when after inspection he asked Dr. Bandinel his opinion of the age when they were written, received for answer, "The second half, sir, of the nineteenth century, and you will do well to leave Oxford immediately." About that time I carefully examined the forty-three leaves first brought over by Tischendorf, and then called the Codex Friderico-Augustanus, because it had been purchased by Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony. It is written upon the very choicest parchment, in four columns to a page, each containing about forty-eight lines, but is disfigured by numerous emendations made by later hands. The proofs of its antiquity were manifest, but I will only mention two. The first, that it was easy to distinguish between the outer and the inner sides of the skin. The inner side retains, even after the most careful preparation, more grease than the outside, and the ink therefore does not penetrate so deeply. Gradually, therefore, in the course of centuries, the writing on the inside becomes lighter than that on the outside. But when the MS. was written no such distinction was possible, and the sides come indiscriminately. The other proof was that on holding up the sheets to the light, a number of most minute pinholes might be seen in the lines of the writing, eaten by the acid contained in the ink, and of which no trace was discernible when the pages lay flat before you. These matters were proofs simply of extreme antiquity: the exact age is settled by the nature of the parchment, the style of writing, the shape of the letters, and other points well understood by experts. In editions of the Scripture the Sinaitic codex is known as *Alph* (α).

That known as *A* is the Codex Alexandrinus in the British Museum, and exhibited there in the manuscript-room. It is of the fifth century, and consists of 773 leaves, containing the whole of the Old Testament in the Septuagint Version, the New Testament except parts of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John and 2 Cor. iv. 13—xii. 6, and the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians. It was given by Cyril Lucas, Patriarch of Constantinople, to King

Charles I. in 1628, but is of Alexandrian origin, while the Sinaitic MS. is Constantinopolitan. The two thus give us the text current in the fourth and fifth centuries at two of the great centres of Christianity.

The next codex, *B*, is in the Vatican Library at Rome, and it is a matter of debate whether its authority is not greater than even that of the Sinaitic codex. Though not so complete, it is more carefully written, and on comparison it appears that the scribe who copied into it the New Testament is actually the same who wrote some pages in the Sinaitic, and especially the beginning of the Apocalypse. Evidently, therefore, they belong to the same period, but Dr. Tregelles considers that *B* is the older, and that it was copied a little before the Council of Nicea held in A.D. 325. It is written on delicately thin vellum, and is defective both at the beginning and end, most of Genesis being wanting, and all the New Testament after Heb. ix. 14. It also does not contain the Books of Maccabees.

Of the other uncials little need be said, but Codex *C* is interesting because it is what is called a palimpsest. The text in it of the Holy Scriptures written in the fifth century has actually been erased in order that the Syriac poems of St. Ephrem might be written in its stead. But though entirely obliterated for the time, yet gradually the iron in the ink begins to show itself in a red stain, and by infinite pains can be deciphered. The parchment of these noble uncials was very valuable, and possibly the writing had grown faint before this act of vandalism was committed. A happier fate befell the Vatican Codex, *B*, in which some careful scribe has inked again the fainter writing, omitting the many redundant letters. Among the uncials are several other palimpsests. This Codex *C* is at Paris, and is considered to contain a better text than our own *A*.

After the fifth century up to the tenth, uncials, though rare, are yet found in moderate number, many, however, being mere fragments or copies of some portion of the Scriptures. Thus, as we have seen, the Laudian MS. contains only the Acts, and Codex *D*, at Cambridge, the Gospels and Acts. But to illustrate the fortunes of these MSS., and the laborious search made for them in modern times, I may mention the Codex Coislinianus, of the sixth century, which consists of leaves found at Mount Athos in the bindings of other books. Rather more than thirty leaves have been discovered at various times, and are deposited, some at St. Petersburg, some at Moscow, some at Paris, and two found in a book in the library at Turin are treasured up there. Another MS., also of the sixth century, is called the Purple Codex, because written in letters of silver on exquisitely thin vellum dyed purple, with the names of God and Lord written in letters of gold. Of this MS. only fifty leaves are known to exist, of which two are in London, and the rest dispersed in Continental libraries. Finally, the Codex Rossanensis, also of the sixth century, is written in silver letters

on purple vellum, with the beginnings of each Gospel in letters of gold. It was found in Calabria, and is adorned with curious water-colour drawings—most valuable as specimens of early Christian art. It consists of about 188 leaves, and contains only the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark.

In the middle of the ninth century cursive writing came into fashion, and being cheaper and easier, it soon took the place of the old uncial characters, except for lectionaries. Of cursives the number is very much larger than of uncials, and about thirty of them contain the whole of the New Testament. It is upon these cursives that the received text of the Greek Testament is founded, the uncials having been discovered since the days of Erasmus, the editor of the text which has received this honourable title.

In conclusion, we have seen that the Diocletian persecution was waged against the books of the Christians, and unless a large number of MSS. had been surrendered and destroyed, a violent schism

would not have broken out in the Church as to the proper treatment of those who had given them up, nor would these men have been regarded as guilty of a sin as heinous as that of Judas, unless the Scriptures had been highly valued. But it is evident that the Donatists and the mass of churchmen had not given up their books, though probably those preserved were small and portable copies. In Codex B we have a MS. written immediately after those times; and from the middle of that century we have a succession of copies both of the Greek version of the Old Testament and of the books of the New, all alike bearing witness to the substantial accuracy of the present text. Naturally those which survive of the most ancient copies are MSS. of vast size, and written at great cost on the choicest vellum. And we have seen how God led the minds of believers to the appreciation of these treasures, and how the very efforts of enemies to destroy them ended in making men only value them the more.

A BOAT TO HEAVEN.

BY M. S. HAYCRAFT.

GR^{EAT} bunches of lilac and laburnum swaying over a rustic porch, the purple hills behind, and, before, a white road leading to craggy steps and rocks, and down to the gleaming silver sea. A haven of rest indeed—a place where many a jaded Londoner has come apart in summer-time, and drunk in peace and gladness from the beauty of fields and waves; but Mrs. Hurst is not at rest: she sits with folded hands at the lodging-house window, doing nothing, outwardly peaceful and at ease, but racked by heart-disquiet that refuses to be soothed by the calm ministry of nature. She is a widow—in that word the secret of her bitterness is told; she has known a happy married life—an existence like an idyll—for more than twenty years, but after a brief illness her husband was taken hence, and now he lies in the churchyard of the Kentish village that so long has been their home, close to the little mound where, years ago, they laid the child that looked on earth for one sweet year and passed away. Mrs. Hurst has comfortable means and excellent health; the lodging-house keeper, working hard from morning till night, is inclined sometimes to envy her lodger's easy circumstances and luxurious lot, while the poor lady at the parlour window never sees without a quivering sigh the meeting of husband and wife at the gate when the good man's work is done.

This evening Mrs. Kibbs had heard of lodgers for her second set of rooms, and she ran out excitedly, half-way down the road, to acquaint Kibbs with the news. Mrs. Hurst watches them together, and then looks out to sea with the sense of loneliness, the feeling of a life utterly blank and empty, that is her daily torment. The boys in the neighbouring church

are singing sweetly of the "Sovereign Ruler of the Skies," as she gets up restlessly, and wanders down to the beach; but the mention of her Lord brings her no relief. She has hardened her heart against Him, for has He not taken her all, and left her for ever alone?

All the little world of Shingledown is on the distant pier, where a band is playing; happy couples are promenading, and merry children are enjoying a final game of ball upon the firm, tempting boards. This evening, too, there is a *fête* in the gardens, and most of the boatmen have patronised it; the beach, on which the moon is beginning to rise, seems to Mrs. Hurst deserted, and its solitude attracts her, for she is in that irritable state of mind in which the society of our fellow-creatures is almost unbearable. She is musing on her melancholy condition, without any near relations, without any home—for she has given up the old house, linked with so many tender associations—when she becomes conscious of voices near her, and impatiently prepares to depart. Then she realises that the intruders are only little children, hidden from her view behind a boat; but the chain of her thoughts is broken—she finds herself following their talk.

"It's all right, Linnie—the tide's going out; and, besides, I'm certain sure I can row. I'm nearly seven, and I often went out in the boat with *him*. And old Dan will never mind if his boat never comes back; God's sure to give him another boat instead, you know. I heard old Dan say once, God makes it up to folks who are good to little children. Come, Linnie, quick, or they'll try to keep us back—are you ready?"

"Yes, brudder, quite ready," another little voice makes reply; "just wait while I put my jacket round baby."

"Good-bye, dear Shingledown! good-bye, dear boats!" says the boy; "we loves you dearly, but we've got to go. We've got no home, and we've no dad and no mother, only in heaven.—Come, Linnie, you step in and hold baby tight, and I'll push you down the beach."

"And then," says the little one, joyously, "we'll sail away to heaven. Ah, baby! don't cry; we'll see dad and mother very soon. Old Dan said they're in heaven, you know. Brudder, are you *sure* you can find heaven?"

ragged, with yellow curls streaming beneath a tattered cap; within an old boat is seated a tiny lassie, with short floss-like hair, and a broad hat of broken straw. The little maid carries a young baby wrapped in an old jacket, and inclined to be tearful in the chill of twilight.

Their loneliness, their look of helpless innocence, stir strange, warm, yearning feelings in the desolate heart. Mrs. Hurst draws near, and lays her hand on the shoulder of the boy.

"My child, who are you who would fain float away



"Don't you see that silver light far away there?"

"*Certain* sure," says the little fellow stoutly; "don't you see that silver light far away there over the waves? That's where the angels are walking—that's where we've got to get! And, oh! Linnie, we shan't ever say then we've got no home again—you, and me, and baby—we'll all belong to somebody, for you know *Jesus* lives out there."

"Gentle *Jesus*," says Linnie softly. "How long will it take, dear brudder, before we get to Him?"

"Not long; oh, not long, Linnie; I'll pull so hard. Now, don't you be afraid. It's getting dark, but I'll pull for the silver light."

Mrs. Hurst has risen now, and the moonlight shows her the little group. She sees a boy, bare-foot and

to heaven? It is further—oh, how much further off, dear boy! than you think."

"It's there," says the lad, pointing decisively to the white glory beyond; "and I'm Evan Lister; but, please, we can't stay. Please, lady, don't you stop us; it's so dreadful lonesome here."

Evan! the name thrills her like sweet music: her husband's name. And the boy is fair, as *he* was, and the curls of gold are much as her own lost boy gave promise of possessing.

She sits down beside Linnie in the boat, and questions the little ones till she learns that "mother and dad are in heaven;" and now they have no home. They have plenty of friends—all the people in

Shingledown are their friends—but they belong to nobody, and they want to “sail away to heaven and belong to God.”

Mrs. Hurst takes the boy's cold hands in hers, and, as gently as she can, she tells him that the silver light is but the glimmer of the moon, and he, and Linnie, and baby can never reach to heaven save when God shall call.

“Never mind, dear brudder,” says little Linnie, “we can't sleep no more at old Dan's, 'cause his lodgers want all his rooms now; but we can lie here in Dan's boat, and, maybe, if we listen all night, and tell Him we're very lonesome, God *will* call!”

“You need not lie in the boat, little children,” says Mrs. Hurst, in a broken voice. “I will shelter you to-night. I, too, am very lonely—come home with me.”

They gaze at her wonderingly, uncertainly, and she finds herself pressing her invitation with an earnestness that seems to warm her own heart. She tells them of picture-papers, and Mrs. Kibbs' parrot, and warm bread and milk, and a cosy nest for baby; and presently they are all climbing the rocks together, she watching them as though these little homeless lives were treasure untold.

Mrs. Kibbs comes softly to her side, when, later on, she is sitting with tear-dewed eyes, watching little Evan asleep. It seems as though her baby were hers again, grown to boyhood—as though this brave little lad with her husband's name were in very truth her own property—God's gift of pity to her solitude.

“Everybody knows them,” says Mrs. Kibbs; “they're the boatmen's pets; but what's to become of them in the end often puzzles my heart. Their father and mother came here for their health, and rented a little cottage among the hills; I heard they had come down in the world, and were very poor. The mother went first, and then Captain Lister—they said he was a sea-faring man, and he was always fond of the water. First one took the little ones in, and then another; old Dan, the boatman, has sheltered them of late, but

I expect in the end they'll have to go to the union, for they've nothing of their own, and Shingledown folks have nothing to spare out of the season.”

Early morning the widow's resolution is made: she holds little Evan's hands, and tells him of her loneliness, and offers to adopt him, and to call him her son.

The boy's face flushes. “I'd like to get some learning,” he says frankly, “but there's Linnie to think about. I am a boy. I've got to take care of Linnie. She's only a girl. I won't be 'dopted, thank you; I'd rather stick by Linnie.”

The widow hesitates awhile—can she make up her mind for two? Why, she would have to take another home, and actually arrange a nursery, and make all sorts of preparations for this new element in her life. How busy she will be! and only yesterday there seemed nothing left on this earth to do.

“Well, little Linnie,” she says, touching the lassie's sweet face, “I will make room for *you*, and you two shall grow up together.”

“No, lady, I *can't*; how *could* I leave my baby?”

The child turns to the infant with a clasp of passionate love, and the little fellow's satisfied cooing in her arms gives emphasis to her cry.

Motherly Mrs. Kibbs looks at her lodger with a smile; she guesses what is coming next.

Mrs. Hurst holds out her arms to the baby; those little, dimpled, mottled hands are strong enough to send a quiver of sweet memories through heart and soul.

“We will not part, little children,” she says; “my life has room for you all; come and be to me as my own, and teach me—for you know better than I do—the path to heaven.”

And the children gather round her, and hold up innocent lips, and for time and eternity her heart forgets evermore what it is to be lonely. And still to-day there are fair, loving lambs unsheltered, and still there are empty hearts and homes; it is for such I have told the tale.

THE ENDLESS LIFE.



LIFE, with all thy woe,
Thy pains and tears :
With all thy sad farewells
And lonesome years—
How dark his lot who builds
His hopes on thee,
Who seeks no life beyond
Death's cold, sad sea !

O Life of endless joy
On yonder shore,
Where sweetest pleasures reign
For evermore—
How happy he who looks
Above to thee,
Who sees the light across
Death's darksome sea !

O Life above, below,
Severed ye seem
To those who lose themselves
In earth's drear dream ;—
But—trusting in the love
Of God's dear Son—
We rest assured that both
These lives are one.

By Jesu's precious death
On Calvary's tree
He linked the life that is
To that to be :
And those who follow Him
Through mortal strife
Have entered on the glad,
The “endless life.”

WILLIAM H. SWIFT.

GROWTH UNDER PRESSURE.

"Cast down, but not destroyed."—2 COR. iv. 9.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



UB pondere cresco"—I grow under a weight—was the motto on the crest of John Spreull, of Glasgow, who for his defence of religious liberty in the times of Claverhouse was imprisoned on the Bass Rock, in the Frith of Forth. This is the great motto

of the world. Nature is like a huge watch, whose movements are caused by the compression of the mainspring. Only by restraint is life possible. The forms of all living things, from the smallest moss to man himself, are determined by the extent and degree to which the force of life overcomes the dead forces of nature. The simple principle of growth under limitation will account for the shape of every leaf, and the formation of every organ of the human body; for the germination of a seed, and for the beating of the heart within the breast. In early May you have seen in the woods the curled top of a young fern just appearing above the ground, like the richly ornamented head of a bishop's crozier. That rolled-up shape is due to the fact that the central part of the young fern is growing while the ends are fixed. As the plant grows it becomes free, and uncurls. The same cause accounts for the convolutions of the human brain. Its form is due to the pressure arising from its increase under limitation. As it expands beneath the resisting dome of the bony skull, it is folded into these convolutions for want of space. The blossom of a plant is produced by growth under restraint. At the point farthest away from the root the vital forces are weakest, and the supply of nourishment almost exhausted; and therefore the ordinary leaves are compressed by their diminished power of resistance to the forces to which they are subjected, and modified into the strange shapes and changed into the beautiful colours of the flower. The compression goes on farther in the interior parts of the flower, according as the resisting power becomes less, until at last, in the innermost central part, the forces are brought to an equilibrium, and the plant finds rest in the round seed, which is simply the most complete compression of which the leaves are capable. The head of man is in the same way only a modification of the vertebral column, and his brain a compression of the spinal marrow, by the mechanical conditions under which they are developed.

Have you ever watched a bubble of air rising up from the bottom of a clear pond to the top? If so, you cannot fail to have noticed that it ascends not in a straight line, but in a corkscrew or spiral form. The force which draws it upwards to rejoin the native air from which it has been separated, would do so, if

left to itself, by the shortest course; but it encounters continually the resistance of the denser element of the water, and this pressure delays its ascent through it, and makes it take a longer zig-zag path. If you understand the reason of this simple phenomenon, you will understand the way in which every herb and tree grows in the air, and why their shapes are what we see them to be. They all grow in the most varied and complicated spiral forms because they grow under resistance. This is the simple method of nature's working, the law which determines all her forms.

THE SPIRITUAL ANALOGY.

The same law obtains throughout the spiritual world. There, too, growth is under resistance. The law of the spirit, of life in Christ Jesus, contends against the law of sin and death; the law in the members wars against the law of the mind. The most essential character of spiritual life is that it depends upon the resistance or contest of one form of moral force by another: its tension is holiness, righteousness, self-control. We grow in grace as the trees grow in space—under limitations; and the various forms and degrees of spiritual life which men exhibit are due to the extent of these limitations. Spiritual life does not assume one stereotyped monotonous pattern. The Pharisees of religion have always endeavoured to cast it into one mould—to clip all the trees of the Lord into pollards. They have tried hard to make men think and feel and act alike, and to reduce the infinite variety of human life to the mechanical uniformity of a well-disciplined army. In this happily they have not succeeded. The individuality of men and the circumstances of life have been too strong for them; and human beings have developed in the spiritual as they have developed in the natural, according to the sum of the forces that have been brought to bear upon them.

There is the same infinite variety in the spiritual world that there is in the natural, arising from similar causes. As no two plants grow in precisely similar circumstances, so no two human beings are exposed to the same spiritual influences. Have you ever looked attentively at the leaf of a strawberry—which consists of three leaflets? If so, you have noticed that while the central one is nearly symmetrical, the two side ones are decidedly unsymmetrical, the upper half of each being smaller than the lower, as if it had been trimmed. Well, here are three leaflets placed as nearly as possible in the same circumstances, and yet they differ from one another in shape; and the difference of shape is owing to the fact that the conditions under which they are grown are in reality different—that

their exposure to air and light, and the pressure exerted upon them by the adjacent parts, are different. And so in the human world: no two members of the same family, brought up in what we believe to be the same circumstances, and exposed to the same religious influences, exhibit the same form of religious life; showing that in reality not only is there a different original bent of nature, a different temperament to begin with, but also a real difference in the apparent identity of the conditions under which they grow.

If you look narrowly at a common pine-tree, which is the most symmetrical of all trees, which seems to be but a repetition of similar parts, you will notice that there is a considerable difference in shape between the lowest branches, which are the oldest, and the higher ones, which are the youngest. The branches at the top grow vertically round the leading shoot; the ones at the foot spread out horizontally around the trunk; and there are various modifications of the two modes of growth, according to the position of the branches in the tree from the bottom to the top. All these modifications of shape are owing to the different amounts of space and light in which the branches grow. And if the variety be so great in a tree that looks so regular and uniform as a pine or fir, need we wonder that in the same church, in the same congregation, nay, in the same family, where the conditions of spiritual growth seem precisely the same, the variety of its forms should nevertheless be so great? And thus by this simple law, in the spiritual world as in the natural—the law of growth under pressure—God has produced that wonderful variety of Christian character and experience which strikes us as much in the Kingdom of Heaven as in the field of nature, and which is one of the most powerful factors in human progress.

THE NECESSITY OF LIFE TO BEGIN WITH.

Of course there can be no growth without life. If the soul has no resisting power within, then the forces of the world without simply destroy it. If the soul is dead, all things deepen its death. But if it has spiritual life, then all things help to maintain and develop it. Like the sailing-boat that tacks to the wind, it takes advantage even of the contrary currents of life to reach its end. We may compare the soul that is dead and the soul that has spiritual life to two seeds, one infertile and the other fertile. The forces of nature play upon both seeds in the same way. In the case of the seed that has no life in it, these forces are unresisted; they have their own way, and they proceed to corrupt or break up the elements of which it is composed, until nothing of it remains. In the case of the seed that is possessed of life, the forces of nature are resisted, and this resistance becomes the source of living action, the very power of growth. The changes which the seed undergoes in germinating under the influence of those forces, duly controlled, form the basis of all the subsequent developments.

And like these two seeds are dead and living souls. If the soul is dead it yields helplessly to the corruption that is in the world through lust; if the soul is living, it resists these disintegrating forces of the world, and uses them to increase its spiritual life and to build up its spiritual structure.

It is only, therefore, of those who have spiritual life in themselves that it can be said, that though "cast down they are not destroyed." To such, justification is a living doctrine—not merely part of a formal creed, nor an intellectual abstraction. Their faith is alive, and can prove its vitality by its energy. It is the vital act of the Spirit by which the soul enters into real living union with Christ, and becomes partaker of His spiritual and eternal life. Faith is the conquering principle in common life as well as in religion; and Christian faith is only the daily faith by which we live, exercising itself upon the highest possible subjects. And the force of this life is remarkable. This faith can overcome the world. It can rise superior to all its temptations and trials. The force of natural life even in the lowest forms is extraordinary. The soft cellular mushroom has been known to lift up heavy masses of pavement by its expansion beneath them; the tender root of a tree insinuating itself in a crevice of the rock splits it up by its growth. The mechanical resistance yields when the vital force reaches a proportionate amount. And if life in its feeblest form can do such wonderful things, what may not be expected from spiritual and eternal life? The life that is in Christ Jesus by mere formality and profession, is like a dead branch that is merely mechanically united to the tree, and which, destitute of the tree's vital sap and force, yields inevitably to the forces of nature, decays, and drops off into dust and ashes. But the life that is in Him by faith is like a living branch that becomes partaker of the whole force of the tree, and grows with its growth, and flourishes with its strength and beauty. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." It grows strong by opposition; it flourishes in the most adverse circumstances; it uses all the conditions of life for its maintenance; it makes even its hindrances to advance its life-work. Let us believe in Christ, and we rise above the world; we shall have that heroic perseverance which refuses to own itself beaten. It may be overcome again and again, but it finally exhausts the force that is merely earthly and temporal. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

CAUSES THAT CAST DOWN THE LIFE.

What casts us down most of all is the burden of sin. In the unrenewed heart this burden is unfelt. We are unconscious of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere upon us, because our bodies are pervaded with air which counterbalances the superincumbent

air. But were the air within us removed, the pressure of the air without would crush us. And so, being sinful ourselves, we are unconscious of the weight of sin. But when the love of sin is taken away, then sin becomes a burden which is too heavy for us. We feel ourselves like Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," with his huge bundle upon his back. This pressure of sin has drawn tears from eyes which would have looked unmoved upon the martyrs' fires. There is nothing on earth so terrible. It made Paul when he was converted grope for the light in fasting and darkness for three miserable days at Damascus; and at the close of his life it made him cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" What evil can we bewail that deserves a thought compared with sin? Bunyan, when he came to the knowledge of the truth, remarked that nothing amazed him so much as to see how men were affected with their temporal experiences and troubles. "These," he says, "have no power now to interest me; all my concern is absorbed in something infinitely more worthy—What must I do to be saved?" Sin is indeed the great adversity, the only thing that is truly hostile to us; and yet, in contending with it, we can use it as a fulcrum to remove the obstacles that lie in the soul's upward path.

But though this great adversity be taken away by faith in Christ, other evils are not taken away, for that would be to take away what determines the strength and shape of the spiritual life: that would leave it a weak and flaccid and powerless thing. The Christian is not exempt from ordinary troubles. In the world he has tribulation; and many are the afflictions of the righteous. In addition to the ordinary trials of all men, he has troubles of his own that are peculiar to the spiritual life. And these are felt most in proportion to the strength and vigour of the spiritual life; only that in his case what crushes others proves a means of growth, calls forth, exercises, and educates all the powers of his soul, and brings down the powers of the world to come to shape his character and conduct. Sometimes, indeed, the weight is too much. There are many of God's people who are so cast down by their circumstances that they seem almost destroyed. The burden of life is so heavy that it almost crushes them to the earth, and prevents their looking up. They are like a tuft of grass growing under a stone. The stone does not destroy the grass, nor prevent it from growing, for the vital force is stronger than the mechanical; but it dwarfs and distorts it; it blanches its colour, and it deforms its shape, so that in the mass of pale and twisted stems and leaves exposed to view when the stone is turned over, it would be difficult to see any resemblance to the graceful green tufts of grass growing freely in the meadow around. Thus many lives are prevented from being what they might otherwise have been by the crushing circumstances of life.

THE WEIGHT OF POVERTY.

Poverty often lies like a stone upon them. The sordid care for things that perish in the using seems to dwarf the immortal nature to the level of these things—seems to make the soaring spirit a part of the dull material world. The toil that is needed to support the body leaves little time or inclination for the cultivation of the soul. What roughens the hand and stiffens the back is not favourable for the refinements of life. The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is a pathetic lamentation of the waste of human energy caused by outward circumstances. Chill penury repressed the noble rage of those who slept unknown underneath those green mounds. But where there is a strong vital nature—when the soul is quickened by heavenly impulses, outward poverty, instead of repressing, only braces it. God can say regarding such a nature, "I know thy poverty (but thou art rich)." Its poverty is like the surface barrenness of the mine which is always in the bleakest and most desolate scenery, but contains beneath the fine gold or the precious diamond. Though poor in itself it can make many rich. It is when the plant is poorest in material, and most limited in force, that it produces the blossom and the fruit by which the world is adorned with beauty and the generations of living creatures are fed. And so the poverty of the Christian may blossom and fruit for others. How often has this been the case in the history of the world! It is to its poor men that the world owes most. It is the poor in the Church who have left behind the most noble examples and the most valuable legacies of Christian experience. Few of the world's greatest benefactors have had worldly advantages. The inventions and discoveries that have been of the greatest use to society have been made by persons who had little wealth. It is an axiom in nature that motion takes the direction of least resistance. Poverty, therefore, must be eminently helpful to the growth of the soul, inasmuch as it removes many of the hindrances which make it hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. If the aspiration of the soul is heavenward, then a poor man encounters less opposition in that aspiration from his circumstances than one who is rich and increased with goods. He is relieved of that weight of worldliness—of those cares and anxieties which oppress the soul and give it an earthward tendency. Wealth means dependence upon others; gold is only the purchasable aid of other men. A rich man, therefore, is one who to the extent of his riches leans upon his fellow-creatures, and to that extent he is poor in himself. We do not say that a man is learned because he possesses an extensive library which he may never consult, but because his mind has been highly cultured and richly stored with knowledge. And so we cannot say, in the true sense, that a man is rich merely because he possesses great wealth, which enables him to make a claim upon the labour of others; but because he can help himself and

provide for his own wants. Riches, in this sense, is a confession of weakness and poverty; poverty is true independence. The principle of self-help is the best element in the formation of the Christian character. It saves so much of the waste of life. What an amount of fever and hurry it would take out of life if persons were more anxious to develop the wealth that is in themselves than to accumulate riches which are only the aid of other men, and which, to the extent that we avail ourselves of it, weakens and impoverishes instead of strengthening and enriching us. It is not in what we have, but in what we can do without, and most of all in what we are, that we are truly rich. And limiting our own wants, we shall not only grow more freely in the Divine life, but we shall be more able to relieve the wants of others; and the Apostle's paradox will be fulfilled: "Though poor we shall be able to make many rich;" we shall be able to give personal service with love, which is far better than to purchase the service of others without love.

THE WEIGHT OF SORROW.

Sorrow is the commonest of all pressures that cast down the soul. This experience belongs to no class or condition of life exclusively. It is shared some time or other by all human beings in virtue of their humanity. "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." It is the law of his being. Through suffering he enters into life, and in suffering he passes out of it. And in all the successive acts or states of his being the same law holds good. There is sorrow enough in life for all of us, however guarded may be our lot; and those who have the keenest sense of its higher aims and instincts find life saddest. Its pathos is inexpressible, and increases as the years go on. So much of its suffering seems needless. We can conceive of men being perfected without suffering, like the angels; and often, when we are passing through some sore experience, we have been tempted to feel as if the sorrow were overdone, as if God could have effected His purpose at less cost. It is the great mystery of Providence that there should be such a prodigality of pain—how God can permit such forms of anguish. But the greatness of our sorrow is owing to the greatness of our nature. The highest mountains cast the largest shadows; and so the dark, wide shadows of human experience witness to the original loftiness of our being. Sorrow gives a tragic touch to the meanest personality. It lifts him out of the petty incidents and surroundings of daily life into a higher world, confronts him directly with the thoughts of God, and inspires him with a sense of the sacredness of his being and the grandeur of his destiny. God has ordered that sorrow should be the most powerful factor in the education of our race. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?" That

was the law of Christ's life, and it is the law of ours. That Christ, though holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, should nevertheless be the Man of Sorrows, makes sorrow holy, and connects it with heaven as the Father's discipline, the training of a blessed and glorious life. In the histories of the patriarchs and saints we see how suffering, deep and long-continued, ministered to a noble development. We see the baser earthy element in them crystallised into the purity and transparency of heaven through the fires of pain and sorrow. And we see the mysterious process completed in Him who Himself was made perfect through suffering, and entered into His glory—not the glory which belonged to Him in virtue of His essential Godhead, but a glory far more significant to us—the glory which grew out of all that He willingly suffered, in order that through the fellowship of His sufferings He might present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Why should a living man complain, when his true life transcends all the limitations of its circumstances, when he has God and a future which is more glorious than an archangel's destiny? Why should a living man complain, when the sufferings of his earthly life are the very means by which he is redeemed from its evils? God separates between the person and his sin; and the part of him which cleaves to the sin must suffer, in order that the higher part of him may be severed from the taint and the stain of sin; and hence the goodness and severity of God are reconciled in one blessed harmony of love. If the ordeal of sorrow brings to light the noblest traits of a man's character—unflinching faith, self-denying patience, pitying tenderness—then what matters the anguish of the moment, what matters even the halting all his days, as one sore wounded in the battle of life? If our trouble, instead of shutting us up in it, and making us morbidly exaggerate it, until we become peevish and selfish, expands and opens like the frost of winter the soil of our hearts, and makes it ready to receive the seeds of charity, and we become more tender and sympathetic towards our suffering neighbour at our side, then sorrow becomes to us indeed an inverse aid to progress.

INTERNAL AND INVISIBLE WEIGHTS.

The crest of John Spreull was a palm-tree, with two weights hanging on each side of it from its fronds, and yet maintaining, in spite of this heavy down-dragging force, its upright position, carrying its graceful crown of foliage up into the serene air. The weights in the case of this sufferer for righteousness' sake were visible. His cross of imprisonment and martyrdom was apparent to everyone. And very many of the weights that press down the Christian life are equally visible and palpable. But as the palm-tree is pressed on every side by the viewless air, as it is exposed to the resistance of forces which the eye cannot see nor the hand feel, so the heaviest weights

which drag down the Christian life are often invisible. Its crosses cannot be displayed. No stranger can intermeddle with its sorrows. Many of its troubles are of a spiritual nature. It is cast down, not by circumstances, but by the state of the soul. It is in the inward man—"the hidden man of the heart"—that it suffers. And these spiritual sorrows are the evidences of the reality of the work of grace; for where there is the principle of life there must be the changes of life. The form of godliness is a dead, invariable thing; whereas the power of godliness has its winter, its summer, and its autumn states. Sorrow arises in the case of most believers from inability to realise the ideal, to reach the mark of attainment they have set themselves. They mistake the degree of their experience for the ground of their hope, and thus, their confidence varying with their frames and feelings, they are frequently cast down. They have sorrow because of the remembrance of past sins and shortcomings; they have sorrow because of the consciousness of a thousand deficiencies and infirmities within them, a consciousness which becomes more susceptible the more they grow in grace and see of the infinite excellence of the Saviour. They have sorrow because of the sins of the world. All this is the godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life. In this winter state the spiritual life is collecting and concentrating itself for renewed effort when the spring of revival is come. It waits upon the Lord, and so renews its strength; upon Him who has revealed His tender and patient love in the life and cross of His Son. And so the very peace of God Himself flowing into the soul, which holds patient fellowship with Him, hushes its restlessness, and fills it with quiet energy and resolute faith.

No life can grow or support itself in the void by its spontaneous buoyancy. All life upholds itself in the air by continuous effort. The humblest life is a vortex of unceasing forces. The various substances of a growing plant are in a state of constant change owing to the destructive action of the air, and the constructive action of the light; and the condition of each part at all seasons of the year and under different circumstances depends upon and expresses the temporary or more permanent equilibrium between these two opposing forces. Much more is this the case in regard to the highest life of the soul, the life that is breathed into us by God's Spirit and formed by faith in Christ Jesus. It has ever to do an uphill work. It has to grov against the gravitation of sin. It has to exert itself against the weariness of the flesh and the heaviness of the soul. It has to push up like Sisyphus the stone of endeavour to the top of the hill, notwithstanding that it rolls down again and again.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY DEVELOPED BY PRESSURE.

But this resistance is meant to bring out all that is best in us, to stimulate our most strenuous exertions, to cultivate our patience, to educate our faith and hope,

to mould us after the Divine pattern. It is the weight of the architrave upon the pillar that gives it stability and endurance; and it is the fightings without and the fears within that give strength to the character and perseverance to the life. What a beauty and grace does the spiritual life take from the pressure of the light afflictions that are but for a moment and that work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! The capital of the Corinthian pillar, the loveliest of all the styles of architecture, derived its origin from a basket of offerings placed upon a child's grave, and covered with a tile to protect it from the birds. The basket stood upon the root of an acanthus, a species of thistle, and the plant grew and spread its leaves around it in the most graceful manner, thus suggesting to a passing artist the form of the Corinthian capital. And so the pressure of earth's troubles causes the spiritual life to develop around them its fairest forms; and thus it is crowned with its appropriate capital. The thorny sorrow that springs from the grave of some dead love or hope forms the richest adornment of life. Not only is the outward form of the Christian life moulded into shapes of moral beauty—into whatsoever things are pure, and honest, and lovely, and of good report—but its inner substance is also made more lovely by the pressure of external shocks and internal sufferings. It is not the tree that grows in rich soil and in a sheltered situation that produces the richly grained wood which is selected to adorn our finest furniture; but the tree that is exposed in its bleak, shelterless situation to every storm of heaven. The wild forces that beat upon it, and which it successfully overcomes, develop in it the beautiful veins and markings which are so highly prized by man. And so it is not when growing up in luxurious ease and comfort that we produce the gifts and graces which enrich and ennoble the Christian life. The natures that have the richest variety and the greatest interest are ever those which have grown under pressure of suffering, and by a vital faith have overcome the world.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

The Apostle Paul is an illustrious example of the law in question. His growth in grace was indeed under pressure of the most trying outward circumstances, and yet what a marvellous fulness and variety of form did it display! No man was more many-sided in his Christian attainments; no man realised more of the length and breadth and height and depth of the love that passeth knowledge, or exhibited to the world more of the fulness of God with which he was filled. Whether we look at his deep insight into the mystery of the Gospel, or his catholic conception of the application of Christian faith to all the acts and relations of life, we feel that he could not have developed this wide human sympathy and spiritual culture had he not touched human life at so many points, had he not passed through the

most sharply contrasted conditions, and gathered from each some fresh fitness for his great work. Like his Master, though in a lower sense, he was in all points tempted like as we are, that not only his own nature might be perfected, but also that he might be qualified for the solace and strength of the whole world. Let us be followers of him as he was a follower of the Lord Jesus, and learn, as he did, that the things that seem against us are in reality working together for our good. So long as we are rooted in the Divine love—so long as we are abiding in Christ—our spiritual life, maintained continuously from its infinite Source, will grow and overcome the forces that are opposed to it. For not only is He that is with us greater than all that can

be against us, but the life that is kindled in us is the mightiest power in the universe; and though cast down at times by the adverse circumstances of the world, cannot be destroyed, but rises victorious over them all, and uses them for its growth in grace. We are not at the mercy of the thousand contingencies of life. The troubles that come to us are not accidents. Divine Wisdom is shaping all our ends. Our life is hid with Christ in Him who is better than all His gifts—Who continues while all things else fail. And trusting in Him and walking in His ways, the character we thus build up will control and use the occasions and opportunities of life, whether they come in the shape of duties or trials; and the form and direction of our life will be Christlike and heavenward!

PEARLS OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "HYMNS WITH A HISTORY," ETC.

I.—ON THE INCARNATION.



THE era of Christianity began with song. The angelic host which "sang creation's story" came to "proclaim Messiah's birth." When Zacharias's tongue was loosed, his first utterance was a song of the coming Redeemer. When the first lines of the glorious mystery of the Incarnation were read out to Mary, the Virgin mother, she responded

in a song magnifying the Lord and her Saviour-Son. Old Simeon, too, when

"Fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the Holy Child,"

celebrated Him as God's Salvation, the sight of whom consummated all his wishes for time and eternity. It was meet that all who "looked for redemption in Israel" should greet Him with their songs:—"Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us. This is the Lord, we have waited for Him; we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." Every morning is ushered in with song; and in like manner the arising of the Sun of Righteousness was the signal for an outburst of joy from all in earth and heaven, whose hearts were attuned to the praises of Redeeming Love. Whatever differences of opinion there have been, or may be still, as to the precise year, or month, or day of the Saviour's Advent, the fact has ever awoken the sweetest strains of harmony, and the loudest notes of praise, from the whole "sacramental host of God's elect." It was the same inspiration that swelled the heart of the "Father of English Hymn-writers," Dr. Watts, then quite a young man, at Southampton, as he sang—

"Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

The challenge of his godly father to produce "something better" than the dull strains then in use in the sanctuary stirred his devotion, kindled his enthusiasm, and inspired his muse, and henceforth "the glories of the Lamb" became his favourite theme. For many years the whole town of Southampton drank from "Watts's Well," the site of which is still traceable near the Above-Bar Congregational Church; and, in like manner, countless thousands in succeeding generations in both hemispheres have taken their key-note of Advent song from the strains of the aspiring but unambitious poet, whose name has resounded everywhere; while from the dock near the old house in French Street, where he penned many of his hymns, multitudes have gone forth to many lands to carry the tidings of salvation, and summon the "whole creation" to

"Join in one,
To praise the sacred Name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb."

The introduction of singing in public worship in what is called the Western Church has been ascribed to Ambrose of Milan. He was born in A.D. 340, the youngest of three children, became a lawyer, rose to great distinction at the bar, and was appointed consular-prefect of Liguria, his native State. He won great celebrity for the justice and wisdom of his decisions. In A.D. 374 there was great strife in Milan concerning the appointment of a bishop. The Arian and orthodox parties were near coming to blows. Ambrose stood up in the assembly as the advocate of order and peace. It is stated that a child in the assembly cried out, "Ambrosius Episcopus!" Straightway the multitude took up the cry, and Ambrose was appointed Bishop of Milan.

The *Te Deum* has commonly been ascribed to

Ambrose, "gushing from his lips," one tradition says, "as he baptised Augustine;" while another runs that "both hearts were kindled with sacred fire at the same moment, and they sang together in responses."

One of the twelve hymns ascribed to Ambrose is on the Incarnation:—

"Come, Redeemer of the nations,
Woman-born, yet Highest Lord;

and Redemption—a fault which marks certain phases of modern theology. The result of this, as seen in hymnology, was Mariolatry of the grossest form.

It is a long stride down to the time of Martin Luther, and the interval was a time in which there was much darkness, few faithful soldiers of Christ, and few, very few outbursts of sacred song. The singing



LUTHER WRITING FOR HIS SON.

Ever, by all generations,
Be Thy wondrous Name adored!"

Clear statement of the doctrine of the Incarnation marks these hymns, the Deity and humanity of the Christ, in opposition to the Arian and such-like heresies, being distinctly set forth. The earlier Eastern hymns on this and other themes partake more of metaphor and legendary ideas.

Some of the hymns of these earlier dates give even greater prominence to the doctrines relating to the Incarnation than to those relating to the Atonement

was done by the priests, in a language which few of the people understood, and this part of worship was to them a performance only. The Reformation changed all this. The people were reached by the preaching; they embraced the doctrine of salvation through faith, and hymns of penitence and faith, of joy and gladness, burst from many a heart. The Incarnation found and held its true place, as it has done ever since.

Luther prepared his hymns not so much for princes and learned men as for the people; but they were

welcomed and sung by all. He wrote on the Incarnation—

"Saviour of the heathen, known
As the Virgin's promised Son," etc.

"Now praise we Christ, the Holy One,
The spotless Virgin Mary's Son," etc.

He wrote one, too, for his little son Hans—

"From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing," etc.

A noble Advent hymn was written by George Weissel, pastor at Königsberg, where he died, 1635. It is founded on Psalm xxiv.—

"Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold, the King of Glory waits;
The King of Kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing."

"Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,"

is a hymn which has received too little attention. Its author, John Byrom, M.A., F.R.S. (1691—1763), was a man of mark. His marriage with a cousin displeased his wealthy relations, and he was in great straits. First he studied for a surgeon, and then he abandoned that course to teach a new and superior system of shorthand. He was an acceptable and fertile writer, a religious and honourable man. After a time he succeeded to the family estates. His religious writings were tinged with mysticism.

"As, with gladness, men of old,"

was written by Mr. William Chatterton Dix. It is a fine hymn, with a good beginning a bet'er ending, and a happy and steady progression throughout.

Of Paul Gerhardt, what could be expected when he touched this sacred theme? Only something of the very best; and that we have in his—

"All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices:
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air, everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing."

Charles Wesley's

"Hark! the herald angels sing,"

is one of the finest of our English hymns on the Incarnation, only the attempt of his brother John to mend it by substituting—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'"

for

"Hark! how all the welkin rings,
'Glory to the King of Kings!'"

has seriously marred it. The old Saxon word for the "vault of heaven" is a very expressive, though little used, word. In the hymn as amended there is some confusion of sentiment. "Glory to God in the Highest" belongs to the Son as well as to the Father, but the angelic song praises the *Giver* rather than the *Gift*.

"Come, thou long-expected Jesus,"

is another familiar pearl of Incarnation song.

Dr. Doddridge's

"Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,"

is another.

Samuel Medley was not a poet, but he has left some few good hymns.

"Mortals, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay,"

will always hold its ground among Advent hymns.

When he was a midshipman, he received a severe wound in a hand-fought action. Invalided home, he was staying with his grandfather, when, one Sunday evening, the old man read aloud a sermon of Dr. Watts'. It was blessed to the young man's conversion. He left the sea, became a schoolmaster, and afterwards a very successful minister. He founded the church in Liverpool over which the late Hugh Stowell Brown presided.

Montgomery's

"Angels, from the realms of glory,"

is a rich pearl. His appeal to all to "come and worship"—to "worship Christ, the new-born King," is very telling.

Good John Newton's

"Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's Name,"

deserves to live still, though it may not be quite in harmony with modern taste. But taste is not always right, and the tree should be moved to the wall—not the wall to the tree. The first Advent brings the second—

"Oh, that we

Were more prepared to welcome Thee!"

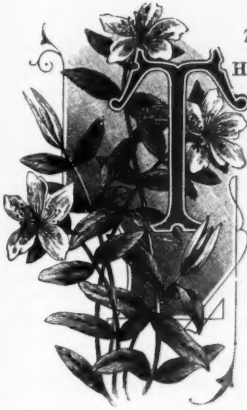


SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

NO. 5. THE BURNED BOOK.

To read—*Jeremiah xxvi.*



THE BOOK WRITTEN. (1—4.)

The fall of the great city Jerusalem soon coming. Jehoiaxim, the king, by his wickedness calling down God's judgment. Jeremiah, the prophet, warning and rebuking the people—has been preaching in the streets, but now told to write his warnings. Why?

(a) To give another chance to Judah to repent.

(b) That the warnings might be read to the king.

(c) To preserve them for our instruction.

Jeremiah takes roll, *i.e.* sheets of prepared skins, afterwards rolled together, and dictates to Baruch the scribe. What did the roll contain? God's message of punishment, God's message of forgiveness.

So Jeremiah, like David, would "sing of mercy and judgment." (Ps. ci. 1.)

II. THE BOOK READ. (5—25.)

(1) *To the people.* Jeremiah, unable to go himself, sends Baruch. Must choose a fast-day, when crowds would be gathered at Jerusalem—people's minds would be more softened. How anxious Jeremiah is that people should turn to God! At last day comes—ninth month of fifth year of king's reign. Public fast proclaimed—people from all country round assembled in the Temple. Baruch goes to a room in the house of Shaphan, another scribe—overlooking the large court of the Temple—goes out on the balcony and reads aloud the book.

(2) *To the Princes.* Shaphan's grandson been listening—much interested—runs off with the news to where a number of princes are sitting—tells them all about it. They send message to Baruch to come and read it to them. What do they do?

(a) Listen attentively.

(b) Inquire all about its being written.

(c) Go and tell the king.

(d) Take great care of the roll.

(3) *To the King.* Can picture the king sitting in his study—the princes coming in and telling the news—Jehudi, a messenger, sent to fetch the book itself—a few columns read—king takes a knife—cuts the roll across—flings it into the open hearth—three princes entreat him to spare it (verse 25), the skins crackle—burn till all are destroyed.

God's words treated with contempt—yet none are afraid.

III. THE BOOK RE-WITTEN. (26—32.) Notice the king's conduct.

(a) Destroys the roll—cannot destroy God's word.

(b) Threatens the scribe and prophet—God protects them.

(c) Despises the prophecy—brings down more judgment.

So another book is written. More words, more judgment. Notice the king's punishment.

(a) No heir to succeed him.

(b) Dishonoured death—without burial.

(c) Nation fearfully punished.

LESSON. *They that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.*

NO. 6. JEREMIAH IMPRISONED.

To read—*Jeremiah xxvii.*

I. A NEW KING. (1—10.) Last king dead—prophet's warning had come true—new king, Zedekiah, the last king of Judah. Will he be any better than the others?

(a) He did not hearken himself.

(b) He did not bring his people back to God.

(c) Yet he sent to the prophet to pray for them.

This part of prophet's duty. Thus—

Abraham prayed for Abimelech. (Gen. xx. 7.)

Moses for Pharaoh. (Ex. viii. 8.)

Samuel for Saul. (1 Sam. xii. 23.)

Now the Chaldeans besiege Jerusalem—the end is drawing near. But meanwhile a respite. Pharaoh's army come out of Egypt to help Jews. But God had warned them not to trust to Egypt. (Isa. xxxi. 1.) Now repeats warnings.

(a) Pharaoh's army will depart.

(b) Chaldeans will return and take Jerusalem.

(c) Even if Jews did gain victory it would not avail.

II. A NEW PERSECUTION. (11—15.) Turn now to Jeremiah the prophet.

Had been going in and out among the people—warning, rebuking, praying. Now prepares to leave Jerusalem. Proposes to go to Benjamin—where his house is at Anathoth (i. 1)—to obtain supplies. Is taken prisoner as passes gate of Benjamin—accused of being deserter to the enemy—indignantly repudiates the idea—but is arrested—taken to the princes—put in prison.

No unusual experience. Other prophets been persecuted.

Jezebel slew the prophets. (1 Kings xviii. 13.)

Ahab imprisoned Micaiah. (1 Kings xxii. 27.)

But suffered patiently. (James v. 10.)

LESSON. *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.*

III. A NEW MISSION. (16—21.) Jeremiah safe in dungeon—probably in inner one ("cabins" or cells) like St. Paul and Silas (Acts xvi. 24) at Philippi. Now sent for by the king, after being long time in prison. What does the king want? A true message from God. Had heard flattering things from lying prophets (verse 19) as Ahab did when wanted to go to war (1 Kings xxii. 22), but knew

that Jeremiah would speak the truth. So he does. Gives same message as before—he shall fall before Babylon. Also pleads for himself.

What has he done wrong against king or people?

Where are the false prophets?

To return to his present dungeon is to kill him.

The king relents—removes him to better quarters—arranges for his food.

Notice Jeremiah's conduct throughout.

1. Is *faithful* to his trust.

2. Is *bold* before the king.

3. Is *patient* under persecution.

4. Is *kept safe* by God's providence.

LESSON. *Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?*

NO. 7. JERUSALEM TAKEN.

To read—*Jeremiah lii.*

I. FATE OF THE KING. (1—11.) This chapter kind of summary of previous—gives account of last king, last siege, last days of Temple. This king Zedekiah, uncle of previous one (Jehoiachin or Coniah), had beautiful name, meaning the "Lord our righteousness," but did evil in the eyes of the Lord. What were his special sins?

1. Did not listen to God's voice by Jeremiah. (2 Chron. xxxvi. 12.)

2. Broke his solemn oath to Nebuchadnezzar. (2 Chron. xxxvi. 13.)

Now comes the siege of Jerusalem, with all its attendant horrors.

(a) Jerusalem surrounded by invading army.

So it was in Hezekiah's day, but angel of Lord smote them. (2 Kings xviii. 35.)

(b) Forts built against the city to shoot out burning arrows, etc.

But God could have prevented their doing harm as before. (2 Kings xviii. 32.)

(c) Sore famine in the city.

But God could have provided as at siege of Samaria. (2 Kings vii. 1.)

(d) The city taken, and army routed.

(e) King taken prisoner to Babylon.

(f) King's sons slain before his eyes.

(g) King's eyes put out, as prophesied by Ezekiel. (Ezek. xii. 13.) What does all this teach?

1. The wages of sin is death. (Rom. vi. 23.)

2. The certainty of God's judgments.

II. FATE OF THE CITY. (12—30.) Siege lasted eighteen months. Read in Lamentations of Jeremiah full account of horrors; e.g.—

(a) Noble women searching for offal. (Lam. iv. 5.)

(b) Children devoured by parents for food. (iv. 10.)

Now read of destruction of beautiful city. (Psalm xlviii. 2.)

(a) Walls all broken down.

(b) All houses burned with fire.

(c) The Temple itself destroyed.

What became of the people?

One-third died of pestilence. (Ezek. v. 12.)

One-third killed by the sword.

One-third taken captive to Babylon in the three different captivities (28—30).

A few poor people left to till the ground.

III. THE KING IN BABYLON. (31—34.) A new King of Babylon—finds Jewish king a prisoner—has been thirty-seven years in prison. What does he do to him?

(a) Pities and speaks kindly to him.

(b) Takes him out of prison.

(c) Gives him proper clothes.

(d) Exalts him above all vassal kings.

Some have seen in this a type of Christ, who for man's sin became lowest, was put in prison, suffered, and died. Then exalted at God's right hand for ever.

SPECIAL LESSON FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

To read—*St. Matthew i. 18—25.*

ALL over the world this day kept by Christians as Christ's birthday. Every few years comes on Sunday, first day of week. What was the first thing created by God? Christ called the Light of the World—came to give light—i.e. knowledge of God. (St. John xvii. 3.) Have probably often had lessons on Christ's birth. Story well known. May be summed up as follows:—

I. EVENTS OF CHILDHOOD.

(a) The annunciation to the Virgin by angel Gabriel.

(b) Caesar's decree sends Joseph and Mary to own city Bethlehem.

(c) Christ born in stable at Bethlehem.

(d) Circumcised when eight days old.

(e) Persecuted by Herod from jealousy.

(f) Visit of the wise men from the East.

(g) Presentation in the Temple at age of forty days.

(h) Visit to the Temple when twelve years old.

(i) Lives at Nazareth subject to parents.

Nothing more known of Christ's infancy and childhood, but can learn much from these events.

II. CHRIST'S TITLES.

(a) *Jesus*—given at His circumcision (St. Luke ii. 21), meaning "The Lord my Saviour"—describes His personal work to seek and save the lost.

(b) *Christ*—His title of office—means "Anointed." Was anointed with Holy Ghost at Baptism as Prophet, Priest, King.

(c) *Emmanuel*—"God with us"—describes His taking flesh and dwelling with us (St. John i. 14) to show us the Father.

III. CHRIST'S LIFE AS A CHILD.

(a) *Dedication*. Circumcised, when eight days old, to keep Jewish law and be enrolled among God's children. Presented in the Temple (St. Luke ii. 22) as holy to the Lord, being Mary's first-born son.

(b) *Subjection*. Lived till thirty at Nazareth subject to His parents. (St. Luke ii. 51.)

(c) *Persecution* by Herod's orders causing flight into Egypt—earnest of future sufferings for us men and our salvation.

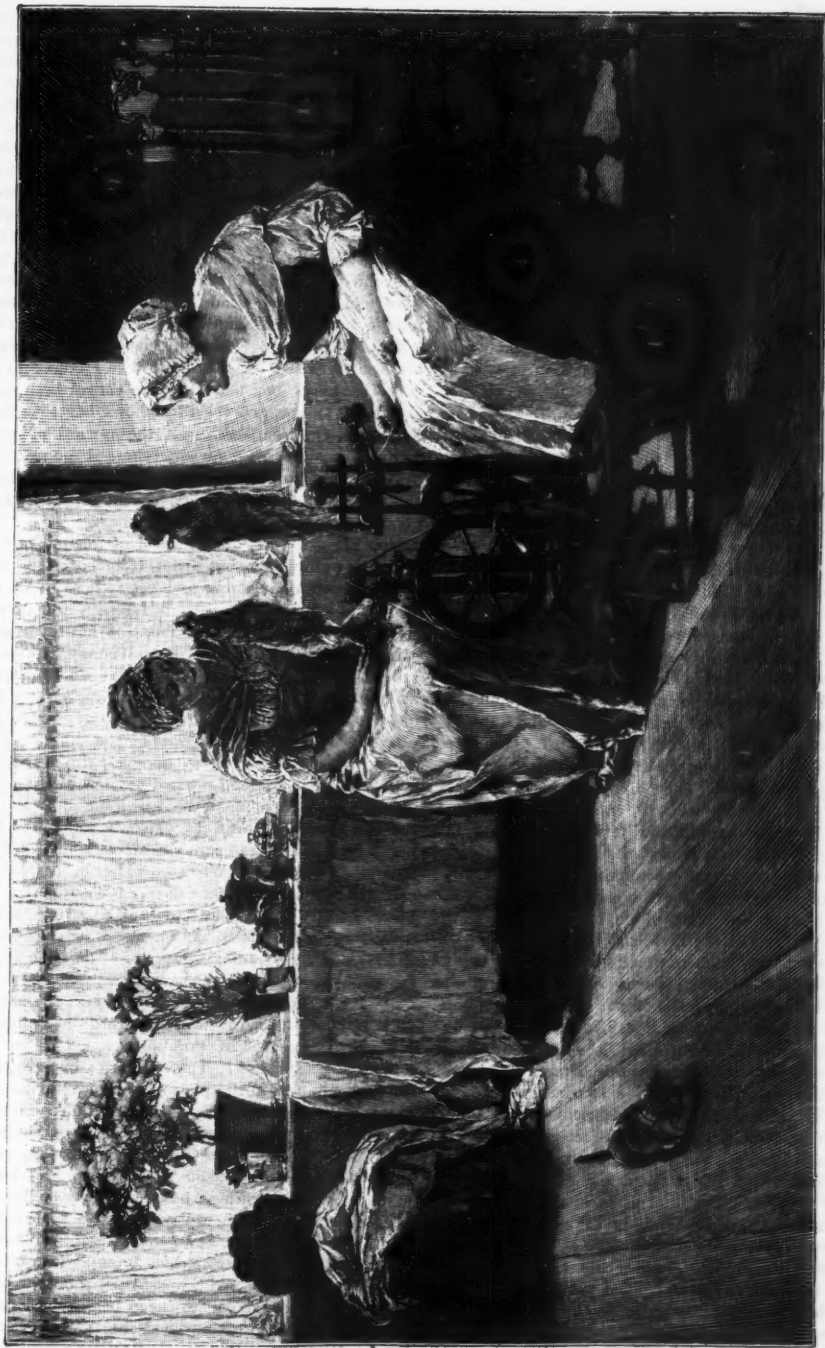
(d) *Diligence* in learning God's will and increasing in knowledge. (St. Luke ii. 47.)

IV. LESSONS. Christ came to be—

1. *Our Example*—"the Holy Child Jesus."

2. *Our Saviour*—"He shall save His people from their sins."

3. *Our Friend*—"I call you not servants, but friends." Our duty to Him—believe in Him, fear Him, love Him, serve Him.

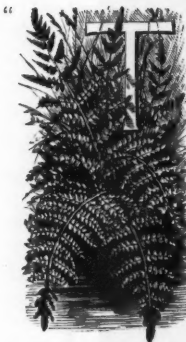


"Two girls in quaint Dutch costume, with their spinning-wheels before them."—p. 114.

THE SPINNERS: A REVERIE.

BY THE LADY LAURA HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "NEW PARABLES FROM NATURE," ETC.

"Thy pierced Hand guides the mysterious wheel."—H. BEECHER STOWE.



TAKE care of yourself, Amy."—"I do hope you will not be very dull."—"It seems a shame to leave you all alone"—and then there was a sound of wheels on the gravel, a waving of hands and handkerchiefs, the merry voices died away in the distance, and I, a solitary figure, was left standing on the doorstep, to amuse myself as best I could for the rest of the bright summer afternoon.

How hot it was! I did not envy them their long drive to the ruined Abbey as I entered the cool, old-fashioned oak-panelled saloon, and, ensconcing myself in the deep window-seat, prepared to give myself up to my correspondents, the pile of whose unanswered letters had assumed alarming proportions during my week's holiday. The best intentions, however, are seldom thoroughly carried into practice, and after an hour or more of struggle to reduce the arrears of debt, I gave myself up to the, to me, unusual luxury of reverie and idleness.

I think only those who inhabit the crowded places of the earth fully appreciate the beauty and quiet of the country; a stillness instinct with life to the ears that hear, a loveliness ever varying yet ever pleasing to the eyes that see. Then how different a country "home" to a London "house"; one we almost unconsciously acknowledge in the terms we employ in speaking of them! Is it that the sounds of the outside world in the one are ever reminding of the battle of life, of the struggle for existence going on within a few feet of our hearth, of the deadly warfare between the world, the flesh, and the devil, which is being waged with such unequal vehemence on every side of us, do they cause this sense of bustle and unrest to penetrate even the walls of our dwelling, and rob home of its charms; or is it the loneliness of being one in a crowd, of being only No. — to your next-door neighbour, which makes one always feel more or less a stranger in the city—a sojourner of a day!

On the other hand, whence comes that indescribable sense of repose and satisfaction which pervades the country home? Even the noise of distant wheels and voices blend with, and do not mar, the song of the birds, the hum of bees, the rustling of leaves, and the thousand-and-one sounds which form "the music of the spheres," and seem to absorb the individual life into one grand whole. Is the solution only to be found in the oft-quoted poet's words, "God made the country, and man made the town," or does the answer lie deeper within ourselves?

"Ah, me! one might as well ask how it is that the silken thread of life is given to one to spin, the tangled flaxen skein to another," I mused, as my eye

fell on a picture which hung on the sunlit wall opposite to where I lay, representing two girls in quaint Dutch costume, with their spinning-wheels before them, the elder, thread in hand, gazing earnestly at the other, who, with sad, pensive face, was smoothing out the flax on the distaff. What was their history? What words of counsel or reproof were being spoken? Had the painter left no message for the future, no thought of encouragement for the toilers of another age, hidden beneath the touches of his brush? Long since has the wheel ceased to revolve for them, long since has the thread been spun, the distaff empty, and yet who knows but that their children's children still reap the reward of their labours in well-filled lavender-scented presses, the pride of the good housewife's heart! Ah! are these the lessons the artist would leave with us—work given, work accomplished?

How often we talk of the wheel of fortune, of fate, as if it were something apart from ourselves, over which we had no control; and yet is it so? Are not circumstances, accidents, events foreseen and unforeseen, all part of the hank of flax God has given us to spin into the silver cord of life? We may, if we will, take our feet off the treadle and give up in despair, and life becomes empty and meaningless; we may cease to oil the wheels, and the thread is rough and uneven; we may jerk and pull at the tangle till the work is twisted and soiled; and yet, through it all, do not half our troubles proceed from forgetting that we are not asked to make the flax, but simply to spin from it the best thread we can? I wonder is this why in the picture the painter has made all the light to come from above? We cannot alter events, but we can make them subservient to our use. God does not bid us to alter the circumstances of our lives, but to serve Him in them. He does not require grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles; the coarse and the smooth, the fine and the rough strands are alike from Him, and when the skein is spun, the shuttle full, will be found woven by Him into their prepared place in the web of human life.

Work accomplished! Yes, our own; but are there not two spinners in the picture? and would not the painter remind us by this that, though each thread is separately spun, they are to be interwoven as well? Should we be so intent upon our own wheel, that we cannot spare time to encourage and lend a helping hand to another whose hank may be less easy to spin than ours? Should we not also be the more heedful to do our best, for fear of spoiling the effect of our neighbour's work when brought into contact with the weakness and imperfections of our own? Should we not strive to keep the wheel going merrily, lest our oft-repeated halts and silences should dispirit the learners and toilers around?

As to how all these tasks are to be fulfilled, surely our picture gives us another hint; for do we not

see in the background the preparation for daily bread? and whatever our station in life, be our habitation in town or country, be our lot joyous or sad, hard-working or the reverse, it is only in the strength of God-given food that we can live, and move, and have our being. Yet, spiritually, how apt we are to forget this. We wonder at the clogged wheels, when the oil of prayer has never been used, or at the most only at haphazard, without any special application to the particular obstacle in the way. Our feet grow weary of the treadle, our heads confused with the ceaseless whirr, our hearts faint with endless toil, and yet the Sacred Food offered for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls is neglected or refused, as we strive unaided to bear the burden and heat of the day. Gazing only on our work and its difficulties, we sit with our back to the light, and do not see

the food and the flowers and the sunshine God sends to cheer us on our way; or if, perchance, we do catch a slanting gleam, we shut our eyes and refuse to rejoice, forgetting that all that makes our life bright and beautiful and joyous is as much God-appointed, as trials and sorrows are God-permitted, and that through and in each and all, He is ever revealing to us His Name of Love.

The shadows are lengthening fast; the old picture looms indistinct in the twilight; for a moment a ray of light falls full on the painter's name, and, as the sound of approaching wheels is heard, rising to greet my friends, I murmur to myself the poet's words—

"While he marvels at his fancy, reading
Meaning in that quaint and ancient scroll,
Little guessing that the loving painter
Left a message for his weary soul."

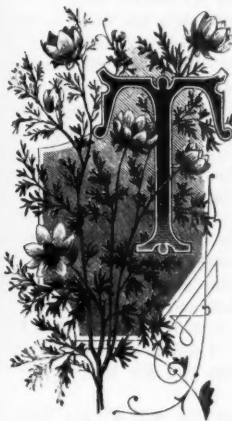
NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY OWENS.

"Ah! why to that which needs it not,
Methought, should costly things be given?
How much is wasted, wrecked,
forgot
On this side heaven!"
JEAN INGELOW.



THE east wind had departed, and in its stead the rain came pouring down—pouring in a steady, business-like way, pattering alike on roof and pavement, busy street and garden shrub. It came in soft splashes against the curtained windows of Mary Owens' pretty drawing-room, where the shutters were closed, and a bright fire cheerily blazed and sparkled.

It was a pretty room, luxuriously appointed, yet

with a stamp of originality all its own, and an appropriateness in its every smallest detail. Here was no crude jumbling of styles, or of ill-assorted colours. Nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. The walls were of a pale sea-green, and showed up a few good water-colours to the best advantage; the curtains and hangings of tawny orange shot with gold. The vases were filled with delicate hot-house flowers. Everything in the room spoke of quaint originality in its owner, as well as of affluence and good taste. It was a room such as only about one woman in every thousand knows how to create.

By the soft rose-coloured light of a shaded lamp on

a small table in the centre of the room Mary Owens sat working. She was rather pretending to work than doing anything very real with the gay tags and brilliant silks in her hands.

She was a decidedly plain-looking girl, this wealthy Mary Owens; and yet, for all its homeliness, her face had a certain pleasant attractiveness of its own. It was a kindly soul which looked out through her brown eyes, and the freshness and simplicity of her speech and manner made her many friends. The only pretty thing she possessed was her hair—curly, soft, luxuriant, and of that dusky golden shade which the old painters loved. Her eyes were brown, but not that liquid, tender brown which should have gone with hair like hers; her nose of no particular shape, and her mouth decidedly wide. It and the small square chin together bespoke a fair amount of strength of will and decision of character. She was under the medium height, her figure slight and rather graceful, and she was always dressed perfectly, with the same exquisite sense of suitability to season, place, and position which distinguished the appointments of her dainty house.

It was a detached villa at West Kensington, of red brick, and many-gabled, standing in its own ground, and this evening, as she sat in her cosy drawing-room, toying with her work, she could hear the rain falling ceaselessly on the shrubs outside.

From time to time she paused in her occupation to listen intently. But yet there was nothing to hear but the ceaseless splashing of the rain outside, or the loud purring of a wee black kitten basking in the heat before the fire within. It was not likely anyone who need not, would venture out on such a night as this; and she went on sorting out fresh silks from the work-basket beside her.

The latch of the garden gate was sharply lifted, and a quick, firm step echoed along the gravel walk

between the shrubs. A sudden colour came up in the heiress's pale face, and her eyes brightened.

A few moments later Stephen Wray entered the room.

"All alone, Mary?" he said cheerily, as he crossed the room to where she sat: looking as fresh and handsome as ever, and in her mind the comeliest sight that ever gladdened mortal eyes. Not in the first quick flush of greeting did she perceive an unwonted cloud upon the eager, almost boyish face.

"You bad fellow!" she said, as she gave him her hand. "You came back to town on Monday, I heard from Annette, and this is Friday. And you have not come once to see me in all that time."

"I was in a very bad temper, Mary. My room was preferable to my company," he said, seating himself by the fire.

"You do not often treat me with such consideration," she replied, laughing.

"No," said Stephen, turning his head to look at her as she sat somewhat behind him. "I usually come and bore you to death with my worries. But it is your own fault, you are always so patient and sympathetic."

"And the present worry, Stephen—what is it?"

"Something I can't tell you," said the young man, rather awkwardly. "I have given up to my father so often, that he looks upon me now as a mere slave, to do his bidding without question. It is preposterous. I am not going to obey him in his last mandate, and, accordingly, he is irate."

Mary looked at him wistfully. His fair head was thrown haughtily back, while his brows were drawn together in anger and perplexity. He remained silent, and she did not question him farther. Only such confidence as he bestowed upon her voluntarily did she seek or care to have.

After a time he roused himself, giving himself a little shake, as though casting off some unpleasant burden.

"I am very surly," he said, "to come here to visit you with an attack of the sulks upon me. You can't think how good it is here in this quiet room with you, what a boon it is to get away from the Thirty Years' War at home! I get soothed here directly. At home we know no peace, no quietness. Every man's hand is against his brother, and a man's foes are those of his own household. As a family, I think, we Wrays are noisy. We are always in a state of clamour about one thing or another. Here, if I have anything to say, I can say it; if I want to sit silent I can do so. You are a regular trump, Mary! You know how to make a fellow comfortable."

Mary's lips parted in a radiant, tender smile. It was a pity he did not see it, so wonderfully did it transfigure her face. Stephen's infrequent words of praise were the jewels which adorned her life, every briefest one of them treasured in her heart.

"It is so jolly, just you and I together here," he said affectionately, as she handed him his tea. "Can't people let us alone? I want no change—no Mrs. Heatherington, and no great swarm of your admirers."

Mrs. Heatherington was a lady who for a consideration—a large one, too—had until recently fulfilled the

double duties of companion and *chaperon* to the heiress. She had, not long since, bestowed herself, her telling eyes and graceful figure, upon a returned West Indian of mature age and comfortable means. Mary was seemingly in no hurry to fill her vacant place.

"Stephen, don't," Mary said, with a slight frown. "They don't admire me—not one of them. And I hate to be reminded of them."

"I don't see why they shouldn't admire you, Mary," he said stoutly. "I think you are very nice-looking, and you are always very nicely dressed; and when a man gets to know you well—you are rather icy at first—you have a heart worth its weight in gold."

"Yes," she replied, a little bitterly. "And I am worth my own weight in gold, too. That is all any of them see in me. No, Stephen; money has poisoned my life. It hangs like a millstone round my neck. At school even, do you suppose I used not to see how cleverer girls, better girls, were put aside for me, and snubbed on my account, because I was Miss Owens the heiress? Do you think I did not understand that my playing was applauded, my paintings rapturously admired, the slightest remark I made was listened to with deference by mistress, governesses, and pupils alike, just because I was Miss Owens the heiress? And now I misdoubt all love, all kindness, all affection shown me. I distrust and despise humanity. Money has poisoned happiness for me."

"Truly, money is a dreadful nuisance," observed Stephen thoughtfully. "Could his sire but have overheard the misguided young man, how the scant hairs time had left him had risen up in condemnation!"

"Other girls can be happy," Mary went on, roused strangely from her wonted calm. "They can believe in the reality of friendship and affection. They can know that their own worth is what they are weighed by. But I—since my childhood bowed down before and worshipped as an embodiment of the golden image, in whose affection can I believe?"

"In mine, I hope, Mary." He spoke quietly, yet with a great pity for her deep down in his heart. He had not known she felt like this.

"Yes, in yours, Stephen," she answered, the bitterness suddenly dying out of face and voice—"I believe you at least are true. Thank God for that! And I believe also in Mr. Davenant: I believe he loves me as his own child. As for you, you are like a dear brother."

"And as a brother I hope you will always look upon me, Mary. It would be all the same to me if you had not a farthing. I hope always to be your friend."

Mary Owens was a remarkably clear-sighted young woman. She knew as well as if she had seen it written in letters of fire upon the sky, that Stephen Wray's affection for her was simply the deep and passionless love of a brother.

They had known each other from childhood, had grown up together, had shared each other's joys and sorrows, and she had come to be a part of his life—while, alas! for Mary, he was the whole of hers. She knew he did not love her. She made to herself no illusions, as say the French. She used often to sit and

think how some day Stephen would meet some woman to whom all his heart would go out at once and for ever—for he possessed the simple fidelity of a dog—and his eyes would soften and his lips uncurve, and all his face be glorified with radiant love. And she would love him in return. Who could help loving Stephen? And they would be supremely happy. And at this juncture in the day-dream—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for it seems weak-minded—a suspicious little mist would rise up in Mary Owens' eyes, and a little choking sensation in her throat—for this poor little image of gold had a heart of flesh and blood. And to crave for love is a God-given instinct, after all.

"I am talking nonsense, Stephen," she said, presently, a little ashamed of her outburst of feeling. Then, with her eager interest in all that concerned him in anywise, "What did you do while you were away?"

"On Friday and Saturday I did my business at Bullionston. And I spent the Sunday at Flashford-on-Sea."

"Poor Stephen! how dull you must have been."

"Not at all. I went to morning service in such a dirty, miserable, wretched old edifice as I could not have believed existed in England. It was hundreds of years old, I think, and a great pity that Cromwell spared it when he was clearing out the churches. But judging by its present appearance, I should say it had been used as a barn in his time. There was an old, old sexton, and an old, old parson; but the funniest thing of all was that the old parson affectionately invited me home to dinner. He said something about 'angels unawares,' which, I am sure, was very polite of him."

"And did you go?" asked Mary, laughing.

"I did. And the parsonage matched the church in antiquity, though not in dirt and ugliness: the quaintest old rambling house you ever saw, all wainscoted in oak, and with tapestry hangings. And Dr. Romney has a brother who preserves in his own person the fashions we may now see in old pictures. Imagine an old gentleman, Mary, with powdered hair, and gotten up regardless of expense, in numerous different-coloured waistcoats. And you really should see the diamond buckles on his shoes. I should like to know if they are genuine."

"And these two old gentlemen live together?"

"Yes. Mrs. Romney is dead. Master Drury is her brother. They live apart, he told me, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

"Poor old things!"

"Reserve your pity, Mary. They had a right good dinner. And splendid plate and glass."

"You sordid creature! And is there no one else with them?"

"Dr. Romney has a daughter." Why should Stephen look so awkward?

"Ah!" said Mary, using that wretched, mean little word that may mean either volumes or nothing at all. "What is she like? Is she antiquated, like everything else there?"

"She is very young—about twenty, I should say."

"And pretty?"

"Pretty is such an idiotic word. Everyone has a different idea of prettiness."

"But do you think her pretty?"

"No. I think her face is more what one calls lovely. She is like a picture."

A cold little fear thrust itself suddenly into Mary Owens' loving warm heart. Young, lovely, like a picture—and Stephen had the air of being for the moment a subject of the Grand Inquisition.

"Like a picture is rather a wide range, Stephen," she persists. "Is she like the picture of Jael slaying Sisera, for instance?"

Stephen laughed.

"What an inveterate little tease you are, Mary!" he said. "No; she is more like an Elaine."

"Long golden hair, blue eyes, hawthorn bloom?"

"Not a scrap like. Hilda Romney"—how easily the name came to his lips—"has brown hair, or rather, hair of no particular colour, and grey eyes—not a shade of blue in them—and a pale complexion. A golden, healthy pallor, you know—not the paleness of delicacy, which I, for one, do not admire."

Mary asked no more questions, but bent her head somewhat closer to her work, sorting her silks.

"The poor girl!" Stephen remarked, presently; "I did pity her, living there shut up with those two old men. She must have a lonely time of it."

Mary's was a lonely life too, for all its gilding. She wondered, rebelliously, if he had ever thought it worth his while to pity her.

"I suppose I shall never see her again," he said reflectively, staring into the fire.

"I suppose not," Mary answered.

"And yet, why not? Why should I not go again to Flashford?" His tone was half-vexed.

"Why not?" Mary returned, in the same mechanical voice.

At this moment a ring at the hall door came to their ears.

"Mary," said Stephen hurriedly, "you must replace Mrs. Heatherington. You are too much alone. And when visitors come, it is not quite the thing."

"I am old enough to take care of myself."

"Nonsense! When I'm by, it's all right. But I dare say this visitor is that Whyte. And I do not like it."

Mary's face brightened. She liked to hear him take this masterful tone with her.

"You come when I am alone," she said.

"Oh, if you place my visits and his on the same level, I am vastly obliged to you," began Stephen haughtily.

Mary laughed outright now. This pretence at jealousy was to her keen pleasure. The visitor entering out short their discussion. It was the Rev. Hawthorne Whyte, and Stephen made a grimace as he shook hands deferentially with Miss Owens. The young man's dead-white complexion and shining black hair looked more funereal than ever this evening. He seated himself nervously on the extreme edge of a chair, rather put out at finding Stephen Wray in possession of the field. It certainly did look as if he and the heiress were engaged, he reflected.

Hawthorne Whyte was a well-meaning youth,

but vacant-minded. His was one of those feebly illumined natures that take always their tone from the surroundings of the moment. He had taken orders as the easiest profession to slip into, rather than from any inward preference for a clerical life. He had adopted a few catch-phrases, the meaning of which he did not always stop to consider, and by interlarding his conversation, more or less happily, with these, believed he had "done all that might become a" clergyman. Furthermore, he intensely hated all who walked not in his ways, nor spake the words he spake. He looked upon Miss Owens as in a condition of ignorance absolutely lamentable. Perhaps that was his reason for coming so often to call upon her. In his eyes, of course, the money she possessed was "dross."

Upon what plea he had presented himself this evening did not at first appear, so disconcerted did he seem by Stephen Wray's presence. His dark eyes travelled furtively from the young man's inscrutable face to the calm tranquillity of Mary Owens'. Mary offered him tea, but he stammered, and declined it on the plea that he was "fasting." Mary's thoughts flashed back to the old Book, which says such exercises were to be done in secret, and not to be seen of men—Stephen stroked his fair moustache meditatively, and thought how dreadfully disimproved Whyte had become since the days when they were at college together.

Mr. Whyte had come to ask Mary to sing at a concert which he was getting up in aid of a charity. But Mary shook her head, and declined.

"I never sing in public," she said.

"I have heard of your doing so for Mr. Davenent," he said, not over-politely.

"Once or twice, in the wards of his House of Rest," said Miss Owens—"a few ballads or hymns for a small gathering of old men and women. That is very different from singing at your concert."

"Mr. Davenent is a favoured person," said Mr. Whyte, with a feeble smile.

"I would do much for him," Mary answered simply. "But truly, Mr. Whyte, you overrate my powers. I may say I do not sing at all. I have hardly any voice."

"It is true I have never had the pleasure of hearing you sing," he returned gravely; "but one has only to look in your face to see that you possess all Heaven's best gifts of harmony."

Stephen stooped suddenly and picked up the little black kitten to his knee, playing with it industriously.

Mary laughed gently, but did not seek to answer the charge thus brought against her.

Presently the young men rose simultaneously to their feet, and said good-night. As Mr. Whyte went down-stairs, Stephen ran back to the drawing-room.

"What shall I do to this fellow for you, Mary?" he asked—"smother him, choke him, throw him into the Thames—"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mary, laughing. "He means no harm. He is quite inoffensive."

"Don't tell me he means no harm after that compliment about Heaven's best gifts of harmony!"

He has been a month composing that remark, and came here this evening for the express purpose of making it. I am afraid I was considerably in the way."

Long after they had gone, Mary Owens sat musing by the fire, with the black pussy Stephen had caressed in her lap. "Young, lovely, like a picture," he had said of this strange girl he had met—this Hilda Romney. Instinct told her Stephen had met his fate. She had often smiled at his shallow flirtations, his transient admiration of this girl or the other; but this she dimly felt was more serious. He had looked both awkward and embarrassed while speaking of her. By the soreness of her own heart now, Mary discovered that, all unawares, she had been cherishing some vague, faint hope that in the future years Stephen's heart might have turned to her.

There is no one to care if she stays dreaming here all night. Her father sits alone all the evening in the dining-room, dozing over his wine, until his servant rouses him and leads him off to bed.

"I shall go to see Mr. Davenent to-morrow," she resolves at last. "That is my only refuge when I feel wicked."

CHAPTER V.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

"Jesus said unto him, Follow Me; and he left all, rose up, and followed Him."—GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE.

HE had been young when he made his choice. At the threshold of life two ways had lain before him: one led to earthly distinction, and perhaps to fame and high honour. He had chosen the other. He had turned away his eyes from beholding vanity; had chosen to fast that others might feast; to weep and mourn that others might rejoice and sing; had counted gain but hurt and loss; had learned to forsake himself, and, taking his life in his hand, he had gone forth to spend it amidst sounds and sights of infamy and woe, for the love of Jesus Christ.

Such was William Davenent, now with close upon sixty years to his account, over thirty of which had been passed amidst the squalor and misery of East London. He was a small, spare man, slightly stooped, with a clean-shaven, keen face, thin and worn, a few scant locks of greyish-brown, and light blue eyes whose hardness was redeemed by the tender smile that came upon his face at intervals: a smile the sick knew and the little children loved, yet a very rare smile. Ordinarily his face wore an unmoved calm, that gave one the impression of great mental strength and fixed resolve. He was a man whose intense *reality* impressed all those with whom he came in contact. You felt you might safely stake your life upon his truthfulness.

As a young man at Oxford he had not been without distinction, and those who knew him best had looked for great things in the future from an intellect so incisive and clear, balanced with a mind so logical and calm. He had shone in intellectual society, and the great books that burn like lamps along the centuries were familiar lore to him.

But there had come a change. Across his visions

of earthly laurels and the praises of his fellow-men, there had sounded a cry which pierced to the innermost fibre of the young man's heart—the despairing, desolate cry of the poor, the sick, the sinful, the sorrowing. He sickened at his heart when he read or heard of the woe on God's fair earth, where the sun shines alike on just and unjust. When he thought of human beings, his fellow-men, his brethren, daily, like Issachar of old, “crouching down between two burdens”—sickness and poverty—he longed to help them; and pain of pity for the desolate ones, sinking by their thousands in swamps of overwhelming sin, rent his heart. The great phalanx of unanswerable problems, as to why such things be, confronted him. Why should he live in ease, and these die in misery? Who was sufficient for these things?

Could he help them—he, one man amongst these terrible thousands?

At first he gave his time and his intellect to the question. He inquired into the truth of statistics and estimates of crime, and wrote magazine articles, and even pamphlets, on the remedy for the disease. He was termed a Utopian, a Don Quixote—nay, even a Socialist. And then at last, hopeless of other aid, he gave himself, body, soul, and spirit, to be a living sacrifice upon this altar. From the day of his decision his heart had not flinched, but had been perfect before the Lord. He was lost to fame and honour, to the invigorating friction of congenial minds, to all pleasant sights and sounds of the happy outside world; and the grime and dreadfulness and misery of East London engulfed him henceforth.

Thirty long years had gone over his head since the day of his ordination, and still he was labouring in the burden and heat of the day, toilfully gathering out a few stones from the Lord's highway, and a few briars from His path.

He had one friend still of his former rank, and that friend's carriage was now at the door of the mean house in the narrow street where he lodged.

“Is Mr. Davenant at home?” Miss Owens asked of the old woman who answered the door and attended to Mr. Davenant's simple needs.

“No, ma'am,” replied the dame, well used to Mary's appearance. “He's below to the chapel.”

Mary walked on briskly to the next street. Half-way along its length stood the small mission-chapel, with doors always open. Mary had built this chapel for her old friend, when her mother's money had come under her own control—not from love of the mission, but out of love and respect for Mr. Davenant, her dear and honoured godfather, who had all her life been as well her closest, wisest friend. As far as his mission went, she simply thought it a pity, and likewise very disagreeable, that there should be such a number of dirty people in the world. It was certainly sad they should be sick and hungry as well as dirty, but they were not interesting. She gave freely of her money to them, partly to please Mr. Davenant, partly because it was uncomfortable to reflect that in the same city with her own well-fed, well-clad self people should be daily dying of hunger and cold. But to touch one of these repulsive beings with so

much as the tip of the finger of one well-gloved hand she would have loathed. She could not understand how a gentleman, well-bred and refined, could voluntarily elect to pass all his life in daily, hourly contact with such wretched creatures as these.

The little mission-chapel was lit but by the last cold glimmer of the short, fast-fading March day, when Mary seated herself quietly just within the door. Away at the farther end she could make out the old pastor standing on the chancel steps. Around him, some on seats, some on the floor, was crouched a small group of listeners—girls from seven to twelve years of age—squalid, hungry-eyed, old-looking, for the most part, except some few who by profession were fairies at the neighbouring theatre. These were better clad, and not so starved-looking as the rest. Some of the girls held in their lank arms thin miserable babies, who occasionally wailed, and were hushed to quietness again. These he had gathered in for a few moments' quiet teaching about the children's Jesus and the children's Home. He might not keep them long, lest the rehearsal at the theatre might call away some, and hard blows and shrill words greet others on reaching home. But simply, that the youngest there need not lose her way for lack of understanding him, the eternal doctrine of the love of Christ fell from the old man's lips.

He was telling them about Jairus' daughter—a little maid like them. And tears of wonder and delight stole down some of the elder girls' hollow cheeks when he told them of that happy heaven, to which, if they loved and served Jesus now, He would bring them hereafter, where nothing might hurt them—where they would never be hungry, or cold, or beaten, or even scolded any more. And there would be no more curses, or misery, or drunkenness. This last, how great a boon none knew better than some of the sore little hearts and bruised bodies listening to him. Then the childish voices rose in a simple hymn he had taught them, and one by one they stole gently from the church.

Mr. Davenant knelt, some minutes after they had gone, in silence on the chancel steps, then rose and came towards Mary. His keen eyes had noted her entrance.

“So, my child, you have found your way to see me?” and he clasped her hand affectionately, as they passed out into the street together.

“Yes,” Mary replied brightly. “I was feeling rather wicked, and when that fit takes me I like to come to see you. It does me good, too, to see how much more miserable people there are in the world than me.”

“You miserable! Don't, Mary dear. Sorrow is real enough, without any of us going out of our way to look for it for ourselves.”

“As you were speaking to those children, the idea suddenly occurred to me that I might just as well have been born one of them as myself—I might have been ragged, and hungry, and wretched, like them.”

“Just as well,” the old man replied gently. “And just because you were not born to their wretchedness, their degradation, their ignorance, do you not think

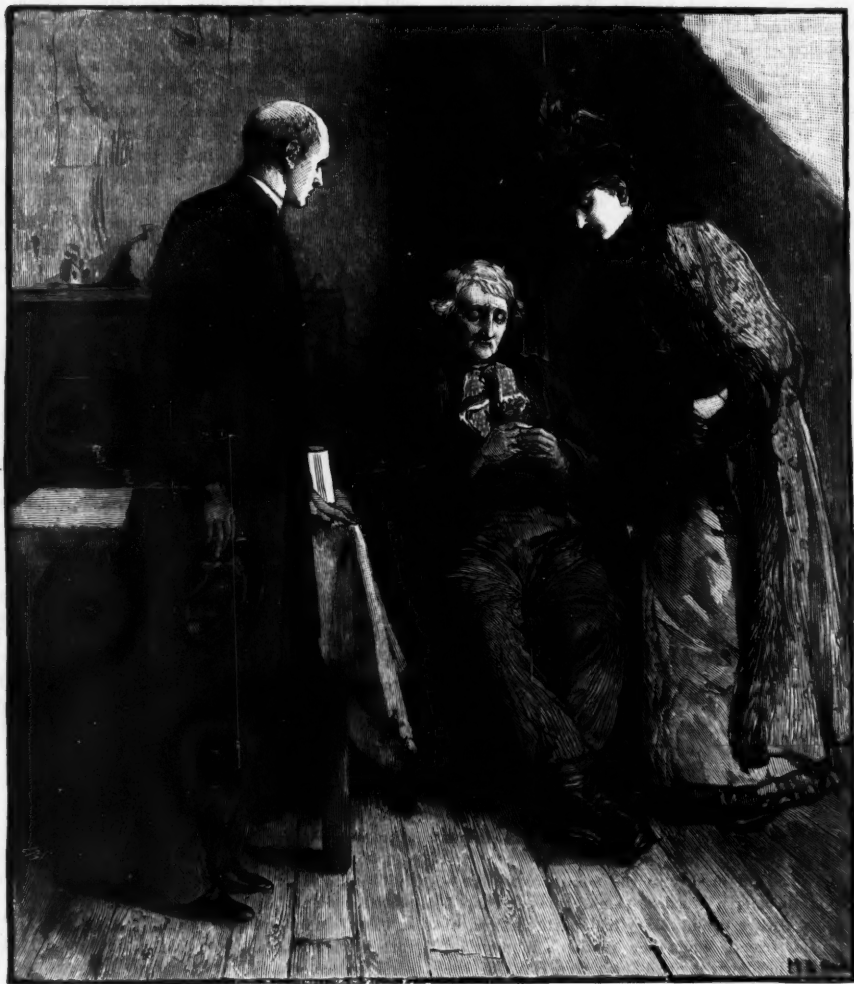
you are all the more responsible to Almighty God! Think of the difference there will be between you and them on the Day of Account."

Mary was silenced, and a little awed.

"I have brought you a few violets for that poor

"Very well; I'll go," she said reluctantly.

He turned to the right, away from the direction in which his own house lay, and guided her through a labyrinth of narrow, unlovely streets—a district known to few outsiders but the policeman. Rough, however,



"'They 'mind me of the spring,' he said."—p. 121.

old blind Scotchman of whom you were telling me," she said presently, as they walked on.

"Come and see him, and give them to him yourself, dear," said the old clergyman, stopping short.

"Oh no!" cried Miss Owens, shrinking a little.

"I don't like dirty old men. Besides, what could I say to him?"

"Jameson is not dirty. And a kindness you do yourself is a double kindness."

as were the denizens of the place, none offered any affront to Mary and her escort. To be sure, the bent figure of the old man, in his plain, worn black garb, was well known to most of them, going daily in and out amongst them, and from some of the women he won a vapid smile and a whispered blessing as he passed. But most of them, even the children at play in the gutters, suspended their operations to stare at the young lady in her dainty grey costume and costly

furs. Mary had a vague remembrance of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and an uncomfortable sensation of being on the wrong side of the gulf as she passed through the narrow streets and courts amidst these hard-faced men, and ragged women, and children woefully dirty and neglected.

Mr. Davenent pushed aside the heavy swing-door of a big, old, gloomy house. Mary followed him as best she could along a dark and narrow passage, and up long flights of broken stairs. At the farther end of a landing, lit from above by a dirty skylight, he tapped at a door, and a broad Scotch accent bade them enter.

It seemed to Mary, when she and Mr. Davenent entered the room, it surely could not have held another human being, so small it was—a box of a room, faintly illumined by a dormer window, but spotlessly neat and clean.

"I have brought a young lady, a great friend of mine, to pay you a visit, Jameson," said the old clergyman to the occupant of the room, a feeble old cripple, who turned sightless eyes towards them as they entered.

Mary went forward, and placed her little offering of violets in the old man's hand. He smelt them gratefully, smiling at her in thanks for her gift.

"I thought you would like these. They smell so sweet," she said, feeling more stupid and tongue-tied than she had ever done in a fashionable drawing-room.

The old man fondled the flowers with his stiff rheumatic fingers.

"Yes. They 'mind me of the spring," he said.

Mr. Davenent meanwhile, perfectly at home, produced a broken mug from a cupboard behind the door, which, filling it with water, he placed within the blind man's reach.

"I canna ask the ledly to be seated," he said apologetically, turning his face, with the wondrous instinct of the blind, to where Mr. Davenent stood. "T is a puir place, ledly, and there's but the chair I sit in."

"I do not want to sit down, thank you," said Mary graciously. "I am sorry to find you suffering so much, Mr. Jameson."

Mr. Davenent smiled wistfully as her words and accent fell on his ear—kind, courteous, gracious, but spoken as from an immeasurable height above the poor man she addressed.

"The pain is bad at times, ledly," replied the poor man. "But a bit longer now, and 't will pass."

"Were you always blind?" she asked, compassionately.

"No, ledly. In my time I've seen the sun rise, and the blue sky above the bonny Clyde water. I sit and think of just how it looked, now when all is dark. But the darkness will pass too, ledly; 't is but for a time."

Mary felt a sort of sudden compunction as he spoke. This lonely life, so patiently borne, smote her heart with the pains of contrition, as if somehow or another she were to blame for it.

"Shall I sing you something?" she asked timidly, wondering if violets and songs were not stones rather than bread to this poor shivering wretch in his drear attic.

The old man listened ecstatically to her low, sweet voice, keeping time with head and hand, all the wild love of music awakening once more in his impressionable Celtic nature.

"My soul longs to be free,
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the Leal,"

she finished with. There was silence in the room for a while.

"Ah! 'tis so, 'tis so!" murmured the old man, with his white head bowed upon his breast, and tears rolling down his withered cheeks. "The pain, and the sorrow, and the darkness will be a' gone and done with in the Land o' the Leal."

"I shall come to see you again if I may," said Mary ere she went away, a good deal surprised to find herself making this promise.

"Do you know he had no fire in that miserable little den?" Mary asked indignantly, when they had left the house, and she looked at Mr. Davenent as though he were guilty of some monstrous cruelty.

"I know it," he answered, with a heavy sigh. "The winter has been exceptionally sharp and cold, and very long. My coal funds are at ebb, and I have cases of far sorer need than his."

"Could you not ask me if you wanted money?" Mary asked reproachfully. There was something not unlike tears in her brown eyes as she marched along, her head very erect. "When I touched that old man's hand, I assure you the cold of it went to my heart."

"And do you not think that the wretchedness of these, their cold, their hunger, their unending misery, has not been going to *my* heart all these thirty years, Mary? God knows it has."

"I do not want to blame you, but I think when I have money, more than I know what to do with, and am willing to give it whenever you ask for it, that you *should* ask me. Now, you must promise me at once that Jameson has a fire every day until the cold weather is over; and he must have a rug under his feet, and woollen gloves for his poor hands."

"And if I get him all these things," said Mr. Davenent, smiling, "what will the rest of my poor say? They, too, will want carpets and gloves, and then where shall I be?"

"Then I shall get him these things myself. And take them to him. Poor old man! what a wretched, miserable life! And with nothing to look forward to but heaven."

"Yes," the old pastor answered, lifting up his face with such a tender, happy smile, "Nothing to look forward to but heaven."

The words were the same, but they sounded very differently from his lips and from hers.

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

All loved thee; I, a dweller in the towns,
Used to coarse faces, common souls and worn—
How could I choose but own thee sweetest, best?"

WESTWOOD.

SUMMER once more, in all its jovial gladness, its prodigality of fresh, gay colours, and of sounds and

scents delicious. The winter past, the rain over and gone, the flowers appeared on the earth, and the time of singing of birds had come.

June, the queen month of roses, had gone, but her wealth of fragrant treasures still adorned the green-swards of July. The old Parsonage garden at Biffey never looked more beautiful than now, with its wealth of flowers standing up bravely in the July sunshine; the grass, green and close-cropped, making a vivid setting for the well-filled flower-beds, roses, scarlet geraniums, gaudy sunflowers, and assertive hollyhocks, making up one delicious compound of colour, scent, and beauty.

Hilda Romney looked on it all, this July morning, with eyes that loved every blade of grass, every smallest tuft of flower—in this dear old garden, where she had passed so many tranquil, happy hours. Her book lay open, face downwards, on the seat beside her, and her work-basket stood near. But she was neither working nor reading. It was too lovely a day to do aught but sit and dream amongst the flowers.

The garden gate opened, and the dapper little housemaid appeared, bearing a card on a salver.

"The gentleman is in the drawing-room, miss," she said, and disappeared.

Hilda's face grew rosy as she read the name upon the card. He had not, then, forgotten—he had come back. With light, swift steps she left the garden, and followed the housemaid's retreating form. She did not take the path through the lawn under the drawing-room windows, but turned aside behind the hedge of laurestinus to the yard wicket-gate. The yard was square, with a stone trough and fountain in the middle, and a device and Latin inscription wrought with white stones in the centre of the pavement. The sooty-coloured Dorkings and fluffy goslings raised a clamour at her appearance, which in their limited minds was associated with something good to eat. The pigeons, preening themselves about the fountain, turned their glossy heads, and peered with round, bright eyes at her as she passed towards the house. But she heeded none of them, not even the round-headed puppy that came gamboling to meet her from one of the out-offices. She ran on swiftly to her own room, girl-like, to see if her hair were in order and her collar straight. Meanwhile Stephen Wray, down-stairs in the drawing-room, was having a "very bad quarter of an hour."

The inspiration which had seemed such a happy one when first it occurred to his mind did not appear quite so plausible now that he had carried it into action. A very superficial knowledge of British law told him that bigamy is a felony within these islands. Once the husband of Hilda Romney, his father nor the world could compel him to wed Mary Owens. Thus much was clear. The one-day-seen Hilda had lingered in his thoughts like a beautiful vision, until he told himself she was, of all he had ever met, or ever could meet, the sweetest and loveliest of woman-kind. To see her would be to love her, he believed, so far as his family went. His father, by fair means and foul, and by every means in his power, had of late been urging him to propose in due form to the heiress. This Stephen hotly refused to do. Hence

were these family rows innumerable, and across the discord had struck the luminous idea of cutting short the threads of difficulty by marrying Hilda Romney. None other than she would ever be his wife, if she would have him, and that being so, he might as well set about the matter at once, and put a truce to the war between himself and his father.

First he had dutifully escorted his family to Boulogne, where they proposed to pass the season, established them in a comfortable hotel where English was freely spoken, and then hastened back to London, and thence to Flashford-on-Sea, where he now sits on thorns in the Parsonage drawing-room, waiting for Hilda to appear. He hoped to return to London engaged to Miss Romney. His mother would ask her on a visit. All his people would incontinently fall down and worship her. His father would accept the inevitable, and make handsome settlements on the young people. Stephen was his only son, and he would not be implacable towards him.

Like the plans of all great generals, his was short, sharp, and to the point, besides being beautifully simple. But, notwithstanding, as he now sat waiting for Hilda to appear, he felt as awkward and shy as a schoolboy. What should he say when she appeared? How account for himself? For his coming?

The door opened, and Hilda entered. She looked unaffectedly glad to see him, and held out a ready hand in greeting. And Stephen found, to his intense delight, that he was not expected to give any account of himself or to offer the slightest excuse for his coming.

"I am going to rusticate for a few weeks by the seaside, Miss Romney," he said, after some minutes had passed. "I am getting tired of foreign travel."

"Oh! are you?" she answered wonderingly. "And I should so love to go abroad. There are so many places I have read of, that I should dearly like to see."

Stephen smiled as he thought to himself what pleasure he would have in taking her north, south, east, or west, wherever her fancy might dictate, in the happy future which lay before them both. He could picture the eager, girlish joy as he showed her all her heart desired to see.

I am afraid the young man Stephen was somewhat of a coxcomb, to be thus exultantly sure of the success of his wooing. And yet, with his beautiful happy face, and the manly strength and grace in every limb of him, he was a lover of whom any woman might well be proud.

Not as even a possible lover, however, did Hilda Romney regard him, in her utter unconsciousness, as the two young people sat together in the quaint old room filled with flowers—great bowls of roses, crimson and yellow and white, and vases of heavily fragrant carnations gleaming from cupboard and shelf, while the open windows were framed with drooping clusters of wisteria and clematis.

"Father and Uncle Drury went to Bullionston this morning by the early train," Hilda remarked. "Father went about some books of reference for his *Encyclopædia*, and Uncle Drury went to take care of him. You know, if father got reading in a library he would forget to come home. They will be very pleased to see you again. Uncle Drury liked you very much."

"And I liked him," Stephen answered. "There is such a stately air of chivalrous old times about him. And he seems very kind also."

"The kindest, dearest old heart in all the world! He is so good to me," she answered simply.

Stephen thought she looked prettier than ever. The fresh, cool dress, of brown holland, with a dainty crimson ribbon round her waist, suited her better than the heavy velvet robe she had worn the day he met her first.

At this moment there were steps in the garden, and the bustle of an arrival at the hall door. The old gentlemen had come home, evidently. Dr. Romney's heavy steps went straight along the passage to the study, but Master Drury came to the drawing-room.

The worthy old gentleman experienced quite a panic of delight upon seeing Stephen. He bent and bowed, and waved his hands with elaborate gesticulation, and wound up finally by a hearty hand-shake, which Stephen understood better than the preceding ceremonies.

Then he turned to his niece.

"Hilda, my love, a slight token, a worthless bauble to shield from the too ardent kiss of Sol. Permit the old man to make an offering at Beauty's shrine."

And he pressed a long thin parcel, done up with brown paper, into her hand.

Hilda opened it, and produced therefrom a parasol. Truly, the most gorgeous thing in parasols Bullionston was able to produce. It was cream-colour, with a spray of crimson flowers painted on it, and a great deal of lace depending from its circumference. Hilda flushed red, and looked a little distressed.

"Dear Uncle, you are too good to me," she said wistfully.

"But do you like it, dear? That is the question, not my goodness."

"It is very beautiful," she said hesitatingly, "but much too magnificent for me."

"Tut! tut! As if I could in all the world find a thing good enough for you!" and he kissed her hand with chivalrous devotion, then trotted from the room.

"Just as I was saying to you," said Hilda, turning to Stephen with a slight mist before her grey eyes. "He is so good to me; he never goes to the city without bringing home something to give me pleasure. But this is dreadful. I never *could* use a parasol like that, and he will be hurt if I do not."

"I've seen my sisters carry parasols like it," Stephen said dubiously, eying the gaudy affair critically, "at a flower-show, or place of that kind. But somehow, it does not seem your style."

"I never go to flower-shows. And it is *not* my style. That distresses me. But I would wear anything sooner than hurt Uncle Drury."

She stopped short as Master Drury re-entered the room, with his face aglow.

"I have told my brother you are here, Mr. Wray," he said, speaking in a rather faster tone than usual, "and that you have put up at the Alexandra. He says that is absurd. I say so too. Come to us. We have a room. We like you. We make you welcome."

Poor innocent Master Drury, thus welcoming the wolf into the fold!

Stephen declined, apologised, protested, but all to no avail. Dr. Romney bustled in to see him, and shook him warmly by the hand. He wanted him to give him the names of some leading London publishers, he said. Stephen's objections were overruled, his excuses not listened to, and finally a servant was despatched to the hotel for his effects.

Before he knew where he was, so to speak, he found himself installed a guest at Biffey Parsonage. As he idled away the rest of the long sunshiny day in the garden with Master Drury and Hilda, the old father of the family joining them there for afternoon tea; sat with them at the well-appointed dinner-table; took a hand at chess in the shadowy drawing-room with the old doctor, and Hilda close by him laughing at his bad play; and finally, was shown to a dainty bedroom, hung with dimity and smelling of lavender, under the selfsame roof with his beloved, he felt that this indeed was a wondrous whirl of "fortune's wheel," and could but presage success and happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

HE AND SHE.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands."

STEPHEN WRAY was very soon perfectly at home at the Parsonage. Everyone in the house liked the young man, as everyone everywhere always did. His handsome face, boyish, simple manner, and spontaneous gaiety were all potent charms. That much-esteemed lady Mrs. Grundy, and her code of social rules and regulations, were apparently unknown to the Arcadian simplicity of this household. The old gentlemen saw nothing out of the way in Stephen being constantly with Hilda. It was good for the child, they said, to have at last a companion of her own age; and the old faces smiled as her laugh rang through the house more frequently each day.

Stephen was sublimely happy in the first intoxication of love's young dream. The more he saw of Hilda, the more he loved her. Although a young fellow, with more money always at his command than was exactly good for him, he was as yet unspoiled by the world. He was neither used up, nor effete and purposeless, as too many young men in his position become. He had not found, while yet in his twenties, the world a hollow fraud, and life a delusion and a snare. He had a large-hearted, royal belief in happiness, as a gift within the reach of most men. With perfect health, and a cheerful, sunshiny disposition, he always looked on the bright side of things, possessing also a general belief in the goodness and amiability of his fellow-men and women.

At the present moment he was in love for the first time in his life, and earnestly, eagerly, as he did everything, flinging his whole heart and soul into the matter.

He rose with the lark, as they all did at the Parsonage. He learned how to propel the grass-cutter over the trimly kept lawn, and he gathered fruit in the kitchen-garden for Hilda's housekeeping purposes. Or he established himself on the ledge of

the open dairy window, and watched her with up-rolled sleeves and gigantic apron, making pastry. Or he would walk in the garden by the hour with Master Drury, talking with a fluency that astonished himself of poetry, or art, or kindred lofty topics. Thus he poeted his sweet apprenticeship of love. In the afternoons he and Hilda would go for long walks by the coast, with the sea running in almost to their feet, or inland through the fields, where the tall meadow-sweet grew by the river-side, and the blue forget-me-nots swayed on the current; or they would sit together in the garden, under the trees, where the apples hung reddening in the sun, and while she would work, he would read aloud her favourite books—his favourites also. And then tea would be carried out, and Master Drury come from his flowers and Dr. Romney from his books to join them. Perhaps after dinner a twilight stroll in the cool of the evening, coming home to chess or some other sober pastime, or conversation in the softly lit drawing-room until the servants assembled, and the master of the house read evening prayers, and another happy day was gathered to the past.

"Where do you disappear to daily, for hours, before luncheon?" Stephen asked Hilda abruptly. He had hired a boat, and taken her out on the sea to enjoy the sunset. The sea was smooth as glass, glowing magnificently with the lights and colours drifted upon its surface from the sky. The sunset was over long since, the great lurid ball of fire had gone flaming down into the west, but the memory of that crimson splendour lingered yet on polished water, and the western sky was zoned with yellow, merging upwards into fairy greens and tender greys.

Hilda smiled as she answered.

"I do not disappear for hours, Mr. Wray," she said.

"I call it hours," Stephen asserted dogmatically.

"I think you might tell me where you go." Hilda's face had been turned towards the west, but now she brought her eyes back from that far glory, and answered him simply.

"I visit some of papa's poor people," she said. "You know, papa hates visiting. His mind is always lost in his book. So, as I think someone ought to see these people, and know about them, I go."

"May I go with you?" asked Stephen. "You can't think how fearfully lonely, not to say neglected, I feel while you are away."

"No, you may not come with me. And," laughing brightly, "I don't believe either that you are lonely. You can read, or write your letters."

"But I assure you I am most abjectly lonely," he replied. "I wander all over the place in the most forlorn manner, much too shy to ask anyone, yet wondering desperately where you can possibly be."

"Now that you know," she said saucily, "your mind will be at ease. That is a great consideration."

"You are very unkind."

"And you are very absurd," she replied; and then they both laughed quite a long time, as if all this were exquisitely humorous; and after laughing together, they felt better friends than ever.

"I like to hear you laugh," he said, bending once more to his oars. "It comes always on me with the force of a surprise."

"I do not laugh much, I think," she answered musingly. "By nature, I am rather quiet; but since you have been here things have seemed far more amusing."

"You look so grave at times!" he said, resting his arms across his shipped oars, and looking at her with grave contemplation. "I often wonder of what you can be thinking when you are silent, and your face takes such sorrowful lines."

"I have sad thoughts," she said, in a voice so low he might hardly hear her words. She leant towards the side of the boat, trailing her fingers in the cool green water, and turning away her face from the light in the western sky.

"You are too young to have sad thoughts," he said. "You look a child sometimes."

"I was twenty last March," she said.

"And I shall be twenty-four in September," he replied. "So I am old enough to give you very sound and wise advice. A young girl like you has no right to have sad thoughts."

"Being young does not keep away sorrow," she answered, still with averted face.

"Sorrow is a strong word. Your life is perhaps not so bright and gay as that of most young girls; but it is not a life to make you sorrowful."

"I am sorrowful," she said unsteadily, "because of what my life shall be."

There was an awed solemnity in her face and manner which silenced him. Much as he longed to know her sorrow, and share it, he dared not question farther. He contented himself by looking at the soft, fair, pensive face, with all his heart in his eyes. He loved her so fervently, so entirely, that for himself he did not count over the mere short days and hours of their acquaintanceship.

It seemed to him the time in which he had not known her had never been, so utterly did she now fill all his life and thoughts. And to him, now swaying on the idle tide alone with her, it would not have been a moment too soon to tell her that he loved her, and to ask her to share her sorrow—whatever it might be—with him. But prudence sealed his lips. It was too soon for her, he knew. There was nothing looked at him from her clear eyes more than utter friendliness and good comradeship. He must wait.

But he felt strangely chilled and disheartened. A vague, undefinable something, a premonition of sorrow to come, seemed to push suddenly between him and her. She was far away from him, lost in musings he might not know, in thoughts he might not share. The warm tints of sunset were all gone now, and sea and land and sky were cold and grey. The glory was gone, the brightness fled, as he rowed in-shore in silence.

"It has all been very lovely," she said, as he gave her his hand to help her to the beach. "I have been very happy."

"Then if you have been happy, so have I," he said fervently.

"How very pleasant for you to have me to make up your mind for you!" she said, with a roguish glance. "Am I to tell you always when you are to be happy?" Stephen laughed as he looked down into her face.

"You see, it would be so very delightful making up again," replied the audacious Stephen, all his good spirits suddenly come back, for she had smiled on him. "Oh!" said Miss Romney, rather limply.



"He established himself on the ledge of the open dairy window."—p. 124.

"You know perfectly well what I mean, so there is not the slightest use in your pretending that you don't," he said.

"I am afraid we are coming very near quarrelling, Mr. Wray."

"I shouldn't mind in the least having a desperate quarrel with you, Miss Romney."

"That is a very nice and kind and altogether friendly statement, I must say."

"So whatever day you feel disposed to quarrel, let me know. I am quite ready," he said.

"Do you quarrel with your sisters?" she asked. Stephen laughed again.

"Not much. On the whole, we get along very well amongst ourselves. Our time is fully taken up circumventing our revered papa, and trying not to allow our precious mamma to have too depressing an influence upon us. So we younger ones band together

rather, and seldom, if ever, weaken our forces by falling out among ourselves."

"I don't like the way you speak of your father and mother," she said, with sudden gravity.

"I don't do so from choice, I can assure you," he replied, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "My father and mother may be blessings in disguise, but they are very *much* disguised."

"Even if they are—not very pleasant," she said timidly, "I don't think you ought to speak of them as you do. It hurts me."

"Does it? Then I won't do it—never again as long as I live."

"I am sure they love you."

"Perhaps. But if you don't want me to speak unkindly or disrespectfully of them, hadn't we best leave them out of the conversation altogether?"

"But it is not because *I* wish you not to speak of them in the way you do, that should influence you. It is because it is never right to speak badly of one's parents."

"You remind me of Mary Owens," he said, with a little laugh. "She often preaches her small sermons just like that. I am sorry to say I seldom, if ever, give heed to what she says."

"Who is Mary Owens?" she asked, turning suddenly towards him.

"Mary Owens? Why, she is just the best girl in the world, and a great friend of mine. Did I never speak of her to you?"

"I never heard her name before," Miss Romney answered somewhat stiffly. She drew a little away from Stephen as they went along the narrow pathway homewards through Biffey's streets.

"Her father is my father's partner; and she is his only child, and quite an heiress. I couldn't say how much money she has. She has been brought up with us, you may say: went to school with my younger sister, and used to come to the seaside with us when we were children. She is a very good girl, gives a lot of her money to the poor, and that sort of thing. She is very good to me—puts up with me when I'm out of temper, and helps me generally to get along. When home gets too bad of an evening, I go to Kensington, and take refuge with Mary. She is one of those quiet, sympathetic girls that let a fellow alone, and do not expect him to be for ever kneeling at their feet paying them compliments."

Hilda is not of the sympathetic order, apparently, for she walks along in silence, her small head very erect.

"I wish you and she knew one another," he continued, with true masculine blundering. Stephen did not know he was blundering, and went on fervently wishing. Hilda listened in cold silence. "I am sure

you would like each other very much, and be great friends."

"I think it very improbable," Miss Romney answered. There was just a little touch of stateliness in her manner. Stephen did not notice this.

"I am certain you would like Mary," he continued. "She is so good, and true, and honest. Not a bit stuck up, like most girls who have money. And of course she would like you. She could not help doing that."

The tender inflection in his voice when he said this might have told much of his heart's story to a maiden more experienced in the ways of the world than Hilda Romney. But to her it told nothing, and she walked on silently, feeling a little hurt, a little angry, and altogether ill at ease, though she could have given no sufficient reason why she should be any one of the three.

She had been joyous enough when they left the boat. Why now, as they reached the Parsonage door, should her eyes be somewhat dim, and her heart a trifle sore?

She ran up-stairs to take off her things. When she came down again the chess-table was out, the pieces placed, and the old gentlemen impatiently waiting for her to come to take her part in four-handed chess.

Stephen soon felt by some mysterious instinct that something had come between her and him, and in his consequent dejection played exceedingly ill—so much so that Master Drury, as a partner, found him utterly unreliable, and Hilda and her father won easily every time.

Master Drury went to his bed that night sorrowfully shaking his powdered old head, and bewailing his many defeats.

"The young man threw away the games—actually threw them away," he muttered pathetically. "Played into our opponents' hands with as pitiable ignorance as if he had never seen a chess-board before in his life. I shall put him to play with Hilda to-morrow night. Perhaps he might get on better."

Perhaps he might, O sapient Master Drury!

"Just the best girl in all the world," he called her," repeated Hilda to herself, indignantly, as she fell asleep in her little white bed.

"I have managed to offend her in some way," mused the unhappy blunderer in the seclusion of his own room, a great deal too miserable even to attempt to sleep. "I wonder what I could have said or done?"

And over and over again he revolved in his foolish mind the events of the evening—what he said, what she said—like some silly game of consequences without an end.

(To be continued.)



The Children's Praises.

Words by JOSHUA KING.

Music by C. L. WILLIAMS, Mus.B.
(Organist of Gloucester Cathedral.)

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The

chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name: Nor

did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long, He

bade them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.....

2. And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still—
Though now, as King, He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill—
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son !

3. For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise :
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's !

"SECOND FLOOR BACK."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK HASTINGS.



"WHAT can you say on 'second floor back?'" said a respectable tradesman to me when I was speaking of it as a subject. To him, having a residence away from his shop, to him prosperous and happy, I knew that it might only suggest the small spare-room, kept always tidy and "well-aired" for country cousins who might come to town. Nor would it convey much to a friend of mine who lives in a house that must have cost a fortune to furnish; where pictures and *bijouterie*, nick-nacks, and portraits in richly carven frames

abound; where carpets are like the mossy smooth-shaven lawn; where tables are of exquisite shape inlaid with marquetry, or massive, and needing machinery to lift them; where lounges are soft, curtains silken and heavy; and where the walls are all richly frescoed or hung with choicest tapestry brought from some old Continental *château* or lordly castle. To him "second floor back" would only perhaps suggest the "blue room" or a luxuriously fitted dressing-room.

There are those who will readily understand the reference, those who have to make of "second floor back" kitchen and scullery, nursery and bedroom, larder and china closet, bath-room and cellar, dining and drawing room. It is astonishing into how much one small room will develop. "Second floor back" is like a "telescopic table," adaptable to two or twenty. This wonderful room is found in houses that face a main road, but generally it is seen in the perfection of utility in some small side street of a slummy district. Let us go and see one. Mind the stairs; they not only creak, but some of the steps are very loose. Don't lean on the banister; it is likely to give way. If you have a stick, grope your way; there is no window to give light. Knock at the door; this room is as distinct a dwelling as any residence. Six families occupy the other rooms of this small house of seven rooms, kitchen included. Twenty-nine children are

the offspring of these six families, and a precious noise they make ever and anon, as they clatter up and down stairs, call or cry, shout or squall. If you are of great sensibility in the olfactory nerves, bring some smelling salts or eau-de-cologne with you. The smell is peculiarly stifling. All sorts of operations and materials produce that fragrance. "Oh! it is washing-day, is it?" you say to the mistress of the homestead. "Indeed, then, 'there is nae luck about the house,' I suppose."—"Yes; sir, there is, only it's very bad luck in respect to drying to-day. We are obliged to dry our linen indoors, we have such a small yard, and there's 'no dry' in it. Besides, it might be dangerous to leave the things outside."

I have had sometimes to creep up-stairs where the linen of someone for whom the laundry-work was done was hanging to get dry and healthy! The alert inmate would hear my steps, come out and hold wet sheets back for me to pass. Sometimes the room has been so closely festooned with damp linen that it has been hard to see the occupant. This "second floor back" has to be wash-house as well as living-room.

But look at the furniture. A rickety table, a chair or two, an aged bedstead, a box or two, and perhaps a small chest of drawers, leave little space for movement. Here, when the linen is down, the room swept up, a bright fire burning, a small paraffin lamp sending its light on the innumerable little



pictures and photographic portraits of sons and daughters away, the widow can sit down and be comfortable. Yea, I know some who by reason of a simple faith in Christ's great love to them are as happy in such spots as the Queen when in bracing Balmoral or wondrous Windsor. I have even seen a family of five, bright and hopeful, who have had to dwell in one such tiny room. And the room has been clean, too. The innate love of tidiness in the wife made the one room a pleasant sight in the midst of much that was disorderly and dreary. That husband, too, had much of the Mark Tapley spirit. Both kept from drink, and the children were members of a Sunday-school.

But "second floor back" and the occupants given to drink, what a change! What sights! Go in when the husband is recovering from a night's debauch and "drunk." Bare boards, scanty clothing, a rotten tick, apologies for coverlets, an old macintosh; broken crockery, torn pictures pasted on the wall by some previous tenant, wall-paper in tatters, or black with dust and smoke, and a leaky saucepan on the fireless hearth. In one case an old battered zinc pail served alone to fetch water, wash up crockery, and cook the Sunday dinner. I have known a broken ewer avail to fetch the beer from the public and the soup from the soup-kitchen.

We don't wonder, when the kitchen utensils are so reduced, that sometimes the coal-cellar gets very low, and banisters and skirting-boards are torn out and used for fuel. I have known the floor to be so shaky that one has had to step with care lest sudden daylight from above should be made in "first floor back."

Imagine in such conditions an old man and his wife, his son and his wife with three children, living and sleeping. Such we have known, and have been entreated not to mention it lest the inspector should hear of it and turn them out for overcrowding, or lest the landlord should turn them out from fear of the inspector.

Glance from the window of "second floor back." What a landscape of black, dank walls, chimney-pots, and brickbat-and-dead-cat-covered space! Perhaps there is an uncovered tank and some petty outhouse to add charm to the prospect.

This apology for an outlook, this fragment of an ill-furnished house, this close-crowded room is the only home of many—a wretched place oftentimes. We have been in the huts of the Finlanders, the black tents of the Arabians, and the wigwags of the Indians, and we should prefer any one of them to some of the places in which our own countrymen have to take shelter. It is the "home, sweet home" of which, wherever scattered, they are expected to cherish fond memories. Home, sweet home, indeed! it is often only a hole, foul hole instead. They are places men should leave as soon as possible; but, alas! many of them are too self-indulgent in a certain direction



*A Second Floor
Outlook*

to get out of them. If only some of the men would save that five shillings a week they so readily and charitably contribute towards the support of the nearest publican, they might easily get out. They will not curb a certain appetite, and so they have to remain crowded, stifled, and cumbered in a way altogether unnecessary when the amount they earn is considered. And they are crowded and cumbered even when at times they earn what is called "good money."

What homes some are! Recently we saw one who was a School Board officer taking a boy of eleven years old away to a reformatory. His father and mother were constantly drinking and neglecting the boy. He was always begging. At last the School Board took him away to train the boy to better habits. His mother was nearly incapable from drink when the boy was taken from the station. What a home that poor boy had! He seemed to have no regret at leaving his apology for a home and mother, and I could not but feel saddened at the thought that any lad should so readily go away from mother and home for several years.

How often home in "second floor back" only means a place of drudgery and blows to a boy or girl! One of the forms of drudgery is to have to take care of other children; and yet what can a mother with five or six children do but make the elder take care of the younger?

One of the things you often see in "second floor back," just outside on the landing, is a clumsy, broken-down, cast-off perambulator. In the daytime the child of five or six years old will often have the care of a baby, or perhaps two, in this vehicle, and will have to go up and down in the dreary street. And what a task it must be, after use, to get it up those stairs into "second floor back!"

Boxes are plentiful, for large boxes are useful as beds for the children.

It will be evident that much attention to proprieties will not be paid under such conditions. Delicacy of feeling will not find here a very favourable soil. The wonder is that there is so much purity and modesty as is found often in the cramped "second-floor back." The price paid for these places we know is exorbitant. Of course, the landlord, having to run greater risk of obtaining rent from such tenants, puts up the price to cover the risk. "Moonlight" flitting is not uncommon. It is not difficult where there are few children in the family; but if there are, it is very difficult to find another place in which to put the head. The "few sticks" can readily be accommodated, but the children are not welcomed. They are regarded as "*impedimenta*" and encumbrances, indeed. Of course, some of the class who occupy "second-floor back" in such localities as those of which mention has been made, are not always in work, and they find it hard to pay the heavy rents. To be prompt is as difficult as to be good. We do not wonder that they often suffer from depression, and then, as a result, the little hard-earned money they have goes to the publican for that which by dulling the brain gives a little respite from care. Public-houses fatten on the misery and the overcrowding of the people. The naturally restorative power of the air is eliminated in such dwellings. "Sinkiness" comes over men and women, then artificial pick-me-ups are found in the pewter and the glass. We cannot reasonably expect people with such surroundings to be unselfish, reverent, always temperate, and even religious. We must make excuse for them as far as possible. And yet in many cases—not in all—they are to blame for

thriftlessness, indulgence, and intemperance. They have gravitated downwards through culpable neglect. They blame landlords, governments, and society, but they will not help themselves to get better quarters. If their bad tastes remained, evil conditions would still follow them.

Alas! we repeat it, bad tastes result from overcrowding. And is it necessary that so many people should have to live in one room? As conditions are at present it seems inevitable.

Artisan dwellings have certainly wrought a great improvement for a certain class, but their rents are still too heavy. Moreover, they have no bit of garden, and often not even a balcony upon which the occupants can step out. If an epidemic breaks out, it is also very difficult in such huge places to prevent the spread of disease.

Why should not the people be spread over a wider area? If railway companies would increase the facilities for working-men's trains to run rapidly at certain hours to greater distances and at cheaper rates, the "second floor back" might become no longer the only dwelling-place of a family. Three rooms might then be secured at the price at present paid for one.

Until some improvement shall come, we must strive to make the best of circumstances. Let the "second floor back" be the abode of righteousness, temperance, and piety. We would say to anyone dwelling there, It is your home—keep it to yourself. Don't let the bailiff get in, or it will be more inconvenient still. A poor woman said to me, "We could manage very well until the 'man in possession' was put in, and then we knew not where to find room or food."

"An Englishman's house is his castle," and if our home be only a single room on the second floor, it is our "castle." Let it be kept as clean and bright as possible. Let flowers and pictures decorate it. This is a woman's work, but a husband can help. We know men who have made their one room quite charming by home-made bookshelves, brackets, and even sideboards, tables, and overmantels, and a cradle for the baby. "All these are my husband's making," said one proud wife to me. Yes, instead of spending money in drink he spent it in wood, and the time he would have wasted at a counter was spent in making articles that pleased his wife, served the children, and made him more content with his home. Would that many more wives could manifest the same pride in their husbands' handiwork! Not only would it be better for them, but for the husband. With what joy he would return to it at the end of each day's toil, saying, as one has written—

"Shrine of my household deities,
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys,
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When fortune frowns or care annoys.
Thine is the bliss that never cloy,
The smile whose truth has oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?"



"Mind the hole at the foot of the stairs."

“Oh! may the yearnings fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary.
Whate’er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
But still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside.”

fact, had that arm-chair fixed to the floor, so that his visitors—I might almost say his patients—once in it, he could scan them with such light as the chamber afforded full upon them, while he continued in obscurity, being able, nevertheless, from the darkness, to utter sounds mere or less awful, and to settle the destiny of those who came to him, after the fashion of the oracles of old.

"Certainly," said Mr. Ahithophel: "bonds—mortgages—deeds—stocks—deferred annuities—present ones—postobits—anything—everything—and to any amount. Not that I can do so very much of myself, but friends act with me; and, if they approve, then we carry out any transaction, no matter how large."

"Any transaction?" said Mr. Soames; "then I presume you are not averse to undertaking one somewhat out of the ordinary course, provided only it is safe and remunerative?"

"Those are the two points," said Mr. Ahithophel, "and it is pleasant to find a gentleman understanding the preliminaries and, I may say, the necessities of business so thoroughly. 'Safe' and 'remunerative'! How many a head would rest more easily on its pillow—how many a life would have something noble to show at its end—if those were the principles on which all men transacted business!—and what a deal of trouble they would save gentlemen of my profession!"

"Then I understand you are prepared to entertain the idea of a complicated property transaction, provided only it be safe and profitable. You don't mind being out of your money for a time?"

"Not if I'm sure of being into it again," said Mr. Ahithophel, with alacrity—"into it, and it grown a little while it was out: 'My son, how you are grown since you went away!' is what I like to say to every guinea when it comes home."

"Then you may feel inclined to enter into somewhat a complicated arrangement with me? I will pay what the circumstances of the case demand. Here is the title-deed to an estate. By this deed it would seem that this estate is entailed; and I have a half-brother, who has a child: these two, according to all appearance, must come in for the property. Now my one great desire in life is that they should never get it; and I want you first of all to assure yourself that there exists a flaw in this entail. You can do this at my expense. Take two or three eminent counsels' opinion; and if you are satisfied, then I want to make some somewhat unusual arrangements with you with reference to this property."

"Very good," said Mr. Ahithophel. "What can I and my friends do to serve you?"

Mr. John Soames opened a small black bag, and brought from it several documents, to one of which he drew Mr. Ahithophel's particular attention.

"This," said he, "contains my title to the Manor of Blaystone. Under it I inherit from my father. It purports to entail the estate on my half-brother; and at first sight, and I may say second sight, and third sight too, it would appear that it does so; but, having studied the document over and over again, I have come to the conclusion that there is a flaw in it. I have marked the flaw by a pencil note, and here

is my opinion on the matter, and the argument by which it is to be sustained. You see, Mr. Ahithophel, I ate my dinners to some purpose, though I never practised at the bar."

"No doubt you would have made a fortune if you had," said the money-lender, who from the nature of his profession knew a little of the intricacy of legal documents; and not least of that portion of them which has to do with entails, and whether they must stand, or by hook or by crook could be cut off.

"This seems an able document," said Mr. Ahithophel, after he had run his eye over Mr. John Soames' opinion; "but I should like to submit it to regular legal advice. You see, I don't understand the law—at least, only in a very small way—but my friends know all about it. I should like Serjeant Gimlett to give his opinion on it, and a couple of King's Counsel, say Mr. Bushwig and Mr. Andrews; that is, if the transaction you propose is worth going to so much expense about. May I ask what its precise nature is?"

"I am a single man," said the owner of Blaystone (and here a thought darted through Mr. Ahithophel's mind—would he do and could he be got for his daughter Juliana at home, for whom no one up to the present could be found?), "and a man, to whom this property appears to go by the entail, has injured and offended me. I want an arrangement which will secure his not coming in for a penny of it. I want to sell the property, but on certain conditions. I am not to be disturbed in it during my lifetime—no one is to know that it has been alienated—the money must be paid for it at once, and interest will be allowed upon it until I die. If there is a chance of the entail standing good, you must take that risk, which no doubt you will do; for I am sure you will make as sure as man can do that there is not any risk at all. Consult your friends, and I will call in a week's time to know what you have to say on the matter. I want the money paid down; and please do not let the grass grow under your feet, for the sooner the matter is settled the better."

Hereupon Mr. John Soames took his departure, and wended his way to Savile Row to see another professional man, but this time a very different one—a doctor; for he had been out of sorts for some time, and the opportunity of being in town—no small one in those days—was not to be lost.

"You say," said Dr. Bromide, "that you often awake with that peculiar feeling about your heart; allow me to ask you whether you remember hearing that any of your family—your father, for instance, or your grandfather—ever suffered from anything of the kind?"

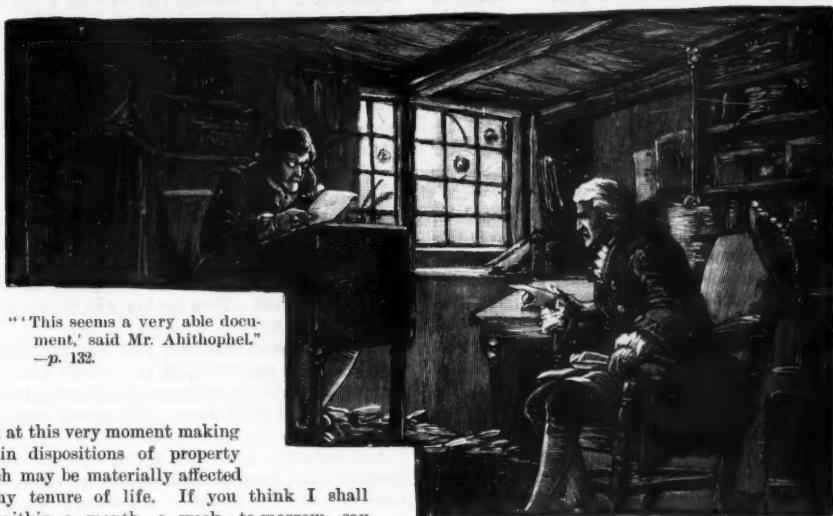
"My mother did," answered Mr. Soames.

"And can you remember whether she was subject to any swelling of the body, or limbs?"

"Yes; of the legs," said Mr. Soames.

"Well, you will have to be careful. You must keep free from all excitement, you must live quietly, and—"

"Dr. Bromide," interrupted the patient, looking at the physician full in the face, "I am no coward, either as regards death or anything else. If you think I have any deadly disease, tell me so. There are reasons—family reasons—why I should know how I stand.



"This seems a very able document," said Mr. Ahithophel."
—p. 132.

I am at this very moment making certain dispositions of property which may be materially affected by my tenure of life. If you think I shall die within a month—a week—to-morrow—say it out."

"Well, my dear sir, this pain betokens no good; but with care—— But it is uncertain, very uncertain."

"Tell me all, and tell me exactly," said John Soames, in a tone of half-irritation, half-command, which the physician could not but observe. So he thought within himself, "If he will know all, he must; but it is his doing, not mine." So, after a few more hems and haws, he proceeded.

"Life is uncertain to us all," said the doctor; "to some more uncertain than to others—for example, to yourself. You may live long, but you may, if I judge those pains aright, be cut off any moment; and as you have mentioned the subject of property, I should think it would be wise for you to make all needful disposition of yours as quickly as convenient. For precaution's sake, you know, we are bound not to let those we love suffer through any neglect of ours."

At this Mr. John Soames grinned bitterly somewhere in his heart, and, having received his prescription, and directions as to his mode of life, took his departure.

The opinion of Dr. Bromide confirmed Mr. Soames in his determination to push all his property and all his vengeance matters through as quickly as possible. But it was only with the executive part he was concerned—all the planning—subject to Mr. Ahithophel's coming forward satisfactorily, was ready cut and dry in his mind.

Mr. John Soames' next visit was to a dingy kind of quarter. He was in search of a sculptor, a man of the name of Carnatti, whose skill in monumental sculpture was well known. He found the man he wanted in a yard full of blocks of marble and monuments more or less finished, some to be sold ready-made, with nothing but the name and virtues to be put on; and some made and being made to order, for Carnatti's trade was a good one.

The Italian was always, however, ready for a

customer; accordingly he laid down his mallet and chisel in a moment to interview his visitor in his little office.

"You want a monument," said Carnatti, "with much room for the good piousness of the one that is dead!"

"No," said his visitor; "with only his name and address, when he was born, and when he died, and who he was. All I want on it is, 'John Soames, the last of the Blaystone Squires; born so-and-so, died so-and-so.'"

"And some sculpture," chimed in Carnatti—"a beautiful angel looking down on the deceased, and weeping that Blaystone has had such a loss."

"You keep your poetry ready made; at least, the sentiment," said Mr. Soames; "but it is different from mine. I do want sculpture, and that the very best that you can execute; but it is no angel that I want, but a skull."

"Ah—a skull! We can do that too, first-rate—a *fac-simile* of your own, as it will be, if you like."

"That is exactly what I want! but it must have what I have not—that is, a pair of wings, one at each side of it."

"Cherub's wings—wings like Cupid, or an angel, or a dove; something showing that you will fly up some day. Excuse me; I did not mean *you*, but the gentleman for whom the monument is, whoever he may be."

"No apologies are needed, friend—I mean it for my own, and I want the skull as near a likeness as you can make it. Here! you may measure my skull, or take a cast of it if you please; but whatever you can do, be particular about that front tooth!—Ay," said Mr. John Soames to himself, "he shall ever have that blow before his eyes; the skull that he struck shall grin at him above ground—at least, as nearly as I can make it. Many a time when he and his see that hole

in the front of the mouth they'd be glad if it had never been made; they'd stop it up with diamonds if they could. And the wings," said John Soames to himself, "the wings are a sign that that skull shall pursue Henry Soames—him and his—as long as they are on the earth. They are meant to say that he and his shall have no rest; the thought of John Soames of Blaystone Manor, of the place that they shall never be of, shall pursue them and eat into them wherever they go."

And so the skull was made—made so like John Soames's in shape that had anything happened to this gentleman's cranium in life, he might, but for slight inconvenience from the weight, and for the trifling deficiency of a little flesh, have clapped Signor Carnatti's effigy, minus the wings, on the top of his vertebrae, and gone through life sure of freedom from head-, tooth-, and ear-ache, and facial neuralgia of every kind.

Mr. John Soames's journey to London would not, however, have been by any means complete had he returned to Blaystone without having accomplished another little matter which formed an important part of certain arrangements which he contemplated with reference to the Blaystone property.

In order to accomplish this satisfactorily he had to seek the services of a certain firm—"Spring and Tumbler," I suppose the Chubbs of their day. Messrs. Spring and Tumbler made locks and keys of all kinds. They had commonalities and specialities in their business, and it did not matter much to them which they provided, so as business was done and profit made.

At least, this was the idea of Tumbler, who was a man of rather a vulgar mind, and went in for what Mr. Spring called the bread-and-cheese of the trade.

But Spring himself was a man of different and, I presume, much finer stuff, and cast in a much more delicate mould. He was æsthetic in his business. Mr. Spring had a collection of keys from all countries, and, it might almost be said, of all ages. Some twisted in their wards as though they had terrible internal spasms and convulsions of a frightful kind, and as though fearful and mysterious contortions must take place within the lock on which they were operating before they could shoot its bolts. There were poetic and persuasive-looking keys, and dreadful business crowbar-looking things, as though to wrench with the help of a strong wrist would be their great delight.

But Mr. Spring's weakness was for the minute. He loved to compress art, like a Chinese lady's foot, into a small space. He flattered himself that he had made with his own hands and was then possessed of the smallest lock and key in the world. Had the Tom Thumb of those days a Gladstone bag, or what was equivalent to it, Mr. Spring would have fitted it with a lock which would have insured the safety of Mrs. Thumb's jewellery on their wedding tour.

Thus you can see he was the very man for the Blaystone Squire.

"I see what you want exactly," said the locksmith, for such in plain English he was. "You want the poetry and prose of keys combined. What you want

is something very delicate, very curious, I may say—something which will defy chance—something that will laugh at all odds and ends of keys that may be tried just because they are the size of the key-hole. I can make what you want, but it will take time and money too. I must do it with my own hands; there must not be a stock piece in the whole affair. Give me my own time and price, and I'll provide you with what will defy everything except violence."

"Oh, never fear that—violence will never be used; but the size. You must keep it small."

"What size will you allow me? I could do with the size of your thumb-nail for the lock; but let us say one and a half. Then the key will be very small."

"That will do."

"No living man will open that lock but with that key; no living man will pick it. I don't know what a ghost might do—it might get in and shoot the bolts in some way I don't know—but mortal man won't do it."

And certainly, when Mr. Spring's handiwork was completed and fitted to the little box for which it was made, it was quite a work of art, though Mr. Spring, having none of Methuselah's blood in his veins, did not live to see its final triumph.

Matters went on swimmingly with Mr. Ahithophel also. His consultation with his friends was eminently satisfactory. He himself entered with, I might almost say, enthusiasm, into Mr. John Soames' plans; and Mr. Soames finally returned to Blaystone with the "Flying Skull," a small, curiously shaped key, two or three sculptor's drilling and cutting tools, and a little box of composition, so like marble when it was put to fill up any little cracks or crevices, that one could hardly know whether it were not a part of the very marble itself. Monument and all complete did Mr. Soames bring to Blaystone with him; the date of death only had to be filled in.

Subsequent reflection induced Mr. Soames to have down one of Signor Carnatti's workmen, who added to the monument the following lines:—

"In life my skull its secret kept,
Both why it laughed, and why it wept;
How Blaystone Manor disappeared,
And sorrow came which no one feared;
A curious tale it could unfold,
But never shall that tale be told."

Which lines, I should have told the reader at the very outset, formed, with their mystery, a part of the glory of the monument of the "Flying Skull." Many had puzzled their heads over them, but almost all had come to the conclusion that John Soames, who must, undoubtedly, either have written them himself, or got them written for him, must have been mad.

In due time the owner of Blaystone Manor died; he died and was buried; and according to written directions which he left behind, the monument was put up, and the "Flying Skull" was fixed on the top of it, bending a little forward, as if it were just about to take wing, but whither (certainly not heavenward) no one could tell.

Henry Soames and his charming wife, and Jacob

(the present old sexton), and other young children, all came into possession of Blaystone Manor; and the house, so long desolate and silent, resounded with laughter and games, and all sorts of romps and human joys. Scarce a sound was heard within its walls so long as that dismal and mysterious skull was there; but once gone, and safely fixed up in the neighbouring church, all went as merry as a marriage bell, and no one took any notice of the statement that the deceased was the last of the Blaystone Squires.

There was at first a great deal of talk about the skull and the lines which were written under it, but all soon became a nine-days' wonder; and as there were not many living in the neighbourhood in those old times, the whole thing as a matter of immediate and active interest was soon forgotten.

But matters did not long run smooth at Blaystone, at least at the Manor House. Some six months had Henry Soames and his family been in possession and enjoyment of their new home when a couple of gentlemen arrived one day and asked to see him on urgent business.

"Certainly, certainly; let the gentlemen be shown into the library."

The visitors were none other than Mr. Nathan Ahithophel and his chief legal adviser; and the errand on which they came was a momentous one to the new owner of Blaystone, there was no denying the truth of it. Anyhow, it had a very ugly look; one, the beauty of which did not improve as Mr. Henry Soames took counsel afterwards with his law advisers.

"You will see, sir," commenced Mr. Ahithophel's legal adviser, after a few preliminary remarks about his fear that their visit would not be a satisfactory one to their host, "that these documents substantiate all which I have said. To sum up their contents in a few words, your late brother sold the estate of Blaystone Manor to my client here, Mr. Nathan Ahithophel."

"Which he could not do," said the present owner of Blaystone, "for the property is entailed, strictly entailed. I fear he would have parted with it if he could, but he could not; and I cannot but regret that Mr. Ahithophel should lose his money, as he must lose anything which he has paid."

"Pardon me," said the legal adviser, "I think on further and full investigation you will find that all the documents are in order; we lawyers make it the business of our lives to see that papers are in order; and I have had the chief part in attending to this matter."

"You will see by them that Mr. John Soames, recently deceased, for some time suspected a flaw in the entail; wishing to part with the property, he put the matter into our hands, so that everything done should be, without any shadow of doubt, correct. We took steps to get the best opinions which London could supply, and these state that, while certain points may be relied on by you with an apparent show of probability, still there can be no doubt that there exists a fatal flaw in the entail; it seems a small thing, but you know, sir, a little hole will swamp a ship."

"My client, Mr. Nathan Ahithophel, has been fully satisfied as to the title, and has paid your brother

£20,000 for the property; we have with us the legal opinions—the conveyance—the receipt for the money, and every document which can be required. Moreover, the title-deeds, for which you have no doubt been searching in vain for the last six months, we have here also. This black leather bag contains the whole."

For some moments Henry Soames stared at his visitors as if they were mad, or he himself, one or the other; at last he seemed to awake out of a kind of dream, and said, "But if all this be so, how is it that you did not come and take possession at once, on my brother's death?" A bright idea seemed to come into the bewildered man's head that these were a couple of swindlers, who, hearing of the lone man's death, and perhaps of the enmity which had existed between the brothers, had concocted this scheme, for which they needed some little time. Moreover, how was it that a place of the value of Blaystone Manor was parted with for so comparatively small a sum as £20,000? Mr. Henry Soames instinctively began to think of the village constable, who in those parts was the sole representative of the police.

"Upon these points I can satisfy your mind," said Mr. Ahithophel, who now became the chief speaker, "or rather, without using any words of my own, let me, so to speak, give you the very words of your estimable brother lately deceased—if he were alive, I have no doubt he would utter these sentiments in full. You would recognise your brother's signature, Mr. Soames, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"Is that his?" said Mr. Ahithophel, showing a name at the end of a letter, the contents of which were hidden by the folding down of the sheet.

Henry Soames looked at it for a moment—there was unhappily not much reason for his looking at it long—and said, "No doubt that is my brother's signature."

"And, generally speaking, that is his handwriting?" continued Mr. Ahithophel, opening the letter.

"It is so," answered Henry Soames.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to peruse the letter," chimed in the man of the law; "we lawyers always keep every letter—indeed, every scrap of paper of every kind—a lawyer does not destroy anything of that sort—no one can tell when it will come in usefully as evidence; and this letter will perhaps at once convince your mind, Mr. Soames, and save us much trouble."

Henry Soames took the letter and read it, and what a revelation it gave of the unhappy and long-continued and inveterate hatred of his brother! it revealed the whole situation—it contained all about the sale of the property for £20,000—all about the confirmation of the flaw in the title—all about the agreement that, in consideration of so small a sum paid down, the remainder of the value of the property should be paid to John Soames by way of annuity—all about Mr. Ahithophel's not being at liberty to take possession for six months; perhaps it might have contained some other things too, but Henry Soames' eyes swam, and he could scarce stumble through the document to the end.

"I trust you are satisfied," said the man of the

law, "and that my client, Mr. Ahithophel, will not have any trouble in asserting his rights. I may say that I know it was the late Mr. John Soames' fixed intention that you should leave Blaystone Manor as quickly as possible after you received the notice which we are now giving you; and though we should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience, still, we shall feel ourselves bound to carry out the wishes of the deceased as far as possible to the letter."

"Well, gentlemen, you cannot expect me to give an answer offhand in such an important matter,

be to be dispossessed of it. He had carried out his hatred and revenge to the bitter end.

But all was not yet lost. True, Mr. Ahithophel's legal adviser said that there was a fatal flaw in the entail, and that on that assumption his astute friend had parted with a large sum of money. But if one set of lawyers said one thing, another set of lawyers could always be found who would say another. There were two sides to every question, and he would try the matter out to the very end.

The parish church of Blaystone was close to the



"Henry Soames took the letter and read it."—p. 135.

especially as it has come upon me by way of surprise; but I will communicate with you within a week, when I shall have had time to consider the matter."

"We have no objection to a week's delay," said Mr. Ahithophel, "but you will please understand that if Blaystone Manor be not vacated at the expiration of that time we shall take the necessary proceedings." And so the pair took their departure.

For a couple of days Mr. Henry Soames was in a state of complete bewilderment; but presently, when he began to think, the true state of the case unfolded itself before him. His brother had never forgiven him for taking away the woman he thought he ought to have had himself. He had alienated the property from him—at least, he thought he had done so, but it must yet be proved whether he could really do as he wished. He had allowed him to have possession of it just long enough to know how great a loss it would

manor, and the Blaystone Squires were patrons of the living, so that it was no wonder that a key to the church was always hanging up at the manor-house; and so the present Squire had no difficulty in getting entrance there, as, wandering about, he kept pondering the present state of affairs. Why, he knew not, but he felt some strange desire to look upon the monumental skull; one would have almost thought that he expected it to speak to him, and give him some information about the present state of things.

Ay, there it was—a restless-looking skull, with those two wings, one at each side of where the nape of the neck would have been, had the ghastly marble any neck at all, and leaning forward as though it would fly down amongst living men again.

Looking long at it, Henry Soames' attention was attracted particularly to the loss of the front tooth. It was the very tooth he had knocked out long ago in that tremendous fight. Why was it out in the

skull? Could it be—perhaps, to speak more correctly, must it not be—because his brother wished to perpetuate the memory of that sad affair? The whole thing was a carefully planned act of vengeance.

And then those lines underneath—

"How Blaystone Manor disappeared,
And sorrow came, which no one feared.

JOHN SOAMES,
the last of the Blaystone Squires."

Was it not so now? Yes! the whole thing stood out before him—clearly as in the daylight. John Soames had alienated the Manor—had allowed him to be in it for six months, by planned malignity, so that he might suffer all the more by being turned out of it. But where had the money gone which had been received for the purchase? Ah! that was a problem which Henry Soames could not find out, and which he was not likely to find out either.

Thus was laid the foundation of misery for poor Henry Soames for the remainder of his life, and for the Soames family, at least for this branch of the name, for many a day.

By the advice of his lawyers Mr. Henry Soames fought out the question of the validity of the entail of Blaystone Manor. A decision was come to by a very learned judge, after much anxious thought, that the fatal flaw existed; and on appeal other learned judges, after great heart- and head-searchings, and with much difficulty, came at last to the same conclusion; and so, Henry Soames had to leave the Manor, a thoroughly ruined man, as many a one is who has much to do with law and lawyers.

His story need not be long. He betook himself to a little cottage in the village, and there he spun out the remainder of his days, still painting something now and again, enough to keep himself and his from actual starvation, but spending most of his time in brooding over his misfortunes, and trying to unravel what could be meant by the lines beneath the "Flying Skull;" and also by the "Flying Skull" itself. If he could have learned the truth, it was an emblem of the unbearably malignity of the dead John Soames, who delighted to feel that he would thus vicariously, as he could not actually, look down upon, and grin at, and spite his brother and his brother's heir for, at any rate, many a long year.

But what that skull meant Henry Soames went out of the world without knowing. True! he had a dim view that there was some mystery to be unravelled; but how to unravel it he had no clue.

It would have been well if the mystery could have died with him; but the malignity of his brother was, unhappily, too lasting in its effects for that. That "Flying Skull" seemed to have a life of evil in it—some mission of mischief which it appeared destined to fulfil.

Almost, we might say, as a legacy, the trouble descended from father to son. Henry Soames died a poor, a very poor man; indeed, he might be almost said to have died a pauper—at least he was, so far as his family was concerned, very little better.

Nothing had he to leave to his son Jacob, the present sexton and, indeed, general church officer of Blaystone Church. And how Jacob would have got on in the

world, had it not been for the kindness of the vicar of Blaystone, I cannot tell.

This gentleman was under obligation to the Soames family; from them he had received his preferment, and he was glad to show what return he could by throwing whatever lay in his power in the way of any member of the family.

Poor Jacob never did much in life; he spent too much of his time in dreaming about the lost property, in questioning and cursing that skull, in dreaming that some day he should get back what he fully believed to be his own. But year after year passed, and nothing belonging to Blaystone came his way; no, not though he had braved all the horrors of twelve o'clock at night alone in the church, and with a ladder had climbed up to the skull, and by the help of a lantern looked right in through the hole of the lost tooth, so to speak, down the skull's very throat. The sexton was near paying dearly for his rashness, for at one moment he felt, as he thought, a cold flap in the face from one of the skull's wings, and he was as nearly as possible slipping from top to bottom of the ladder in his fright. Had he indeed fallen, and the skull come down on top of him, his life would probably have then and there come to an end.

Blaystone Manor! Well, it passed through many of the changes and chances of this mortal life, which come to places even as they do to individuals. Over and over again during the years of which we have been writing did Blaystone Manor change hands. No one could tell how it was, but, somehow or other, folk when they had been there for a little while did not seem to care to stay there; and the place began to be blown upon and get uncanny. Under these circumstances there ought to be a ghost to account for such a state of things; but no one ever surmised that there was such a thing. Still one and another came and went; and the property was always being sold for less and less, everyone being willing to make some loss, in order to secure a speedy sale. They all seemed as restless as the "Flying Skull." More than one left under the impression that there was some mystery connected with that ghastly emblem of Blaystone's former owner; and that in some way or other they were likely sooner or later to become entangled in it.

The property had now so depreciated that it could be bought for the £20,000 which its former owner, John Soames, had got for it in cash; and, oh! if only Jacob knew what had become of that £20,000, would he not buy it back, and should not the Soameses be the Soameses of Blaystone Manor once again!

All things in this world come to an end, and the mystery of Blaystone Church—that of the "Flying Skull"—was destined to do the like; but the way it came about was very strange.

"Jacob! Jacob!" said the vicar to his sexton, when, for almost the thousandth time, they were discussing the "Flying Skull," "if there is any secret which can be discovered to mortal man or by him—I mean any secret for good—it will never come except to someone fitted to receive it. You and yours have spent your life in cursing that skull and the memory of the man over whose monument it hangs; it may be that if you



"Poor thing! you have been up there long enough."—p. 139.

and your son, whom you have brought up to do as you have been doing yourself, change all this, and enter on a new course of forgiveness and charity, things may change; you will be only reaping as you sow. But as it is, your ill feeling will bring you nothing but worry and distress. Who knows whether the skull has any secret at all? and if it has, and must give it up some day, it will be, I am sure, to the pure and good—perhaps never to you; but it may be to yours."

On this speech of the vicar's old Jacob meditated profoundly. In his mind whatever the vicar said was the nearest to the Bible that could be; in fact, it took possession of the old man's mind. And now the "Flying Skull" entered on a wholly new phase of its history so far as the old sexton was concerned. Jacob Soames' whole mind seemed bent how to get its secret

out of it in the vicar's way. For the vicar to think that the skull may possibly have some secret connected with it, was for Jacob to feel sure that it must be so (though he had not said that there was anything to be revealed at all); and for him to say that any good thing could be revealed from the other world only to the good was and must be—at least to him—undoubted truth. And so Jacob began to cast about day and night for the possibility of doing something, and what that something could be.

Days and months passed by, while Jacob Soames' own skull was being racked, and nothing seemed to come of it. Meanwhile, his only son died, leaving the old man with only a granddaughter, little Elspeth, and her small brother. These two and old Jacob now formed the household; and the old man's thoughts were fixed upon this small boy—Elspeth's twin. Could he by any possibility come in for Blaystone Manor he would die in peace. And perhaps he might. The children were too young to have become defiled by his own cursing spirit, and their father, who had been instructed in it, and imbibed it to the full, was now dead and gone.

Surely the time of the unravelling of the mystery of the "Flying Skull" must be at hand. Old Jacob's own spirit was becoming somewhat mellowed; for six months he had not cursed the "Flying Skull" nor the memory of the man whose part effigy it was. The sexton, in his mixed character of undertaker and sexton, had seen much death; he had coffined many a body—many a one of his own friends; but it was a long time since he had seen one of his own kith and kin—nay, his own very flesh and blood—lying waxen and white and cold.

The sight of his dead son had left a great and unwonted impression on his mind. He had studied those marble features—the tightly closed lips, the fast-shut eyes; he had allowed the silence and solitude of death to strike in upon his mind; he had, so far as his blunted faculties would permit, heard some of the utterances of those other-world voices, which are ever speaking in the immediate presence and the active memories of the dead. The revelations of the other life had come even to such as he. Not that death could make its finer vibrations thrill in the old sexton's soul, but it could wake some better, some other-world thoughts, such as in his son's lifetime had been quite unknown.

The dead were associated in the sexton's mind with little more than cursing; the skull was embodied death, and to curse the skull was a part of Jacob Soames' daily business in life. These maledictions upon the insensate marble, and, if only he could reach the original, upon it, and the one to whom it belonged, were entirely in a personal capacity: professionally, sextonorially, Jacob would have lived with it on the same terms of amity. I may almost say of affection as he did with all the skulls and cross-bones in Blaystone churchyard. Ah! they were decent, respectable, consistent, comprehensible skulls and bones. What more natural than that a skull should have some of its own bones crossed underneath it to keep it company?—it looked neighbourly and friendly; and the cherubs' heads, with the chubby cheeks and curly

hair. they, too, looked all right with their wings; 't was only the proper thing that such happy-looking creatures should have something to fly about with; if they had been butterflies' wings Jacob would not have objected to them—but that hideous Blaystone skull! Well, there was one comfort, the wings weren't large; they were only about as big as a pigeon's, and, whatever they might be able to do, they'd never be able to carry that skull to heaven.

But, as I have just been saying, a certain amelioration was coming over Jacob's mind; active hostility towards the dead was beginning to come to an end. That was the first step in the way of improvement, and the first, I may add, to the discovery of the secret of the "Flying Skull."

Dead, dead, long ago, long ago, away in the mysterious land, past all human feelings: why should Jacob hate! he was not to be the judge. And so he came to this—that he was able to keep himself from cursing the skull; but beyond this he could not get. To him, to him, therefore, could never be yielded up the mystery of that "Flying Skull."

Nevertheless this much was very valuable, for it saved little Elspeth, his grandchild, from being forced, by the persistency of her grandfather, into, perhaps, imbibing his old views, and, it may be, in the end following his bad ways. Elspeth was saved from this, and was left to the promptings of her own uncontaminated heart—a heart which loved everybody and everything, and which never could be brought up to the present to curse the "Flying Skull." Elspeth's feeling for the bad man, a part of whom she was told it represented, was one of pity. In her simplicity she thought he must have been very bad to have been so ugly; and now, at any rate, he could not do any more harm, and was it not punishment enough for him, so far, at least, as her father and grandfather were concerned, to be kept up there all that time, and to have to stay there for perhaps all time, looking so ugly, and having all the people who looked at him saying how ugly he was, and how ugly he must have been?

She knew what she herself had felt when she had once been put in a corner and had her face all blubbered over with tears; but, dreadful as her appearance then was, she felt it was nothing to compare with that of that awful-looking "Flying Skull."

Perhaps it was because less was said in her grandfather's cottage against the "Flying Skull," and the one of whom it was so far the representation, that Elspeth Soames was able to grow in kindly feeling to the one whose hideous emblem it so far was. Even to the thing itself she ceased to have any active

repulsion, and in her own childish way began to pity it.

"Poor thing! you have been up there long enough; I wish someone could take you down and bury you. If grandfather will take you down, I'll put flowers over the place where he buries you. I hear grandfather say you know a great deal, only you can't speak, and he says you wouldn't speak even if you could; but you know that's naughty; and if you've been naughty for a long time I'm sure you wouldn't like to be so always. But you'll never come down—no, not till the end of the world; but I'll tell you what," said Elspeth: "Grandfather doesn't talk against you any more, and perhaps he'll take you up some flowers if I send them. I'll make you a wreath of daisies and buttercups when the spring comes, and if you have any secret perhaps you'll tell it to me. I'll promise, if you like, I won't tell it to anyone. I'll promise, mind; but even if you don't, you shall have the flowers," and Elspeth tripped lightly out of the church.

Did those kindly words, childish as they were, enter the bony holes where your ears ought to have been, long-since-dead John Soames? had you about you anything of flesh and blood? Was it so that the very marble orifices themselves were obliged to let into your skull words which had about them any touch of love? I wonder if through your effigy, or thus much of it, there passed to the other world—wherever it is—wherever you were in it—the sounds of that magic which ascends like incense and falls like dew—which is in silence which scorns words, and in music which must utter itself in sound. I wonder, John Soames of former days, yet living somewhere still, did that marble skull cry to you out of its ill-toothed jaws, did its secret call to you and say that its time was coming and that it would soon be out? Were your tongue allowed to come back to those lantern jaws, I wonder would you have told out willingly the secret which you must have felt was passing from you for ever; it may be that words of love were too terrible to you, and your marble self could not stand them; or perchance too sweet, so that you did not desire to resist them. I cannot solve the mystery. All I can say is this, that the day Elspeth Soames promised that you should be crowned with buttercups and daisies your secret was doomed, your existence was practically gone. A child with buttercups and daisies could do more than generations of cursers with thorns and briars. The crack of doom was near the "Flying Skull."

(To be concluded.)



BREADTH, LENGTH, DEPTH, HEIGHT.

A SERMON TO THE MEMBERS OF A SCRIPTURE UNION.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, Highbury.

"To comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height."—Eph. iii. 18 (part).



YOU have all heard, of course, of the Temple of Ephesus. It was a very large and a very beautiful structure, and in its time was considered one of the "seven wonders of the world." How much money they spent upon its erection I cannot tell you, but the sum was enormous; and two hundred and twenty years were occupied in putting up the gigantic pile. There was one other peculiarity about the building, besides its size and beauty and costliness, which I should like to mention. It had been placed between the foot of a mountain and the head of a marsh, so that it became necessary to lay very deep and solid foundations, and to make vast drains underneath the ground, before the upper part of the temple could be proceeded with. Just bear this in mind, my dear children, for you will be able, if you do so, to understand better the word "depth" which St. Paul uses in the text.

Let me say another word about this temple. It had been erected in honour of a heathen goddess called Artemis. I suppose a great lump of "meteoric" stone, drawn downwards by the attraction of the earth, had fallen in a field near Ephesus. Such a fall sometimes happens when our globe passes through a belt of these stones; and the "shooting stars," which you see on a fine clear autumn evening, are nothing more than such fragments set on fire by their rapid motion through the air. But the people in those days, clever as they were, did not know what we know about such matters; and when the black mass came tumbling out of the sky they thought that their great god, Jupiter, had thrown it down, and they took it and carved it into a rough likeness of a woman, and set it up in a shrine, and then built the temple over it, and worshipped it with sacrifices, and processions, and hymns, and prayers, and spent their money lavishly upon it, and were very proud indeed of their goddess, and of the grand house in which she was supposed to dwell.

Such was the Temple of Ephesus. And as it happened to be the most magnificent object with which the Christians of that city were acquainted, St. Paul glanced at it when he wished to describe to them the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is as if he said, "This great building in your town is so vast that you have to examine it carefully, to look all over and study it, before you can quite comprehend it. You notice the height of its pillars, the breadth of its courts, the length of its aisles, and the depth and

strength of the foundations on which it rests, and, after a time, you can see what a great and marvellous work it is. But much grander and greater is the love of the Lord Jesus Christ; and, though the more you think about that love the more you will be able to understand it, there will be always something beyond your comprehension—for the love of Christ 'passeth knowledge.'

Now, it has occurred to me, that what St. Paul says about the love of Christ might be said about the Holy Bible, and that we might very properly compare the Bible to a temple, or, let me say, to a huge cathedral—such as we have in London and in other parts of the country. A few days ago, a kind friend of mine, who is a very clever man and a famous preacher, took me and some of my family over Westminster Abbey. He knows the Abbey well in every part, and, of course, it was a great advantage and pleasure for us to put ourselves under his guidance, and to listen to what he had to say about the building; and when I think of the agreeable hours we spent with him, I feel much inclined to make a comparison between the Abbey and the Bible.

Let me do so then.

I. In the first place, our friend told us that the Abbey was not the work of one man, and that it did not reach completion until many, many years from the time when its foundation-stone was laid. The same thing is true of the Bible. It was not written all at once, but bit by bit, book by book; and the writing extended over a space of nearly fifteen hundred years, reckoning from Genesis to Revelation. The list of writers, too, is rather a long one; and in it we find a lawgiver, a soldier, a king, more than one priest, and certainly one man from amongst the ranks of the common people—I mean Amos the prophet, who was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit. Then, coming down to the New Testament, there are amongst the writers a pharisee, a publican, and a doctor, and one or two fishermen, and another man, about whose name we are not perfectly sure. What a variety there is! And all these men, under the guidance and teaching of the Spirit of God, contributed each his share to the building up of that wonderful Book, which we call "the Bible."

Then our friend told us that although so many different persons—some of them kings, who gave the orders; others of them architects, who made the drawings; others of them masons and carpenters, who did the hard work—had been engaged in the erection of the Abbey, and although it took so long a time in building—still *one plan* was adhered to

throughout, and there was never any deviation from it at any time. We may say the same thing of the Scriptures. Whatever the writers wrote about, they referred to the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not intend to say that they were conscious of doing so. Probably they were not. But for all that, what they said pointed to Jesus Christ. I have often thought that the Books of the Bible are like so many boxes with locks, the locks being of different size, shape, material, and construction; some of them very old, some not so old, and some of them very unlike the rest. But one key unlocks them all. You know what key I mean—I mean Jesus Christ. See if that key does not fit, and open all the locks.

And then our friend, taking us over the building, showed us many very curious and beautiful things, which we should never have discovered for ourselves: and explained to us the meaning of them. Sometimes it was a tomb, and he told us the history of the man or woman whose bones were mouldering in it below; sometimes it was a statue, and then we had the story of its erection, and the reason why it had been put in that particular place; and sometimes it was a large piece of sculpture, with groups of figures, which we could never have understood without his explanation; and we all thought, as he led us on from point to point, what an advantage it was to us to have such a guide, and how much information and how much pleasure we should have lost if he had not been with us. And then I was reminded that you and I have a *Guide* who explains to us the Scripture, and enables us to see beauties in it which we should never have found out if He had not shown them to us. Of course you know that I refer to the Holy Spirit whom God gives to those who ask for His gracious help and teaching. Without this Holy Spirit you and I would never really care for the Bible at all. And without this Holy Spirit you and I would never be able to understand the Bible at all. But He is the Interpreter, the Guide. And when we are reading a passage He throws light upon it: He points out Christ in it. And the next time we read the passage He points out something fresh, for there is always something new to be found in the Bible. You remember what we sing in Church—

"Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light."

The writer is speaking of the "pages" of Scripture, in which the *Guide* shows us something more, and something more, and something more each time that we read these pages with an earnest and attentive heart.

II. Perhaps some of you have felt a little disappointed about the Bible. It is not so interesting, you say, as you have been led to expect. You read it as a duty, and because you have promised your parents that you will do so, but you find little pleasure in the perusal. If you ever feel this, just remember two things. First, that perhaps you have only yourself to

blame. You have, it may be, been too hasty and hurried in your reading. Suppose that on a bright, sunshiny day you were to walk out of the blaze of the sun, and the noise of the London streets, into the Abbey we have been speaking of, and just to run round the building, and after casting a cursory glance at it, to come out again—do you think you would be much the better or the wiser for the proceeding? Of course not. You have to stay long enough in the building to get accustomed to the softened light. Then, you have to observe the building thoughtfully, to dwell upon it, so that the features sink down into your mind. And so with the passage in your Bible. Just to look at it hastily, just to run it over, is not enough. You must think about it; meditate upon it; try to understand it thoroughly, to get at its inner meaning. The second thing I wish you to remember is, that even if you are a careful reader, and a reverent reader, as I hope you are, you will require *time* to comprehend a great subject. Travellers who have been to Egypt tell us that they have been much disappointed at the first view of the great Pyramid. It seemed so small, they said, compared with their anticipations of its size, though, as perhaps you know, its base is as large as the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and its summit is far higher than the golden cross at the top of St. Paul's. Only when they came up to it, and measured themselves against one of the vast stones of which it is composed, did they really see how enormous it was. And I have heard the same thing said of the wonderful Church of St. Peter's at Rome. At first sight it fell far short of the idea which the visitor had formed about it. But by-and-by, after he had got accustomed to the building, and compared one part with another, and had given attention to it—in fact, after his *eye had become educated* to take it all in—his opinion completely changed, and he was no longer disappointed.

Remember, then, that you require *time* to learn to value the Bible as it ought to be valued.

III. And now let us draw to a close. What shall my "practical application" be this afternoon? I think I see what it ought to be.

On former occasions I have urged upon you to read your Bibles regularly. Not, perhaps, long passages at a time. A short passage, well understood, will do you more good than a long passage just read over, and little more done. But, anyhow, form your plan of reading, and stick to it. You take your meals regularly, and at regular times; why should you not take regular meals of the spiritual food of the Word of God? I think you would feel obliged to do so if your soul were in a healthy state. The other day, perhaps, you could not eat your breakfast when breakfast-time came. Why not? I ask. "Oh!" you say, "I wasn't well." Exactly so. But when you got well again, you relished your breakfast as much as ever. And when you find you do not care for your Bible, and begin to neglect the regular reading of it, just ask yourself, "Is not my soul out of order? Is my

soul in sound health?" In religion, my dear children, as in other things, be on your guard against a fits-and-starts way of going to work. Let everything be regular, orderly, and systematic. Now all that, I think, is good advice.

Then I have asked you to remember that you must take pains in reading your Bible, because no good thing in this world is to be got without trouble. And I have counselled you to do as the Bible directs us to do, to "seek for wisdom as silver, and to search for her as for lost treasures." And that, too, is sound advice.

Then, on former occasions, I have pointed out to you the very great importance of obeying the precepts of the Bible. "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only," says St. James. Why do we use the Bible? For this reason amongst others, that we may ascertain what God's will is, and may submit ourselves to it. And if we love God, we are glad to know

what He expects of us; and we are glad to do our very best to please Him. So I have advised you to practise what you know; to say to yourself, "God tells me to do this thing. By His help I will do it. God tells me to avoid that other thing. By His help I will avoid it." And this advice, too, has been good advice, I am sure.

But my advice to-day refers to a different subject, although I have not altogether forgotten the subject when I have preached to you before. To-day, however, it comes to the front. I ask, when you enter that great Cathedral, the Bible, for the purpose of understanding the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of it, that you should take with you the great GUIDE whom God has provided for you and promised to give you—the Holy Spirit—that He may lead you into the knowledge of all the truth which it is necessary for you to know.

EYES TO THE BLIND.

HE was eyes to the blind, he was feet to the lame,
To the light of his brightness the wise-hearted came,

Till it paled in the glow of the Wonderful Name!

Of the meek man of Uz I incredulous heard,
While the spirit within me to anger was stirred
By a cross of no moment—a look or a word.

But, when my impatience our Father would mend,
He plunged me in darkness my soul to befriend;
Then I heard and believed, and I wait for His end.

The One I confide in is eyes to the blind,
He has borne all the sorrows and sins of mankind,
And blessed are they who have drunk of His mind!

Oh, far more than rich is a child who reveres
The mother that bare her. One weeps with my tears,
And lays on her shoulder the weight of my years;

The child of my true love—no daughter of Heth—
And visions of Life, as it tramples on Death,
Shine faithful and true when they float on her breath.

My soul is in prison, yet still I can say,
His will is perfection, 'tis sweet to obey;
'Twas a Love passing knowledge that darkened my day.

When one friend forsakes us, some other draws near;
Though sealed are mine eyes, I can see, with my ear,
And the things of the Kingdom looked never so clear.

And it may be by blindness my darling I train
How life shall be Christ, and how dying be gain:
O God, to Thy lovers no lot comes in vain!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS"; OR, WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.

THE DESPONDENT.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.

THE counsels of Holy Writ become at once sacred commands to the Christian, and the first practical question is, *How* can we fulfil the duties demanded of us? That these counsels are right and wise we do not stay to debate. That they are Divine words, and therefore right and

wise, is axiomatic with us all; but that our *blessedness* is concerned in them we are sometimes more slow to perceive. The Bible is a book of consolations as well as counsels; indeed, they are joined together, and no man can put them asunder. No thoughtful student of human life can fail to notice that

despondency is a very frequent state of heart. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" are queries that belong not alone to the old time before us. We all, indeed, utter such soliloquies to our own souls in these modern times. As the poem has it—

"We are tired,
My heart and I."

Our meditations, therefore, in this paper will run along the line of present need. We are not debating old-world problems, or puzzling ourselves with philosophic prelections. Ours is emphatically a *living subject*. Like St. Paul, we too are often in heaviness through manifold temptations and tribulations, and it may do us some good to ponder a counsel so Heaven-breathed as this, "Lift up your hearts."

First of all, then, is it SIN that troubles us? Is the conscience hot and the spirit full of the sting of sin? Is MEMORY at work, raking up the embers of past faults and failings, of old shortcomings and sins? If this be so, let us not try to drown remembrance in the waters of Lethe, for no oblivion of the past is really possible to us. Rather let us exercise memory in another direction. Let us remember that "where sin abounded grace did much more abound." We *can* come nigh and touch THE CHRIST and THE CROSS, and we *can* listen to the music of those old prophetic words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her transgression is forgiven, that her iniquity is covered, for she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sin." With penitent contrition and the profound peace of faith, we can once more receive the Divine absolution, and rest upon the promise, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." "Lift up your hearts!" Yes, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace."

Or perhaps it is disappointment that clouds the spirit. Our purposes have miscarried; but God's purposes are higher than ours, and *these* have not miscarried. Where would the flower-strewn path we wanted to take have led us? *That* we know not. Perhaps we are not so saintly as we thought we were; perhaps the temptations connected with a more prosperous temporal weal would have overcome our heroism. Perhaps the wizardry of the world would have cast a spell over us as fatal as it is fascinating. Perhaps associations would have been formed with those whose flattery born of favour would have drawn us into distance from God and delight in sin! Lift up your hearts! "The finger is more than the ring," says an old proverb. The soul is more than the estate. You may have suffered in the one, but you have saved the other.

Or it may be that habit has become a tyrant, not indeed in relation to vice, but in connection with what we ignorantly call trifles, until these silken cords have turned into iron chains. Little exercises

of self-denial have been neglected; the oratory of devotion has been turned into the chamber of sloth; the incipient indulgences of the table, not perhaps in wine, but in luxurious repast, have quickened the edge of appetite to the detriment of a wise self-discipline. We sit loose-braced to the world. We are the easy prey of the *minor temptations* of life, and self-denial and self-sacrifice are experiences of yesterday. Our "Jeremy Taylors," our "Goulburns," our "Kebles" we do not exactly know where to lay our hands on, and our Bibles and books of devotion are somewhat dust-covered through disuse. With the decline of the soul's health there comes decline of the soul's happiness too: our joy in God, which is our only true joy, is gone; but temporary eclipse is not destruction of the Sun, and in the gloom of the darkness we cry out, "Return, O Lord: how long?" Then we remember that "He is not far from every one of us," and that He will "restore unto us the joy of His Anointed," if we but seek His face again. Lift up your hearts! The morning beams are shooting up into the horizon. With new life in God will come new conquests over self and sin. We have fallen from our high estate; but *to fall is not to be lost*. "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy, for when I fall I shall arise." Lift up your hearts! Why? The answer is complete. "Greater is He that is for us than all that can be against us."

"Lift up your hearts," then, is a manifold counsel, for it applies to all our experiences of depression and sadness and unrest. We must, however, be cautious, in our philosophy of conduct, concerning obedience to this counsel: for certainly it is not meant that we should forego sobriety of heart and sanctity of life. In our need EXCITEMENT is not to be the panacea for either grief or gloom. What we want is equability of temperament—a joy that is profound and permanent, not one that is ephemeral and empty. We are never to be lifted out of the range of religious feeling—the divine is always to dominate the human; for religion, as Archer Butler beautifully says, is "not to diversify our life, but *to be* our life." Many "lift up their hearts" through the wine-cup and the ministries of fun and frivolity, only to "let them down" afterwards into still more abysmal depths of depression. It is one of the "notes" of true religion that life's inner joy is permanent; for "My joy no man taketh away from you." We claim on behalf of the Christian faith, that asceticism finds no shelter under its wing—that belongs to Egyptian gloom, not to the changeless light of the Gospel. Our Lord, in giving us a "holy lapid" in the heart, has given us a "happy land" there also, and He has transfigured the life "that now is" by filling it with the prophecies and promises of the life that is to come. Lift up your hearts; this fatherland of yours is a parable of the Great Fatherland—this Home is a foreshadowing of the Father's home—this citizenship is the preparation for the City not made with hands, for the Kingdom which is eternal in the heavens. Life is thus emancipated

from the dread dominion of DEATH; for the Christian life even here has in it the elements of the life eternal.

Let us not, then, be foolish enough to refuse our blessedness, and let us remember that a daily cheerful gladness of heart is to a large extent a *matter of cultivation*. We ought to cherish such a view of God as Our Father as will lift life out of undue care and anxiety. Our Blessed Lord intended us to do this. "Your Heavenly Father," He said, "knoweth what things ye have need of." "Take no anxiety for the morrow." "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in Heaven." I have noticed in life the too *occasional* character of our cheerfulness. Some people who are bright at night are budgy in the morning, and some who are brilliant in society are sad when they are solitary. Now we ought to cultivate a faith in God, and a "joy of faith," as the Holy Scripture has it, which will fill all life with the music of a Father's footstep, and cover it with the bright sky of an immortal hope.

But *why* ought we to lift up our hearts, we ask again? God wills it, and that is our reason, and surely we may see that it is for our soul's health as well as our soul's happiness. But there is yet another reason. We ought to *consider others*, and as we provoke to love we ought to provoke to gladness too. Some Christians have this faculty in a wonderful degree. They are not wits or humorists, or punsters or jesters, for these people are often failures, and seem to be "pumping up" their supplies out of very empty wells. No! the souls I refer to have cultivated a happy spirit of dependence upon God—have learned, by the experience of others, the faithfulness of God to His promises, have remembered His mercies and loving-kindnesses which have been *ever of old*, and have put away from them as unworthy of their Christian faith all doubts concerning the love and care of their Father in Heaven. What welcome is given to those who carry with them the sweet and simple flower called "heart's-ease," and whose very presence

irradiates the sick-chamber as with light from Heaven!

"Lift up your hearts": the more at first this meets us as a difficulty should we earnestly set ourselves to fulfil it as a duty; and we should remember that the *spirit of life* is more than material possessions or magnificent attainments, and this spirit is, as I have said, a *communicable gift*. "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad." It is easy to have pianos in the house and *never to use them*, and it is easy to have golden treasures on our little closet tables, and never to carry out their counsels. What we all want is the grace of God's Holy Spirit to fulfil the petition: "We humbly beseech Thee, that, as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I quite admit that *despondent* people have great claim to consideration as sometimes the subjects of phlegmatic temperament and of a physical nervousness which only the superficial and the heartless talk flippantly about. Men and women have sore burdens often to bear, and often bear them bravely, with a quiet endurance which is better, after all, in the sight of God, than the brightness of those who have unbroken health and buoyant spirits. And yet it remains true of them also, that religion is their best anodyne, and that the Christian faith, with its perfect revelation of the Fatherhood of God, can put a brightness even into their lives such as no merely human force can do. Finally, the Holy Book says to all of us, "Lift up your hearts," as the last days come upon us, for after pain of body, loss of health, departure of friends, and solitude of estate, *Home* is awaiting us in the great Beyond, and our redemption draweth nigh. Despondency might, and did, belong to the children of so-called light-hearted Greece as eventide drew nigh, for their faith was corrupted and their hope was dead; but the Christian, even "unto this last," can rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES ON THE WESLEYAN WEST-END MISSION.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HUGHES BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

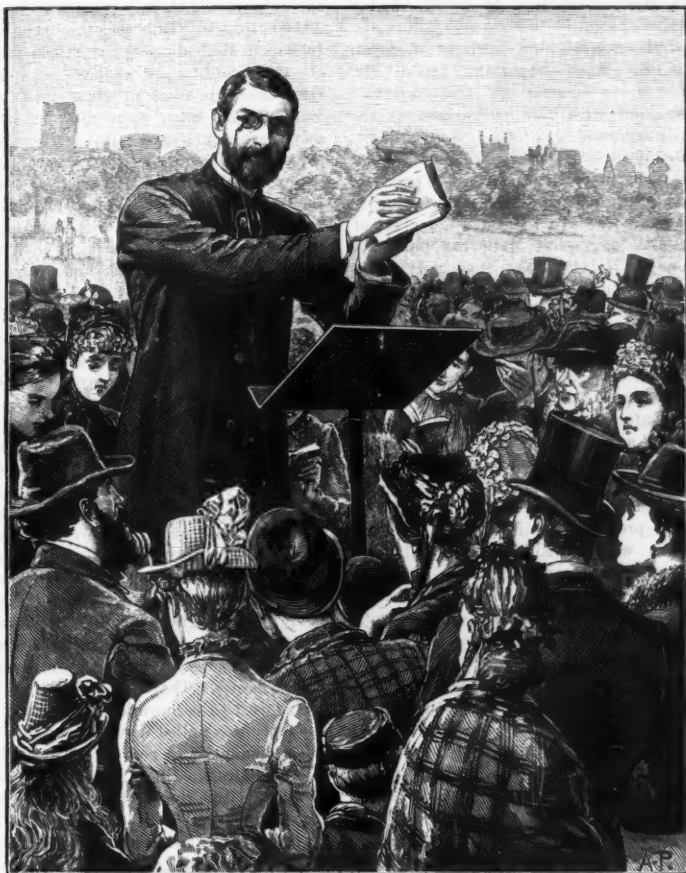


N the northern verge of that labyrinth of squares lying between Oxford Street and the Euston Road is the quiet little London street where the leader of the Forward Movement in Wesleyan Methodism has lately made his home.

Dull and possibly dreary it might be, but for the trees of Gordon Square and Endsleigh Gardens which wave at either end. Yet the dulness may not be

without its compensation, for it is quiet; and up-stairs in Mr. Hughes's dwelling is a little room—quite silent for central London—where, surrounded by his books, and with an outlook on a little enclosure which does duty for garden, he thinks out his work or transacts his business as director of that novel religious movement, the Wesleyan West-End Mission.

The position is characteristic. While by no means insensible to the charms of aestheticism and of what may be called the hallowed romance and tender poetry which cling around many a minister's life and home, yet everything must be sacrificed for the successful



MR. PRICE HUGHES PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.

prosecution of the work to which he has been called.

And what is that work? Briefly, it is the management of the new Evangelistic Movement which Wesleyans have recently begun in the West End of London. Further, he is one of the leaders—if not the principal—of what he calls the Forward Movement. This is a movement of which aggressive mission work is part and parcel, and which, as he himself expresses it, strives to show the people that Jesus Christ is the best Friend they ever had, and that His principles will do more for them than Socialism; that Christianity should influence all aspects of social life, and is not “played out,” but that it has a message for men and women now, to-day, in this life as well as for the life that is to come.

He seems just the man for the new Mission. Full of enthusiasm, earnestness, “go,” he unites culture and learning with a popular style and a sympathetic voice. A somewhat tall, spare figure dressed in

ordinary clerical garb, with a fund of feeling and kindness in his calm eyes, which yet can flash out finely on occasion, he is just the man to attract and control large audiences, without repelling the refined or sensitive. He is emphatically what our American cousins would call a “live man.”

He is yet young, having been born in 1847, at Carmarthen, in South Wales, where his father is to-day a highly esteemed medical man, and like himself a staunch Wesleyan. His grandfather was a Wesleyan minister, and notable if only for this, that he was the first Welshman ever elected a member of the Legal Hundred. After preaching in various towns, and for some time at Oxford, Mr. Hughes was removed to Brixton, in the south of London, and in the autumn of 1887 was relieved from the charge of a pastorate in order to devote himself to the special evangelistic work in the West End. And it is perhaps characteristic of the man that he then set to work to find a house, as he himself told us, within walking distance

of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, to avoid Sunday travelling.

"You regard the new Mission work of Wesleyan Methodism as its most important phase, Mr. Hughes?"

His eyes flash out with rare enthusiasm as the answer instantly comes—

"It is the *vital* phase! And this West-End Mission upon which we have entered is the key to the position. It is our Malakoff! Everyone feels that. During the last twelve years we have witnessed a revival of the old enthusiastic aggressive Methodist spirit. A new generation had arisen which had not passed through that paralysing strife and schism of '49, which seemed to cause the feeling that our race was run and our day was over. Older members were fearful of innovations, remembering that schism. But the new generation does not dread change, and so gradually a feeling arose that we must be aggressive. Ten years ago Conference accepted temperance work and Bands of Hope as an integral part of our Church activity. Then laymen were admitted to Conference for the first time—a great blessing, which has largely helped the Forward Movement. Again, we were the first body which protested against certain Acts of Parliament which we believed to be immoral. All these things brought us more into touch with the time.

"Ultimately there were three marked developments in the Forward Movement:—

"(1) An extraordinary interest in the villages; (2) a growing feeling that we have not been holding our own in the great centres of population; and lastly, (3) the great enterprise in London.

"Now, with regard to the first. We have been making exhaustive inquiries, and we are now publishing more complete returns as to the state of our villages than have ever been published before. We find there are about 19,000 small towns and villages in England, each having less than 3,000

inhabitants, and there is some branch of Methodism in 10,000 of these. Thus there are 9,000 of such villages in which Methodism is not represented; but during the last twenty years we have occupied 500 villages. Of course, in some of these 9,000 the Church of England, and other Nonconformist bodies than ourselves, are represented. But while carefully avoiding all competition with every other evangelical Church, it is now our fixed resolve as soon as possible to preach the Gospel in every village. Our organisation, utilising the aid of our local preachers, enables us to do this, and to do it at small cost. We feel a special responsibility in this work, and under our new Home Mission Secretary, the Rev. J. E. Clapham, we are beginning a new campaign in the villages, the like of which has never been seen since the days of Wesley. The Rev. Thomas Champness, too, has started a new order of evangelists—paid lay agents of a new class—and the Home Mission Committee are utilising these men with much success.

"Then with regard to our position in large provincial towns. We find some of our large chapels in the great centres of population half-empty. (This, it may be remarked parenthetically, does not appear to be an experience with which the Wesleyan denomination is alone familiar, for the same causes seem to be at work in all.) Some of the people have gone to the suburbs, and the services are not adapted to those who dwell in the neighbourhood. Therefore, we are going to alter everything to secure the ear of the people. A splendid experiment has been crowned with success at Manchester. There, we had Oldham Street Chapel, which used to be crowded; it became nearly empty. The place was pulled down and rebuilt in an entirely altered manner at a cost of £50,000. There is a fine hall up-stairs, holding 1,500 people, and it is always crowded. Underneath, facing the street, are several shops, which are let to good tenants.

"It is the alteration in the services which has wrought the change. Seat-rents are abolished. We have a band, short prayers, hymns printed for each day, and bright, brief, pithy addresses. From elaborate inquiries made by the Rev. S. F. Collier, the director of this Mission, it has been found that seventy-five per cent. of the attendants never went before to a place of worship. This is the kind of thing we mean to do in the large towns. Some of us have been agitating for it for years. A similar experiment is now to be made in Birmingham, and we have been equally successful both in Clerkenwell and in the East End of London. Thus, you see, in addition to our ordinary work, which suits some people, we are going to have a distinctly different kind of service, of a popular type and evangelical in character.



"But, thirdly, our great enterprise is—London, the greatest city in the world, a little world in itself. Now, Wesleyan Methodism has never flourished in London as in some of the country districts. It took but little root until, some twenty years ago, some excellent laymen started the chapel-building fund. Since then some ninety chapels have been built, at a cost of about half a million of money. But we felt these were all for the middle-class; they were not in inner London. We felt we ought to do more for the masses. After prolonged discussion, therefore, we started the London Mission.

"Now, I would like to say here that the Wesleyan London Mission is *one and indivisible*. The enterprise of which I have been appointed director is simply the West-End branch of that Mission. A beginning was made at St. George's-in-the-East, near Ratcliff Highway. The chapel there used to be deserted. It was handed over to my friend the Rev. Peter Thompson, who has done there much the same as has been done at Oldham Street, Manchester. A number of ladies and gentlemen come from wealthier quarters to help in the work, and thus the rich and the poor are brought together. For in this Forward Movement we recognise that we must provide for social wants as well as spiritual, and among other triumphs, Mr. Thompson and his friends have captured 'Paddy's Goose,' a notorious public-house, and use it for the rational recreation and benefit of the people.

"In Clerkenwell, the Rev. Edward Smith has again done much the same thing. The idea being to adapt the place to the people, and to care for them socially as well as what may be called 'spiritually.' Near by also is the Whitecross Street Mission, carried on by boys and old scholars of our Leys School, Cambridge. This is also doing a good work.

"But, as I have said, the West-End Mission is our Malakoff. There we found a greater Methodist wilderness than anywhere else. There live 400,000 people without any Methodist chapel. The West End seems to me the headquarters of wickedness. Satan's seat is there. It is the Vanity Fair of the world.

"Now there are thousands of young Methodists employed in the West End for whom we have done nothing. Further, it is a cosmopolitan spot; political

refugees congregate there; everything seems to gravitate there; and without disparaging the work of other Churches, we believe we have a work in this cosmopolitan district, in this centre of the realm.

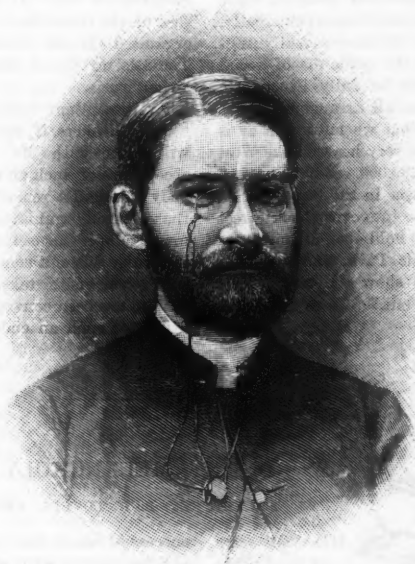
"What do we propose to do? Well, we do not exactly know. That is our glory. We place ourselves in the hands of God and say, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?' The problem is so complicated, we must keep our minds open; we will not be tied by red tape.

"But I wish to say that the Mission will be very catholic in its basis. We shall heartily welcome the co-operation of all Churches, and any converts whom we hope to make will be at perfect liberty to join any Church they may please.

"Further, music will play a prominent part. We shall have a brass band and an orchestra, and we shall endeavour to secure the most suitable agents in various branches of work. My first application was to Mark Guy Pearse, who is so well known by his books. He will take certain services, but he will not share the

responsibility of the Mission. He will preach on Sunday mornings and on Fridays, when we hope to have such a noonday service in the West End as Dr. Parker holds every Thursday at the City Temple. Then on Sunday afternoons we propose to have a somewhat peculiar service. It will take the form of a Conference, when we hope that many Christians, belonging to various departments of life, will be able to testify to the value of Christianity in the business or profession to which they belong. There are many, perhaps, who could not preach or write, who could yet take part in such a conference. Such a service will be attractive to men. We want to show that Jesus Christ is the best Friend the human race has ever had. This is a side of Christianity that must be presented.

"Well, then there are thousands of young people in the West-End shops. What have they to do in the evening? We want to get hold of them, and encourage them to join choral societies and social evenings, and so forth. Also, we hope to have a Medical Mission, and likewise a Christian Workers' Home, where Christian ladies, who will give themselves up to the work, might live. I have long felt that ladies might give



THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.
(From a Photograph by Stilliard and Co., Oxford.)

themselves to such work as do the "sisters" and nuns, etc., in the Churches of England and of Rome, without, however, taking the vows, and so on, considered necessary in those communities.

"As to buildings, we have taken St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, for Sundays and Fridays only, at a rent of £1,200 a year, and in addition to this the London Congregational Union have in a most brotherly manner placed their hall in Wardour Street at our disposal. We intend to have something going on there every night—for young people and artisans principally. On Saturday nights we intend to have a really first-rate concert there. You see, the principle of social provision for the people will be fully illustrated. But it must be understood that all arrangements are for the present temporary. What we must aim at is a great central building in the very heart of the West End, which will cost at least £30,000. But at present we must generate the enthusiasm in St. James's Hall, and from there we want to go into every back street and cranny. I myself mean to hold open-air meetings in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, and wherever the Socialists go. I want to show the people that Christianity is not "played out." Jesus Christ is their best Friend yet.

"I have been led altogether by a way I know not to this. It would be difficult to give you an adequate conception of the steps which have tended to it or of the interest it has aroused. Persistent advocacy in the paper I edit helped it on, no doubt; but I had not then the slightest idea that I should be chosen to direct the scheme. Whether we can cope with the difficulties remains to be seen. Our Church is a most elaborately organised Church, and consequently a very conservative one. It is therefore a very astounding sign of the times that such a conservative and highly organised Church should adopt such a new departure. There is no Church which has entered upon so novel an enterprise. Yet at the last Conference there was not a dissentient voice."

Most thinkers, if not all, who consider the subject will agree with Mr. Hughes that the unanimous acceptance of such an enterprise by so conservative a body is indeed a remarkable sign of the times, a sign that Church organisations, as well as others, can and must adapt themselves to the varying needs of humanity without compromise of essential principles. And as the visitor takes leave of Mr. Hughes he feels that he has been conversing with one who is eminently fitted for such an endeavour.



A WORD ON "MELANCHOLY CHRISTIANS."

BY THE REV. R. H. LOVELL, BROMLEY, KENT.

THE character of the Christian is intended to be perhaps the mightiest agent in spreading the Gospel. Christian life is God's best advertisement, when it is attractive. Assuredly there is no greater hindrance to the extension of the Christian religion than unlovely character. As character is formed slowly and often unconsciously, we are usually little aware of the impressions we produce on others. "To see ourselves as others see us" is indeed a rare attainment. May I then urge this inquiry?—Is it not possible that our representation of the Christian religion may be less bright and attractive than it ought to be, and than we should even wish it to be? May we not be unconsciously representing the religious life under too sad an aspect, and so, without intention, doing mischief to the spread of the Kingdom of Christ?

It is impossible for us to live apart from the society of others. Social life is both a necessity and a Divine ordination and instrument. We are bound up in families. We are obliged, in business life, in recreation, and in almost all the enterprises of life, to act with our fellows. No one can admire sadness. The human heart was made for joy. Delight is in itself a fascination. Men gather round brightness and shun sorrow everywhere. The secret of the

success of much that is most wicked is the brightness and fascination with which it attracts men. Surely, of all things in the world, the Gospel of the love of God, the fact of salvation, ought to wear the most beautiful and attractive of appearances! We can never honour God, win men to Him, or glorify His love, if we represent religion as a sad and gloomy thing. What a difference in its influence amongst young men has a bright and open character as contrasted with one of a reserved and gloomy nature. What a mischievous effect on family life, when one member is cold, formal, and forbidding, and that one perhaps specially accounted the religious member of the family. How easily the most innocent enjoyment of a circle is destroyed by the frown of one out of sympathy with all gladness. It is a pleasant sight to watch the lamplighter on a dark evening going along the streets on a hill-side and kindling light after light, leaving behind him a pathway of marked illumination, instead of unrelieved darkness; but what homes, what schools, what businesses, would the world have for brightness, if only each Christian were a steady, constant light-bearer, revealing the beauty of Christ, and giving light, and help, and guidance to others who are in darkness. No mightier agent can exist for the spread of the Gospel than a bright, pure, glad life.

The very best test of what our character and life really are is not to be found by seeking to look into and at ourselves. Rather, we may more surely discover it

by asking what effects we are producing on others. To look back over a few years of life, and ask ourselves this question, What is the fair outcome of my life in its influence on others? will be found to be an exercise at once most healthful and full of self-revelation. The lives of those around us may thus become a most instructive mirror: a mirror in which we shall often find delineations of our own characters, as to features we little thought we possessed. Sadness, discontent, and the absence of delight in our portraiture of the religious life, will then often be seen to have been a great hindrance to others becoming Christians.

Many reasons of a very subtle character may easily give a tone of sadness to the religious life. These may be neither suspected nor felt to be wrong. Few good people as yet confess the sin of being sad, or even think that it is a sin. Few regard *delight* as a most sacred duty and obligation. To rejoice in God is esteemed a *luxury*, but not a binding command and duty. To openly express our gladness for the world of beauty, for friendship and love, and Divine bounty and care, is not always regarded as an imperative obligation as to be honest.

We may become melancholy by carrying our sins and cares, rather than *casting* them fully and entirely into the gracious hand of Christ. We are so apt to think we give them to Him, and yet still to bear their burden ourselves. Thus we destroy the reality and fullness of the Divine love and pardon. We may take upon ourselves burdens in relation to the world's sin and wrong which are God's, and which He does not intend us to carry. We may thus seem to be more concerned about the sorrow of the world than God Himself, and appear more earnest than He seems to be to rectify at once all its mischiefs. The love and temper of many an earnest soul is thus "sicklied o'er with a cast of wearing solicitude." This is not trust, but distrust; not faith in God, but doubt.

Many imagine falsely that the highest goodness consists in an ideal in which sorrow is the prominent feature. An undertone of sweet melancholy is thought to be most consistent with piety, and that, in a sinful world, a bright, glad, expressive life is not either right or possible. Surely if this idea were the true one, then sunshine and flowers, and children's faces, and stars, and all beautiful things, ought not to find so large a place in the creation of God as they do. It is quite true that the highest life cannot be lived in a crowd. Isolation at times is necessary for the fullest communion with God. The sacred quiet of the morning, the hush of night, the stillness of the woods, all these have their charm and help for spirits which are bent on high purpose and effort. The mountain peaks cannot in the nature of things have much company with the valleys. In all new and great plans loneliness is largely a necessity. But when this is the case, there will be some great *object* before our minds. It will be quite right and safe for us to be much alone with God, if our concern is that, as the result of that isolation, we intend to be much more active *amongst and for men*. It is the melancholy that is born of merely personal disposition, and not the isolation that results from

seeking some nobler level of life, that I am anxious to discountenance.

Too much self-introspection, indulged in merely for the sake of looking at self, will undoubtedly lead to a morbid life. We may have too much theoretical knowledge, and too little practical power. Our fingers may be too much and too often on the spiritual pulse. We may look so often at the roots of growth, and so disturb them, that no beautiful flower, or fruit for others' eating and joy, can ever grow. Melancholy is usually a most selfish attitude of mind. Self is its one thought. Too often its eye rests on nothing but the sad and dark. Imaginary evils fill its sad fancy. Supposed slights and neglects from others help its growth. It never can consort with anything but weakness. When health and vigour return, this sad disposition flees away. It is like mist and fog where there ought to be the sunshine of God's love. Like all clouds, it is *earth-born*, not heaven-sent.

It is inevitable that melancholy should narrow the mind, contract the vision, and warp and destroy sympathies and broader views and aims. What travel does for the mind, that a spiritual gladness will do for the heart. It will make us familiar with the beauties and joys of many other experiences and lives, and so give us ever increased reason for thankfulness and confidence. If we allow ourselves the habit of taking gloomy views of things, seeing the dark side of people, and growing to doubt whether this can succeed, or that ought to be attempted, such a habit of mind will feed upon itself, until at length the absence of all joy, all enterprise, all courage and hope, will be the experience of that old age, in which, of all seasons, cheerfulness is its own best reward and its most delightful ornament. To live in a world which seems all unlovely, to find in it few to love and trust, is indeed a penalty most terrible. It will come to those who persist in the culture of melancholy. They can neither love nor be loved.

If melancholy has any place in the Christian life, let us remember it has only a very partial place. The cloudy days when all is rain are few compared with the bright ones. Life is surely not to be built up by chiefly eating bitter herbs. Never let us suppose that December is more spiritual than May; the naked forest more beautiful than the spring woods; the raven more pure than the dainty robin. If we would only remember that it is the one special aim and design of Satan to cause gloom and sorrow, and the one great aim and end of Christ to cause joy and song, we should be more careful how we ever helped the Evil One to realise his wish. Christ's Gospel is our life's sunshine; the daily festival of the Spirit, the advertisement by us of our delight in the bounty and goodness of God. Even if sorrow comes to our life, the aim of Christ is to transfigure it, and make it beautiful with the brightness of His sympathy, and care, and far-reaching blessing.

If it be urged that we are to take up our cross and follow Christ, I reply we are to take up our cross only against what is weak and evil, not against the good, and bright, and lovely. Our very sorrow is to bring us higher life and fuller joy. We fail to see its object, and we defeat its purpose, and God's aim

and wish, if we do not let it bring us blessing. We are then worshipping the medicine, not seeking health.

Christ tells us, in the Gospel by St. Matthew, that the Kingdom of Heaven is like young ladies going to a wedding. Surely, a very bright, attractive, and conspicuous picture! Everyone knows a bridesmaid. There is nothing but brightness and joy in her demeanour. The melancholy and depressed servant, who doubted his lord and did nothing with his talent, is cast out from the Kingdom into darkness. If melancholy and depression did no other mischief than both prevent us from *working* and hinder others, this alone would be ample ground for our determining not to appear sad, lest thereby we hindered work for Christ. Nothing hinders work and damps enthusiasm like melancholy.

The great cure for melancholy is to let God rule in all our life. Commit it all to Him, and then, as someone has well said, for one look at self let there be many a look at God. Less of self and more of God must bring joy. To leave all to Him and look much at Him will give us constant and abundant reason for brightness. Too often we take other Christians for our ideals rather than Christ. Paul is not our ideal, nor James, nor even John. They, at best, are only partial revelations of the perfect life. Christ, who is more than Paul, or James, or John, He in His fulness is our example and ideal. In the life of Christ there is not a trace of morbid or sad sentiment; not an imperfect line, nor a one-sided development; all classes and all true life received His glad, sympathetic welcome.

Two cities in our world may well stand for opposite types of human life—Paris and Venice. Paris stands for the symbol of idle gaiety and thoughtless pleasure, often far removed from innocence or purity. Even if

Paris were as innocent as gay, I would not ask you for a moment to make her a type of your life.

Venice in the fourteenth century rose from the barren lagoon—rose from the sorrow of her persecuted people. Mark her origin. The people, in their sorrow, set to work to make Venice the noblest of cities. Colour, grace, beauty, are not *only* in the catndral, but everywhere. Whether the building be for pleasure, trade, or worship, it is beautifully ornamented with the Peacock, the Vine, and the Dove; these are the symbols of the Resurrection of Christ and of the Comforter. Here, then, home, trade, pleasure, civic life, religion, were all wedded to art, colour, beauty, and energy, and all ruled by great Christian truth and purpose, with nobility of aim and breadth of view. For a moment contrast Venice and its lofty buildings with the low mud drab walls of some African village—the houses colourless, graceless and unseemly. Which is the nobler ideal and type? What I plead for, then, is this: Our life's quest and ideal, not a life of thoughtless pleasure, not a life without earnestness, heart-sadness, and patient self-denial, not a life blind to life's tragedy and bitterness, and sin and strife; but, for all that, a life bright with God, entering into all His gifts and purposes, wide in its sympathies, gentle in its tolerance, charitable in its judgment, thankful to use all beauty as God's gift for man's use and help; confident of Christ's presence in life, and of His love; restful in the belief that He will triumph over all error and sin and sorrow. And because this *is* our belief, a life ready to enjoy every child's smile, every maiden's dream, every youth's game or ambition, every artist's ideal, every labourer's toil, every philanthropist's purpose, every nation's contribution to human good—a life broad and bright, and beautiful and busy, as Christ's own life was.

HALF A DOZEN HEROINES.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

BY THE HON. KATHERINE SCOTT.



HERE was a dulness about the town of Hornside which could only be described, like the Egyptian darkness, as a dulness that "might be felt."

There was one straight street, which contained square, grey stone houses, neither imposing nor ugly. There was a very grey, plainly built church, and a still more plainly built, dull-looking "Mechanics' Institute." There were shops at one end, but many of these had wire blinds, and concealed their charms like city warehouses. The men hung about listlessly at the corner near the inn, where stood the 'bus when it was not slowly grinding to the station; and past the inn there was a street leading to the

non-fashionable part of the town, where the boys loitered playing marbles, and the mothers looked unkempt and weary.

The house with which we are chiefly concerned stood at the end of the street, and a little back, with a tiny strip of garden in front. It was a low house, with a sloping, red-tiled roof, and seemed the one and only remains of a picturesque beauty which it was reported had at one time belonged to the whole street, but which it certainly no longer possessed. The red-roofed house had belonged to a mysterious old bachelor, who was rarely seen, and whose death only caused a commotion in Hornside from the many suppositions as to what would be done with St. Hilda's.

The bushes grew very tangled in front, the little bricked path grew green with moss, and the jasmine

over the door wildly luxuriant, before any of the numerous reports as to its future were fulfilled.

At last, on a showery June day, the 'bus from the station ground along the road, unusually loaded with boxes, stopped at the little gate, which had ceased to be any particular colour, and deposited the boxes and two ladies.

The genteel elderly ladies of Hornside peeped from behind their blinds, the young ones invented commissions which would oblige them to sally out at once, in spite of the damp, and the maids-of-all-work would gladly have made an unbidden afternoon attack on their respective doorsteps to gain a view of the arrivals at St. Hilda's.

How strange that they should have arrived so unexpectedly, and with apparently no preparations whatever!

True enough, there were no preparations whatever; the elder of the two produced a key, unlocked the house door, and requested the 'bus-man to deposit the boxes in the bare little hall; the younger stopped to gather some of the straggling jasmine, which caused the opposite neighbour, Mrs. Black, to exclaim—

"Bless my heart—gathering flowers to furnish an empty house! I wish my spectacles would enable me to see in, and see whatever they can be going to do. Two women and boxes set down like that! strange folks, and no mistake!"

Mrs. Black, with her orderly little parlour, her mats, her cushions, and all the little et ceteras which she had accumulated round her in twenty years of solitary gentility at No. 10, High Street, would indeed have been astonished had it been possible for her gaze to penetrate into the privacy of St. Hilda's and see how calmly indifferent the new inmates appeared. The taller but younger of the two was divesting the other of her cloak, at the same time sticking a spray of jasmine into the front of her dress, and bending to kiss the fresh, pretty face.

"Well, mother—many happy returns of the day of your entrance to your own new abode! It looks nice, but let's explore at once. Mother's drawing-room!" throwing open a door on the right. "No! it's the kitchen, and chairs on their heads which had better learn to stand on their feet at once," and before mother had got in, the chairs were off their heads, the table pulled forward, and the shutters opened.

"Exploration No. 2: dining-room and cabin, I think we'll call it. Fuff! but we want air;" and with a mighty struggle the coloured glass door at the end of the little passage which ran through the house was burst open, and the sweet summer air blew in.

"Now for the higher regions; and here's your drawing-room, and what a nice one! sloping ceiling, snug, delightful, and two windows looking over the fields, and 'over the hills and far away,' and only a loop-hole to that very dull street!"

Two bedrooms completed the explorations; and in less time than it would have taken Mrs. Black to prepare for a dinner-party, mother and Dolly had lighted a travelling stove in the kitchen, boiled a kettle, frizzled bacon, and had all the requisites for a comfortable tea—bread, milk, butter, cups, plates, even a

clean table-cloth, were spread on the kitchen table; and the dusty chairs rubbed down with a clean duster, which came out of the same handy receptacle from which all the rest had appeared. Mother, in a black gown, with a white cap, collar, and cuffs, looked as if she had been comfortably residing at St. Hilda's for months; and Dolly, with her Galatea stripe, shining, fair hair, and rosy face, was anything but a travel-stained figure as she stuck her bunch of jasmine into her waistband and seated herself at the tea-table.

"Four o'clock, mother. We have four or five hours of daylight to get straight; but we mustn't loiter."

"But we must get some tea," said mother calmly, "and lay our plans while we take breath."

"Take breath! That's taken all mine," groaned Dolly, throwing herself back in her chair, as a shrill-tingling bell quivered and quavered through the empty house.

"What can that be? Oh, mother! a visitor! Answering the door did not come into my programme."

"Then I'll answer it," said mother, smiling; and Mrs. Black's little maid-of-all-work, conscious of rough hair, and black hands, and not over-clean apron, nearly sank into the ground before the clear, kindly face and fresh attire of "the lady" who opened the shabby door.

"Missis's compliments, and could she do anything for the ladies on first arriving?"

"Missis" was on watch behind her blind, and at the apparition of anyone so perfectly "settled"-looking and so brightly lady-like, popped right up and displayed her best afternoon cap and her blue shawl, which was a want of gentility she had never before been guilty of.

"Mrs. Spencer's thanks, and she is very much obliged, but does not require anything."

Mrs. Black had re-seated herself before Nancy returned, and was trying to look quite indifferent; and when Nancy had delivered her message, suffered her to retire, as there was nothing to be discovered beyond what she had herself seen; and she had at any rate found out the new-comer's name; also that she was a "Mrs." and not a "Miss"—mother and daughter they must evidently be—so if anyone called she had two pieces of information ready, and had the consciousness of having only shown neighbourly kindness in obtaining them.

Hornside people were not given to early rising; at least, not the inhabitants of the High Street who had scarcely enough to do to make it desirable that their days should be unnecessarily lengthened; and next morning Dolly had had four good hours' hard work by the time the maids-of-all-work were engaged in the process of whitening the doorsteps and conversing with the milkman.

Most marvellous! but the little gate and front door had both been painted a dark chocolate during the night; the windows were shining, the jasmine's wild sprays trained up against the house, something red and white appeared at one open window, and a creamy cloud at the other; and by the time the ten-o'clock 'bus returned from the station and again stopped at St. Hilda's, the house had quite an



"Dolly opened the proceedings."—p. 153.

in' abited look. More boxes, and—most exciting of all—a young man in a sailor-like garb descended from the 'bus and vanished into the house. Mrs. Black and the Misses Simon, who lived next door, were inundated with visitors that afternoon, all anxious to have seats near the windows; and there was quite a buzz of gratified feeling when, at about five, the figures of the smiling elderly lady and the young man emerged from the door and walked off into the town.

In every house in Hornside that evening conversation was lively, and Mrs. Spencer, Dolly, and the sailor had little idea what a boon they were to the flagging minds—asleep for the want of new ideas. By the end of the week the clergyman had called at

St. Hilda's, and all the world followed his example; and having seen for themselves the internal arrangements, and learnt from Mrs. Spencer herself who they were and whence they came, the flow of conversation rushed in a perfect torrent. "Been for years in the Colonies." That accounted for eccentricities of all sorts; but all the same, some of the mothers in Hornside would have been glad to send their daughters to the Colonies if they could have had them back again as useful individuals as Dolly. Dolly, assisted by Jack, had painted, papered, stained floors, hung up pictures and curtains, and, what was more wonderful still, considering her ladylike appearance, did all the work in the house, and produced cakes and fancy

breadths which were the envy of all. As Dolly humbly acknowledged, mother's neat fingers pieced the carpets, made the curtains, and clothed the chairs. There was plenty of hard work; but the result was a snug, tasteful little home, with odd cupboards, shelves, comfortable window-seats, and all so shining and fresh that the sleepy, stuffy atmosphere which pervaded most of the heavily furnished Hornside houses found no existence here.

Besides the comfort of the abode, which the old ladies persisted in calling "peculiar," there was a comfort in Mrs. Spencer's kindly welcome which, by November, had gone far to make all the inhabitants agree that she was a very pleasant neighbour. Dolly had just drawn the curtains and shut out the chill November fog; the firelight was playing over the room; mother was meditating in her easy-chair; and Dolly sank into one opposite, and stared into the fire. It was Sunday afternoon, and a good time for meditations, but Dolly's were never of very long duration.

"Mother! wake up! A penny for your thoughts."

"I wasn't asleep, Doll. A penny for yours."

"Mine were stupid, mother! I feel myself getting rusty and fusty."

"To tell the truth, dearie, that was exactly what I was thinking we were both doing. It won't do, Doll. This is not a very lively place; but all depends on the lives we live more than the place, and we mustn't go to sleep."

"Well, mother, you never go to sleep, and you've done a good deal here already, but I know I am getting sleepy; and as for the other girls here, they are so *dolefully* dull. When Jack comes back he won't find one with an idea beyond the river on one side and the ploughed fields on the other;" and Dolly burst into a good laugh.

"Now, Doll, I won't have you uncharitable. There are advantages in knocking about the world, and you've had them, and now we must use them."

"Mother, dear, come on! You know you've thought of something, and are only paving the way to the disclosure of your scheme;" and Dolly seated herself at mother's feet and waited.

The result of the Sunday evening's cogitations was that Dolly despatched neat little cards, adorned with bees in various positions, inviting Miss Agnes Lambert, Miss Forbes, Miss Janet Somers, and Miss Penelope Hopwood to a "Council." Then she arranged the "sky parlour" as tastefully as possible; and drew the table near the sloping windows so that they might have the full benefit of the winter afternoon sun. Next she put mother's "working-chair" at one side and her "hive" basket by her. Having no floral decorations, she placed a green glass goblet in the middle, and all the working requisites she could think of round.

She proposed to bring down Uncle Simeon's sky-high mirror, but, as it had hung there all his days, mother would not allow such desecration. Moreover, everything looked crooked in it, and, as Dolly observed, it might distort their ideas. Two little books were placed in front of mother—"Mother's Extracts" and one for the "Minutes of the Proceedings," explained

Dolly, who, by mother's orders, having arranged the party, seated herself and began an interesting paper from a magazine, on "Self-Culture."

Meantime, as mother deftly cut and shaped, she studied the half-dozen heads before her. Dolly was always wide awake, and inspired with a love of action of any sort. Penelope Hopwood, on her right, had plenty of good stuff in her, and talent too, but she looked bored. Annie and Rosie's pretty, empty faces betrayed that their thoughts were more taken up with different modes of doing their hair or altering their gowns than anything else. Janet Somers, she was sure, had something in her if she could get the opportunity of developing it; and Agnes Lambert, cutting-out in the background, had a gentle, good face, but was decidedly one of the half-awake.

Mother was a keen observer, and her great powers of sympathy hardly ever failed to draw people out. But her own Dolly opened the proceedings by exclaiming, "Mother, I call this a selfish paper. What made you choose it?"

"Selfish! why, Dolly? If we are to be of any use in the world we must be good ourselves; and self-improvement in any shape, whether it be in knowledge of practical things, or culture and beautifying of our minds and spirits, must always react on other people."

"Beauty is much to be desired," sighed Rosie.

"What nonsense it is to think so much of beauty!" responded Janet.

"I am sure, Janet, we all get sick to death of ugliness in Hornside," began Penelope. "Mrs. Spencer, you don't think it wrong to make your house or things beautiful; do explain why, for some people think you frivolous," and Penny reddened.

"I daresay, my dear; but my idea is that to keep our minds and bodies healthy and happy, we must have bright and cheerful sights and things. Think of nature, and how true it is that 'He hath made all things beautiful in His time'—things great and things small, and even what we call only useful things, are also all beautiful. Let us get the love of the good and beautiful in our hearts and minds first, and then both our homes and our faces will improve, for I have seen girls whose dress was faultless, but who were not worth looking at because their faces were as empty as a doll's."

"But what next, mother? We want first to be inspired with the desire of self-culture; and next, to know the way to attain it."

Mother took up one of her little books and read:

"You were an eternal thought of God; for *your life He has an ideal*—there is the inspiration. 'To prepare us for *complete* living is the function which *education* has to discharge'—there is the way to attain it." Mother's reading aloud was never long, but always to the point.

"Is that all, mother?"

"I am sure it is quite enough, Dolly dear. If there is such a height before us, we had better begin climbing at once, and not disappoint Him," said her mother reverently. "Looking at your half-dozen heads, I think what is required are some practical methods of cultivating those brains, and—those hearts."

Now, please think, and each make a suggestion—you wish to educate yourselves for 'complete living.'

"Reading," suggested Janet.

"Very good. We had better settle on some subject, and all of you read, say, half an hour a day, and once a month we would discuss it here; how would that be?"

"How about books? I have such dull ones," sighed Agnes.

"We might amongst us subscribe to a library, and get two or three books by post, or we might club together and take a "Popular Educator," or a magazine, couldn't we, mother."

"A very good plan; you six must settle about that."

"Now, mother, my turn! I propose that Penny and I should try and get somebody to teach some of the stray boys, which would benefit us as well as them; and, I think, some lessons on sick-cookery would be nice."

"You are very 'mixed up,' Dolly, and you've made two suggestions; pass one on to Rosie. But who is to give the cookery lesson?"

"Why, any of us who like will take lessons, and you'll give them, mother."

"Very good; I agree."

"We should cultivate our musical talents," suggested Annie.

"Quite true; don't turn up your nose, Dolly; you know Jack always says if women are to be *home* rulers, they must have some nice music worth their men-folks' listening to."

"I think we should do some sewing for the good of other people. I don't mean just our own," sternly remarked Janet.

"Yes, decidedly."

"Now, mother, note these proceedings in your book; certainly not minutes, but hours!"

"Mother, you must undertake the subjects for reading, Janet and Agnes the work—to be done either at home or here—Rosie and Annie must settle on glees and songs, and we'll contribute our voices. Penny and I will together settle about our boys' class, and we'll all join the cooking classes."

"Very well; and, with your home people's approval, you must take your respective efforts to the sick folks yourselves. Finally, all I stipulate for is regularity and perseverance, and every month I shall expect a short account from each of you of what you have been doing."

The proceedings ended with a happy tea, and a fire-light conversation after; and the six parted in a much more wide-awake frame of mind than they had met.

"Rome was not built in a day," nor Hornside renovated as speedily; but at the end of a year "Mother," who never lost interest in anybody or anything, looked with pleasure on her half-dozen "Heroines," as she called them, who, bright and active themselves, had made their own homes brighter and happier—fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, all acknowledging the difference. Sick people had been cheered by many little attentions besides soups and puddings; the mischievous little boys tamed and enlightened by readings, works, and gardening; and the loitering men inveigled into the "Mechanics' Institute," where Jack gave recitations and readings, and the shop-boys and girls, headed by the "Heroines," gave concerts.

Nobody thinks of calling Hornside dull now—"a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and even if the "Half-dozen" are, by degrees, carried away by Jack and his friends, they have plenty of ideas in their heads now, and will have transmitted plenty to the heads they leave behind them.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

11. What is declared to be the greatest manifestation of human love?
12. To what king did our blessed Lord refer when He said, "Go ye and tell that fox"?
13. Which of the Sons of Saul reigned over Israel?
14. What two false prophets were burned alive?
15. In what passage does our Lord point to His miracles as proof of His Divinity?
16. What king made an altar for the Temple at Jerusalem from the pattern of a heathen altar?
17. What ancient town was noted for its wise men?
18. What was the end of the two and a half tribes of Israel who settled on the east side of Jordan?
19. What proof did Joseph give of his faith in the deliverance of the Israelites from the bondage of Egypt?
20. With what great event are the waters of Merom connected?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21.

1. By reference to the way in which the manna was collected in the Wilderness by the Israelites and then mutually divided. (2 Cor. viii. 14, 15; Ex. xvi. 18.)
2. Deut. viii. 15.
3. Until the days of Hezekiah, king of Judah, who destroyed it. (2 Kings xviii. 4.)
4. A wall fell down upon them and killed twenty-seven thousand. (1 Kings xx. 30.)
5. A race of giants who formerly inhabited the coast of Moab, but were destroyed by the Ammonites. (Deut. ii. 20, 21.)
6. Romans ix. 3.
7. The land of Gerar, where Isaac dwelt. (Gen. xxvi. 12.)
8. A very large flat dish such as was used in olden days for carrying the boar's head in procession at Christmas-time. (St. Matt. xiv. 8.)
9. Lev. xxiii. 3.
10. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." (1 Cor. x. 26.)

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.



"RICHER THAN ROTH-SCHILD."

TS sole object is the spiritual and eternal welfare of the ancient people of God;" so say the managers of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews—a Society that seems, in its committee, representative of Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Congregationalist, and Baptist alike, and names three bishops as patrons and sympathisers. The Society's missionary has lately visited Jerusalem, and, describing his voyage, he relates that he met with many poor Jews hastening to the land of their fathers, driven out from Russia by conscription and persecution. He spent many hours on board, conversing with them concerning the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. In Jerusalem, many asked him as to the extent of his purse, and, to the question "Are you rich?" he answered, "Yes, the richest man in England."—"What, richer than our great Rothschild?"—"Yes, a thousand times richer; I have found the Pearl of great price;" and he told his listeners of the eternal treasure that is found in the Redeemer. The Lord is giving increase to the seed sown amongst the children of Israel.

FOR THE LONG EVENINGS.

When the dark evenings of our English winter are upon us, it is pleasant to turn to a description of sunnier lands than ours, especially when those lands are Bible lands, or were the scenes of Bible stories. Many years ago Dr. J. R. Macduff published an account of Rome in connection with the Apostle Paul's life there. Now he has followed this by a similar volume, entitled "St. Paul in Athens" (Nisbet and Co.). Opening with a graphic description of the city, he goes on to expound the Apostle's wonderful address there, and finally to trace as far as possible the growth and history of the Church founded at Athens as the result of the Apostle's visit. We commend this work to all teachers and members of Bible-classes. "Sukie's Boy" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a very pretty story, by our old friend Sarah Tytler, suitable for girls. Mr. F. M. Holmes's name must be familiar to all our readers as that of a constant contributor to our pages. We are glad to welcome an excellent book for boys from his pen, in "Winning His Laurels," published by Messrs. Nisbet. "Cripple Joseph," issued by the same publishers, is a touching little story told by Miss Maria V. G. Havergal, sister of the poetess. The Dean of Peterborough has written a tiny volume on the "Doctrine of the Lord's Supper"

(Nisbet). There can be no denying the importance of a true understanding of the ordinance, and we are glad to see so competent a guide as Dean Perowne undertake the task of explaining what needs explanation, and in such simple, direct terms. In quite another field is "The Domestic World," a revised edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and which should be in every household. Mr. Spurgeon has now completed the publication of his valuable "Sermon Notes" (Passmore and Alabaster), the first volume of which we referred to some time ago. The second volume, containing the New Testament notes, is now before us, and fully bears out the promise of its predecessor. To preachers this work will be most useful. Scottish preachers have long been famous for the power and eloquence of their sermons. A distinguished Scotchman now settled across the Atlantic, the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., has gathered into a series of lectures the characteristic facts in the lives and work of the great "Scottish Preachers" from the time of the Reformation to our own day. Dr. Taylor has entered upon his task with patriotic zeal, and there is not a single dull page in his most interesting work. The publishers are Messrs. C. Burnet and Co. We have received two little volumes of skeleton lessons on the "Names and Titles of our Lord" and the "Work and Claims of our Lord," published by Messrs. Nisbet, which we heartily commend to Sunday-school teachers.



"'I wish we had velvet stairs!'"—p. 156.

HOW THE WEST END CAN HELP THE EAST END.

At a meeting of the Ragged School Union, the Rev. Prebendary Billing remarked, "Those who live in the West End might do much for East-End children by inviting them to spend a few hours in

their homes." Some may argue that this would unfit them for their positions, and cast a glamour of unreality upon their own daily lives, rendering them discontented and repining. Poor little things! to our mind it can do nothing but bless them, to open to them once in a while what might seem a veritable fairyland—a glimpse of Eden—and to prove to them that those who possess this world's goods desire to count them as kindred, and share the beauties thus provided. "I wish we had velvet stairs!" said one

some to whom it must be a lonely season; lonelier, perhaps, because of the surrounding brightness, bustle, and pleasurable excitement. Those who love Christ are never satisfied while their brethren and sisters are "out in the cold;" we would fain that the blessing of the Yule fell alike on young and old, rich and poor, the wanderer and the sheltered. Does not one of our great writers describe how a lonely individual travelled about to avoid, or rather to pass briskly away, his birthday? Even so, to some, it is



"Many hands make light work."

little fellow, returning from a visit to a sick gentleman in a pleasant house; but the sigh was transitory, and a look of pity for the invalid overspread the little face. "I wish *he* could have a powder as *I* did, then he would be as well as me;" and the little mind seemed to reason out that good gifts are not so unequally bestowed after all! The clergyman at the meeting in question truly remarked that many girls think of domestic service as *drudgery*; if—in comfortable homes—they could understand the real position of well-cared-for servants, they would change their minds. "Anything but service," seems to be the cry of our growing girls, and yet the demand for good servants increases daily. It will be a double-sided gain if we can get these young maidens to understand that they are safer, healthier, better fed in comfortable service than pursuing the underpaid toil they choose for the sake of evening "liberty." Who will open "fairyland" to a few little children this winter, for His sake Who says, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me"?

CHRISTMAS LETTERS.

Christmastide is usually associated with happy meetings, plenty, and good cheer, but there are always

almost a relief when the time of gladness is over, and the surrounding joys of Noël are no longer witnessed afar off by those in shadowed circumstances. To such the "Christmas Letter Mission" would fain prove that, whatever their condition, they are not forgotten before God. Bright messages of hope and peace are wafted hither and thither to the sick, the poor, the miners, the navvies, sailors, dock-men, women, children, etc. There are also "Midnight Mission Letters," and a correspondent says she hears "of lives purified and homes made happy" by means of these letters. Seven thousand Christmas messages winged their way among the Deep-Sea Fishermen last year. Miss Bewes, 67, Ladbroke Grove, W., is central secretary of this movement, which now counts its workers even in India. "Many hands make light work," and it is suggested that those who undertake more letters to fold than they can manage might arrange a *folding bee*, a cheery gathering of friends now and then for an hour or two of orderly work. On receiving an addressed wrapper Miss Bewes would forward "Hints to Workers," describing the method of folding, etc. A young man came to thank a Bible-woman for a letter he found on the doorstep of his lodgings. "I was just giving up caring for anything, and thinking nobody minded what became of me,"

he said, "and then I got *this*. I shall read it a few times more, and then send it to my old mother," and, from three wrappers of brown paper, he carefully produced the treasured Christmas letter. From South Wales a lady writes: "The head nurse at the workhouse has distributed them for ten years. The old people look forward to them so, for it is the only letter many of them get for the whole year. They are often found treasured up, worn with reading, amongst the few things these poor souls leave when death calls them hence."

"WATCHING FOR SOULS."

This is the title of a little work recently issued by Mr. Russell Hurditch, of the Evangelistic Mission, giving a record of the spread of Gospel work under the auspices of that Society. In sending us a copy of his interesting work, Mr. Hurditch says, "We have much cause for thankfulness to God for the blessing He has graciously vouchsafed to the present; but the death of our truly generous friend Mr. Samuel Morley, and other liberal helpers, renders it imperative for us to pray and look about for new friends." If all our readers who can do so would send for Mr. Hurditch's book (published by Messrs. J. F. Shaw and Co.), and see for themselves what he and his friends are doing, without doubt many of them would be moved to help him.

"INTO EVERY CITY AND PLACE."

Truly in the spirit of our Lord's commands to the seventy disciples do the missionaries from the East London Mission Institute go forth "into every city and place." From the three colleges and mission homes of the institution bands of devoted and self-sacrificing men and women are setting out month after month, trusting entirely to Him in whose name they go for their support in their far-away corner of the vineyard. And now we hear from Mr. Grattan Guinness of a new session begun with an "absolutely empty treasury," while at one, at any rate, of the colleges



"A grey old church."

there is pressing need of special help. The severe drought of last summer proved that the water supply for the institution at Cliffe is not to be relied upon, and it will be absolutely necessary to inaugurate new engineering works before another warm season comes round, and the expense must be considerable. Mr. Grattan Guinness pathetically pleads for help to secure a constant supply of the first necessary of life for those whose aim it is to open new channels wherein "the water of life may flow freely." His address is Harley House, Bow, E., and we are sure he will thankfully acknowledge any contributions towards this special object.

"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

In a grey old church, beside the blue waters of a sunny bay, we were present at the close of last season, when the preacher delivered an earnest address, appropriate to the time when pleasure-seekers were flocking back to their homes, and the townspeople counting their gains—their provision, in some cases, for the winter ahead. Speaking of those words, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses Holiness unto the Lord, and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar," he remarked that among the Jews the use of *horses* would be esteemed a luxury—something quite out of the ordinary—and he emphatically called upon the people to consecrate even their pleasures and luxuries to God. "If you can do that," he said, "there is nothing wrong in your pleasure; this year's change has been blest it across it has been written, *Holiness to the Lord*." And those whose life means *work*—humble, uninteresting work, perhaps, on which the daily bread depends—may be certain that no toil is too dull, too lonely, to be brightened by the same inscription. If we do our God-given work for *Him*, how can angels themselves do more?—

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."



HARLEY HOUSE, BOW.

"I WILL TAKE HIM IN."

The Foreign Aid Society (of which the Rev. H. Browne, M.A., Barnet, is secretary) assists with grants several Protestant associations on the Continent. The workers are asked to avoid controversy as much as they can, but of course this is not always possible. In priest-ridden districts the Protestant religion is quite misunderstood; some think that Protestants do not even believe in Jesus. "Salvation through Christ" is the message carried home to many a prejudiced heart, and the light has poured in wondrously by means of the opened Bible. A man, receiving a Bible, told his sister he did not care to keep it. "If you turn the *bon Dieu* out of your house," she said, "I will take Him in;" and she got her little girl to read it aloud to her, the result being that she has taken her child from Romanist teaching, and she attends the Protestant services. The "Société Évangélique de Genève" (helped by our English association) has summer stations in several charming localities, where magistrates and those in influential and prosperous circumstances hear the words of eternal truth proclaimed in such places as Thun, Lucerne, etc. We are sorry to find the financial support of the "Foreign Aid Society" so small, for England is indebted to the Continent in memory of the great Reformation light.

"A DEARER SPOT THAN ALL THE REST."

Some think that in the present day the home life is declining by reason of the many outside calls to duty and pleasure, just as the art of letter-writing is becoming rare because of easy communication, the rush of business, the bridging-over of what was distance in the past. No outside work, however, will atone for neglect of our own homes—our first duty, our first privilege is here, alike for man and woman. Give the children



"A dearer spot than all the rest."

some memories of the father who is known not only in public, but in the domestic circle, reading aloud that which will help and interest the group of happy listeners, and with heart and ear for the bairns' concerns as well as for the philanthropic world. "I wish I were an orphan," said a little maid wistfully, to the mother wrapped up in orphanage business; "then I'd see so much of you, mamma." We hope the neglected little heart had never cause to wish itself orphaned after *that*. It is a fact, however—and bitter regrets have thus been wrought in after life—that some have looked after everything else of importance *except* their homes. Let us all resolve, if possible, to keep one or two evenings weekly for our home circle; let the widening stream of sympathy here take its rise; let us value, as Heaven's dearest gifts, the sacred joys of home.

"PATTY CONGO."

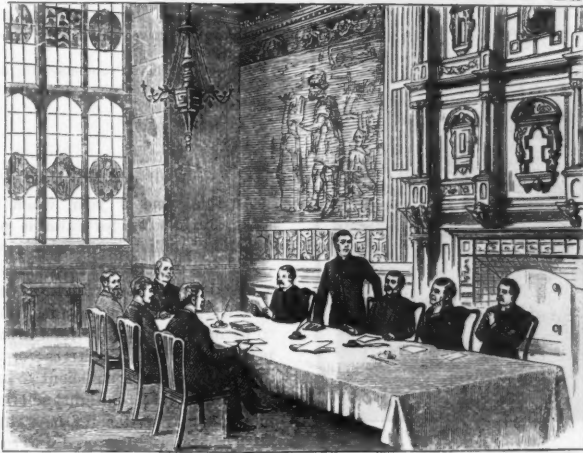
"Where there is a will there is a way." This was one of the first proverbs to which our juvenile attention was drawn, and experience has again and again proved its veracity. As a rule, the things we "really do not seem able to manage" are those for which we care very little; the concerns that lie near to our heart are usually a genuine success. Our Baptist friends, writing of their Congo mission, in which many devoted lives have fallen, but which still goes blessedly forward, tell of a child of nine anxious to have a share in missionary toils and triumphs. She resolved to become a collector, and she named her hen "Patty Congo," and resolved to give to the mission the value of all her eggs. Patty Congo aroused a little domestic interest likewise, and friends and hen brought the child's collection up to thirteen shillings. The grand annals of missionary heroism may well startle those who put forth no hand to the work. Livingstone said that all that seems to Christians at home disappointment, trial, and disaster should sound a fresh call to duty, and inspire more unselfish service. And there are some who, in face of fields white to the harvest, may feel constrained to answer as a certain young man did when asked, "And what can *you* give to the cause of missions?"—"Myself."

FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Readers of THE QUIVER do not need to be reminded of the good work being done by Miss Robinson, Miss Agnes Weston, and Mrs. Meredith, but the life-stories of these devoted ladies must have a keen interest for them. We are glad to see that Messrs. Cassell have added a volume containing these three biographies to their "World's Workers" series. Another volume contains the lives of two other noble-minded women—Mrs. Somerville, whose name is associated with the cause of higher education, and Miss Carpenter, whose noble work in the reformatories can never be forgotten. The good Earl of Shaftesbury is the subject of another of these useful little books, and the two great electricians, Morse and Edison, divide the interest of another. For the little ones, Messrs. Cassell have brought out a charming series of illustrated books,

picturing and describing in simple words the common objects of home and garden, farm, shore, and forest. We commend these admirable "Illustrated Books for the Little Ones" to all parents. But, speaking of works for the little ones, what can be better for them than *Little Folks* or *Bo-Peep*? The latest volumes are before us, and are veritable treasure-houses of stories and pictures, interwoven with entertaining and instructive little papers. For children no more suitable Christmas gifts could be found. "Æsop's Fables" lose none of their interest as time goes on, and we are glad to see the cheap edition of this work issued by Messrs. Cassell, with Griset's clever illustra-

sufficient money."—"Oh," was the answer, "bricks and mortar are paid for. The debt I mean is our debt to the souls of men—to show them the love of God, and the power of Christ's grace." In face of this most solemn debt has arisen the Church Army, carrying on Gospel work aggressively in quarters where the ordinary modes of religious teaching might find it less easy to obtain a hearing. "Our younger brothers straying from our Father must be saved"—such is the watchword of the Army, and the prayer of the "soldiers" is to be not only fearless warriors, but also good Samaritans, bearing "the oil and the wine." The Headquarters and Training Home are



A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH ARMY IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

tions. Teachers should bear in mind that parallels drawn from these old fables are always popular with children. "Seeking a City," published by the same firm, is a pretty story by Maggie Symington, that well deserves a place on the shelves of every Sunday-school library: where "The Cost of a Mistake," an excellent story for boys, by our old friend Sarah Pitt, should also find a home. Messrs. Cassell have also given us, in "Ships, Sailors, and the Sea," another admirable book for boys, the purport of which is amply explained by its title. Shortly before going to press we have received from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton a volume of addresses to children, by Dr. Richard Newton, which we heartily commend to all superintendents and parents. Clear and forcible in teaching, these addresses are brimful of anecdotes, and cannot fail to be popular with, and do good among, our young friends.

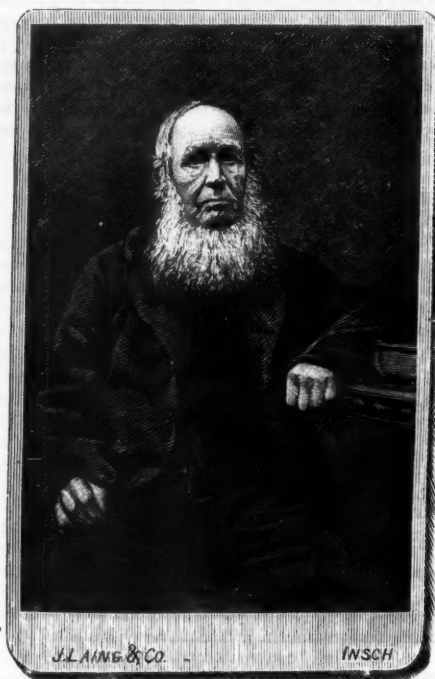
THE CHURCH ARMY.

"Will the church be in debt?" a bystander asked of a pastor, watching his newly built church.—"In debt? Yes, heavily."—"It is a pity to build without

at 128 and 130, Edgware Road, W., and the hon. sec. is the Rev. W. Carlile, who is the speaker in the Council Meeting which we illustrate this month. "The officer is a power for good among the navvies and other working men," writes the vicar of a parish, echoing the sentiments of many other clergymen. "His presence relieves me from a terrible feeling of inability to reach those among whom he works." University men have testified their interest in the Army by an association to promote it locally and generally. A friend lately told us of a carpenter, changed in heart by the instrumentality of the Army services, who, through the summer, travelled from place to place in a van, preaching the Word, full of zeal for Christ. The interesting report of this movement relates striking cases of conversion, amongst them being that of a skittle-sharper, the dread of his family, who has been brought under the power of God, and witnesses for Him with life and lip. The success of the Church Army may well prove to all ranks of believers alike that Christ crucified is the mightiest of themes, and that the Gospel that some treat as "old-fashioned" is still the power of God unto salvation.

THE "KING" OF OUR ORDER.

The bard of Avon, enumerating "king-becoming graces," includes among them verity, temperance, stableress, perseverance, fortitude, patience, and devotion: w. give this month the portrait of Alexander



ALEXANDER BEATON, KING OF THE ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE, AGE 101 YEARS.

(From a Photograph taken in his thirty-fourth year.)

Beaton (now in his 101st year), concerning whom we have thus Shakespearian warrant in doing royal honour. Alexander Beaton is the "King" of THE QUIVER Order of Honourable Service. Legend and history have often attested the loyal fidelity of Scottish dependents, and it is from Aberdeenshire that we receive the record of a service lasting *eighty-five* years. Beaton entered the employ of the family now recommending him for membership in 1802, when a boy of fifteen: he has served under five generations, and, though now bed-ridden, he has all his faculties, "and may still," says our correspondent, "be in some sort considered the servant of the family he has served so long and faithfully." We may add that our form of application for enrolment has been personally signed by the "King" of the Order, in writing clearer than many of our acquaintances (*not* yet centenarians) are accustomed to use.

FOR "THE QUIVER" WAIFS.—Received from "Five Little Farleys," 2s. 2d.; Anon., 2s.; A Subscriber, 2s. 6d.; "Dot" (Southampton), 10s.; A Friend (Dumfries), 5s.; E. E. A., 2s. 6d. Further announcements will be made next month.

"THE QUIVER" ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

NINTH LIST.

Including all names enrolled from September 18th to October 20th, inclusive.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS (over 50 Years' Service).

Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
ARDEN, ABIGAIL	Coniston	56
GEORGE, MARY	Culcheth Hall, near War-rington	52
HAMER, JANE	Killyleagh, Co. Down	54
MASSEY, SARAH	South Hampstead	50
STONE, ESTHER	Boltou Gardens, S.W.	53

All the above have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.

The Roll of the Order is now closed to all excepting domestic servants who have served fifty years and upwards in their present families.

We regret to have to announce the death of Susannah Martin, "the Queen of the Order," whose portrait we published in our last issue.

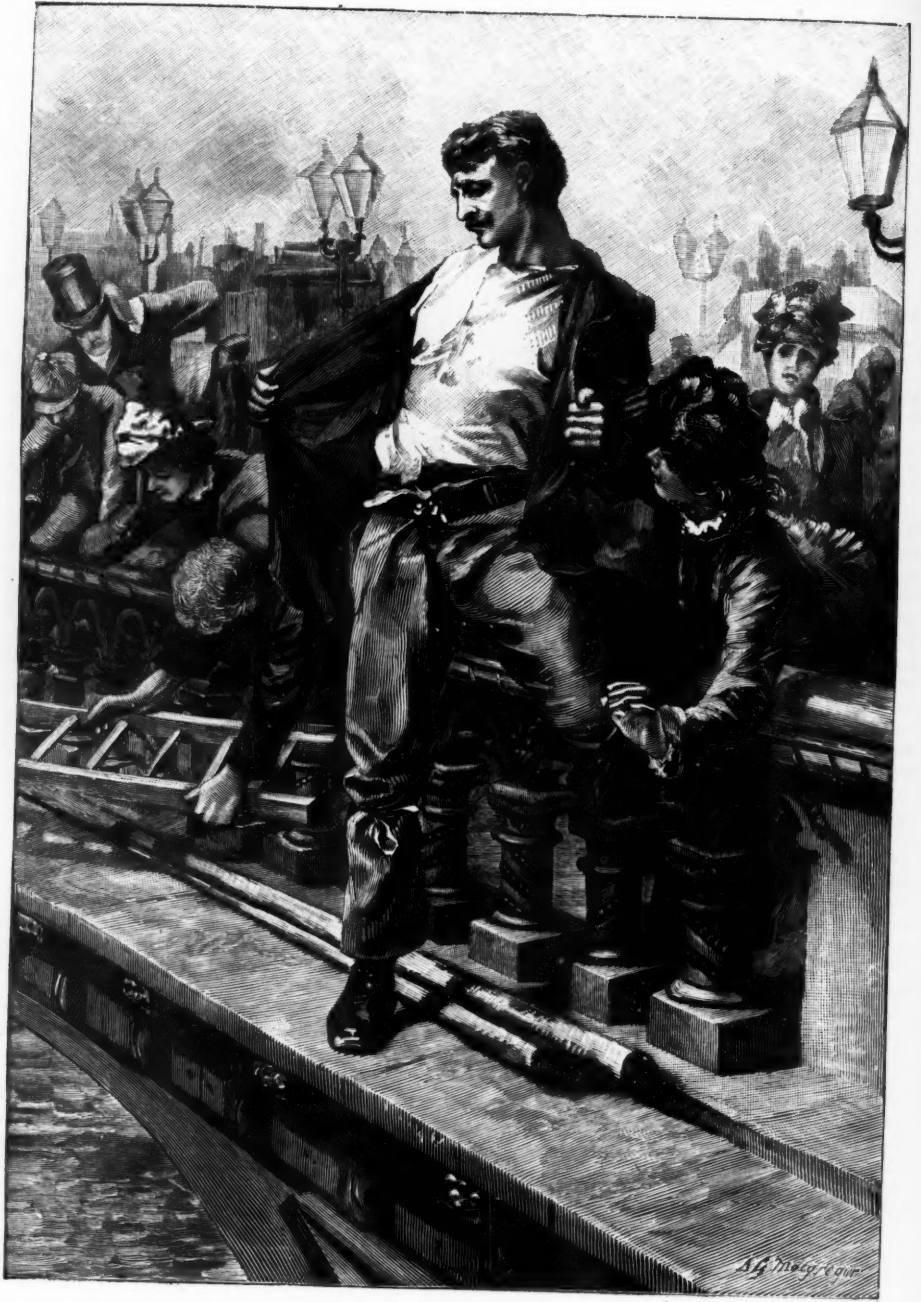
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

At this time of year, when parents and teachers alike are looking for suitable presents for the little ones, the publishers vie with one another in making the choice difficult. The problem is not where to find a suitable book but which of the many suitable ones to choose. We can only mention a few which seem to us most appropriate for Christmas gifts and school prizes. Of "The Fugitives; or, the Tyrant Queen of Madagascar," it is sufficient to say that it is from the pen of Mr. R. M. Ballantyne (than whom there is no more popular writer for boys), and is what his books always are, stirring and instructive, without being nonsensically sensational. "Miss Con," by Agnes Gibberne, is a charming story for girls, somewhat spoiled by the weak illustrations which accompany it. "Cross Corners," by Anna B. Warner, is another work very suitable for girls. "Nellie Graham," by Ella Stone, and "The Old Violin," by Edith C. Kenyon, are smaller works that might well find a place in a Sunday-school library. "The Lads of Lunda," by Jessie M. E. Saxby, is a good book for boys, with spirited illustrations; while "Daphne's Decision," by Emma Marshall—primarily intended "for children"—deserves the highest praise. "A New Exodus; or, the Exiles of Zillertal," is a story of the Protestants of the Tyrol, by Catherine Ray, and is most interesting. All the foregoing are published by Messrs. Nisbet. From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton we have received "Harry Milvaine," a most striking book for boys, by Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. As an old sailor, Dr. Stables knows his subject well, and his book is therefore all the more interesting and reliable. "Barbara," from the same publishers, is a pretty story for girls by Clara Vance; and "Eunice," by the author of "Christie Redfern," fully sustains its writer's reputation. "In Cheviot's Glens" (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier) is a charming little tale by a new writer—Miss Jane T. Stoddart, of whom we hope to hear more—and which will well repay a reading.

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A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

(See p. 236.)

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.



"Have you a shelter for to-night?"—p. 166.

PART I.



ON the morning of last Christmas Day the chief doctor of the little county town in which he resided received a telegram while at the breakfast-table. It ran thus:—

"Mrs. Swaby, Mexstoke Grange
—to Dr. Hattrell, High
Street, Fulton.

"Christmas morn, 7 a.m.

"Come at once. Mr. Ranlyn has spoken."

"Wonderful—wonderful!" cried the doctor, starting up, and ringing the bell sharply.

"What is it?—is anything the matter?—an accident?" asked his wife, much startled; while his pupil

and assistant, a handsome young man, put down the cup he was raising to his lips.

"Old Richard Ranlyn has spoken, after being speechless for eight years. That means death!" said the doctor; then to the servant who entered the room, "Tell Adams to saddle Kitty directly. I must ride over to Mexstoke at once."

"Go to Mexstoke in this dreadful weather—do you mean before you visit your other patients?" said Mrs. Hattrell, in dismay.

"None of them are dangerously ill; a few hours later will not signify, my dear. But what a wonderful thing it is that old Ranlyn should have spoken again—wonderful!" cried the doctor, who could not get over his astonishment, finishing his breakfast standing, then hastening from the room.

"Paralysis, I suppose," said the pupil, who was a new-comer.

"Yes," replied the lady. "Death, to him, would be a happy release, although he is rich and surrounded with every worldly comfort. For years he has been speechless and helpless."

"A soul imprisoned in a case," observed John Avery. "Has he any family?"

"He never married, and, as far as I know, is without kith or kin." Then, lowering her voice, and speaking confidentially across the table: "He has been a hard man in his time—and an unprincipled one in his earlier days, I believe. Queer stories are told of him."

"Is he a gentleman?"

"I can hardly tell you. By position as master of Mexstoke Grange, he is called 'Squire' Ranlyn; they say he was an attorney and money-lender in London. The Grange became his through a mortgage."

"Then I presume another family has a right to it?"

"Not now; they are no more—ruined long ago. But there—the bells are beginning to ring;" and Mrs. Hattrell rose from the breakfast-table.

In the meantime, the good doctor, well buttoned up in his riding-coat, with a yard or two of warm woollen comforter round his neck, and a wideawake hat with a broad brim to keep the snow out of his eyes, was steadily pursuing the high road towards Mexstoke, which lay about seven miles distant. His horse was a strong one, but in consequence of the icy road it was impossible to ride at a good pace. The whole country round lay under an unprecedentedly deep snow. Hoar-frost marked out every branch and twig of the trees like exquisite frosted silver, most lovely to behold, and the air was opaque with a greyness which foretold that more snow was coming. Four miles down the highway Dr. Hattrell turned off into a more rural district, and finally rode through fine old gates of wrought iron, up a well-kept drive, to the hall entrance. Along the snow and before the door were the impressions of horses' hoofs and wheel-ruts, intimating a previous arrival.

"Who can it be?" thought Dr. Hattrell to himself. "Oh, no doubt Owen, the solicitor from Wyberton." This was a town in an opposite direction, and considerably nearer than that from which the doctor came. The house itself was built of red brick, with white stone copings; some portions of it were ancient, with gables and twisted groups of chimneys, but it had been added to in more modern style. A groom was waiting to take the horse to the stables, and the hall door was opened, as he alighted, by Mrs. Swaby, the housekeeper herself, who had been anxiously on the watch for him. From her Dr. Hattrell heard the account of the patient while he divested himself of his snow-clad vestments, which were instantly despatched to the kitchen. Declining the offer of refreshments, he was at once conducted to Mr. Ranlyn's room. The stairs were of oak, covered with Axminster carpet into which the feet sank as into a soft turf.

In a room of fair dimensions, situated immediately over the hall, with large bow-window commanding a

view of the distant road, the drive, and therefore of all comers—in this room lived Squire Ranlyn. Every comfort, every requisite, and every appliance of the latest invention for an incurable invalid was there. A trained nurse, and a man-servant who had been with him for years, and was a good reader, were in constant attendance upon him.

In the centre of the room was a strange and a terrible-looking apparatus. At first sight it looked like an instrument of torture, but in reality it was a most ingeniously contrived iron chair. Its four legs were formed by rounded iron bars, descending from the ceiling, across which was diagonally fixed a groove, in which it worked. The arms of the chair were cradles to receive the limbs from the elbow; from the back were supporters for the waist and arm-pits, and a collar for the neck; these were all padded and lined with kid, and were of exquisite workmanship.

When the paralysed man wished to sit up he was carried to this cleverly arranged seat, placed, as it were, within a cage, with the supports adjusted to his body, without which it would collapse. This chair could be run along the groove in the ceiling either to the fireside or to the window, as required. For many years this unfortunate human being had endured such an existence, and, in addition to the dreadful affliction, was—speechless!

At the present moment he was in bed, covered with a splendid blue satin coverlet. A pale face lay on a frilled pillow, surrounded by well-kept grey hair that shone like silver. Mobility the face had none; its only life was in the unnaturally bright, black eyes, which had acquired an extraordinary power of expression—his only means of making his attendants understand him, aided by strange moanings, which they by custom could distinguish as negative or affirmative. On this morning of Christmas Day, as the early bells of a neighbouring village church rang out a joyous peal, for the first time in eight years Richard Ranlyn spoke intelligible words, and electrified his nurses.

"The bells!" he had said.

Squire Ranlyn's bead-like eyes brightened as the doctor entered the room, his face red with the cold. A favourite with all his patients was Dr. Hattrell, for he had a cheery voice and sympathetic touch—was ready-witted, inspiring confidence in many a poor invalid.

At a table near the bedside was Mr. Owen, the solicitor from Wyberton, a little wiry man, employed in spreading papers out open before him, taken from a silver and ebony cabinet. Dr. Hattrell nodded to him, and advancing to the paralytic, felt his pulse: it was terribly low.

"Glad come—doc," murmured the unfortunate man, in a voice that sounded far away, or like that of a ventriloquist; "witness will."

"Then you cancel your last will altogether, sir?" said Mr. Owen, untying it as he spoke.

"Yes—burn."

"I will look through it first, Mr. Ranlyn. . . I see that there are several legacies to your servants; are these to stand?"

"Yes, all."

Mr. Owen at once copied out these bequests into a new will. It was a very short one, and he was a rapid writer; besides, he noted by Hattrell's face that there was no time to be lost—life was ebbing.

"With the exception of these legacies, you bequeathed your estate and funded property to Her Majesty the Queen. Whose name am I to insert?"

"Miles Clitherow."

"He has not been heard of for years and years, Mr. Ranlyn; the probabilities are that he is dead."

"No, no—I tell you!" gasped the dying man, and then was exhausted with his efforts in speaking.

Dr. Hattrell gave him a restorative.

"I have seen him—Miles—old—a beggar."

"Where?" asked the lawyer and doctor simultaneously.

"In my dreams. I leave everything to him—do what—likes with—restitution—restitu—now pen."

Mr. Owen looked doubtfully at the doctor, but that gentleman placed the pen in the feeble, delicate hand, and supported the frail arm. The solicitor held the will. Very, very feebly did Richard Ranlyn take the pen between his finger and thumb. Strange to say, after a few trials he not only succeeded in holding it, but in scratching his name sufficiently legibly. The signature was duly witnessed, for both his nurses were present.

"Burn—old will," said the Squire.

The lawyer threw it on the fire. The Squire's eyes never left it until it was quite consumed.

"Restitution," said he; "sleep now."

Dr. Hattrell gave him a restorative again. With a sigh of relief he sank at once into a deep sleep, which lasted sixteen hours. Then he opened his eyes and tried to speak again. In vain; afterwards he lapsed into silence—for ever.

Richard Ranlyn was dead.

PART II.

THAT Christmas night was unparalleled in its severity; a strong east wind was now blowing, which seemed to penetrate even to the very marrow of the bones. The roads were iron-bound by a week's hard frost, the fields, hedges, and buildings all covered with a white mantle. The country houses and farms, grouped about here and there, were rendered conspicuous by the windows being ablaze with light from many happy firesides. From the villas that skirted the town, a red glow from behind crimson curtains gave a most inviting air of comfort, that strongly contrasted with the desolation without. The streets were deserted, and the shops shut up, the tradespeople mostly entertaining their friends in the rooms above them. All was silent, excepting a tune being thumped on a piano, with other sounds of revelry, and the bell of Christchurch chiming for evening service. Who goes to church on a Christmas night? Few would care to face that cutting wind, and brave the ice and snow to attend evening service. The incumbent, wrapped up in a heavy cape, came hurrying as fast as the state of the road allowed him. He had left a happy circle of young faces around his hearth.

It was a large church, but the galleries were closed, the nave being open to all comers. The curate was away for a holiday. The organist had a party. There was a young Sunday-school teacher to play the harmonium, but no choir to sing the hymns. One verger was in attendance.

A few people drifted in from the snowy streets; with a few exceptions they belonged to the poorer class, who humbly kept near the entrance of the church. It was a melancholy service, vividly contrasting with that of the morning, when the building was crowded, and the sittings were occupied by parents and children, all in full feather. The decorations were elaborate; pretty in daytime, but in the dimness of the half-lighted church now looking dark and funereal. The joyous "Adeste fideles," and Gounod's "Bethlehem," had been sung by the whole congregation; then hand-shaking, and good old-fashioned Christmas greetings, and away to cosy rooms and well-spread tables.

That night all that remained of the morning service was the warmth and comfort of the church; with which was mingled the faint perfume of the flowers and holly decorations.

The old and friendless, the poor widows, the single women—lone ones stranded on the banks of life's river—had crept out from their solitary homes, not only for comfort to sad hearts, but to be with their fellow-creatures this night of the great Christian festival. There were also the old men from a neighbouring almshouse in their grey capes, leading one another carefully—the halt, the lame, the blind. There was also a mechanic, with orape bound round his hat. He had buried his wife a week before; he came to church from a home where the light had gone out.

A Christmas evening service is in fact the very reverse of what we are accustomed to associate with joyous Christmas-tide and its association of ideas—inexpressibly sad and depressing in the contrast. A few of the better class of persons were seated near the reading desk. One of these was an elderly lady, a pensioned governess, living upon an annuity from the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, to which she subscribed when starting on her pilgrimage, years and years ago. She sings a shrill treble, and comes to church to return thanks for the peace of her declining years, and that she has a roof over her head and a fire to sit by.

There is an old sea-captain, with a loud bass voice; the clergyman's was a tenor, and these three had the hymns pretty nearly all to themselves, while the Sunday-school teacher scrambled after them on the harmonium, in what he was pleased to call "an accompaniment."

The clergyman delivered a short sermon from the reading-desk, appropriate to the occasion. Before concluding, he earnestly implored his hearers not to sleep that night without forgiving in thought, word, and deed, all those who had trespassed or sinned against them; to pardon all, to be that Christmas night in peace with all men. Then the service concluded. Before dispersing, the few persons forming the congregation timidly wandered about the Church to look at the decorations.

A man who had sat just within the doorway limped up to the chancel: a man in rags, with old, wretched boots, burst, and tied on with string. He seemed a stranger, evidently a wanderer and a wayfarer, broken down with fatigue. Perhaps he had been induced to enter the building, attracted by its light and warmth, to rest his weary body where it could be sheltered from the cutting wind.

He carried a tattered cap, and a stout oaken stick in his hand. He had a lined face, stamped with marks of many passions, like the ridges in the sand which as the ocean-tide goes out it leaves behind—the traces of the restless waves that have rolled over it. He was strong-featured, with wild eyes, iron-grey unkempt hair, and neglected beard; his age might be about fifty. Stopping before a monument inlaid with many-coloured marbles, he gazed at it intently, with a drooping head. It recorded the deaths of three generations.

So lost was he in thought, that though the people had departed, and the verger was turning off the gas, he appeared to be unconscious of it. The clergyman, who had been watching him, approached, and touching his arm said, "My good man, we are going to lock up the church."

The forlorn creature started violently, as if waking up from a sleep, and stared with wide-open eyes at the speaker.

"Tell me—that is, sir, if you will—who lives at that house *now*?" And he pointed with a trembling forefinger to the emblazoned escutcheon, which announced that the family of Clitherow, of Mexstoke Grange, owned the tomb.

"Mr. Ranlyn."

"Its possessor?"

"Yes; he owns the estate."

The clergyman and the wayfarer then walked side by side to the entrance. The verger turned off the gas. At the door the outcast stopped and spoke again.

"Is Richard Ranlyn a happy man—has he a wife, children, any dear ones to inherit this estate?"

There was a cultured tone in the man's voice which arrested the clergyman's attention.

"Mr. Ranlyn is unmarried. For eight years he has been afflicted with paralysis, and is speechless. I have no idea to whom his property may go. Tell me, why do you ask?"

"Because the man is a demon; he ruined my life, perhaps my soul! He made me a gambler, a black-leg, a reprobate. Through him I am a vagabond and an outcast. Over these same flagstones on which we stand, I have walked, scores of times, an innocent lad; many weary miles have I tramped to visit this church once again, and to die. Sir, your words to-night have not been spoken in vain; through them I can say, 'I forgive him!' My enemy lingers in a living death, in paralysis; it is a mightier hand than mine which has smitten him. I can say, 'I forgive him,' with all my heart, as I humbly trust to meet myself with forgiveness! The ways of Providence are mysterious!" The wanderer extended his arms to the sky as he spoke, then threw on his tattered cap, huddled his rags closer about him, and

passed through the churchyard gate. The clergyman followed him swiftly, overtook him, and stopped him, saying, "Have you a shelter for to-night?"

"I shall seek the workhouse—I, who kept my hounds!"

"Wait a moment," said the clergyman. "This is a time when they will be busy there. I will write a line which will insure you admission and immediate attention."

Taking out his pocket-book, he wrote a few lines upon his card, by the flickering light of the lamp over the gate.

"I will come and see you to-morrow. What is your name?"

"You shall know when you come, sir. I thank you."

The clergyman turned homewards, and the tramp limped away through the snow, up the deserted street.

PART III.

LEADING off from the High Street, nearly opposite the church, was a long, narrow street of mean houses. On the whole they were neatly kept, and occupied by decent people, such as Post-office and railway employés, shop-assistants, and others. Most of the little parlours were lighted up, and in several of them shadows of figures, bobbing up and down, passed and repassed on the blinds, to the time of music played on an accordion or violin; from others there was laughter and singing. The houses being small, the songs were perfectly audible to anyone in the street, even to the other side of the way, where, in an opposite dwelling, conspicuous by its quietness and utter darkness, two persons sat by the fireside listening to this so-called singing. A shrill soprano had sung "Effie Sunshine," and a bass of uncommon power had roared out at the top of his voice the song of the "Irish Emigrant," "I'm sitting on a stile, Maryee," without the slightest feeling—in fact, as if it were the best fun in the world to be saying good-bye to his sweetheart. Of course enthusiastic applause followed each solo.

If the furniture of a room gives an indication of the tastes and occupations of the person who lives in it, one of those small parlours, as far as could be seen in the fitful firelight, had a stamp of refinement and culture that was not in accordance with its exterior or locality. Each side of the fireplace was filled with well-bound volumes, reaching to the ceiling. Water-colour drawings hung upon the walls; some of the chairs were covered with exquisite needlework; there was a pianette of plain wood, such as is made for the school-room; a violoncello stood in a corner, and an unlighted reading-lamp with green shade was upon the table.

A tall, thin man, with a pale face, careworn with premature wrinkles, a mild grey eye with an intelligent and educated expression in it, reclined in an arm-chair, his attitude denoting sadness or weariness. Beside him, seated on a low stool, was his daughter. She held one of his hands and bent her face upon it. These two were alone this Christmas

night, listening to the singing of their opposite neighbours.

"It is pleasant to know that some people are happy," said the girl, lifting her beautiful liquid eyes to her father's face. "Perhaps we may be so some day."

"This is indeed a melancholy Christmas for us. I feel it especially for you, my darling—you ought to be so differently situated. Our friends—or I had more appropriately call them, acquaintance—have flown away from us at the approach of poverty as the swallows do at the advent of the cold weather."

"Books always tell us that so-called friends desert people in adversity; but if they are not *real* friends, they are as well lost as found. What is the use of their making believe?" said the girl bravely. "But, after all, father, there are more unhappy people than we—for, God be praised, we have each other; we are neither of us alone."

"What weighs down my heart is the fear that we shall be obliged to give up this little home, humble as it is. People can manage, even if it be penuriously, on a *little*; but how can they economise nothing at all?" replied the father.

"Let us go into the humblest lodging, so that we are not obliged to separate. I feel sure I shall get some teaching when the snow is gone," replied the daughter, who, being young, saw the future hopefully. "Your throat will get well with rest, then you will go on again."

The tutor sighed: for some years he had plodded backwards and forwards, morning and evening, to a large grammar-school at some distance from the town. He had also prepared girls at a ladies' school for the Oxford and Cambridge examinations in return for his daughter's education. She had only left it ten months ago; now acting as a blithe, cheery housekeeper—a ray of happiness in Thomas Kendrick's hitherto dull home.

He was a man who had never prospered. A good classical scholar, a good man, he had in early life been surety for a brother-in-law, who, as is too frequently the case, deceived and ruined him. The death of his wife followed. After these misfortunes he lost heart. Being well-read, and a B.A., he took up the profession of a private tutor. It had always been a struggle to keep his head above water, and now he had a relaxed throat, had lost his voice, and with it his appointment. This had happened in the fall of the year. His slender resources were this Christmas—after paying the small debts (for both father and daughter would rather starve than live at the expense of tradespeople)—well-nigh exhausted.

"I think the concert over the way has been enough for us, Thomasine. Suppose you pull down the blind, and I will light the lamp."

Thomasine arose, displaying a tall, graceful figure, a delicate oval face, a small head with a fine coil of nut-brown hair. She had scarcely reached the window when she uttered an exclamation.

"What is it?" asked her father.

"Oh!" cried Thomasine, "just as I was about to lower the blind, a wretched-looking man came across the road through the snow, and on reaching the kerb

he fell down facing our door. See, there he lies; he does not move!"

"Perhaps he has been keeping Christmas," said Mr. Kendrick, going to the window.

"No, father, he did not look like that. I saw him by the lamp-light as he passed under it, a starved-looking man. Oh, I hope he is not dead!" She pointed as she spoke to where, within the lamp's radius, lay extended, flat on his face, what looked like a heap of grey rags. "Look, he does not move!"

The father and daughter stood side by side for a few moments: the heap in the snow remained motionless.

"This must be seen to," said Thomas Kendrick; "we cannot let the man lie there," and he hurried to the door.

"Here is your cap!" cried the young girl, hastening after him.

On opening the street-door a strong blast of cold wind, accompanied with sleet, blew in their faces, the music, laughter, and dancing in the opposite houses sounding perceptibly louder.

Mr. Kendrick bent over the prostrate figure in the snow, raising him easily enough, for he was of light weight, and so limp that he appeared to be dead. The Kendricks were not the people to allow a fellow-creature to die at their threshold for want of assistance; so the man was carried into the kitchen—which was on a level with the parlour, built out at the rear of the house—and laid on a travelling-rug, and the usual remedies were applied for reviving a fainting person. The wanderer, for it was he, remained some time before he showed signs of returning animation. Mr. Kendrick was shocked at the emaciated condition of the unfortunate man. He removed his wet coat, so patched that its original colour could not be distinguished. A pillow was placed under his head, a blanket thrown over him. The restorative given him at last took effect; then bread dipped in soup, which Thomasine warmed in haste, revived him. He opened his wearied eyes, gazed around surprised at the kind faces beside him, gave a deep sigh of pleasure, and sank into a sleep.

"What is this?" said Mr. Kendrick, picking up a card which had fallen from his hand, and reading as follows:—"Rev. C. Kirkwood, Christ Church Parsonage." There was written in pencil below it: "To the Master of the Workhouse.—Oblige me by admitting this poor man immediately, and giving him care and attention."

"Then he was on his way to the workhouse. Thomasine, we must keep him here to-night, for the streets are all ice, and the cold more intense than I remember it for years; even were there any vehicle available, I believe he is too exhausted to be removed. We must endeavour to communicate with Mr. Kirkwood early to-morrow morning. I wish Kitty would come back from her mother's. We must make an impromptu bed in the box-room, and have a fire there."

Kitty was the little servant-girl, who had gone out for the afternoon, and was to return punctually at nine o'clock. Until then the father and daughter hurriedly prepared the adjoining little box- and

cloak-room for the occupation of the unexpected guest. Yes, indeed unexpected; momentous events generally happen suddenly. While these two sat by their parlour fire that evening, trying in vain to see their way through the darkness of adversity which surrounded them, the finger of Providence—by some called fate—was about to lift that cloud.

The servant came back to her time, when a fire was lighted in the small room near the kitchen, which

few lines to Mr. Kirkwood would also be advisable," said Mr. Kendrick to his daughter, as they gravely talked over the man's state. "Mr. Kirkwood perhaps knows something about him, as he was evidently sending him to the workhouse."

"Mr. Avery will be here at ten o'clock, father," replied Thomasine; "he said he should look in every morning until you were well."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Avery; and a



"Mr. Kendrick bent over the prostrate figure."—p. 167.

was used as a receptacle for disused furniture, boxes, cloaks, umbrellas, etc. An old couch was hastily converted into a bed, the unknown man, again carried by Mr. Kendrick, deposited on it. He woke up at this transmission, when he was given some warm milk. He murmured a few words of thanks, then became quiet—whether sleeping or not they could not tell, for he appeared to be prostrate with weakness.

Several times in the night did the good Samaritan rise from his bed, and come down-stairs to keep in the small fire, and give some nourishment to the unfortunate man, who in the morning light appeared the wreck which he was; but Mr. Kendrick noted that there was a look upon his countenance that heralded what would be to him a welcome deliverance—death.

"We must send Kitty to fetch Dr. Hattrell; and a

relaxed throat is within his scope; but this man's is quite a different case, and requires more experience. Mr. Avery is only a pupil-assistant, though I think he has a good deal in him."

"Yes, he is very clever—and so open and straightforward," added Thomasine. Now, why should a faint blush pass over her face and white brow even up to her hair?

Because John Avery had been backwards and forwards now during three months. He was most kind and attentive, bringing with him most of the delicacies he prescribed for his patient; besides newspapers and periodicals for his amusement. He was the oasis in the desert of this young girl's life; while on his side he had determined to work up in his profession, and that no purpose should turn him from pursuing the path he had marked out—which was to lead him to

wealth, a happy home, and Thomasine to reign in it. No words had been uttered, but the young people perfectly understood each other; their hearts had spoken, and had telegraphed to the eyes, and the lingering touch of sympathetic hands—these were enough.

Kitty, the little servant, had not the slightest fear of either ice or snow; indeed, she went triumphantly down all the slides that lay in her road quite as well as the boys, thus probably expediting her progress, for Mr. Kirkwood and the doctor appeared simultaneously at Thomas Kendrick's modest dwelling.

"No," replied the clergyman, to Mr. Kendrick's question; "I know nothing of him. He came to evening service last night, and I was touched by some words he spoke."

"What is your opinion of the case, doctor?"

This gentleman was examining his patient, and holding his pulse. He did not reply in words, but shook his head. A powerful cordial was dropped into the wanderer's mouth; strong beef-tea was being prepared for him—all too late. The action of his heart had failed through starvation, over-exertion, and exposure.

The three gentlemen left the room, but Thomasine sat beside him, gazing sorrowfully at the pallid, worn face, thinking how sad it was that this life should be ebbing away among strangers, and wondering if he had children in distant parts; also, what events had brought him to this state of terrible destitution. She came in contact with it and death for the first time in her life, and felt a deep compassion and reverential awe at being within the shadow of the Reaper's wings.

The outcast seemed to sleep, but his breathing was laboured; she poured a few drops of eau-de-cologne upon her handkerchief and bathed his forehead. Presently he opened his eyes and gazed upon her with a gleam of pleasure in them. He was perfectly sensible.

"You are good," said he. "Who are you, and where am I?"

"In our house; you fell down just before our door. My father carried you in here, and we will take care of you until you are better."

"That will not be in this world; my weary pilgrimage is finished. My dear, feel in my wallet; there is a packet."

The young girl complied. It contained a dry crust, a penknife, and a small parcel in brown paper.

"Open it."

She untied the twine which fastened it, taking out an old-fashioned pocket-book of faded blue watered silk; its clasp was of gold, as was a heart-shaped plate on the reverse side, engraved with initials. He held out his hand for it.

"This," said he, "contains papers—certificates—telling who I was—once." He tried to sit up. "Ink—a pen!"

"Let me call my father," said Thomasine, running to the parlour, and returning with the three gentlemen, who were in consultation.

"Lift me," said the wanderer.

Dr. Hattrell raised him on the pillow.

"Thank you; I have been absent from this, my native county, for seven-and-twenty years—in Australia. *Why* I went there is of no consequence to others. I was a ruined man! In that space of time who knows but some legacies may have been left to me? If so—it is too late! Ah! I was a tool in a bad man's hands!"

"It is never too late for repentance," said the clergyman.

"I *have* repented, and I have forgiven. Sir, will you write down that I give and bequeath all that I might inherit—to this dear child. I had—a good mother—for her sake this—" He stopped.

"His mind *must* wander," whispered Mr. Kendrick.

"Humour him," said the doctor, who thought what a strange coincidence it was that he should within the space of thirty-six hours be again at a death-bed and witnessing another hurried will.

"No," said the wanderer feebly, "I am perfectly sane. My mind does not fail me. Have you written it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Kendrick; "but surely you have kith and kin?"

"They deserted me—in my disgrace. Lift me higher—I must—sign it."

They complied with his request, and he was supported to a sitting position, the pen was placed in his hand—he wrote his name clearly and firmly.

"Hark! listen," he exclaimed. "He is calling me!"

He gazed round the room.

"It is *his* voice!—Yes, Richard Ranlyn—I forgive you."

These were his last words; he sank back on the pillow—dead.

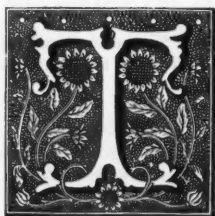
The name he had signed was *Miles Clitherow*!



BIBLE TRADES, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

PERFUMING.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "ECCE VERITAS," ETC.



THE ancient Hebrews and Egyptians devoted considerable attention to the construction of perfumes, and God Himself gave minute instructions as to the ingredients of certain ointments and oils which He designed His chosen people to use. In Exodus

xxx. we see how the Almighty not only gave directions as to the components of the perfumes to be employed in His service, but also strictly prohibited any similar oil or perfume being made for any other purpose, declaring that if any person transgressed His law in this matter he should be excommunicated from His people, and forfeit all rights and interest in the Divine promises.

Myrrh, cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia, stacte, onycha, galbanum, and pure frankincense were used by the perfumer, or "apothecary" as he is termed in Holy Writ, but they were used in varying proportions, according to the purpose to which the perfume was to be applied. There are three special uses to which perfumes were put in ancient times in Eastern lands, as referred to by the inspired penmen.

There was *Anointing*. The first instance of this will be found in the Book of Exodus, where the High Priest and the vessels of the Tabernacle were all anointed. The use of perfumed oils and ointments was equivalent to our crowning at a regal inauguration, and similar also to the laying-on of hands at the ceremony of induction to religious office. To this the Psalmist alludes when he writes of unity, and says, "It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments." It is in allusion to this custom that Jesus is called the Lord's *Anointed*. The Psalmist, referring to Christ, says, "God hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." True followers of God are also spoken of as "the Lord's anointed." "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm." They are such because God has poured upon them the oil of Divine grace, and set them apart from the world to testify for Him. The use of perfumes for consecration and inauguration simply emblemised sanctification of heart and separation from the evils of the world.

But there was another anointing which took place when a stranger was welcomed, and the host desired to show respect to his guest. Thus the woman in the Gospel welcomed Christ by breaking a costly box of spikenard and anointing Him therewith—the smell of the perfume filled the house, and drew attention to the

act of homage and honour which the woman performed. It is in allusion to this custom that the Psalmist says, "Thou anointest my head with oil, and my cup runneth over." God not only supplies the necessities of life, but He supplies the luxuries also. He cheers our spirits. He refreshes our bodies. He makes us feel welcome in His presence by His gracious anointing.

There was a second use to which the perfumes of the East were applied: namely, to the service of the Tabernacle and Temple as *incense*. The spices we have already mentioned were offered by the Jews twice every day, morning and evening, by the officiating priest. On the great Day of Atonement the High Priest himself took fire from the altar in a golden censer, and, having received incense from one of the priests, he offered it on the golden altar. Incense is said to have been offered by the ancient Egyptians. Plutarch alleges that they offered incense to the sun—resin in the morning, myrrh at noon, and an aromatic compound in the evening. The use of incense in connection with the Eucharist in the Christian Church was unknown till the latter part of the sixth century. The rites of the ancient Jewish Church were only preparatory to something better. The Law was our schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ. When the One Sacrifice was offered and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, all the types were lost in the Antitype, and the ancient economy made way for the Christian. We but go back to nonage, to infancy, to bondage, when we go back to the observance of the old ceremonies. We then overlook the real spirit in the letter. We become mere formalists when we rely upon the presentation of aromatic perfumes rather than upon what the incense emblemised. That incense of old typified the precious merits of Christ. To them alone belong a fragrance answering to that of the incense offered in the holy place. In the Revelation of St. John, an angel is represented as standing at the golden altar, with a golden censer, into which he puts much incense, which he offers with the prayers of the saints. Now, that angel is none other than Jesus, and it is the abundant incense of His merits that makes the prayers of the saints acceptable to Heaven. Without the admixture of that incense—the Saviour's merits—our prayers, instead of rising as a fragrant offering before the Divine Father, only descend, like thick vapour, encompassing our hearts with deeper darkness than before.

There is a third use to which perfumes were put as referred to in the Scriptures—*embalming*. Nowhere was this work better performed than in ancient Egypt. There were trained professional embalmers, whose special calling it was to prepare the spices and

scientifically preserve the bodies of the dead. Some of the mummies of the Egyptians are still found in good condition. One, said to be that of a princess, and to be 6,000 years old, was not long since sold in London. The earliest allusion to this process is found in the Book of Genesis, where we are told that Joseph "commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father;" and in the last verse of the same book it is written, "Joseph died, being one hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him." The Jews imitated the Egyptians in the process of embalming to a large extent. They, however, substituted a simpler and less expensive method. They anointed the body with aromatic spices, and swathed it with numerous folds of linen. The more profuse the use of perfumes on such an occasion, the greater respect displayed for the deceased. Josephus says that at the funeral of Herod five hundred of his servants attended as spice-bearers. So, after the crucifixion of Jesus, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, two men of wealth, testified their regard for Christ by bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds weight, whilst also the Marys, with their friends, made preparation to render the same mark of affection at the dawn of the first day of the week.

So much, then, for the nature and uses of Scripture perfumes. Let us leave the subject impressed with the thought that *we* are traders in perfumes.

There is our *reputation*, of which the poet well sings—

"O reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet to smell,
Whose cordial drops, once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness."

Nothing is so vain and joyless as the feverish pursuit of empty applause; but to secure a good name by integrity of conduct, purity of life, and fidelity to noble and holy principles, is deserving of our constant and earnest effort. That good name is as ointment poured forth. That good name charms, attracts, and influences for good untold multitudes. It is a precious and perennial perfume. But it needs guarding. When the apothecary has compounded his ointment at the expenditure of much care, skill, and time, and by the use of the rarest and choicest spices, it is all spoiled if, by lack of vigilance, flies fall into it, and there putrefy. The pleasant fragrance makes way for what is most offensive. So Solomon says—"Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour."

There are our *prayers*, which are perfume to the Divine Heart-searcher. The Psalmist says—"Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense." So Cornelius heard the supernatural voice from heaven saying, "Thy prayers and thy alms have come up for a memorial before God"—"come up" as the clouds of incense curl up to the skies; "come up," as a "sweet-smelling savour."

Let us not forget that the perfumes of the East were made by either *crushing* or *burning* the spices. So our reputations, to be lastingly precious, must be secured by crushing within us the evil propensities of our natures; burning up, as a sacrifice, all that is injurious to ourselves or to others, and all that is obnoxious to God. Our prayers also, to be acceptable to the Infinite One, must be marked by the crushing of our stubborn will, till it be brought into hearty subjection to the unerring will of our Eternal Father.

CHRISTIAN POLICE.

A WORD ABOUT THE CHRISTIAN POLICE ASSOCIATION.



EAR me!" someone will say; "here is another new society. Surely there are enough agencies at present in existence to meet the spiritual needs of every class of men." This by no means uncommon remark shows how little the public understand the life or duties of policemen, and how far outside the public ken lies the work of this Society. Yet that the experiences of those who labour in this fruitful field are of more than ordinary interest will readily be believed.

It may, however, be observed that this Association is in one important particular distinguished from all other kindred societies:—viz., that it is not merely a mission *to* policemen, but it is a union of Christian

men *in the force*, banded together for the purpose of carrying on evangelistic work amongst their comrades.

Few people realise how isolated is the life of a policeman. They are a class of men who, being on duty seven days in the week, have far fewer opportunities of receiving religious instruction than the rest of the community. It often happens that for months together the only opportunity a policeman has of attending a place of worship is when he has the privilege of being on duty *outside the door*. Worse than that, the minister inside prays for the welfare of the soldier and the sailor, but he forgets the poor policeman, who has a soul to be saved too. Surrounded as policemen are by special and terrible temptations, separated from their fellow-men by the foolish prejudice which has for so long attached to them,

sorely needing encouragement in the path of duty, they deserve the prayers and kindly help of every earnest Christian; uncared-for and neglected for many years, policemen were looked on as a hardened class, quite outside the pale of Christianity. "You have no chance of going to heaven—no policemen go there," was said to one the other day; and at last they themselves have begun to think that it is impossible for a policeman to be a Christian. One man lately, who was asked as to his salvation, said, "Oh, no, I am not a Christian; don't you know I'm in the police force? I hope in a few years to retire, and then I shall become a Christian." If this Association has done nothing else, it has brought out the fact—which of course was a fact before—that there can be as bright Christian men in the police force as anywhere else. After a meeting at Exeter Hall a stranger came up to a Yorkshire policeman, and asked him whether the Association had done any good. "This here Christian Police Association," said the Yorkshireman, "has been the saving of hundreds of us constables."—"How so?"—"Well, it's this way: none ever seemed to care a bit for us; they never said a word to us about our souls."—"Was that the general experience of policemen?"—"I believe it was. I had been nigh twenty-five years in the force, and I do not remember once having been spoken to about my soul's salvation—not till this here Christian Police Association stirred some ladies to look after us."—"You had seldom come across Christians, I presume, in your beat?"—"Well, I know

I have been on duty many a time at religious meetings, and I can well remember wondering all the time, when I could hear the singing and speaking, if they ever thought of us men at the door. I've been like to cry sometimes with wishing someone would say a word to me; I was not converted then, but I had a curious longing now and then to know what it all meant, and if it was for me; but no one seemed to care."—"Then, how did it come about?—your conversion, I mean."—"When the Policemen's Bible-class was started, I says, 'Here's something for policemen now; I'm in for the class; I'll see what's in it.' I went, and it weren't many meetings I'd been at before I just saw two things—that I were a sinner, and that Christ were a Saviour—and that was enough for me. I took Him for better or worse, and better it has been for me."

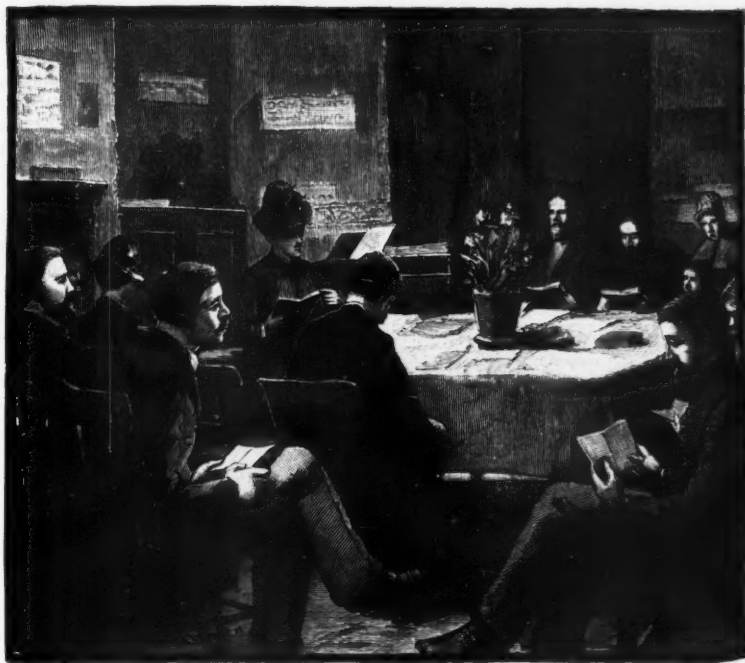
The spiritual needs of policemen had been laid on the hearts of some Christian men in the force and others outside, and for many months, and in some instances for years, there had been much earnest prayer that God would open a way for promoting the spiritual welfare of the force. We believe the Christian Police Association was the answer to these prayers, and certainly during the short time that the Association has been in existence God has wonderfully owned and prospered the work.

At a conference of police officers and others interested, held in the West End in February, 1883, by the invitation of Miss Catherine Gurney ("the Policemen's Friend," as they now call her), being the

outcome of other meetings held previously at Mildmay and other parts of the metropolis, the desire was expressed to form an Association, having for its objects—(1) to unite in Christian fellowship and mutual prayer all policemen who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who, knowing Him as their Saviour, desire to serve and follow Him in their lives; (2) to seek, by the establishment of Bible-classes, meetings, etc., as well as by the circulation of Christian literature or other means, to extend the Kingdom of Christ among the members of our police forces; (3) to invite the co-operation of every Christian policeman, to whatever denomination he might belong, the intention being that the Association should be entirely unsectarian, and that its rules should demand nothing more than is required by the Word of God from all those who are followers of Christ. In accordance with this wish, and with the full approval of the Commissioners of the Metropolitan and City Police Forces, the Christian Police Association was established in February, 1883, Mr. J. Mathieson and Mr. J. H. Tritton, who had taken a warm interest in the movement, acting as trustees. Classes were formed, and



OUTSIDE!



THE BIBLE-CLASS.

branches started in the metropolis, and later in various parts of the country. In a few places where Christian policemen had already been united in the Lord's work, they became affiliated to the Society.

As yet the work is only in its infancy, but it is impossible to measure the good already done by the Association. Several chief constables have given their testimony to the good results of the work; and one in a large northern town has stated that since a branch has been formed in his town the whole tone of the force has been changed, bad language in the mess-room is entirely stopped, and the members are showing an excellent example in the faithful discharge of their duties.

The Association has now over a hundred and twenty branches, twelve in connection with the Metropolitan force, one with the City force, eighty-seven in the provinces of England and Wales, thirteen in Scotland, and eleven in Ireland, and it has upwards of three thousand enrolled members. Its new office is at 18, Adam Street, Adelphi, London. No subscription is required, the only condition of membership being true conversion to God, as testified by an open confession and by a consistent Christian life and walk. At first the provincial branches established were chiefly in the boroughs, but now some have been started in the counties for the benefit of the county constabulary. This work

is done for the most part by correspondence. Some earnest Christian lady undertakes to act as honorary secretary of a county, and having obtained the consent of the chief constable, she sends a letter to each man in the county force, together with a packet of papers, etc., and each quarter this is repeated. As to whether these efforts have proved beneficial to them may best be shown by the testimony of one of themselves. "Wherever there is a branch of the Christian Police Association it causes Christian policemen to come out and declare themselves on the Lord's side, whereas previously it was scarcely known amongst their comrades that they were members of the Church of Christ; and a man having thus come out himself, he becomes anxious about the souls of others, and the light that has been dim becomes brighter, so that his comrades begin to think that after all there is something in religion worth having. Then he is able to speak a word for the Master occasionally, and God only knows what the result will be. Anything that causes a man to be a better Christian is of the utmost importance, and that is what the Christian Police Association has done in many instances for members of county police forces."

More than two hundred Bible-classes are held weekly in different parts of the country. Sometimes the wives also attend, and in addition classes are held especially for the wives. "Thank God this class was

started for me!" exclaimed a policeman's wife lately, who had just learned through its instrumentality to rejoice in God as her Saviour. Bright, hearty meetings are also held once a month, when the members of several Bible-classes meet together, and any man in the force who likes to come is welcomed, the wives also being invited. About a year ago a policeman was deeply impressed at one of these meetings. His wife, who was with him, noticed it, and when her husband went on duty after the meeting, she asked another woman to join her in prayer that her husband might be converted that night; and at the

devoted to matters which interest the police. It seems to be much appreciated, the men often writing articles for it.

Christmas letters and motto cards are also sent out to the men by the ladies interested in the Association, and they have proved a blessing to many. One reached a young Irish constable in a lonely country station, and it was the means of showing him that he was on the broad road to destruction. He went next day to church, and asked the Lord to take him to Himself. He says, "I heard that beautiful hymn 'Take me as I am.' I knew I was a sinner, and



"A WORD IN SEASON."

very time they were praying, the answer came, for the husband, out on duty, lifted up his heart to God. He sought and found pardon for his sins, and is now leading a consistent Christian life.

The Policemen's Bible Reading and Prayer Union is another source of much strengthening and encouragement to the men. It was established to promote the regular study of the Word of God, and now numbers several thousand members. It has proved a blessing to many. One man in particular, who was very reluctant to join, was afterwards most thankful that he had done so, because through this means he was brought from darkness to light. A Gospel Temperance Union, which has also been established in connection with the Association, is doing good, not only by making many total abstiners, but from the influence these men have on their comrades who are not abstainers.

A few halls and reading-rooms, specially devoted to the use of the police, have been opened in various places. A library has also been formed to supply the country branches with books. The Association has its own paper, styled *On and Off Duty*, specially

a wicked one, so I asked Him to receive my soul and take me away from sin and Satan. Before, I was running headlong into everlasting damnation, drinking, gambling, etc., and now I can say, Thanks be to God, I am on the Lord's side; and now I can sing—

"'Oh, Christ, in Thee my soul hath found—
And found in Thee alone—
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.'"

Having been brought to a knowledge of the truth, the policemen desire to go and tell others "what great things the Lord hath done" for them. Some have united to go wherever they are invited, in their spare time, to proclaim the glad message of salvation. We know that manifest blessing has attended their labours. Others, again, engage in the temperance cause, and much good has been done in this way. The public seem astonished to hear policemen warning them against the perils of drink. Some conduct Bands of Hope and children's meetings. Some, too, are deeply interested in rescue work. Many poor wanderers have been

restored to home and friends, and led into a better life, by the kindly, earnest words of some Christian policeman. A certain young woman, who was repeatedly in custody for disorderly conduct and drunkenness in the street, was spoken to very seriously by a Christian inspector about the terrible consequences of her manner of living; so much was she impressed that she resolved to forsake her sinful life. By the kind efforts of the inspector the woman was sent into a Home—with the consent of the magistrate, who highly commended his endeavours to reclaim the unfortunate. Another young woman, while being taken in a cab to the police-station on a capital charge, was spoken to about her soul. She was brought to the Saviour by those few words, and now, in penal servitude, she is giving evidence of true conversion to God. A man who attempted suicide

was converted by means of the policeman who was put to watch by his bedside, and he is now a bright Christian.

If every policeman were a Christian, what a mighty change might be wrought among our criminal classes! A little "word in season" to those whom they have arrested would assuredly lead many to forsake their sins and turn unto the Lord. "Thank God for the words you spoke to me when you run me in," said a prisoner the other day, when discharged, to a policeman. "They have been blessed to my soul. I never forget them." The Christian Police Association knows neither party nor sect. It extends its operations as far as its limited means permit. Its sole aim and object is to win policemen to Christ, to help them in every way to live useful Christian lives.

NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

"As the delicate rose
To the sun's sweet strength
Doth herself unclose
So spreads my heart to thee!"

C. G. ROSSETTI.

THE happy days of July rolled on and vanished into the past, and August shone out, not a whit less happy to those young hearts in the Parsonage down by the sea. Bright as dawn these days were, hopeful as spring, and serene, with unspoken promise of future joy. Echoes of that old song begun in Eden, and which runs



down along the ages like a golden thread in a mourning garment, made melodious these summer days, when the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and two tender young human hearts leaned each to each.

Those walks together, those half-spoken, disjointed words, that joy in discovering similarities in thoughts

and fancies, those timid questioning glances so sweet, so thrilling, those long silences that spoke more loudly than any words, those twilight walks beneath fair summer skies: life may hold much that is sweet, much that is bitter, but naught that cometh can ever equal the unexpressed happiness of these days, nor dim their fragrant memory.

Sometimes after breakfast Stephen would accompany Hilda to the town to do her shopping and marketing. He would docilely lade himself with her small parcels, and encumber the pockets of his faultlessly cut coat with her little army of account-books.

One morning, when these performances had been accomplished in a shorter time than usual, he begged for a little stroll on the pier before returning to the house.

The pier was a short erection of rough stones, running out for some distance, and then curving across the little bay, forming a small harbour, and an anchorage for fishing-smacks, coalers, or even vessels of heavier tonnage than these, under stress of weather. A rude breakwater of loose stones bordered the pier towards the open sea. Stephen always liked to get away quite to the end, where many tides had worn the rocks to a level slope, and the broad sea spread itself out for solitary miles, with hardly ever a sail in view.

"Let us sit down here, and watch the tide coming in," he suggested as they reached the end of the pier, and stood by the lighthouse, looking out over the water.

"It is late," she demurred.

"On the contrary, it is very early," he replied, politely contradictory. "And it is so delightful watching the tide coming in."

"The tide at this moment is running out, and running out very fast," she said, smiling.

"Well, let us sit down and watch the tide running out," said Stephen, in nowise daunted. "That is only one degree less entrancing."

"I do not suppose it needs our encouragement in either performance," said Hilda, with aggravating obstinacy.

"You are very disagreeable this morning, Miss Romney," remarked Stephen, with lofty displeasure.

"No, I am not," the girl said, suddenly capitulating, and sitting down. Stephen quietly stretched his length of limb on the slope of sun-warmed rocks near by, and resting on one elbow, looked out on the dancing waves.

"I do love the sea," she said presently, with a long, deep sigh of content. "It is always so strong, so inexorable."

"You should see Switzerland," he answered, "and then you would acknowledge the strength of the mountains also."

"May I read my letters?" he asked, after a silence had fallen on them, bringing in his eyes from the sweep of blue waters to her face where she sat above him, rooting small stones from the crevices of the rocks with the point of her umbrella.

"Yes, I shall graciously give you my permission," she replied.

But he seemed in no particular haste. He tilted his hat a little farther over his eyes, and scanned the horizon once more.

"Well, why do you not read your letters?" she asked presently, when she had poked up all the pebbles within reach. "Do you always treat your correspondents with such disdain?"

"They are not interesting," Stephen said, producing a couple of unopened letters from his breastcoat pocket, and laying them on the rocks beside him. "One is from an old college chum; the other from Annette. Now, if I were to get a letter from you, I should read it."

"How extremely condescending!" she exclaimed. "I feel quite flattered! It is very unlikely, however."

"What? That I should read it?"

"No. That I should write to you, I mean."

"Unlikely things happen every day," he replied coolly. "In fact, unlikely things invariably happen. If we are friends—and we have agreed we are—I am sure I cannot see why you should not write to me."

She was silent.

"Then I am to understand that our friendship is limited up to, and no farther than, the day of my departure from Biffy? After that I am to drop out of your life, and have no place in your remembrance?"

"I did not say that."

"But you implied it. If you wash your hands of me once I leave, and have no more to say to me, I don't think much of your friendship. Mary Owens writes to me constantly. I heard from her only yesterday."

"Miss Owens is best judge of her own affairs," Hilda said proudly. "I do not see that I am to shape my conduct in imitation of hers. Come, let us go home—we are wasting time most shamefully."

"I was just going to read my sister's letter," he

said, in injured tones, as she rose. "But of course if I must go, I must."

Hilda laughed merrily.

"Read your letter," she said, re-seating herself. "I never met anyone so hard to please as you are."

"I am most easily pleased, if you only go the right way about it. But you don't; in fact, you don't try to please me in the very least; on the contrary, you tease and provoke me at every moment."

"Poor fellow! I am sorry for you!"

"May I read this effusion aloud?" he asked, ruefully looking over the two closely written pages his sister's envelope disclosed to view. "It will be more endurable so."

Annette's letter was of the prosaic and uninteresting type most girls manage to write. There was a good deal of writing, and cross lines, and postscripts even, and in the end not a syllable that could interest or amuse any human being.

Stephen laughed and looked at Hilda when one postscript inquired if he were not very dull at Flashford. But Hilda did not meet his gaze, only turned away her eyes, and coloured a little.

"I wonder, too," she said, "why you should elect to spend six long weeks at a stupid place like this, when you might travel, and go abroad, and see so many places worth seeing."

"I have been abroad, and seen everything," he said, with the wearied air of a second Alexander the Great. "My father always used to insist on my travelling about during the Long."

"I think your father must be a most good, kind man," she said.

"I think my father must have retained you as special pleader," he said. "You are always chanting his praises."

Stephen wondered if his father would chant her praises one of these days in the near future, and receive her with open arms as his daughter-in-law. He was not quite so sure of this, and his face grew somewhat grave. The waves rolled in with slow pomp, sending curves of seething foam upwards over the sea-weedy rocks of the breakwater. The curlews wheeled and screamed overhead, the wide expanse of glittering sea stretched out before them, vast and solitary, not a single tiny sail of fishing-smack in sight. They two seemed alone on the margin of the world—a second Adam and Eve in a solitary sphere of sunlight and sea-music, with none to trouble them.

Stephen wished it were indeed so. He sighed as he thought of what his father would say to a portionless bride won, and a wealthy heiress lost. He knew there would be trouble, and he hated the thought of it. His was a nature that shrank from domestic storms. But Hilda was worth it all, and more.

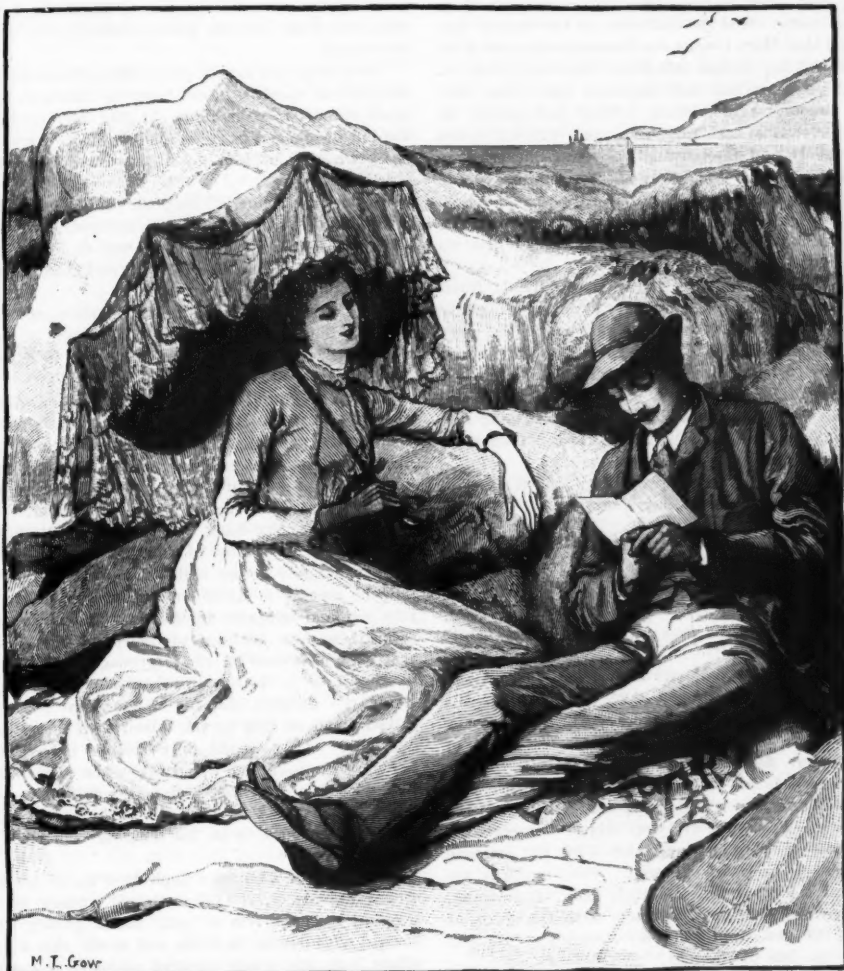
"I wonder what you will think of my people when you see them?" he said, after a long silence, forgetting how extremely unlikely it was her thoughts should have gone over the same road as his.

"I think it very unlikely I shall ever meet them," she answered quietly. Stephen's cheek reddened a little under its sunbrown.

"I should like you to know them," he said, refusing to be snubbed, if to snub him had been her intention.

"I fear the girls are not much in your style. They are very good girls on the whole, but they dress rather violently, and they do not care for reading, or any of the things you like. I am afraid you would not approve of them—I don't sometimes."

fair, she'd wonder did you paint; if dark, dark girls are invariably bad-tempered. She is a person who believes herself and her opinions infallible. And one must come up to her standard to be at all endurable. But then, no mortal ever does come up to it, and



"May I read this aloud?" he asked.—p. 176.

"I think it more likely your sisters would not approve of me," she replied, yet with a little touch of proud indifference as to whether they approved of her or not, that pleased him.

"Then there's my mother. She would not like you, I know; but then she never does like anyone. If you were tall, she'd call you gawky; if short, she'd say what a pity you were such a dumpy girl; if

therefore no one pleases her. We, her children, are the most special pieces of imperfection in her sight."

"I think she is right about her son," Hilda said audaciously.

Stephen turned to look at her with eyes which meant to be exceedingly reproachful. But she only laughed in answer.

"Does she like Miss Owens?" she asked.

"Oh! Mary? Yes, on the whole I think she finds less fault with Mary than with anyone else. I must say Mary is the only person who ever tries in the smallest degree to please my mother."

Hilda was a maiden wondrous wise. She had been reading between the lines, or thinking she had (which is all the same thing to most people), these last few days, ever since Stephen had first mentioned Mary Owens' name. And she had come to the sapient conclusion that Mary Owens was Stephen's destined wife. He praised her, he had called her "the best girl in the world." Hilda had not forgotten that little fact. They wrote to each other. They had grown up together. She was very rich, and without doubt very lovely and fascinating as well. She tried to please his mother—evidently she loved him.

It would be happiness—if one cared for a fellow like Stephen—to try to please his mother, no matter how "cantankerous;" and all belonging to him, no matter how repulsive.

And the upshot of the matter was that Hilda Remney came very near hating Mary Owens: not openly—not avowedly to herself: that would be very wicked and base. But there came a tightening at her heart when the name of the heiress crossed Stephen's lips.

"Miss Owens appears to be of a very charming disposition," she remarked, as his last speech seemed to require an answer of some sort.

"She is a very good girl," Stephen replied warmly. And shortly afterwards they went home.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE STARS.

"I have said, a dowry I want not, O maid, but thee only!"
—From the Albanian dialect.

"AGE, sir," remarked Master Drury, "age is synonymous with beauty. Do you take my meaning, Mr. Wray? The French, the rakes, speak of what they call *la beauté du diable*: what is that? The beauty of youth—mere flesh and blood—animal beauty. The true beauty is of the soul, and comes with age. Good violins are cases in point. Look at the degenerate literature of your day. Compare the frivolities of your modern poets with the majestic cadences of Pope and Dryden: your moderns are mystical solely to disguise their lack of meaning. Compare the spirit of your age with the spirit of mine. Do you apprehend my meaning? Do you follow my line of thought?"

Master Drury might well pause in his disquisition to ask, for Stephen was evidently not attending to a single word he said.

In fact, that young man was like the schoolboy who watches the slow hands of the schoolroom clock travel round to the hour of freedom. Hilda and he were to make a little expedition this afternoon out into the country, to visit her old nurse, who lived with a married daughter at the foot of a range of low hills some few miles from Biffey.

They were to drive there, have tea at the cottage, and drive home in the cool of the evening. The little

phaeton was ready in the lane, outside the Parsonage gate, and Stephen was so anxiously awaiting Hilda's appearance, that he found it difficult to reply to Master Drury with as much accuracy as usual.

Presently Hilda came towards them as they sat on the lawn waiting for her. She was dressed in pure white—delicate, filmy stuff that floated about her like a cloud—and wore a large hat of coarse straw, with some real pink rosebuds pinned daintily into its lace trimmings.

"You must not expect great things from Joseph," she said, as they drove out from the streets on to the level country road. "He is old, like the rest of us at the Parsonage, and has seen his best days. I give him his head, and let him go his own lazy way, as a rule."

"I am in no hurry," Stephen said, leaning back with a comfortable sensation of laziness, while Hilda sat erect to guide the erratic footsteps of Joseph, a fat old grey cob. "The days are long, and the country is too delicious to hasten through."

"Old Susan will find us tea at her place, and I left word at home that father and uncle were to go to dinner without us if we were not home in time."

"Let us be late, by all means."

"And can your lordship go without your dinner, and content yourself with cottage fare? It will be very good: home-made bread and honey, and fresh butter, and delicious cream. Susan's daughter knows how to make one comfortable; but I thought a man must always, at all hazards, have his dinner."

"You have very hard thoughts of us poor men, Hilda. It is very cruel of you."

He had never before called her by her name, and now he seemed to do so unconsciously. Hilda got rosy red, and whipped up the ancient Joseph, who seemed far more inclined to browse by the wayside than to go forward on his pilgrimage.

"Susan is a dear old creature," she said, irrelevantly. Stephen did not much care what she talked about, so long as she talked to him and to no one else. "She is the only mother I have ever known. I missed her dreadfully when she went to live with her daughter. But it would have been selfish of me to keep her still with me, when her heart was wrapped up in her daughter and her little grandchildren."

At the end of an hour Joseph drew up of his own accord outside a trim vine-covered cottage by the wayside. There was a neat small garden, well stocked with flowers, in front, and at the side a yard where hens and ducks strutted about in a superior well-fed manner. Behind the cottage stretched a meadow, and from the meadow the hills rose gently upwards, covered with gorse, and pink with heather, now in full blossom.

An old woman in a snowy cap and apron, seated in the porch knitting, and rocking a cradle with her foot, rose up with eager welcome of voice and face for Hilda.

"My darling child!" she said, kissing the girl tenderly, yet respectfully; "this very day was I saying to Kate, 'I wonder what Miss Hilda is doing, and why she does not come out to see us!' And Kate's good man

said that you had visitors at the Parsonage, he had heard say the last day he was to town."

"Here is our visitor, Susan," Hilda said, indicating Stephen with a bright smile. "Mr. Wray, from London."

"Long as I have known you, Miss Hilda, I never knew of a friend of the family of that name; not but what I am humbly glad to see you, sir." She looked at Stephen critically out of her clear old eyes, even while she curtsied low to him.

"It is really impossible, Susan dear, to account for Mr. Wray, and who he is, or what he is," Hilda replied, laughing. "None of us quite know; but yet we all feel quite friendly with him, so I hope you will do the same."

Then Kate, Susan's daughter, a comely dark-haired young woman, with a smiling face and rosy cheeks, came out to welcome Hilda. Two small children held to her skirts, and had to be kissed by Hilda, and made joyful with a gift of sweets.

"We are going to walk to the top of the hill, Kate," Hilda said pleasantly, "and then I am going to bring Mr. Wray back to enjoy some of your nice tea, with real cream in it, and your home-made bread."

Kate looked pleased in the extreme, and the old woman laughed for pleasure.

John, Kate's "good man," at this moment made his appearance, with a sturdy dark-haired lad of seven trotting at his heels. More greetings had to be exchanged with him, as he sheepishly saluted Hilda, with genuine pleasure at seeing her beneath the awkwardness withal—and the sweeties shared with Master Bobby, and then Hilda set off with Stephen across the field towards the hillside.

"How fond all those people are of you," Stephen said, half-jealously, as they passed onwards and upwards through a little grove of firs and larches that belted the hill-side. "I feel quite left out."

"You could hardly expect them to testify as much joy at seeing you as they felt for me," Hilda replied, stopping to gather a spray of woodbine waving above a clump of undergrowth. "I am afraid you are of a jealous temperament, Mr. Wray."

"I am where you are concerned," he said, with a sort of half-fierce abruptness.

Hilda coloured, but made no reply. On they went, and upwards; the path they followed ceased to be a path, and became only a mossy track up through the gorse and heather, with here and there a great lichen-covered rock strewn in the thick undergrowth of hill-side plants and brambles cropping up in their way. Hilda's light dress caught upon the thorns of a blackberry trail lying across the path. Stephen had to go down on his knees in the grass to endeavour to disentangle it without tearing the fabric.

"I am sure we look very picturesque in this attitude," he said, smiling up at her, with his blue eyes full of boyish fun. "I on my knees at your feet. Shall I kiss the hem of your robe?"

"If you like, only you will look rather idiotic."

Stephen laughed, and stood up, the dress being freed from the bramble.

"You are very matter-of-fact," he said. "You spoil all my little attempts at sentimentality."

"I dislike sentimentality," she replied.

"So do I, except as the exponent of real feeling. Then it is not silly, but eminently natural and right." At this instant something caught his eye, and he stepped aside into the heather. He came back to Hilda with a spray of white heath in his hand.

"Now, will you call me sentimental if I offer you this?" he asked, holding it towards her.

"No," she said. "It is very pretty, and I like to have it."

"But there is more in my giving it to you than meets the eye. I am afraid you will call me sentimental, so I shall keep it for myself."

"Tell me the hidden meaning," she said lightly, "and then I shall decide about the sentimentality."

"Here," he said abruptly, "I shall give it to you in exchange for this piece of woodbine you gathered just now." And he captured the hand which hung loosely by her side, holding the forgotten woodbine spray. She submitted without demur to the exchange of flowers, inquiring no further into the mystery of the white heather.

The ground became more broken now, with rocks piled confusedly together, and ranks of tall upstanding fern amongst the gorse. Hilda had to accept Stephen's help now and again, the grassy path was so slippery from the hot sun beating on its surface all day long, and drawing all the sap from the leaves.

"We shall be at the highest point of the range when we reach the summit of this heap of rocks," the young girl remarked breathlessly, as they paused an instant. Stephen sprang lightly from point to point, and gave his hand to Hilda whenever she came near him—which was not often, as she seemed to prefer finding her own way to the top. Once there, the view was wide and fine, and they sat down to enjoy it. In the far distance the blue line of sea, then the white houses of Flashford shining in the sunshine; away north the golden cloud that showed where Bullionston lay, with its factory chimneys; and all around, coming to the foot of the hills, the wide stretches of green downs, along which the hedgeless road from Flashford lay broad and white. Inland the country was wooded, and looked more fertile and park-like than towards the sea.

"It is delightful up here," Stephen said, tilting his straw hat far over his eyes, as he looked out across the fair sunshiny prospect. "I am glad we came."

"I am glad you like it," she replied. "It is one of my favourite expeditions. Long ago, when I was a child, Uncle Drury used to come with me; but of late years the climb is too much for me. I have come here in the winter, when the ground was hard with frost. You can't think how lovely it looks when the fields down there are unbroken sheets of snow, and those little trees below have each branch laden with it also. I like to come up here, and sit and look at it all, so that I may remember it."

"You so often speak of remembering a place," he said. "Do you, then, not expect to spend the rest of your life here at Biffey?"

"I do not know," she replied, with a sudden tremor in her voice.

Stephen turned sharply round and looked at her. Her face had taken on the lines he had come to know so well, expressive of utter hopelessness and sorrow: a deep shadow lying heavily in her eyes, a weary expression about her lips, and—another thing he noted at these times—a convulsive little gesture of the hands. This sudden shadow that fell upon her so often irritated Stephen, and chilled him. He did not know what it meant, and it seemed to push him far away from her, to settle down between his soul and hers like some chill curtain of doubt.

"Hilda," he said tenderly, laying his hand gently upon hers, as it rested palm-upward on her lap. "I wish you would tell me what it is troubles you. I have not been with you now day after day without seeing and knowing there is something. Am I not enough your friend to help you?"

"No one can help me," she said bitterly, and taking away her hand from his.

"Try me," he urged.

"It is no use," she said. Then, with a light laugh, with little mirth in it, "Let us be pleasant—we did not come up here to be mournful."

"I don't see anything mournful in telling one's troubles to a friend, and letting him share them," he persisted. "I have always found it such a comfort, for instance, to tell mine to Mary Owens."

She moved distinctly farther away from him as he said this. Stephen looked surprised, then suddenly a new light seemed to break in upon him, and he smiled to himself, as his gaze went out to the blue sea-line and remained there steadily.

"I should like to tell you about Mary Owens," he said, after a long pause.

She was silent, which at least was not encouraging.

"Why don't you speak?" he asked presently.

"I thought you were going to talk to me," she said, trying to make her voice seem natural and easy.

"Not if I bore you."

"You do not bore me. You were going to tell me something about your friend Miss Owens."

"Yes—I hope I shan't say anything a gentleman ought not to say," he began, plaiting a blade of grass into the lace edge of one of the flounces of her dress lying on the path near him, with an unconscious air, and as though he did not know that it was her dress he was ornamenting.

"You will see, as I go on, that it is rather difficult for me to express myself correctly about this matter. My people, specially my father, want me to marry Mary Owens."

In and out went the blade of grass through the lace. She could only see the side of his sunburnt cheek, as he bent his head over this engrossing occupation which he had invented for his idle hands to do.

"Well?" Hilda asked, after a long, long silence. Her heart beat so loud, so painfully. She had known all along what he was going to tell her.

"Well," he repeated, "I think you might help me out a little better than that. I don't want to say what is brutal, but I must, or you will not understand."

"I do not know what you want me to understand," she said.

"Yes, you do," he said brusquely, sitting up suddenly, and facing her. "You know, as well as I do, that I do not love Mary Owens, and that I shall never marry her."

Hilda's eyes fell before the fierceness in his, and she began to toy nervously with the piece of heather he had given her as they came up the hill.

"I did not understand that," she murmured; "I thought, from the way you have always spoken of her, that you did—care for her."

"You must have rather a peculiar opinion of me if you thought that," he said curtly, relapsing into his former position, leaning on one elbow and looking out over the landscape, the blade of grass interwoven with the lace on her dress left unheeded.

"I don't know how you, of all people on earth, could have thought that," he said presently. His voice had a subdued under-current of hurt anger in it, and he did not turn towards her as he spoke.

She did not ask him *why* she "of all people upon earth"; she only sat looking at his averted figure with eyes full of sorrow, and a half-startled expression on her face.

"I think you ought to do as your parents wish," she said presently, after long looking down over the slopes of russet upstanding fern to the golden band of gorse had brought her no inspiration what to do or say.

Stephen still surveyed the distant prospect in cold silence.

"Do you, indeed?" he said ironically. "I must say I disagree with you. I think marriage is a state so sacred that a man should be allowed to choose when, and with whom, he shall enter it."

"You are very young," she said.

"I am old enough to discriminate between what I like and what I don't like."

"You are a boy, as far as experience goes," she said, forcing herself to speak calmly, evenly—nay, lightly, as though the subject under discussion were not one of much import. "I am sure, from all I hear, that Miss Owens is a very charming young lady."

"Mary Owens is not charming. She is a good, true girl, and I love her too well to ask her to marry me unless I loved her as a man should love the woman he marries."

"Perhaps she would refuse you."

"That is extremely probable—indeed, I am quite sure she would. I am quite sure she looks upon me simply in the light of a rather troublesome brother. But her feelings towards me, whatever they might be, would not lessen my hypocrisy if I, not loving her, asked her to marry me."

"But your parents?"

"Hilda," he said, suddenly facing round on her, where she sat above him, a little farther off than when this conversation had commenced, "I cannot believe that in the depths of your heart you really believe what your lips are saying. You cannot think it would be right, or just, or holy for me to marry Mary Owens: not even to please my parents. I would do much for them. Perhaps, since I have been with you, and known you well, I have learned that I ought to do much for them, simply because they are

my parents. But I cannot think that a sacrifice like this is required of any man. It would not be just to Mary, nor to myself, nor to another—for there is another person in the matter, Hilda—someone dearer to me than anyone else the world holds."

"Let us go down the hill," she said, rising abruptly. "It is getting very late, and they will be waiting for us."

He had no choice but to pick himself up and follow her, already springing lightly from rock to rock, until the grassy sward was reached, and there she turned and waited for him.

She gave him no opportunity of resuming what he had been saying, as they went briskly down the hill together, racing sometimes, laughing, chattering, like children at play. Stephen tried to be bad-tempered and dignified at first, but could not keep it up, and had to yield to the infection of her sudden gaiety. They came flying down through the plantation to the cottage much faster than they had gone up.

Tea was waiting for them, neatly spread in the little parlour of the cottage. The children, in fresh pinafores, and with faces shining from recent ablutions, stood watching for them at the gate. One small maid had gathered a posy for Hilda, the other offered a similar one shyly to "the gentleman." Master Bobby, in the background, finger in mouth, and sheepish, like his worthy father, watched these amenities with an appreciative grin. The baby was awake, and being dandled by its grandmother, and Hilda had to take him in her arms to feel how heavy the precious infant was, and stick her finger in his mouth to test how near was the arrival of his first tooth, and he not six months old!

Stephen stood looking on with a smile. He declined the baby, however, with alarm, when Hilda good-naturedly offered it to him. He would never forget that evening, with its innocent, happy laughter, and courtesies of rural life: the small square parlour where they had tea, with its old-fashioned, heavy furniture, its bewildering mazes of crochet-work antimacassars, its shell ornaments, and cheap gaudy oleographs. Their Royal Highnesses of Wales, in gold frames above the fireplace, smiled down benignly upon their lieges merry-making, and a bust of Lord Byron under a tall glass shade represented Art and Poetry.

Hilda seemed beside herself this evening. She laughed and talked incessantly, with a bright, unusual colour in her face.

Old Susan, looking at her nursing with affectionate, critical eyes, noted the change in her, and shrewdly laid it to the visitor's account.

Stephen made himself popular, played with the children, admired the baby—at a distance—scrutinised Bobby's copy-books, and took a peaceful stroll in the garden with John Peters, the master and father of the household.

The summer sunset was over, and the sweet summer twilight begun, when Joseph was harnessed and brought round, and the visitors left for home. They drove along the broad, dusty road in silence. Hilda's good spirits had suddenly evaporated, and she was pale and silent. Stephen had remembered his

dignity, and the fact that he was offended with her, and he was silent also. The faded woodbine in his coat sent out its fragrance still, but Hilda's white heather was nowhere to be seen. She had thrown it away, probably.

One by one the stars came out and glimmered in the silent sky. The ceaseless cadence of the sea on its shingly beach came softly to their ears. Slowly the serenity of the eventide, the sense of calm and repose all about them, crept into their hearts. Hilda forgot to be cold, and Stephen to be angry.

"Home at last," she said, with a gentle sigh, as they reached the lighted outskirts of the little town.

"Yes," he replied. "I wish I could drive on so with you for ever, Hilda."

His voice was deep and earnest. She dared not utter the flippant rejoinder that came to her lips. Besides, her own heart was stirred to its inmost depths, and her lips were quivering in the darkness.

"I have been so happy to-day," he said, as they turned into the narrow laneway which led to the Parsonage. "Have you?"

"I am always happy when the weather is fine," she answered. Had it not been so dark he might have seen how her dewy eyes belied her indifferent speech.

Stephen laughed. Clearly he was to have nothing to say to her happiness, or the reverse.

The stable-boy was waiting for them at the door. He came forward at their approach like an apparition out of the gloom, and took the reins from Hilda. Inside the garden door the fragrance of the flowers greeted them. The drawing-room windows were brilliantly illuminated, sending long bars of light over the grassy lawn and flower-beds. The faint twang of Master Drury's spinet came out into the silence of the night. In the dining-room the supper-table was laid, and the shaded light fell on silver and gleaming glass.

"Stay a moment before you go in, Hilda," Stephen said huskily.

But when she had obeyed him he stood stock still at her side, silent, his tall figure lost in the gloom above her.

"I want to tell you something," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, very coldly.

A slight shiver went over her from head to foot, standing in the dewy grass, waiting for him to speak.

"I think you know," he said, speaking very fast and eagerly. "I think you must know. It is impossible that you and I should have been together so long as we have been—every day together these happy weeks past—without your knowing that all I have to say to you is that I love you. I love you with all my heart and soul. Up on the hillside to-day you called me a boy. But I am not a boy. I am a man, with a man's thoughts and a man's feelings. And I know that I love you—that you of all the world are dear and precious to me."

She said no word, only covered her face with her hands, and cowered away from him.

The sound of the spinet ceased, and Master Drury's figure crossed the lighted window. He was coming to the hall door to look out for the wanderers' return.

Stephen suddenly ceased his impassioned pleading, and caught Hilda in his arms.

"My darling!" he whispered tenderly, as he stooped his face to hers, and kissed her. Her cheeks were wet with tears.

No time to ask her the reason of this, for Uncle Drury opened the door. Hilda darted past him into the house, and up-stairs to her own room, leaving Stephen to make whatever remarks to the old gentleman his unaided genius might devise. She appeared no more down-stairs that evening.

CHAPTER X.

THE CEDAR-WOOD CASKET.

"That great procession of the *Unloved*, who not only wear a crown of thorns, but must hide it."—OLIVER W. HOLMES.

"THAT will do; you may go now. And remember, I shall not see anyone this evening. I am not very well."

The servant who had carried in tea looked furtively at Miss Owens as she spoke. She certainly was not looking well. Her face was white, and her eyes were red and heavy. It was a warm August evening, too, yet she had complained of feeling cold, and had ordered a fire.

She drew her chair nearer to the fire when the man had arranged the tea-things and left the room. She shivered again and again, and drew the light shawl she wore closer about her shoulders. She held in her lap a small cedar-wood box, and a letter in her hand. A long, long time she sat thus, crouched together, looking into the fire. The little ornamental time-piece on the mantel-shelf above chimed many times unheeded ere she at last roused herself from her apparently dismal meditations, and opened the letter she held mechanically in her hand. She read it slowly, carefully, now and again a large tear dropping slowly on it. What was it but a verification in black and white of the vague, uneasy suspicions which had been haunting her ever since Stephen had gone away, nearly six weeks ago, to Flashford-on-Sea?

She had never forgotten how he had spoken of the girl he had met there in the spring, how bashful he had looked, how awkwardly he had parried her questions. Like an "Elaine" he had said Miss Romney was. Mary tried to picture to herself the girl who had won Stephen's heart. Doubtless very beautiful, very fascinating. But would she—was it possible she could, or did—love Stephen as, she, Mary, loved him? She, who could look back over the years of her life, and not find there a moment when she had not loved him better than anyone else on earth—she, who would gladly give up everything for his sake: friends, position, fortune, all—she, to whom he was the very centre of existence? This other girl, this stranger, who had only crossed his path so lately, what was she that he should hold her dearer than the one who had always loved him, always been his closest, nearest friend?

For the twentieth time that miserable day she now read Stephen's letter. To her he had first turned in

his happiness, as had always been his custom all their two lives long. He told her how he loved this fair strange girl—how, for the love he bore her, it seemed as though he had always known her. "When you see and know her, Mary, you will love her for her own sweet sake, as I do. But now, won't you love her for mine? You will stand by me, Mary, as you have always done? for my people will not welcome Hilda."

The letter was not much more coherent than that of most lovers, but the tidings it brought struck cold to the heart of the poor girl who read it.

He had not treated her badly. He had never by thought, word, or deed, given her cause to believe he cared for her otherwise than as a brother might love her. But now, in the agony of awaking to the fact that he was gone from her for ever, that his love was now irrevocably given to another, she found there had always been, very deep hidden in her heart, the secret hope that one day he would come to love her—that, in its own time, patient, enduring love, such as hers, must win a response. Now that secret hope had got its death-blow, and small, and paltry, and unsupported by reason as it had been, it died very hard. "Love without return is like a question without an answer," someone has remarked somewhere. And she felt that from henceforth her life must be but a maimed one, as she might no longer have even the poor pleasure of loving him in secret. Henceforth he must pass out of her heart, and passing, leave it cold and empty.

Stephen had not yet proposed to Hilda, he mentioned in a casual postscript, but meant to do so on the earliest opportunity. The idea that Miss Romney might refuse him never crossed Mary's mind; and even had it done so, she would have derived no satisfaction from the thought of something happening which would make Stephen very unhappy. When she had read the letter through she put it into the fire, and watched it blaze and burn, shrinking before the flames like a sentient being. Then she took a tiny golden key from her watch-chain, and opening the cedar-wood casket, emptied its contents into her lap.

Not flashing jewels, not priceless gems, neither gold nor silver, made up this little treasure-heap. There was nothing there of the smallest value to any human being save and except Mary Owens—each little paltry thing the token of some happy hour in the past, the memorials of a loving, foolish woman's heart, the trivial records of a secret, hidden love. They must go now, all the store of years, every one of them. What a little boy he was when he had given her this—a ring shaped from a peach-stone. They used to play at being little husband and wife in those days, and Annette used to be their visitor, coming gorgeous to see them in borrowed plumes of grown-up finery. This small red hymn-book he had given her one Christmas, her name scrawled on its fly-leaf in his boyish, uncertain hand.

Then here were his letters from school—very uninteresting—and his letters from college, and letters written from abroad, only a degree less dull than the schoolboy letters. Stephen had never dealt with the pen of the ready writer. A withered rose—fragrant yet—wrapped in a piece of note-paper, with a date written on it: that he had given her the day she and

his sisters went to Oxford, at his request, to be present when his degree was conferred. How bright, and manly, and handsome he had looked that day, head and shoulders above the rest, with brave, fearless eyes, and frank, upright bearing; and how proud she had felt of him! Now she had not even the poor right to feel proud of him any more. He belonged to another from henceforth.

Every little token went, one by one, sorrowfully, slowly into the fire. It does not take long to destroy the gathered hoard of years.

There were around her in her drawing-room many gifts of his—vases, foreign pottery, photographs, costly trifles gathered up in his travels, but there was no need to banish or destroy them. They had been frankly offered as the gifts of a friend to a friend.

But these small secret treasures, which her own foolish heart had invested with a halo of romance—these things, each with some dear remembrance connected with it, some word he had spoken, some fragrance of that vanished time when there had been no sin in her loving him, some recollection of how he had looked and done on a particular occasion—all these must go. To these she had no longer any right. He loved another. He would never, in all the years to come, be more to her than a friend—perhaps, henceforth, not even that. She must give him up; she could never cease to love him, but she must school herself to forget that she did so.

Now the last link with the past was gone, and she sat gazing into the fire sorrowfully, with the empty casket on her lap.

"Will you see Mr. Davenent, ma'am? He is downstairs; he thought perhaps you might see him, if you knew he was here," the butler asked, softly entering the room.

"Certainly. I am always at home to Mr. Davenent," Miss Owens replied, closing and laying aside the empty casket, and pushing her chair back from the fire.

The old clergyman seemed anxious and worn, his thin face thinner and keener than ever. He looked sharply into Mary's face as she greeted him, but the room was only dimly lighted by one shaded lamp, and he could not see her very well.

"You are not well, they tell me," he said.

"Not very," Mary faltered.

"The idea of a fire this evening, my child! What possessed you to have one? It has been a breathless, sultry day, in my part of the world at least; out here the air seems almost country-like."

"I was chilly—I wished a fire—I think I must have taken cold."

Mr. Davenent looked keenly at her again, but she placed herself so as the light should not fall on her face.

"How are you?" she asked affectionately. "Overworked, I suppose, as usual."

"This hot weather tries me severely," he said, with a half-sigh. "You see, I am not so young as I used to be."

"And you never take a holiday, never take a rest. Always down in that dreadful stuffy, stifling East End; I wish you'd give it up. Surely you have

earned repose now! I will pay gladly any number of young, strong clergymen to go down there and carry on your work."

He stopped her with a gesture of his hand.

"Where I have lived I will die, if my Master will allow me. I want no rest until I come to that rest which remains to the people of God. How can a man even think of rest when he considers he has only the short span of this life to work in, while the resting time is eternal!"

"But your life is so hard," she pleaded.

"Not so hard as the life Christ lived," he answered.

"Not so unloved, nor so solitary. I have much cheer, much joy in my life; I have much that He had not. The hardest life anyone can live is a selfish one—the most unsatisfying, the most dreary, the most unprofitable, even to the beloved self lived for. A selfish life defeats its own ends. But it was not to preach I came to see you this evening, my dear; not even to beg, which you will say is even more wonderful. I came out to Kensington to see an old college friend at present in the neighbourhood, and finding myself so near you, I resolved to come and see you, and ask you for a cup of tea."

"I shall ring for fresh tea," she said, rising. "I forgot to take mine when it was brought up, more than half an hour since."

"Such absence of mind looks suspicious, Mary. You must have had some very pleasant thoughts."

Mary laughed a little bitterly. Tea was brought, and she gave him his, attending on him with gentle, reverent affection, while he lay back in his easy-chair, enjoying the rare luxury of idleness, talking to her all the while of his "people," the subject ever uppermost in his thoughts. Mary tried to listen, to smile, to appear interested; but somehow her heart felt weighty as lead, and as empty as that cedar-wood casket on yonder table. Something forlorn in the girl's white face struck him as he rose to go.

"Mary," he said, laying one gentle hand on her shoulder, "all is not well with you this evening."

"What should be wrong with me?"

"Something *is*. You cannot hide from me that you are unhappy."

"Yes, I am," she answered, all reserve breaking down under the tenderness of the old man's voice and manner.

"May I not know?" he asked.

"No," she said hopelessly. "Or, at least, what is there to know? Nothing but the mere fact that I am lonely, so dreadfully lonely. What have I done that I should be shut out from all love, all brightness, from the happy home affections which other girls possess? Look at me here, day after day, living here my purposeless, useless life—no one in the wide world caring whether I live or die. I see my father at breakfast-time, when he reads the money articles in the paper, and does not know, half his time, whether I am at the table or not. We meet in the evening at dinner, and I endeavour to please him by talking about politics, or stocks, or some kindred topic, and he tells me, for all thanks, women have no business with such things, and we relapse into silence. And after my lonely day I come up-stairs to my lonely



"The woman I loved was your mother."—p. 185.

drawing-room, and work, or read, or eat my heart out in the silence. Is it wrong for me to wish for a little love, a little brightness? I could go into society, to be sure—to concerts and other entertainments—but I have tried all that kind of life, until my very heart is sick of it. I can get a companion, and she will freeze up at my approach, and deferentially agree with every word I utter. What is there wrong in me that I am never to be loved, never to have a friend who will love me for my own sake, not my money's? I read somewhere once about someone who wrote that 'her heart was breaking for a little love.' Well, I am just like that—I am envied by all who know me; I am well fed, well clothed. I have money for the gratification of every whim, every fancy, every caprice. And yet I

am miserable—my heart is breaking for a little love."

Never had the old man seen her so far carried out of the deep calm of her ordinary manner. He let her pour forth her soul in passionate invective, and as he sat listening, he realised that there may be sore hearts in Kensington as in Bethnal Green, and sorrows as keen, if not so material, as hunger, and cold, and destitution.

"I can't see that there is anything wrong in what I crave," she went on, passionately. "I only ask for what other girls are born to. Is it because I am not beautiful that no one cares for me? Ugly women have just as much capability for suffering as lovely ones, and just as much capability for happiness. I

suppose, as you sit there and listen to me, you are deeply shocked—you think me very wicked, very rebellious against God. Well, I am wicked and rebellious, and I can't help being both. I am sick of hearing people say I am so quiet and calm, when my heart is in a burning fever of restlessness!"

"Mary," he said, very gently and tenderly, as she paused, no reproach in eyes or voice, for he was not one to break the bruised reed. Her grief might be a sentimental one—not a hard, grim fact, like the griefs he met with every day amongst his poor—but it was none the less real and heart-filling, for all that. "Have I been neglecting you? Because you were neither hungry, nor sick, nor wicked, have I been overlooking you?—thinking, in my blindness, all was right and well with you, because you made no sign of its being otherwise? You have given much to Christ's poor—your money, your help, your ever-ready sympathy: have you given yourself? Have you, my daughter, like your namesake of old, chosen for yourself the better part?"

"I have chosen nothing," she said wearily. "I am not religious. Anything I did or gave was solely to please and to help you, because I love you. I did not do anything because I was good. I am not good: I don't think I ever shall be; I am only very, very unhappy, and very desolate. You cannot understand just how I feel. You are a man, and you have your work, which fills your life and thoughts. You cannot understand what it is to have no one to love you, no one to whom your coming means happiness and your going sorrow. You do not know what it is to long for this."

Mr. Davenant smiled. He passed his hand over his scant grey hair a little wearily.

"*Et in Arcadia ego!*" he murmured. Then drawing his chair nearer Mary's, he took her hand in his. "You think I do not know what you are feeling, my dear; you think that I recognise no sorrows but outward material ones. I know well how your sore little heart longs and cries out in its longing for love, Mary, for I have been through it all myself—I, the aged, commonplace old man. Listen, and I shall tell you. Thirty years ago, and more, I met and loved a woman who to me was the perfect embodiment of all that a woman should be: delicately refined, graceful, and intellectual besides—a woman whose every thought seemed in perfect harmony with mine. We met and loved. We were engaged, and to be married shortly, when a cloud came upon our happiness. I had been reading and hearing much of the terrible regions of destitute heathendom in this great, marvellous city of ours, and little by little the determination to take orders and give myself up to missionary work grew and took deeper root daily in my mind. I spoke of it to the woman I loved, to meet, for the first time, with a want of sympathy on her part. She urged me to consider my worldly career, all I was giving up; she called me foolish, fanatical; she pleaded with me to abandon my project, argued, expostulated, entreated, but to no purpose; I felt I could not live on as I was doing—idle, careless, easeful; and yet I was bound to her in love and honour. One day her own hand severed the link which bound me to her. A short, cold

letter, saying, as I would not yield to her wishes, all must be over between us. Shortly after that I heard of her engagement to a wealthy man. Mary, the day I heard that, I thought my heart was broken; I was half-mad with despair. I felt I had let her slip away from me, for I well knew all those weeks before, from the time her letter came, I had only to go to her, renounce for ever all idea of entering the ministry, and every cloud would have rolled away from between us, and she would have been my own again. Even now, in the teeth of this other engagement, I knew it was not yet too late. By giving up the path I had chosen, I could have won her. But I did not, Mary; all earthly love, all dreams of earthly happiness, went out of my life then; I was stranded on the shore of life. And do you not think I felt the pang of tearing her from my heart a very bitter one? Was not the life-loneliness, self-doomed, very, very hard to bear, to live through, to live down, to rise above, until now it is only a faint sad memory in an old man's heart?"

Mary had slipped from her chair, and was kneeling on the carpet beside him, with her face hidden. When his solemn, thrilling voice broke and ceased, she raised her head.

"Forgive me," she whispered brokenly, "you have suffered too."

"The woman I loved was your mother, Mary."

Mary looked up in amazement.

"Yes, my dear, it is true. Now perhaps you know just how I feel to you, why I love you very dearly, why your griefs and sorrows are mine. You were but a little child, Mary, when your dying mother sent for me, and asked me to be kind to you for her sake."

"And you have fulfilled your trust," Mary whispered, pressing her trembling lips to the worn old hand in hers. "How could she have treated you so cruelly?"

"Hush, hush! my dear! I only told you this story to-night to show you that others have felt and suffered as you do now, and have lived through it, and come out of the trial perhaps all the better and holier for it."

They sat in silence a long time—the old man and the young girl. She, still kneeling at his side, with tearful eyes, stirred to the very depths of her nature; and he, with a smile lingering about his lips, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, with his mind away in the far past, when for him all the world had been young.

Presently he laid his hand solemnly on the girl's head, and began to speak in a deep, thrilling voice that went straight to her heart, and lingered in her memory years after he had been gathered to his well-earned rest.

"I do not reproach you, my child, for anything you have said to me here this evening. I do not seek to meet your sorrow with platitudes about what you *ought* to feel, and *ought* to say. God help us all, every one! our actions and our thoughts are very far removed from what they *ought* to be. I recognise that you have a sorrow, and a real one—it may go a little deeper even than you have revealed to me to-night. There may have, this day, occurred some incident which peculiarly brought your trouble home to you.

That I do not know, and what you do not tell me I do not ask to know. But I will try to point you out a cure for your loneliness. I do not ask you to think of the silent pain silently endured by myriads of human souls like yours. To think of all that others endure augments our own pain instead of lessening it. There may be philosophy in assuring ourselves we are no worse off than hundreds of others, but there is no consolation to be found thus. There is little use in rebelling against our fate, in kicking against the pricks, in asking ourselves why these things be. The crooked will be made straight, and the rough places plain, when *He* comes, and not till then. It is not for us to alter or to choose. What we have got to do is to *live* our life, whatever it may be; and as a cure for your sorrow, for your loneliness, I ask you to contemplate the Man of Sorrows. Think of the awful loneliness of Christ. Who, of all the millions who have trod this earth, was so friendless, so forsaken as He? He bowed His back to endure intense sorrows, such as none of us can ever know. He took His full share of human miseries. He sounded all the depths of human agonies. He hungered for love, for sympathy, for the poor homage of belief from His disciples, and He was given none of these things. He died as He lived, the most lonely man earth ever knew. I think, if you will sit at His feet, and learn of Him, your sorrows will lessen and drop from you, in the marvellous light His love and

His sorrow shed all along the centuries for us, who, but for that light, must for ever wander, forsaken and desolate, in outer darkness."

Mary would never forget these solemn, thrilling words, nor the touch of the old hand resting so lovingly on her bent head, as she knelt weeping at his side.

A confused sound of many voices and hurrying feet down-stairs aroused them. A housemaid, pale and breathless, burst into the room.

"Oh, miss! come at once. Master's got a fit. When James went to tell him it was bedtime, he found him lying forward over the table, and we can't rouse him."

Mr. Davenant sprang to his feet, told Mary to stay where she was until he came back, and ran down-stairs to the group of whispering, terrified servants. The doctor was promptly sent for, by his orders, and a trained nurse, and then he and some of the men carried the poor stricken body, with its prone trailing hands, up-stairs, and laid it in bed, applying such remedies as his long experience of sickness had taught him until the medical man arrived.

There was no hope, he said, from the first moment. Just two weary nights and days of watching by the sick-bed, and then Mary Owens was fatherless: alone in the world, the undisputed mistress of an immense fortune.

(To be continued.)

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE LADY LAURA HAMPTON, AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS IN VERSE," ETC.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

MY presence shall go with thee; fear not,
though dark the way,
It leads through night of sorrow to dawn
of endless day.

My presence shall go with thee, where thorns spring
up around,
And bleeding feet are stumbling upon the rocky
ground;

Where divers paths are meeting, thou knowest not
the road;

Where weary steps are flagging beneath thy heavy load,
When flesh and heart are failing 'neath sharp affliction's rod;

Alike thou feel'st forsaken by loved ones and by God.

When th' enemy attacks thee with falsehood's venom
sting,

Whispers thou hast fallen from the shadow of My
Wing;

When doubts and cares surround thee, and sickness
draweth nigh,

And storm-waves rage and thunder, and lift their
crests on high;

When death itself approaches, and deep the valley's
shade,

My presence shall go with thee—fear not, nor be
afraid."

Rest, for My Name is on thee, no enemy prevails,
The blood-stained Cross is glist'ning, the subtlest
tempter fails.

Rest, for My hand upholds thee, I rule the vessel's
helm,

My nail-marked palm is guiding, no billows over-
whelm.

Rest, for My feet have trodden the rough and briar-
strewn way,

And in My footprints treading, thou shalt not go
astray.

Rest, for I know thy sorrows, My heart has throbb'd
with grief!

No agony thou feelest but I can bring relief.

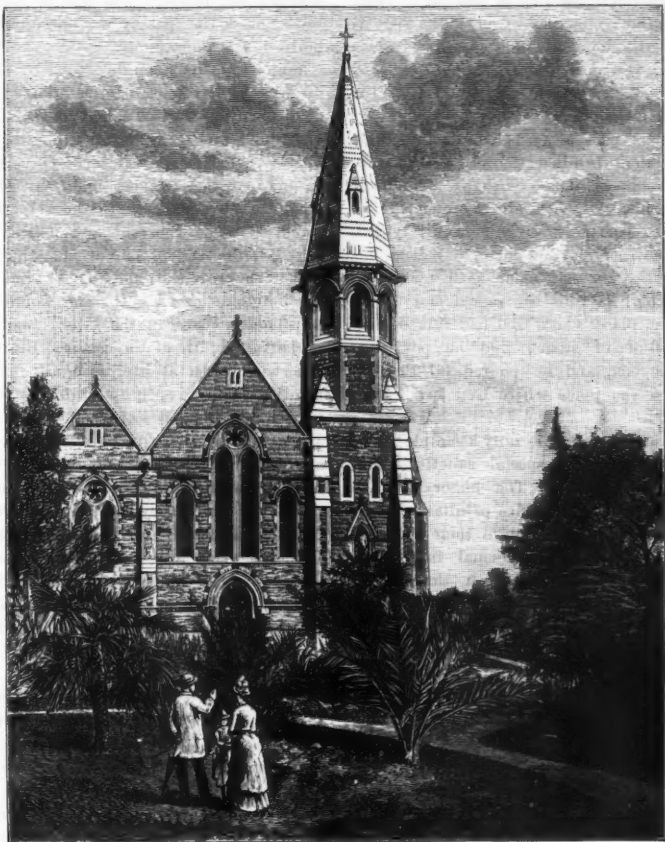
Rest, for My arms are round thee, soft pillowed on
My breast,

Child of My love! oh, trust Me, and I will give thee
rest.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN HOLY PLACES.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE CONSECRATION OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CANNES, BY THE RIGHT REV. C. W. SANDFORD, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.

"And Jacob set up a pillar in the place where God talked with him, even a pillar of stone: and he poured a drink offering thereon, and he poured oil thereon. And Jacob called the name of the place where God spake with him, Beth-el."—GEN. xxxv. 14, 15.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, CANNES.



THE narrative of Jacob's dream at Bethel supplies one of the earliest and most striking examples to be found in Holy Scripture, of a special sanctity being attached to a special place. There was nothing in the spot itself to suggest thoughts of God's presence. Its outward aspect in the days of the patriarch must have been very like its outward aspect at the present time. Then, as now, the ground would have

been strewn with bare, hard rocks. Save these boulders there was nothing distinctive in the scene, nothing to quicken the imagination, nothing to suggest the fitness of the place to be a sanctuary of God. But the spot was hallowed to the eye of the patriarch as being the place where in an hour of extreme desolation he had been cheered by a vision of angels, and by the voice of God Himself. A homeless wanderer, fleeing from the wrath of an injured brother, in the midst of peril, and with an unknown future before him, he had lain down at sunset on the rough ground for rest, taking stones of the place for a pillow. Then

had been given to him a wondrous vision. In his dreams he had beheld a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and above he had heard the voice of God assuring him of ultimate restoration to the land of promise, and of protection in all places whither he might go. As he awoke from sleep, there had come the thought, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." . . . "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Then, to commemorate the vision, and to mark the spot as holy, he had set the stone on which he had rested, as a pillar, and had vowed that if God would be with him and be his God, on his return he would make the place the house of God.

Many long years pass away. God, during those years, has more than fulfilled the promise of protection, and has blessed Jacob with an abundance of flocks and herds, and with all the elements of primitive wealth. The patriarch is again at Bethel, again at the same spot, having come to redeem his vow, and to consecrate the place as a temple to God. "And Jacob," so runs the sacred story, "set up a pillar in the place where God had talked with him, even a pillar of stone; and he poured a drink-offering thereon, and he poured oil thereon. And Jacob called the place where God spake with him, Bethel."

This act of Jacob is not the only example to be found in Holy Writ of a special sanctity being assigned to a special place. The history of the patriarchs affords many an instance of altars erected to mark particular spots made holy in their thoughts as having been the scene of personal intercourse between them and God. The notion that places where God has revealed His presence derive sanctity from such revelation, and should be approached by man with reverence, has the very highest sanction and authority. When Moses came near to see the burning bush, God is represented in the sacred record as calling unto him, and saying, "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet; the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." One of the first promises made by God to the people of Israel, when He had delivered them from Egypt, was that He would appoint for them a place, and whenever they came before Him there, He would bless them, if only they came before Him with such a mind as to place no hindrance in the way of His blessing. "In all places where I record My name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." So long as the Israelites remained God's people, they were never without a place where God had recorded His name, a place set apart for worship, and where He gave them His blessing, a place where He vouchsafed His presence in a way different from that ordinary presence by which He fills heaven and earth. In the wilderness there was the Tabernacle. In the Land of Canaan there was the famous Temple of Jerusalem. The pillar of cloud which rested upon the one, the cloud of

glory which filled the other at its dedication, were visible tokens of God's presence, visible tokens of the sanctity which those places derived from God's presence, visible tokens of the reverence and holy awe in which God intended that those places should be held by His worshippers. And so in Christian times it has been the custom, when God has spoken to His children in any specially impressive manner, whether the message was one of sorrow or one of joy, to mark the spot by wayside crosses, or churches built to His glory.

Following the example set us by God's people in all ages, we have met together to-day for the purpose of dedicating to God's honour this edifice erected on ground already made holy in our eyes by a signal visitation of His providence. Three years ago, close to this spot, the youngest son of our Queen was struck down by sudden death in the very flower of what promised to be a bright and useful life. We had hoped, from the proofs of thoughtful intelligence which the Prince from time to time had given in his public utterances, that he would one day fill a conspicuous place in the intellectual, scientific, and philanthropic life of the nation. But God has willed otherwise. Just as life, with all its golden opportunities, began to open upon him, he was taken away, to the inconsolable sorrow of his youthful consort, and of our beloved Queen. When the first pangs of anguish were assuaged, they to whom the Prince was nearest and dearest felt that the most appropriate manner in which they could testify at once their love for the departed, and their recognition of God's Fatherly chastening, was to erect a church near to the spot where the spirit of their brother had passed away. All here will acknowledge that there could not be a more fitting memorial. It accords with precedent observed by the saints of God from the earliest childhood of our race. Like the pillars of stone, like the wayside crosses, and other holy structures, which God's people have erected in all ages and countries to commemorate events in which God was felt to have come especially near to them, this church is a token that in the great sorrow which befell us here, we too acknowledged God's hand, we heard God's voice, and we have taken home to our hearts the message which He gave. We see in the trial with which He then visited His people a solemn reminder that our earthly life is short, uncertain, transitory; we must not let its manifold opportunities of good slip idly from our hands; we must finish the work God has given us to do while the sun is in the heavens: "The night cometh, when no man can work." This church is also a token of our Christian belief. It is a national acknowledgment, erected on a foreign shore, that when our friends are taken from us we sorrow not as men without hope. Through the pardoning mercy of a Father in heaven, and the merits of a Divine Saviour, we look for reunion, in a better country, with those we have loved and lost awhile.

But this place is now sacred to us for other reasons. The prayers and praises which our hearts have just uttered, and the Divine blessing which we have asked of God, and which, if we asked in faith, He has doubtless given, have consecrated the place, and made it holy. It is now the Lord's own for ever. It is now set apart from all common uses to the honour of God's great name, and dedicated for all time to His worship. We nothing doubt but that, in accordance with His own promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," God has been with us in the services of this day. We nothing doubt but that He has taken possession of this house; and though we could not see His presence, yet He has been with us as really and effectually as when He settled in a pillar of cloud upon the Tabernacle, or when He filled the Temple at Jerusalem with His glory.

But some perhaps will say, the notion of any special sanctity belonging to any special place savours more of the Law than of the Gospel. It is true that the Jewish people called Mount Zion the holy mountain, and honoured the Tabernacle and the Temple as special abodes of God's glory. But Christ taught His disciples to lay aside all local notions of worship, saying, "God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The true seat of prayer is our hearts and spirits. Whatever be the place of worship, be it the wild mountain side, be it the village cottage, be it the rudest and least Christ-like house that was ever built, so long as prayer comes from our hearts and spirits, *there* is God's temple, and *there* His holy mountain.

True, most true. But while we avoid the abuse, let us not forego the pious and godly use of holy places. We know the power which places have to stir the religious affections. When, for example, we visit the home of our childhood, and recall the memory of the departed, when we stand by their last earthly resting-place, when we tread the spot where they spent the last days of their life, or where we last saw their face, heard the sound of their voice, felt the pressure of their hand, we seemed to be nearer to them, and to God who has now taken them to

Himself, than we are elsewhere. We may not be really nearer, but we feel ourselves nearer. Our love for them and for God, who gave us the happiness of their companionship, acquires fresh life and fervour. Such holy influences, which we all must at times have felt on visiting old familiar scenes, let us cherish. They are hidden links between us and the unseen world. They are ladders by which we climb heavenwards. They are presages of the day when, as we hope and believe, we shall meet, in the near presence of God, our beloved again. Since, therefore, the sacred memories and associations connected with particular spots are found to have this power of opening the fountains of the heart, and of giving wings to our prayers, surely we do well to set such places apart, and dedicate them for all time to God's glory.

We should remember that if Christ has warned us against narrow, exclusive, and superstitious views concerning places of religious worship, He also taught in a most emphatic way, when He drove the traders from the Temple, that such places should be held in reverence. This reverence which He claimed for the outer courts of the Jewish Temple, be it our endeavour to show towards this house of Christian worship. Our reverence we may show in many different ways. We are showing our reverence when we use the help which art supplies to make the church in outward beauty and in all its external appliances accordant with the dignity and intrinsic value of worship. We are showing our reverence when we take a regular and devout part in its services of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. We are showing our reverence when we make those services tell upon our daily conduct in the outer world. That is no true reverence which treats religion as a thing to be kept apart and isolated. Religion receives highest and truest honour when its tone, its spirit, and its principles are made to permeate, exalt, and sanctify man's whole life and nature. Turn we to such account the opportunities which this holy place will offer, and it will be to us in very truth what Bethel was to the patriarch, "No other but the house of God and the gate of heaven."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SPECIAL LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To read—various passages.

A NEW year! How quickly last seems to have passed—how far off seems end of present! Twelve months, 52 weeks, 365 days: four seasons—13 full moons—26 spring tides. Must pass through cold winter with ice and snow—spring with opening buds—hot summer with flowers

and fruit—autumn with fall of the leaf and decay. Circumstances of our life may perhaps change; leave home for school—or school for business. Perhaps change health for sickness, joy for sorrow; perhaps lose brothers, parents, etc. Quite new life may open out. Who knows? Not we, but God. See what Bible says about years.

I. DIVISION OF YEARS. (Read Gen. i. 1–5; 14–19.) Account of creation of world: light first thing

made; then on fourth day sun and moon. What do they do? Give regular light and warmth. But more than that—divide time into regular intervals. (a) *Days*. Earth moves round in 24 hours—each place at noon opposite the sun—hence division into days, reckoned by Jews from sunset to sunset (verse 5), by us from midnight to midnight. (b) *Months*. Natural division into 28 days, from one full moon to next—but different nations different lengths of months. In England 12 (not 13) in each year. (c) *Weeks*. Appointed by God in Paradise—six days' work to one day of rest—hence get weeks, only mentioned twice in Old Testament: weeks of harvest (Jer. v. 24), and prophecy of Christ's coming after 70 weeks (Dan. ix. 24). (d) *Years*. Tell how earth has two motions—one turning round on itself in 24 hours, and at same time moving round sun. (Illustrate by spinning a coin so as to turn round and move about at same time). Earth moves round sun in 365 days—hence get complete year.

What does all this teach?

1. *The flight of time*. We cannot stay it. Must always move on. Where? To eternity. As river to ocean, so time to eternity.

2. *The use of time*. Each day—week—month—year of earth and sun its own work to do. Sun now visible to us—at our night, to other side of world. Seasons vary with cold and heat to benefit crops, fruit, etc. All have work to do in appointed time, and do it. All show God's glory. What an example to us!

II. TEACHING OF YEARS. Year with four seasons emblem of man's life.

Spring—speaks of hope—of promise. Trees put forth abundant blossoms, beautiful to outward eye. How many come to fruit? So youth—smiling faces—pleasant life—many promises—heart full of love—how will it end?

Summer—like prime of life—bearing heat of day—temptations many; how borne? (James i. 10—12.)

Autumn—fruits of earth come to perfection or blasted by decay. Which shall it be? Fruit of Spirit (Gal. v. 24) or works of darkness?

Winter—end of life—death—shall it be gloom or joy? Promise of future rising to shame or eternal day!

LESSON. *So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.*

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

NO. 8. CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

To read—*Daniel i.*

HAVE had several lessons about end of Jewish monarchy, destruction of Jerusalem, and Jews taken captive to Babylon. Begin this year with new book—new period of Jewish history.

I. PRINCES IN EXILE. (1—16.) Jehoiakim (or Eliakim), eldest son of Josiah, last good king—finally conquered by Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 606, bound in chains, but died before going to Babylon. (See Jer. xxii. 19.) This date of Daniel's exile and beginning of seventy years' captivity.

City of Jerusalem burned and deserted.

Temple destroyed—vessels put in idol-house in Shinar, i.e. Chaldaea, south of Assyria.

Princes taken captive to Babylon.

Now selection made of some princes. They must be—

(a) Of royal family—to be brought up at court.

(b) Well educated—to be trained as judges.

(c) Of good health and appearance—fit to present to the king.

Such to be further taught Chaldean language, literature, etc. Chosen at age of fourteen—to receive three years' training. Receive daily portion of meat—have new names, taken from idols, to blot out memory of their home and God. Did it do so? Difficulty arises about the food. Jews forbidden—

(a) To eat blood of animals. (Lev. vii. 26.)

(b) To eat things offered to idols.

(c) To drink much wine.

Daniel makes a stand, though only a boy of fourteen. Has already gained favour with his guardian.

He cannot go against his conscience.

He can trust God to uphold his strength.

He begs a trial of simple food for himself and friends. Result most favourable—so for three years lived on plain diet.

NOTICE. 1. Their *bodies* were healthy.

2. Their *minds* increased in wisdom.

3. Their *trust* in God was strengthened.

LESSON. *I will keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.*

II. PRINCES IN FAVOUR. (17—21.) All increased in learning.

Daniel's special skill in visions and dreams. All came from God, who gives mental as well as bodily powers. (James i. 17.) Time come to go to court. King tests them—finds them wiser than any of the other learned men—so gives them good position at court—and they prospered.

LESSONS. 1. Reward of bravery in doing right—God's blessing.

2. Reward of diligence in study—man's favour.

NO. 9. THE KING'S DREAM.

To read—*Daniel ii.*

I. THE DREAM. (1—12.) All people dream—sometimes pleasant dreams about people and things known—sometimes painful, sad, strange ones. God used to make His will known sometimes thus; e.g.:—

Joseph's two dreams. (Gen. xxxvii. 6, 9.)

Pharaoh's two dreams. (Gen. xli. 4, 5.)

Also Jacob's dream. In New Testament—Joseph, husband of Mary. (St. Matt. i. 20.)

Nebuchadnezzar had a dream which troubled him.

Calls four classes of wise men. What does he say?

He has forgotten the dream.

They must tell the dream and interpret it.

If not, they must die.

If yes, they shall have great rewards.

This shows the king's character—

Exacting, in demanding impossibilities.

Cruel, in ordering wise men to be killed.

II. THE PRAYER. (13—23.) Notice Daniel's conduct. He shows—

- (a) Prudence—asking for time.
 - (b) Wisdom—in consulting his friends.
 - (c) Faith—in praying to God.
 - (d) Gratitude—in blessing God.
- He ascribes all to God.
- (a) God has all wisdom—gives to whom He will.
 - (b) God has all power—does what He will.
- So Daniel brought to the king and tells the dream.
- LESSON. *God giveth wisdom—out of His mouth cometh knowledge.*

III. THE DISCLOSURE. (31—45.) First, what was the dream?

A colossal human form—bright, beautiful.

A strange figure—four different materials.

A stone appears—strikes the image.

Image crumbles, decays, is blown away.

Stone becomes a mountain—fills the earth.

What did it all mean? Four kingdoms destroyed.

1. Gold head—Babylon—great kingdom.

2. Silver breast and arms—Persia—conquered Babylon.

3. Brass belly—Greece—conquered Persia.

4. Clay feet—Rome—conquered Greece.

Then comes new Kingdom—God's Kingdom.

This Kingdom unlike others, for—

(a) Made without hands. (Heb. ix. 11.)

(b) Spreads gradually from small beginning. (St. Matt. xiii. 32.)

(c) Extends over all. (1 Cor. xv. 25.)

(d) Lasts for ever. (St. Luke i. 33.)

IV. THE HONOUR. (46—49.) King falls before Daniel—honours him—praises his God—rewards him—makes him chief ruler.

LESSON. *Them that honour Me I will honour.*

NO. 10. THE GOLDEN IMAGE.

To read—Daniel iii.

I. THE COMMAND. (1—7.) Nebuchadnezzar at height of power—been victorious in many lands—builds an image of gold—most think it was image of himself—great height, 100 ft. by 10 ft. wide—now determines to dedicate it—see his great pride.

(a) Makes huge image of himself.

(b) Assembles all princes, etc., to honour it.

(c) Requires honour and glory to be done to him.

At same time issues cruel order as to those who refuse.

II. THE REFUSAL. (8—18.) Who alone disobey? Why? Because—

(a) They fear God.

(b) They may not worship a graven image.

(c) They are not afraid of death.

What does the king do?

At first offers them another chance—then has furnace heated seven times more—binds these three young princes—casts them into the fire.

Notice their conduct.

(a) Faith. Have firm trust in God.

(b) Courage. Will rather die than sin.

LESSON. *In the Lord will I put my trust.*

III. THE DELIVERANCE. (23—30.) All are watch- ing the fire.

Three men cast in bound.

Four men seen walking free.

God has seen, noted, saved. An angel like the Son of God is with them—they are unhurt.

Now notice the King's conduct.

(a) He summons the three men.

(b) He blesses their God.

(c) He acknowledges God's power.

(d) He forbids any disrespect to God.

(e) He promotes the three men.

LESSONS. 1. *Decision between right and wrong.*

2. *Effect of example—others do right.*

3. *Trust. God never fails.*

NO. 11. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S FALL.

To read—Daniel iv.

I. THE STORY. (1—7.) Copy of a decree issued by Nebuchadnezzar, some years after events in last chapter. Seems to have gradually increased in honour, fame, might, wealth, etc. Now tells the story of his fall and rise again. Desires to show God's greatness and his own littleness. Another dream—gathering of wise men—unable to interpret—sending for Daniel—his interpretation.

II. THE DREAM. (8—18.) What was it?

(a) A tree—great, strong, high.

(b) Leaves fair—fruit good.

(c) Branches giving shade to cattle.

Angel-watcher descends from heaven.

Tree is cut down—only stump remains.

Branches, leaves, fruit, all become useless.

This to last for seven times, *i.e.* years.

III. THE INTERPRETATION. (19—27.) The tree was the king himself.

His power, greatness, influence wide and far.

But should be cut down. His mind would leave him.

For seven years would be as an animal.

Yet his kingdom would remain to him.

So the prophet urges him to repent—but in vain.

All this came true. After twelve months judgment came.

The time. During king's boasting speech.

The manner. Peculiar kind of madness.

The duration. The time appointed by God.

The effect. God was acknowledged. Notice—

Pride brought about this calamity.

Suffering caused the cure.

God's glory was the result.

IV. THE LESSONS. 1. *Warning.* Remind how God always warns before punishing. Examples—

Noah—to people before Flood.

Lot—to Sodom.

Jonah—to Nineveh.

Christ—to Jews.

2. *Punishment*—if warning not heeded.

Pharaoh and the plagues.

Eli's two sons killed.

On the other hand—

Manasseh repented (2 Chron. xxxiii. 19).

Prodigal Son returned.

TEXT. *Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy Word.*



CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS then! the worn world sleeping
 'Neath its coverlet of snow!
 Cumbersome coaches slowly creeping
 With the guests of high and low!
Christmas bells to chime of meetings,
 Ringing down past strife and care!
Christmas love and Christmas greetings,
 Christmas kindness everywhere!

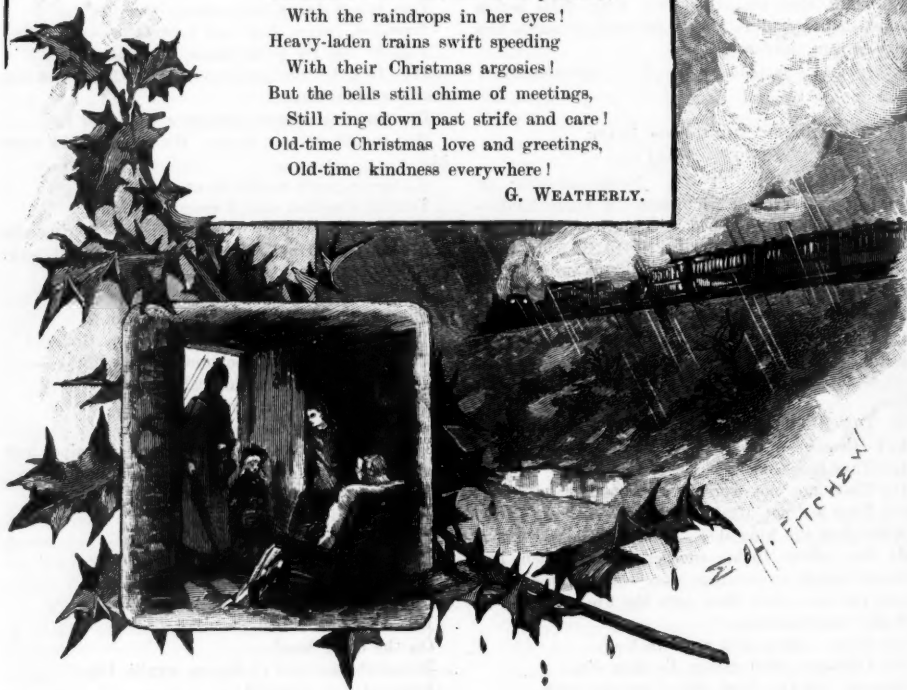
Christmas now! the old earth pleading,
 With the raindrops in her eyes!
Heavy-laden trains swift speeding
 With their Christmas argosies!
But the bells still chime of meetings,
 Still ring down past strife and care!
Old-time Christmas love and greetings,
 Old-time kindness everywhere!

G. WEATHERLY.

THEN

&

NOW



W. H. FITCHER



GENTLENESS AND GREATNESS.

"Thy gentleness hath made me great."—PSALM xviii. 35.



TO conceive of God as a gentle Being is by no means easy. As a matter of fact, men have never risen to this lofty conception except under the inspiring influence of Divine Revelation. Reason of itself is not capable of lifting them to this height; only when Faith comes to its aid can it soar into the infinite azure, and view God as He really is.

Men are prone to think of God as being altogether such a one as themselves, and to transfer to

Him the passions and infirmities of their own nature. Hence many of the wisest and best among men have so seriously misconceived His character, and so grossly misrepresented it, that their portraits of Him have been hideous caricatures. There is no sadder chapter in the history of human thought than that which records what men have imagined and said of God. Nor does this remark apply merely to what has been said of the Deity by heathen philosophers; it applies with even greater force to the utterances of many Christian theologians. Men without Revelation were in the nature of beings incapable of forming true ideas of God; but not more incapable, as the result shows, than some who have had that Revelation and misused it.

Man is naturally inclined to look upon the more violent forces of Nature—the tempest, the earthquake, and the fire, rather than upon the gentler forces—the dew, the rain, and the sunshine, as the highest manifestations of Divine energy. This tendency comes of man's comparative littleness and weakness. He makes much of those things which seem to most palpably indicate the Unseen Presence; which beget an overwhelming sense of the greatness and power of the Eternal; and in which he instinctively recognises the august voice of the Divine Majesty. The vast ocean, the illimitable universe, the crashing thunder, the flashing lightning, the roaring flood, and the burning volcano; the sudden, the startling, the awful, the marvellous: these are the phenomena which most readily and directly inspire men with ideas of God. Out of these mainly

grows man's sense of the Infinite Power. The consciousness of guilt which tortures his spirit suggests that God is wrathful as well as powerful; and these twin ideas form the substance of the average human conception of the Divine Being.

But this is not the Biblical, and especially it is not the Christian, conception of God; that is to say, it is not the whole of that conception—only half, and the lesser half too. The Bible teaches us that God's loftiest revelations of Himself are gentle; that He is to be found in "the still small voice" rather than in hurricane or earthquake or devouring flame; that His Goodness is His Glory; and that His Love is the highest form of His Almightyness. It is wonderful, when one looks into it, how much of the tenderness of the Divine Nature was revealed even under the dispensation of Sinai. The loving-kindness of God cannot possibly be celebrated in loftier or sweeter strains than those of the Hebrew bards and prophets. Although we possess larger and loftier conceptions of God the Father than David could attain to, inasmuch as we have seen God the Son and heard His voice, we can find no richer, more expressive, or more beautiful language in which to set forth our wonder and love and praise than that of David, the seer and singer of Israel.

The quality of the Divine character here called *gentleness* is a manifold quality; it takes up into itself all the highest attributes of God. There is no one word which completely sets forth its nature, though there are many words which describe its varied features. Some prefer one reading and some another: "Thy *goodness* hath made me great;" "Thy *Providence*;" "Thy *help*;" "Thy *humility*;" "Thy *discipline*;" each of these in turn has been used by expositors. The translators of our grand old Authorised Version preferred *gentleness*, and they did well. But perhaps the word which comes nearest to giving perfect expression to this great idea is *condescension*: "Thy *condescension* hath made me great."

Thus the teaching is that God, by stooping to man's need, by laying aside His greatness and terribleness so that He may be viewed without paralysing dread, by revealing Himself as Love rather than Power, makes man great. David's experience was that God's pitifulness and tender mercy had helped him to love

goodness and grow in it; had developed within him moral greatness; had evolved him gradually out of the gross and the animal, up to rational, spiritual, noble manhood. And this is the experience of all who pass from the lower to the higher. If we have come to experience similarity of disposition with God, it is because He has helped us by His gentleness and grace. Love of the God-like, growth in the love and practice of the God-like, are not born in man; they are not spontaneously generated within him; nor are they, as many now affirm, created by his environment; they are the results of Divine forces operating at the very core of his being. Moral greatness is not the consequence of the education of the intellect, nor the reward of man's unaided struggles after virtue; it is the effect of the Divine culture of the human spirit. Every great and pure soul is constrained to say: "By the grace of God I am what I am;" "Thy gentleness hath made me great;" and realising that their souls can grow and greatness only in God's presence and under the culture of His hand, all such seek to dwell in Love, and thus dwell in God.

The Divine gentleness is exercised towards man in many and diverse ways. How gentle is "the God of all comfort" in His consolations! Who can soothe the grief of a child with such tender and gracious skill as a mother? A mother's love, in its delicacy, intensity, and constancy, surpasses that of any other earthly friend. When all others weary of the vigil beside the couch of the little sufferer, she watches on, her heart now bounding with hope, and anon aching with anxiety. Her eye notes every movement of the patient; her love anticipates every want, and satisfies it ere it can deepen into necessity or express itself in the language of request or entreaty. There is no earthly comforter equal to a true mother. And the saint is the child of God. In his Divine Parent he finds the tenderness of the mother, and the strength of the father. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. . . . As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee." What language could more beautifully and impressively set forth the gentleness of God as the Comforter? All the self-sacrificing love, the patient devotion, the unsleeping watchfulness, and the unconquerable energy which we find in the true mother are found in the all-merciful Father in an infinite degree.

In His chidings and chastisements, also, God will be gentle towards us. "He will not always chide," and when He does He will seldom do it in anger; never, in fact, unless the child be defiant as well as disobedient. Even when, in consequence of our stubbornness and stiff-neckedness in rebellion, He has to chide us angrily, He will not "keep His anger for ever." His displeasure will soon pass away. If we love Him our relation towards Him is that of children, and if we live in harmony with that relationship there will be no wilful, flagrant, and

persistent disobedience of His will, but only such fault and failure as arise from infirmity, thoughtlessness, and waywardness. And we shall be corrected, as we correct our children, by love rather than by anger. Even in the sharper chastisements which are needed, and being needed are used, to subdue our pride and train us to humility and submissiveness, the Divine Husbandman will use the most gentle means which are compatible with a thorough pruning of the tree, that it may grow into fruitfulness and beauty.

The effect of the Divine gentleness on man is to greatness and dignify him; to exalt him to the loftiest manhood which he is capable of attaining; to make him a child of the Highest. Man is capable of the most sublime greatness, of likeness to God, of union with and participation in the Divine. Only as the human partakes of the Divine can it be made great. Humanity left to itself can only wither, dwindle, and die. Of all idolatries, the most irrational is the worship of Humanity. It is the worship of the creature rather than the Creator, and apart from the Creator the creature cannot be conceived to exist, much less to have an independent glory of its own.

To understand the nature of true greatness is to take one step towards its attainment. We see the true ideal in God as revealed to us in Christ. This elevates and ennobles us; but false ideals of greatness degrade and belittle us. Men mostly admire intellectual and social greatness, and these they strive after. It was not such greatness that David gloried in; it was moral greatness—greatness in love, in self-sacrifice, in purity of heart, in humility, in patience, in joy. These are the qualities of God Himself, and to possess them is to be truly great.

All who are anxious to be morally and spiritually great, and who endeavour to become so, may always count upon Divine help. God's activity is directed to the one end of making man great. This is an object which He deems worthy even of His thought, anxiety, and effort. It was to effect this great purpose that He sent His Son; that He has given to us His Word and His Spirit; that He is perpetually bestowing Himself. This is the miracle of condescension. The Divine stoops to the human that the human may be exalted to the Divine. Man may hope to achieve spiritual greatness on the ground of what God has done for him, and is now willing to do in him. David knew all this experimentally. Millions to-day know it in the same way. But we know little now as compared with what we shall know hereafter. When we stand in the presence of the Almighty and All-Gentle, when we enter into the perfect purity and bliss of the redeemed, when we fully understand the grandeur of the new creation wrought within us, and of the glory of God's workmanship in Christ Jesus, we shall say, looking up into the face of Him who hath "wrought us for the selfsame thing," "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

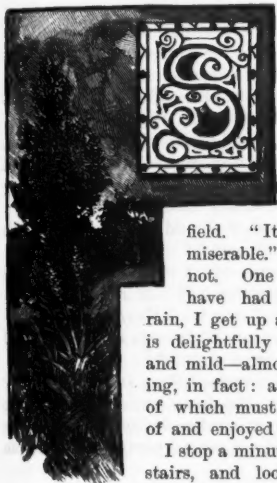
GEORGE BROOKS.

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

CHAPTER VII.

"Enjoy the spring of love and youth;
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest."

LONGFELLOW.



O September and October pass away, and November, with its rain and fog and general badness of weather, comes on.

"Let it come," says Mr. Bloomfield. "It won't make us miserable." And truly it does not. One morning, after we have had a whole week of rain, I get up and discover that it is delightfully fine—clear, bright, and mild—almost a summer morning, in fact: a day, every moment of which must be made the most of and enjoyed to the full.

I stop a minute on my way downstairs, and look into the garden from the staircase window. The garden at Alma House is a pleasant place on a bright morning; a sort of oasis in the desert of bricks and mortar.

Mr. Bloomfield is walking leisurely up the path with his hands in his pockets; and when he reaches the end and turns to walk back again, he catches sight of me, and begins to make signs, pointing first at me and then at the end of the house where the breakfast-room is situated.

I suppose I am very dull not to understand what he means; but I certainly do not, unless it is that I am to make haste down to breakfast. So when he comes within hearing distance, I call out, "I am now going in to breakfast."

"No, don't," he calls back. "I want to speak to you a minute. Come straight out *here*."

So I go out into the garden, and we walk up the path together.

"There's no hurry about breakfast," he says. "I did not want you to go in there, for fear you should spoil sport."

"Spoil sport?" I repeat interrogatively.

"Yes," he says (and his eyes twinkle knowingly). "I think I detected a little bit of love-making going on in there; and it would have been a pity to spoil it, wouldn't it? We were young ourselves once, weren't we?"

I don't want to deceive anyone about my age. I am not ashamed of my age. Yet why do I always feel so horribly uncomfortable when anyone reminds

me of it? Not that thirty-six is so very old, after all!

"I suppose you mean between Mr. Hilton and Maggie?" I remark, after a pause.

"Of course!"

"I am very glad to know that you don't disapprove of it," I continue. "I have noticed it for some little time, and meant to ask whether you wished me to discourage it or no."

By-the-by, I never thought of such a thing till this minute, but it has just occurred to me that I *ought* to have thought of it. It's all the same.

"Discourage it! certainly not!" he exclaims, in a tone of surprise. "I always like to let those matters take their own course. Besides, in this case, I quite approve of it. Hilton is nearly twenty-eight; it's high time he married and settled down; and I'm sure he couldn't possibly choose a better little wife. I like young people to marry while they are young people. What is the use of their waiting till they get old, and get all sorts of fiddle-faddling, old-maidish ways." (That unfortunate word *old maid*! Why, why is it such a term of reproach?) "Besides," he continues, "if a man is not married when he gets over thirty, he fancies every woman he meets is in love with him. I don't know whether the ladies are the same, but I suppose they are."

"Indeed they are not!" I reply indignantly.

"Well, perhaps not," he says. "I don't know, I'm sure."

"I am not referring to Mr. Hilton," I say; "but, as a rule, you surely don't approve of early marriages?"

I am thinking of my brother Jack, who married very young, and whose life has been one long struggle ever since.

"I surely *do*," he says emphatically. "I believe there is nothing more calculated to steady a young fellow, and make a man of him, than to know that he has others to consider besides himself. Of course there are rackets ones who are pretty sure to go to the bad whether they are married or not, and if they are married it's a sad look-out for their wives and families; but all men are not rackets, thank Providence!"

"But," I object, "there are very few young men—belonging to the middle classes, I mean—who can afford to keep a wife."

"Afford be bothered!" he says contemptuously.

"If a woman has any sense at all, she'll make a pound go as far as a man would two. Why can't young folks be content to begin life in a small way, and not be afraid of getting laughed at? Why, I was married, Miss Scott, before I was three-and-twenty; and I remember the first time we invited a few friends to see us, after we were married, there were not enough chairs to go round, and we had to make up with packing-cases. My wife covered them over with a spare table-cloth, and they made a capital seat. Bless ye, we were not a bit ashamed of those old

packing-cases! We gave our friends the best we had, and a hearty welcome, and if they liked to laugh, why, so they might! I can assure you I should never have been in the position I am in now if it had not been for *my wife*. She worked in my business like a slave; she was at it early and late, and never gave herself a minute's rest except on Sundays. She planned everything, looked after everything, and kept us all up to the mark." ["Ah, if Jack's wife were like that!" I think ruefully.] "I don't know where I should have been if it hadn't been for my wife. And then, the worst of it was, as soon as we got the fore horse by the head, so that we could afford to rest on our oars a little, and take things easily, why, she died, poor dear! It seemed very hard lines, after she had worked so," he says mournfully. And we walk back to the house in silence.

I had often wondered how a man of his careless, generous temperament could have succeeded so well in business. Now the mystery is solved. It was his wife who laid the foundations of his fortune.

Well, after all, I am not convinced about the expediency of early marriages. They may do very well in some cases, but I do hope that neither Alec nor Charlie will be foolish enough to marry for some years to come.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way."

TENNYSON.

WE are going to give a party. I say *we* advisedly, because I have as much to do with it as anybody.

Indeed, it is mainly from the fact of my being here to manage it that it is going to be a *large* party. Hitherto they have given no large parties, as Julia was considered too young to take the responsibility of them.

No expense is to be spared, and everything is to be of the best quality and in the best taste.

The preliminaries having been decided on, the next proceeding is to send out the invitations. And here a great difficulty presents itself, namely, the difficulty of getting their first- and third-class friends to mix sociably with each other.

"We had better not ask Mrs. Simpkin and her daughters," says Hilton; "I'm sure the Highams would not like to meet them."

"Nonsense!" cries Mr. Bloomfield; "why aren't they as good as those stuck-up Highams?"

"They may be as good," returns Hilton charitably, "but it is in a different way, you see. Oil is oil, and water is water, and the fact of their both being liquids doesn't make it any easier to mix them."

"I don't see why they should be left out in the cold," remarks Mr. Bloomfield.

"And the Tompsons—too, I really don't think we need invite them," continues Hilton reflectively.

"Look here, Hilton," says his father, with most unusual firmness, "they are old friends of mine, and I don't wish to have them slighted!"

"My dear pater!" returns Hilton, in a conciliatory tone, "there is not the least necessity to slight them! We can't be expected to invite all our friends at once. Why not give a second party and ask them



"We were young ourselves once, weren't we?"—p. 195.

by themselves? I am sure they would enjoy it more, and it seems a pity to spoil everyone's pleasure for the sake of one or two."

"No, no, that won't do!" exclaims Mr. Bloomfield; "I don't believe in having week-day friends and Sunday friends!"

"My dear pater!"

"If your fine friends are afraid of meeting the Simpkins and the Tompsons, let them keep away!" continues Mr. Bloomfield contemptuously. "I suppose they haven't got so much respectability to spare that they can afford to waste any of it! Their gentility isn't set in fast colours, I suppose! It would rub off if they came against the Simpkins and the Tompsons, perhaps!"

"My dear sir!" interrupts Hilton, "I should be sorry to interfere with any of your plans. I simply proposed one which I thought would be better for all. I know how extremely uncomfortable it is when people won't speak to each other."

"Look here, Hilton," says his father mildly but firmly, "I don't often make a point of having my own way, but you must let me have my own way about this. I hate pride, and it shall never be said that I turned my back on an old friend because he was common!"

So Hilton gives way with a good grace, and invitations are sent out in all directions.

At last the eventful day arrives; and at an early hour I begin to make preparations. Mr. Bloomfield wanted to have everything sent from a pastry-cook's, but as Hilton preferred the home manufacture, I have had plenty to do in making tarts, jellies, etc.; and this morning I feel rather doubtful about the quality of some game pies. When there are more important things in the way, it is easy to recognise the insignificance of such trifling domestic matters; but when there is nothing else to take up one's attention, the failure or success of a game pie becomes an affair of considerable importance. Sometimes when I come home after hearing an eloquent sermon, I feel that religion is the only thing worth living for, and all merely mundane affairs shrink into the most paltry insignificance. If the sermon has been very impressive, that state of feeling lasts for two or three days, until perhaps I get a letter from Jack, with an account of all his monetary difficulties, and the struggle he has to make both ends meet; and then, for a time, I feel that money-making and getting on in the world is the real business of life. That feeling is in its turn dislodged by a troubled expression in Maggie's eyes, and a suspicion that she is unhappy about Hilton; and love becomes the engrossing subject. But, just now, the only thing of any consequence is the success of this party, and especially of the game pies.

Hilton goes out to lunch, but he assures his father that he will be home in good time to see that everything is right. The men finish the marquise which is to form the supper-room; and the upholsterer's men come and lay down a flowered carpet, and bring in two long tables. We all work as hard as we can: there are so many things to be done. And as the afternoon wears away and Hilton does not make his



"Do you like it?" she asks hesitatingly."—p. 198.

appearance, I conclude that all the responsibility rests on my shoulders, and feel proportionately anxious. Mr. Bloomfield, of course, is quite useless. He simply walks about, laughing and joking with everybody, and getting in everybody's way. He has no fears about the success of anything.

By six o'clock I begin to feel happy myself. Everything is so nicely arranged. The dining-room has been prepared for the young people, and the breakfast-room for their elders. The drawing-room is in its usual perfect order—the white hangings were taken down when the cold weather set in, and crimson ones put up in their place; so that it looks now like a winter paradise instead of a summer one. The study, with a few alterations, has been converted into a pretty little coffee-room; and I have looked over the supper-table, and cannot see a single thing that anyone could find fault with. Hilton cannot fail to be pleased with it all. I feel very warm and tired, but, fortunately, there is time to rest before the guests begin to arrive.

I am just going up-stairs for that purpose when Hilton comes in, looking delightfully cool and unconcerned; so, as in duty bound, I go down again and walk through the different rooms with him.

"Yes, it will do very well," he says, after looking critically round the drawing-room. "There are not half enough flowers about!—not half enough flowers!

But I ordered some as I came along: they will be here directly. Yes, there is nothing else wanted here. Let us look at the dining-room."

We go into the dining-room; and he sits down at the piano and plays a few brilliant snatches of lively music; and Maggie happening to come in, the two young people try over one or two duets together. This satisfactorily finished, Hilton pronounces "the arrangement of the room satisfactory, and the piano in tune. Now for the marquee!" To the marquee I lead the way triumphantly. The supper is my *chef-d'œuvre*.

"How annoying!" he exclaims, pausing at the entrance. "I particularly told that man to send a *plain* carpet! What could he have been thinking about? He must have been bereft of his senses to bring such a thing as that!"

"What a pity!" I say sympathetically; "I was afraid you wouldn't like it. It is so unlike your taste; but the man told me he was sure you had ordered it. Don't you like those *epergnes*?" (He is removing the centre one from the table.)

"I am very sorry!" he says, "but I really must have that carpet changed."

"Oh, Mr. Hilton!" I exclaim, in consternation. But Hilton is quite unmoved by the spectacle of my distress. He cannot endure the sight of any display of bad taste, and is not in the habit of considering any trouble too great that will remove it.

So, after a great deal of scramble and worry, the new carpet is actually down, and we have begun to lay the supper-table again.

"There, is not that better?" he asks, contemplating it with a smile of satisfaction; and I am forced to confess that it is, and that it is worth the trouble it cost. But why did he not see after it before? He forgets that I shall be tired out before the evening begins; that I shall not have time to dress comfortably; that Maggie has not yet begun to dress; and that the servants have been hurried and frightened out of what few wits they possessed. I am determined that Maggie shall be ready in time; so, although she wants to stop and help us, I am peremptory and insist upon her going.

"There should be a crimson curtain draped over that entrance," says Hilton; but I pretend not to hear him, and busy myself at the other end of the table. There are some crimson curtains in a chest up-stairs, but I don't feel inclined to go and get them, especially as he would be very likely to throw them on one side when they were brought.

The tables are nearly finished when a cart stops at the door, and two men begin to unload what seems to be an endless number of plants. There are huge tropical plants with palm-like leaves, hanging baskets of drooping plants, plants of all kinds, in fact, from the most expensive ferns to the commonest geraniums. For Hilton is neither a botanist nor a gardener, and it is nothing to him whether a plant is rare or common, so that its form and colour suit him.

These he assists the men to place about the rooms and staircase, and I follow, superintending Jane and Mary in removing the traces of their footsteps.

At last it is all finished, and it looks so well that I

almost forgive Hilton; although I cannot forget that he might just as well have come home in time to spare all this worry.

On reaching my own room I find Maggie there, dressed, and looking very pretty. I know she wants me to say how I like her gown, but I feel far too ill-tempered to pay compliments.

"I thought perhaps I could help you," she says timidly. "You must be dreadfully tired."

"I am!" I reply, with more decision than politeness. "But I don't think you could help me, thank you. You would only tumble your own gown, and that would be a pity!"

"Do you like it?" she asks hesitatingly.

"I suppose you mean, will *he* like it?" I answer.

A crimson blush spreads over the child's face, and she says, turning from me half-petulantly, "No, I don't!"

I believe it is the first lie she has ever told, but I am quite certain that, if she goes on much longer in the school of love, it will not be the last.

"Let me look at you, Maggie," I say, turning her towards the light, and regarding the shamed young face with admiring eyes. I love the child, and I love her beauty! Hilton will be hard to please indeed if he be not satisfied with her to-night! A fair pretty girl of eighteen always looks well in evening dress, and Maggie is more than pretty—she is *lovely*! And to us—knowing her as we do—all her innocence and all her goodness seem to shine through and add to her loveliness, till I at least could never tire of looking at her.

"Your gown does very well," I say at last. "Go down and see how *he* likes it."

"Don't, please," she says entreatingly, and the blush deepens. And then, obeying a sudden impulse, she nestles her head on my shoulder for an instant, and I kiss her, as her mother might have done, and we understand each other.

CHAPTER IX.

"O bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly."

TENNYSON.

WELL, the party has been a decided success! I come to that conclusion as I think it over while brushing out my hair for the night.

The game pies were excellent. Hilton told me so himself; and he did not find fault with a single thing. I believe the guests nearly all enjoyed themselves. Mr. Bloomfield makes a capital host, though he hasn't the least idea of etiquette, and is only guided by the simple rule of making everybody as happy as he can. He is never better pleased than when he is entertaining his friends; and to have got five or six rooms full at once was a treat indeed.

All the arrangements were thoroughly good; and the amusements were so numerous that the people forgot to think about themselves, so the dignified ones were less dignified, and the vulgar less vulgar, and everyone was inclined to be sociable. Whether the evening's amusements will bear the morning's reflections is another thing.

What will Mrs. Grayham, the solicitor's wife, say when she hears that her "dear girls" have been singing glees with Tom and Harry Smith, the sons of "that horrid Mr. Smith, the draper!" The "dear girls" are neither very young nor particularly attractive; and they are so used to being stranded that to-night they were delighted to take parts with Tom and Harry Smith, especially as they are handsome, agreeable young fellows, and exceptionally good musicians.

What will be the feelings of Mrs. Staunton, the

After all, there was a crimson velvet curtain artistically draped over the entrance to the marquise. Where it came from, and who fixed it, I can't imagine; but I might have known that, if Hilton wanted one, he would get it.

As I lay down my brush, I become aware of a sound of suppressed sobbing in the next room; and slipping quietly in, I find Maggie half-undressed upon the bed, crying bitterly.

"My darling! what is the matter?" I ask, putting



"My darling! what is the matter?"

wife of Dr. Staunton, who drives an elegant carriage, and lives in an aristocratic neighbourhood, when she remembers how familiarly she talked to stout, good-natured Mrs. Simpkin, who lives in quite a small house, and goes about in cabs and omnibuses? But she has seldom found anyone who could sympathise more readily with her about her headache and neuralgia. She is always afraid to talk much before her husband, who is a morose man, but to-night Mr. Bloomfield had induced him to join a party of old and congenial friends in the breakfast-room.

I should not wonder if the Misses Grayham, Mrs. Staunton, and others of their kind, look back upon the party with horror before a week is past, but to-night they certainly enjoyed it.

Julia was a complete failure; she looked at least seven years older than she is, and dreadfully haggard in spite of the rouge. I believe she thought her dress would be remarkably handsome. It must have cost four times as much as Maggie's. But what amount of costliness in dress can give the same charm as early youth and freshness? What amount of study can supply that grace which comes so naturally to a girl with a good figure and a light heart?

my arm tenderly round her, and smoothing the hair from her face.

I am not much given to the use of endearing terms, as I have an affection for them, and don't like them to lose their significance by being used on any but the rarest occasions. So that when I put my arm round her, and say, "*My darling*," it means a great deal—more, perhaps, than she will ever guess!

She must be in a dreadfully nervous state, for she starts violently, and a shudder runs through her whole frame.

"What is it?" I ask again. But instead of answering, she draws herself away from me, and seems to be making a great effort to control her feelings.

"Has anything happened, Maggie?" I repeat.

"Yes, something has happened to me!" she cries passionately. "I have been brought into contact, for the first time in my life, with—" but the sentence ends in a half-smothered sob. "I daresay I shall get over it," she continues, looking restlessly round the room as if it were a cage. "But I can never feel the same again—*never!*"

"Is it so very dreadful, dear?" I inquire.

"I don't know," she replies. "You might not

think it dreadful. I don't know what *others* would think it. I only know that I——" and she buries her face in the pillow.

"Mustn't I know what it is, Maggie?"

"No, I would rather not tell you, please. It is nothing that you could help me in, and I don't want anyone to know. Will you promise me," she entreats earnestly, "not to speak of it to anyone?"

"Certainly, if you wish it!"

"And you will not take any notice of me if I seem—well, rather quieter than usual?"

"My dear, you know that I would not willingly do anything to annoy you."

"Thank you," she says, and seems to expect me to go.

It is hard for me to leave her in such trouble; but as I don't know what has caused it, that is the only thing I can do. So, after a minute's hesitation, I bid her "Good-night," and go back to my own room.

I wish I knew what it is all about. Something connected with Hilton, I'm sure! But I can hardly believe that he has done anything very dreadful; for, though he is not the exalted hero she has imagined, I am sure he is a kind-hearted, honest young fellow. Very likely it is some trifle light as air—something that no one but a romantic girl would give a second thought to!

I have passed through the sentimental stage of existence myself. I have been first warmed, and finally scorched and burnt in its fiery furnace, and I have come out of it, and stand in the cool shade, watching its effect upon others. I have had my fond hopes and bright delusions, my sleepless nights and restless days, my moments of rapture and my hours of agony. Therefore I can sympathise, in a certain calm, dispassionate way, with those who are passing through the same ordeal. I know that it is all a vain delusion; but I also know that to them it is intensely real.

I go to bed feeling quite miserable, like a ridiculous old booby as I am; and lie awake half the night, from an idiotic fancy that by so doing I am somehow preventing her from feeling so lonely as she otherwise

would—a folly of which I sincerely repent on waking up with a bad headache the next morning.

It is a genuine November morning, with the air so full of fog that I can scarcely see across the street. And everybody, with the exception of Mr. Bloomfield, looks in keeping with the weather. I can see the state of Julia's mind at the first glance, from the hideous colour and pattern of her morning dress. I am sure she keeps it on purpose to wear when she is in a bad temper; and, I believe, when it gets worn up, she will go out one morning in a towering passion and buy one still uglier (if that be possible). She seems to take a grim pleasure, at such times, in making herself look as unprepossessing as possible.

Maggie makes an effort to appear the same as usual; but her face bears evident traces of the night's suffering, and her eyes are so swollen that she keeps them persistently fixed on the table, in spite of Hilton's efforts to make her look at him.

Hilton is irritable. And as for me, I could quarrel with anybody—with the two lovers in particular. Why don't they make up their quarrel, if they have had one? It is so irritating to hear them asking each other to pass the salt or the sugar, and making constrained remarks about the weather. I wonder Mr. Bloomfield does not see that there is something wrong; Julia does, and her spirits rise directly.

When breakfast is over she begins a lively conversation with her uncle about yesterday's proceedings. Maggie sits down by the window with a book; and Hilton stands at the other window, playing with the tassel of the blind and making angry dabs at imaginary flies, without the faintest idea of what he is doing.

If Julia would only go out of the room I could soon call Mr. Bloomfield away; and then Hilton would have an opportunity of making that much-needed explanation. Of course she does not go, however; and of course Hilton does go, and announces, moreover, that he will not be home to lunch. And I am left to see that weary little face all day, and to know that I have no power to brighten it.

(To be continued.)

THE SILVER STREAK.

A SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH M. ALFORD, AUTHOR OF "SUNDAY SONNETS."

"The grey hair is a streak of the dawn of the Eternal Day." *



ONE silver streak among the glossy hair,
One line of light along the eastern sky,
Where Night still hangs her purple panoply,
And stars still shine, though with a feebler glare,
As though just fanned by breath of morning air,
Which whispers that the Dawn is drawing nigh,
And that ere long the Sun will mount on high,

And with his radiance their pale lustre scare.
Those silver hairs! we laughed at them erewhile;
Life still seemed young, and white hairs out of place;
But now we greet them with a graver smile,
As 'mid the glossy brown they grow apace,
And, like yon spreading line of silver light,
Foreshow the Eternal Dawn which knows no night,

* See "Sermons on Christian Practice," p. 248, on "The Coming of the Lord," by Dean Alford.



"The bells still chime of meetings,
Still ring down past strife and care."

"CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW."—p. 199.

"IN PERILS OFT."

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.—ADONIRAM JUDSON.



On an October morning in the early part of the present century, a New England youth, a minister's son, some twenty years of age, presented himself before the authorities of Andover Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, and asked to be allowed to attend the classes as an amateur student. He was not a believer in Christianity; he saw no need for a supernatural religion; the foundations of Deism were quite sufficient; if a man only led a good life, why should he fear? Was not a fair life led by himself a more reasonable ground for expecting God's blessing than the best of lives led by another? Nevertheless, he was not at his ease; he had not got down for his foundation to solid rock; and in making his application at Andover, his desire was to get a quiet opportunity of reviewing the whole subject, and of examining leisurely and deliberately all that might be said in favour of Christianity as a supernatural revelation of the will of God.

The result of this examination was very memorable. He not only became convinced of the Divine origin of Christianity, but he accepted Christ personally as his own. Without the excitement of a revival, without the fright of a severe illness or the depression of a sad bereavement, without any striking dream or striking dealing of any kind, his whole soul was turned from his former ways, and he dedicated himself without reserve to the service of God. And as he considered the field of foreign missions to be the sphere where God had most need of him, he determined to be a missionary to the heathen. The American Foreign Mission Board, which had just been formed, favoured his offer, and in 1810, Adoniram Judson was virtually invested with the office of missionary, though his destination could not be fixed at the time.

It was thought desirable that in the first instance he should make a voyage to England, confer with the directors of the London Missionary Society, and bring back such information to the newly constituted Board in the States as would enable it to settle the destination not only of himself, but of some other students who had offered their services in the same cause.

From New York to England was not quite so simple a voyage then as in these days of monster steamships and four hundred miles a day. And storms and sea-sickness were not the only foes. Setting sail from New York on New Year's Day, 1811, the ship was speedily captured by a French privateer, *L'Invincible Napoléon*. Poor Judson was at once consigned to the hold of the new ship among the French sailors.

What with sea-sickness, inability to speak to anyone, the sense of captivity, and the wretchedness of his quarters, he was like to lose heart altogether. But the thought came to him that all this might be intended as a trial of his faith and constancy, and he determined in God's strength to bear it. Fumbling in the dusky chamber for his Hebrew Bible, he occupied himself mentally in turning the Hebrew into Latin. One day the ship's doctor observing the Hebrew Bible lying open, addressed Judson in Latin, and through that language he was able to explain his position. This brought him a berth in the upper cabin, and a seat at the captain's table. But when at length landed at Bayonne, in France, he found himself marched through the streets with the crew of the packet, and lodged in a dark, dismal underground prison. It was a striking though comparatively slight foreshadowing of what he had afterwards to endure in far-off Burmah. On the damp floor was strewn a quantity of straw, loathsome and repulsive. Judson could only pace up and down, hour after hour, till at last an American gentleman who had seen him, entered the prison. By a good-natured stratagem he got Judson, who was a little man, under his cloak, brought him unobserved outside, and when fairly beyond the precincts of the prison, bade him—Run! At last he got to our shores. In England, his small, delicate figure, round, rosy cheeks, chestnut eyes and hair, made him look very youthful, but created an impression in his favour. He was possessed of a voice, however, strong and loud out of all proportion to the rest of him, which gave occasion to the remark of an eccentric minister who had asked him to take some part in a public service; introducing him to the congregation as one whose purpose it was to devote himself to the conversion of the heathen, he added, "And if his faith is proportioned to his voice he will drive the devil from all India."

Returning to America, he married Anne Hasseltine, a woman who afterwards, in the most awful circumstances of trial and calamity, manifested such a spirit of heroism, energy, and courage as has placed her name in the very first rank of noble women. Their destiny was India. Arrived at Calcutta, with other missionaries, they were peremptorily ordered by the East India Company authorities to leave the country and return to America. They begged to be allowed to go to the Isle of France; at first the request was granted, and some of them sailed in a little vessel too small to carry them all. After two months' further waiting, the Judsons were again ordered to England. But finding a vessel bound for the Isle of France, they went on board at their own risk; but had only gone two days down the river when they were ordered back. Somehow they contrived after all to get their passage. Tossed thus from place to place, they at last found themselves at Rangoon. A miserable voyage had brought

Mrs. Judson to the gates of death. Rangoon looked so wretched that both of them almost wished they might die. Their faith rallied, however, and henceforth the name of Judson was inseparably linked with the Empire of Burmah—the Apostle of which he may be said to have been. Mrs. Judson's health was long very delicate. Her first babe had been buried in the waters of the Indian Ocean, after the Anglo-Indian persecution; her second had his bed in the jungle graveyard at Rangoon. Her friend and companion, Mrs. Newell, had died after being driven from India; and at Rangoon they heard of the terrible affliction that befell Dr. Carey, when, by the upsetting of a

most appalling consequences at the hands of the king. On the 8th of June, 1824, just as he and his wife were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one whom, from his spotted face, they knew to be an executioner. This fellow seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and producing a small cord, a well-known instrument of torture, fastened it round his arms. Poor Mrs. Judson tried by offering money to get him to slacken the cord; but the wretch, with a kind of hellish glee, only tightened it, and when he had dragged him a little way from the house, threw him again to the ground,



"Judson could only pace up and down, hour after hour."—p. 202.

vessel, his wife, children, and servants were all drowned, and he only escaped by the skin of his teeth.

But their experience was not all trials. Goodness and mercy did often follow them, and they got on with their work. Language mastered, the New Testament translated, inquirers attracted, and converts gained, testified that the great Master was still with his servants. A bright morning had arisen on the mission.

But again the horizon darkened. And it darkened fearfully. They had left Rangoon and settled in Ava, the capital of Burmah. War broke out between Burmah and Britain. A British army, under Sir Archibald Campbell, invaded the Burmese territory. The king and his advisers were excited to the utmost extremity of rage; and their fury fell on any foreign residents who might be supposed to have any connection with the British. Mr. Judson was an American, but he spoke English, and was thus identified with Great Britain, and doomed to suffer the

and drew the cord still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration. By order of the king he was committed to the death prison, which meant that he was condemned to die unless his most gracious majesty should be pleased to spare him.

And what a hell that prison was! Each prisoner was confined by three pairs of iron fetters, and all were fastened to a long pole to prevent their moving. The bare, hard, damp floor was all their bed, and as they lay, without even a log for a pillow, the misery of the situation, the pain of the heavy fetters eating into their flesh and crushing the foot nearest the ground, the twisting and turning of the poor wretches seeking a relief that could in no way be found, formed a picture of wretchedness that even imagination could hardly surpass.

And poor Mrs. Judson, alone, in feeble health, looking for the birth of a babe that would replace those that had succumbed to previous hardships, and brutally threatened with the same fate as her husband's, had to bear the thought and sight of all this,

without the power to help it! But whatever she could do, she did right nobly. Day by day, in spite of heat and fatigue, she trudged in her feebleness the two weary miles between her house and the prison, got leave to go to the door, where her husband would crawl to meet her, brought food to him and the other missionaries, and strove in every way to make their situation endurable. By great exertion, and a copious use of

hardly ever recalled any previous occurrence of her life, or remembered that she had a friend in existence out of Ava. Her greatest distress was not so much concern for the present as anxiety for the fate awaiting the prisoners. In the midst of these tortures, six months after the beginning of the captivity, her little daughter was born—a pale, puny thing, that seemed to be always wailing. Her visits



"The prisoners had been carried off, no one knew whither."

what money she had, she got them removed from the inner prison to an open shed in the enclosure. The hours not spent in the prison were employed by her in going hither and thither, and using her utmost influence with anyone whom she knew connected with the Court to obtain her husband's release. It was all in vain. For eighteen months the weary captivity dragged its slow length along. Barbarians are always suspicious, and the plea on which the missionaries were confined was, that they were spies in the employment of the English Government, and were giving information to the enemy. When she would return to her home utterly exhausted, after a day of fruitless intercession, Mrs. Judson could but throw herself on her rocking-chair and wonder in what new direction she might put forth her energies. So utterly absorbed was she with the one subject of thought, that she

along with the infant touched the father's heart to the quick, and he mentally composed some verses addressed to his child, which were afterwards written down; as if the child should wonder why her first sight of her father should be in a prison, wearing the fetters of a felon, as if he had been a thief or a murderer.

Meanwhile the English army was advancing through the country, repelling the troops of the King of Burmah, and moving nearer and nearer to the capital. General after general was defeated, and the case became grave indeed. Defeat had no good effect on the royal temper, and the royal temper had no good effect on the condition of the prisoners. One day, when Mrs. Judson came as usual with her husband's breakfast, she found to her dismay that the prisoners had been carried off, no one knew whither,

After great distress and much searching, she at last discovered that they had been taken to Oung-pen-la. Their journey thither was terrible. Mr. Judson, who had recently been ill of fever, had been dragged from his bed, stripped of nearly all his clothes, tied by a rope to another prisoner, and driven to Oung-pen-la, on one of the hottest days of the year, a distance of eight miles. His feet were blistered at the very beginning; at the end they were raw flesh, and he was in high fever. One of the prisoners died on the way. Poor Mrs. Judson now found herself assailed by new terrors. Living in a dirty, wretched shed, a girl who was with her was seized with severe small-pox; then her little daughter took the disease; and, in a mild form, she took it herself. By-and-by she was prostrated by an illness of two months. She was as near despair as a Christian woman could be. But for the consolations of religion and the assurance that all was ordered by infinite love and mercy, her trials could not have been borne. Often, amid her sufferings, she would be exposed to the greedy and worrying demands of the gaolers. The extortions, oppressions, and other provocations of that period were beyond enumeration and description.

And within the prison there was much more to bear than personal pain and privation. Prisoners were often dying of disease, and still more frequently suffering the horrors of starvation. The Ava gaoler had on his breast the brand of "murderer," his nickname was "the Tiger-cat," and he was one of the most hideous and disgusting wretches that ever bore the human form. He had a delight in torturing his prisoners. He would bring down his hammer with a jest when fastening manacles, put his arms round them as if they were his children, in order to give them a pinch, and study torture as the most comical of arts. Once a strange novelty was practised in the art of torture. The king had received from some foreigners the present of a lion, which was at first a great favourite. By-and-by, as the English victories were constantly multiplying, and it was known that they had the figure of a lion on their standards, it began to be believed that they had some demon ally at Court that brought them good luck, and suspicion fell on the lion! The unfortunate beast was removed in his cage to the prison yard. The queen's brother had given directions to starve him. Day by day he writhed in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding with his fearful struggles, while his roar seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of terror through the hearts of the spectators. The gaoler said it was the British lion ineffectually struggling against the conquering Burmans. But all was in vain; the British army went on conquering and to conquer, and were now threatening that, unless the Burmese submitted, they would lay their capital in ashes.

At length the time of deliverance came. The Government thought that Judson might be of use

in treating with the British and procuring for them easier terms. But when he was liberated, an effort was made to detain his wife. By-and-by both were under British protection. Sir Archibald Campbell treated them with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and so did every British officer with whom they came into contact. The era of keen suffering had passed away, though Judson never ceased to bear the marks of his fetters, of which at one time he had borne no fewer than five pairs.

The mission was now transferred to Amherst, in the Tenasserim Provinces, which had been ceded to Britain. At a later period it was transferred to Maulmain. Judson was induced to pay a visit to Ava, at the request of the Commissioner, in the hope of forwarding arrangements there that would have been helpful to the missionary cause. In his absence Mrs. Judson was attacked by a most violent fever, which cut her off on the 24th of October, 1826. The news of this bereavement was almost beyond his power of endurance. Never had husband enjoyed more abundant tokens of the love and devotion of woman. Never had a time of dark and bitter bondage been more brightened by the unwearied and most tender sympathy of a ministering angel. And now when the long storm was over, and the sky was turning bright, and the cheering prospect lay before them of many years of joyful fellowship, of happy co-operation in Christian work, and of mutual enjoyment of their little daughter in her bright, budding childhood, another thunderbolt from the dark cloud shattered all, and left him more desolate and more sad than he had ever been in the darkest days of his prison-torture. And when he returned home, it was to lay the little child by her mother's side.

The effect of all this experience on Dr. Judson was very marked. He felt as if all the ties that bound him to earth were broken. Of his title through his blessed Lord to the eternal inheritance he had never doubted. But he knew that he was far, far from being meet to be a partaker of that inheritance. Henceforward, his great desire was that he might walk more worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called. He desired to suppress every habit, every thought and imagination that might interfere with his complete consecration of himself to the will and work of God. He sought to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Life. How well this earnest purpose was realised his future life abundantly showed. In the success of his mission work in Burmah he had his reward. His life ended in 1850. In declining health he had gone on a voyage. But it was not the angel of health, but the angel of death he met there. His death took place at sea amid great bodily suffering, but his mind was serene and joyful. On the resurrection morning he, like his first-born child, will be among those who come forth when the sea gives up the dead that are therein.



"Blow ye the Trumpet, Blow."



Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by W. H. LONGHURST, Mus.D.
(Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.)

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow:— The glad-ly so-lemn sound

Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound The

year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

2.

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN MONTREAL

BY MRS. CLARK MURRAY.



PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that as resemblance implies contrast, so contrast implies resemblance, and it is probably upon this law in the human mind that the civilised world has come to base its acceptance of cold, snow, shivering, and loneliness without, as the most successful representatives of warmth, kindness, plenty, and hospitality within. If it be that the colder the scene without, the keener the suggestion of happiness within, then the brightest and merriest Christmas should be in the coldest country, and our cousins in the southern hemisphere must continue to open their hampers from "Home" in a sweltering heat, while their relations in the lands of ice and snow revel in the pleasures of contrast.

In Canada the preference for a settled cold is so decided that it creates a half-inclination to postpone Christmas till the land is well covered with a closely woven blanket of snow. Generally speaking, there is little doubt about it; for long before Santa Claus is ready to leave his northern workshops, the roofs of the houses may be so smothered over that he can with difficulty get down the chimneys. Occasionally, however, the Indians may note the habits of the beaver, and the weather prophet may quote the preparations of the Indians; but Nature is a fickle mistress, and waits neither upon calendar nor probabilities. November frosts make promises only to be broken by December thaws. The winter may be "on," as the Canadian says, and rivers converted into roads by the Feast of St. Andrew; or there may be a "green Yuletide," the snow, even when started on its journey, playing by the way, the flakes chasing each other in the air, pirouetting and coquetting with the earth—half-minded to return to their home in the sky.

On a still night and cold the St. Lawrence "takes:" that is, it freezes over. Some snow already fallen is "lying;" that is, it has not melted, and a fresh fall is the only thing necessary to brighten up the streets and make the sleighing perfect. On the night before Christmas Eve we consult "Old Prob," and find that there is to be a "rapidly falling temperature, with more snow on the Upper St. Lawrence region." Before retiring to rest a peep outside assures us that the meteorological forecast is correct. The first flakes are quietly and gently falling.

The bells break in upon our early morning dreams. No rumbling of vehicles, no clatter of wheels on the causeway! The very stillness rouses us from slumber. We dress without a shiver—for the house has been kept comfortably warm through the night

—and go to the window to look out; but a deep crusting of ice on the glass of the outer window—not of a delicate lace texture, but of a thick velvety material—hides everything from our view. We descend to breakfast without running the gauntlet of a foggy staircase and draughts of damp air from open windows. The feeling is of June rather than of December. Breakfast over, we prepare to go to market, a duty which the Canadian housekeeper performs in person, and not by deputy. A thermometer outside the window tells us the temperature is 15° below zero, and a glance at a neighbouring chimney-pot reveals the comforting fact that there is no wind; for a day below zero without wind is more to be desired than one above it with even a moderate air stirring. We fortify our feet carefully against the frost, wrap ourselves in coat, hat, and mits of fur, fashioned not only comfortably but elegantly, and drawing a "cloud" over the ears and partly over the face, we step into the waiting sleigh. The horses are impatiently pawing the fresh snow, and throwing it about like dust. The driver resembles a mummy in fur, his eyes only alive. A skin or robe of fur is under our feet, another is gathered closely



THE SLEIGH DRIVER.

over our knees and fastened cosily to the sleigh, and we are off.

It is still snowing heavily. But to the Canadian

the snow is a friend, and not an enemy. Without it the country is bleak and bare, and the people look cold and miserable. With it the roads are good, the streets are gay, business is brisk, and contentment is general. Every house has its shoveller at work, and a path is quickly made, the spare snow being piled up between the pavement and the street. Hundreds of children are out with tiny brooms and shovels building Lilliputian houses and forts, or gliding on their sleds hither and thither like water-spiders. The streets are alive with people more artistically besnowed than Santa Claus himself. The air is gay with bells. There are milk-sleighs, muffin-sleighs, bakers', grocers', and butchers' sleighs dashing round the corners to the terror of old ladies. Rich merchants, in costly bearskins, with prancing horses in silver-mounted harness, nod to their less assuming friends in the crowded street-sleighs. Here an organ-grinder stands in the cold by his hand-sleigh load of reeds, and there, on the sunny side of the thoroughfare, is a regiment of nursery sleighs, with round balls of soft and warm babyhood smothered in furs. Here a sad procession winds its way to the acre of God; and there a tandem club, with sparkling bells, drives through the fashionable promenades and away across the river. We follow in its track through the public squares to the quaint old Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours. Close by is the Bonsecours market, the oldest and largest public market in Montreal.



SANTA CLAUS IN CANADA.

Representatives of the capital and of the labour of the country elbow each other in the motley crowd, testing the qualities and comparing the prices of eggs and poultry, butter and fish, fruits and vegetables. In the centre is a large stone building, around which booths and sleighs are closely packed, the horses of the latter being stabled for convenience and safety. On the ground floor are the fish and pork stalls, the oyster and pastry vendors, sweets and toys, baskets and crockery, home-grown nuts and apples. Had we come in July or August we should have seen unlimited quantities of strawberries, cherries, raspberries, blueberries and grapes, grown at the liberty of their own sweet will in the woods and meadows, picked by the French peasantry, and sent here for sale. The first floor is occupied from end to end by butchers, fifty or a hundred of them, all French, "fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights," with aprons partly converted into money-bags, and the requisites at hand for amusement when the bustle is over. Prize mutton and Christmas beef are piled high and low around the stalls. The men with their assistants are cutting and chopping to suit the varied tastes of their customers, and rows of flat, uncovered baskets are filled awaiting despatch by sleighs outside. No small matter this despatch must be, for the butcher delivers not only his beef and mutton, but everything else the housekeeper has purchased in the market. Curiosity leads us to examine more closely a purchase which is about to be sent home. It consists of four baskets and five packages. In the first basket we find a roast of beef, two tongues, a couple of kidneys, some slices of beef-steak, and a piece of salted beef. The second displays half a sheep cut into roasts and chops, bacon, ham, and some pork sausages. Another has a haddock, a cod, three turkeys, two pairs of chickens, a fat goose, with partridge, pigeon, and duck. The fourth contains three flower-pots, some tin culinary utensils, and sundry packages, probably made up of pears, oranges, lemons, and bananas. In addition to these there are a basket of carrots, a basket of eggs, a bag of potatoes, a bunch of dried herbs, and a box of honey, all of which the butcher's boy must deliver at one address by the simple and sole aid of a small white label stuck on the roast of beef.

The air here is damp and miserably cold. The men stamp their feet and slap their hands, although the latter are protected by thick woollen mits. We hasten to reach the outside. The snow has ceased, and the sun shines in a sky of unclouded blue. As far as the eye can see, there is a succession of sleighs of every description, completely surrounding the centre building and filling the adjacent streets, having come from various parts of the Island of Montreal and from the other side of the river. They are attended by hardy French farmers, accompanied by their wives and daughters, who are now throwing back their head-wraps and shaking the dry, crisp snow from their shoulders. All are engaged in making the best possible bargains for their butter and cheese, eggs and poultry, grain and vegetables, cakes of frozen milk and cream, home-spun yarns, home-knitted mittens and stockings, and home-woven



THE MARKET, MONTREAL.

carpets and towellings. They have a passion for bargaining—the chase more than the game—and we never dream of cheating them of their opportunity. A sallow, black-eyed woman asks a dollar and a half for her turkey, and shrugs her shoulders at a dollar and a quarter; but the show of an inclination to split the difference suffuses a radiant satisfaction over her face, and the bargain is concluded with a "*C'est bon*" at a dollar and forty cents.

Before leaving we take a look at the river, the great St. Lawrence. Two months ago a forest of masts lined its shores, and ships of all nations were beating up against the heavy current. Merchandise from every part of the globe lay in heaps on the wharves, and formed a shelter for European immigrants, who, seated on the small bundles which comprised their household goods, were sadly shaping their future lives out of the scattered fragments of the past. Well for them that they did not heed the benedictions hurled at them by the rough stevedores as they toiled over their cargoes. Now all are gone—the steamship with its screeching, the train with its bells, the light-hearted sailor and the heavy-hearted exile, the honest and the dishonest, the gay and the sad, the arrival and the departure, with their smiles and their tears. The blue laughing water is gone with its sparkle, the pilots and tugs with their puffing and roaring, the very wharves are gone—idle, useless, covered, hidden. Gone the days and nights of summer. The year itself is well-nigh gone, and the winter has come to the water, to trade, to life. All is changed. Roads are mapped out on the frozen river skirted by trees to mark the path, and a

railway on the ice has taken the place of the ferries. Brightly coloured cutters and carriages with pleasure-seekers, and heavy loads of wood and hay for market, are crossing in every direction. Here and there an Iroquois Indian is fishing through the ice in his hut, with a rousing fire to warm himself; and far off, near the frozen rapids, gangs of men and horses are cutting the ice into huge blocks and harvesting it for the heat of the coming summer. The Frenchman and his wife are tracing their way with their Christmas dinner home to their expectant children, and away beyond are the mountains and the endless ice and snow.

But it is cold—so cold! Gladly do we return to our sleigh, and wrap ourselves, envelop ourselves, almost disappear in our furs. Scarcely do we pause to glance at the decorations of the busy shops, the hurry of the people as they stamp and brush the snow from their feet, or the bowing and nodding of friends amid the jingling and tinkling bells. The whole air is resounding with goodwill towards men. We cannot linger over the Christmas gathering that awaits us: the cosy hearth, the rosy lights, the happy faces round the children's trees. We turn off the clamouring thoroughfare into the quiet lanes—to the homes, the refuges, the asylums, to cheer and gladden the lonely, the joyless, the neglected; and at eventide when the great cathedral is ringing with song, when Christmas Eve is trembling into Christmas morn, we kneel amid the faithful and breathe one humble harmony into the praise of the herald angels as they sing, "Glory to the new-born King."

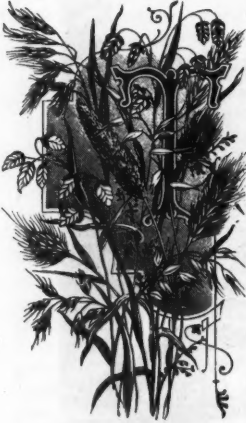
MARGARET POLSON MURRAY.



THE HOUSEHOLDER'S PSALM.

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON BY MATTHEW HENRY.

"O when wilt Thou come unto me?"—PSALM ci. 2.



THESE words may be looked upon as spoken by David, the sweetsinger of Israel, either (first) in his personal capacity, as he was a saint, and then they show what is the great thing that a gracious heart pants and breathes after—namely, the presence of God, which it should seem at this time David wanted, or, at least, wanted the comfort of. Note, God may sometimes, in ap-

pearance at least, withdraw Himself from His people, and seem to be at a distance from them. Christ Himself upon the cross experienced this truth when He groaned out His "Lama sabachthani—why hast Thou forsaken Me?" If this be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

When God is withdrawn, the child of God thinks the time long till He comes again. David does not at all question God's coming to him. No; faith says, "Though He be gone, He will come again," but only desires that it may be hastened: "*When wilt Thou come?*" As the saints desire to come to God hereafter, so they desire to have God come to them here. "The Spirit and the bride—the Spirit in the bride saith—Come, come, even so come quickly;" "Make haste, my beloved," is the natural language of grace. And is this the language of our hearts? A wicked man cannot truly desire God to come to him, knowing that if God comes to him He comes in anger, and therefore he wails when he sees Him come. (Rev. i. 7.) But to a child of God nothing more welcome; his heart is ready for Him, the everlasting doors are lifted up for the King of Glory to come in, and glad of such a Guest.

Or in a public capacity as a magistrate; for this Psalm is penned to a royal tune (v. 8). Some think it was penned before his coming to the throne, and then "*When wilt Thou come?*" is "*When wilt Thou make good Thy promise which Thou hast given me of the kingdom?*" And truly he had reason to say, "*When wilt Thou come to me?*" for it was a long time, and a sad time, with David, between his anointing and his possession of the kingdom. Some read it, "I will behave myself wisely until Thou come; I know Thou wilt come; Thou art slow but sure, and I will endeavour to carry myself aright till Thou dost come." And we find that he did so. (1 Sam. xviii. 14.) David behaved himself wisely in all his ways: he did his duty, and left the event to God. Others think he penned it after his coming

to the crown, and then he earnestly desires God to come to him, first, to establish his kingdom to him, and to subdue his enemies before him, which he could never have done as he did without the presence of the Lord of Hosts. It was He that went upon the top of the mulberry trees. (2 Sam. v. 24.) Secondly, to assist him in the performance of the duty of his kingdom: "O that Infinite Wisdom would come and help me to behave myself wisely." Observe how abruptly this comes in here, in the midst of his resolutions, like that of Jacob. (Gen. xlix. 18.) In the midst of his speaking his purposes to others he turns to God to speak his requests to Him for aid and assistance, as knowing that without that all his purposes would be to no purpose. Thirdly, to give him the comfort of all his enjoyments; for a kingdom, a world, is nothing, to a gracious soul, without God.

Or in his private capacity as a master of a family, for it follows, "I will walk within *my house*," God having called him to a house of his own, he humbly desires God to come and dwell with him in it: "Oh, when wilt Thou come unto me?" The presence of God is a very desirable thing in a house or family. I shall show, first, what the presence of God is; secondly, prove it very desirable; thirdly, what we must do that we may have it.

Firstly, what the presence of God is. His common presence, whereby He is everywhere, excludet out of no place, included in no place, and thus is in the most wicked house in the country, and sees and registers, and will one day severely reckon, for all the wickedness that is in families. His special presence, and that is meant here: the presence of His love, grace, and blessing, His covenant presence—such a presence as is promised to be where two or three are gathered together in His name (St. Matt. xviii. 20)—such a presence as was in the house of Obed-edom when the ark was there, such a presence as went down with Jacob into Egypt (Gen. xli. 4), such a presence as was with Joshua in his wars (Jos. i. 9), and with David in his, according to his desire. David behaved himself wisely according to this purpose of his, and the Lord was with him according to this prayer of his.

Secondly, to prove it desirable, we shall consider what kind of presence the presence of God is, and then you shall judge if it be not desirable. Firstly, it is a *guiding* presence. Where God is He is as a director (Ps. lxxiii. 23); "I am continually with thee." What then? Why (v. 24), "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel." We have often need of guidance when we know not what to do, as the phrase is. (2 Chron. xx. 12.) Not what to do in point of *duty*: what we must do then, God directs by His Word and Spirit, and His deputy, conscience, making the way of duty plain, resolving our doubts, satisfying our

scruples, showing us the way, and, which is more, leading us in it; and is not this desirable?

Not what to do in point of event. What we shall do then God directs by His Providence, opening a door where we saw none, extricating us out of difficulties when we knew not how to do it for ourselves. Where God is, He is a pillar of fire and cloud, in every wilderness eyes to the blind. And have not families need of this guidance in family affairs (Job v. 24), and shall not err? Secondly, it is a *guarding presence*. Where God dwells in the house, He is a wall of fire about the house. It is the Lord that keeps the city. (Ps. cxxvii. 1.) The inhabitants of the house where God dwells abide under the shadow of the Almighty (Ps. xci. 1), and is not that a precious privilege? When God is in the house angels pitch their tents round about (Ps. xxxiv. 7), and these are a better guard than ever a prince or potentate in the world hath. (Ps. cxxi. 4, 5.)

Thirdly, *He is a supplying presence*. As nothing truly and really evil can lie upon, so nothing truly and really good can be wanting to, that house and family where God is. When the fountain of good comes, the streams come with Him, so that whatever a child of God lacks at any time, he may be assured it is not good for him, and then better to be without it. (Rev. iii. 20.) "And he with me." God is a Guest that brings not only His own entertainment, but entertainment that lets Him in along with him. When God comes to a house-warming—pardon the country expression—He brings a royal present along with Him, like that of Hazeal's to Elisha (2 Kings viii. 9), of every good thing. (Phil. iv. 19; Ps. xliii. 6.)

It is a *supporting presence*. Whilst we are in this world we have not only our wants, but our burdens, pains, sicknesses, hopes, crosses, disappointments—these are burdens, family burdens, which we are often groaning under. Now, where God is in a family He will either take off these burdens, or, which comes all to one, He will sustain us under them. He will either lighten the load, or strengthen the shoulder. (Deut. xxxiii. 27; Ps. xliii.) David comforts himself with this, when he was in the valley of the shadow of death, in very great trouble—that God was with him as a Shepherd, and there were His rod and staff. Shepherds use a staff to bear up the weary sheep—but God, the great, the good Shepherd, carries His lambs in His arms. (Isa. xl. 11.) Where God is, he will not be wanting of inward spiritual support under outward temporal burden of what kind soever.

His presence makes all sweet; it sweetens all family crosses. These are things which we must count upon and look for here in this world; but the presence of God takes out the sting, the bitterness of every affliction. It is that that puts honey on every rod; it is that that is alone the comfort of every child of God in all conditions. See that promise (Isa. xliii. 2), "When thou passest through the waters." Secondly, it sweetens all family comforts. It is the

presence of God that is the sugar of all our enjoyments. What are relations and friends without God?—*a spread table, a full cup, a warm house, a soft bed*, without God? Mercies are then sweet when we can see them come not from a hand of common Providence, but from a hand of special Love. It is the covenant—or rather God in the covenant—that puts milk into the breasts, wine into the bottles of all creature comforts. All creatures are that to us that God makes them.

His presence makes all successful. When God was with Joseph, though in the narrow sphere of a prison, all that he did was made to prosper. (Gen. xxxix. 23.) The presence of God in a house makes all the affairs to prosper, the corn and cattle to prosper, and all to prosper as far as will be for good. It is promised (Ps. i. 3) as part of the blessing. (Job xxii. 28; Ps. xxxvii. 4, 5; Deut. xxviii. 3.) If Laban's family prospered while Jacob was there, much more will that family prosper where the God of Jacob is. The Psalmist gives us (in Ps. cxliv. 12–14) a picture of outward prosperity, and his heart was beginning to bless the covetous, and to say, Happy is the people that is in such a case; but he soon corrects himself, and says, Happy is the people whose God is the Lord, for they have all this either in kind or kindness.

And now tell me if the presence of God be not very desirable in a house. Let me direct you what to do, that you may have this presence of God in your houses. I hope you are convinced that it is desirable, and are truly willing to do anything that you may have it. *Then, first*—if you would have God come to you, you must invite Him to come. Send a special messenger to the Throne of Grace, humbly to desire the Divine presence. Breathe out those words of David, "O when wilt Thou come unto me?" God will not come uninvited. You will scarce come to a friend's house that does not desire your company. In the Gospel we find Christ once at a wedding, but then He was called. (St. John ii. 2.) If the Divine presence be not worth the asking, it is not worth the having, and then it is worth nothing.

Make an errand, then, to God to entreat Him that He would be pleased to come under your roof. Go to Him, and tell Him you have a house at His service, and that you will think it an uncomfortable house if He does not come and dwell with you in it. Tell Him He shall be heartily welcome to the best you have, and you are sorry you have no better. Be earnest with Him; resolve to have no nay. When Solomon had built a house, he made a solemn business of inviting God to it (2 Chron. vi. 41), and had a gracious answer. This is called dedicating a house, passing over the right of it to God and to His service, and where that is done in sincerity God will be sure to take possession. Open the gates, then, to let Him in (Ps. xxiv.), and say, as Laban to Abraham's servant, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." (Gen. xxiv. 31.)

Secondly, if you would have God come and dwell

in your houses, you must bid Him welcome into your hearts, for it is the heart that God calls for. If you had a thousand houses, and should give all to God, and should bid Him welcome into them all, if you should not give Him your heart you give Him nothing. Where God shall not be a heart-guest He will not be a house-guest. Plainly thus: if you would have God come to you, you must get Him to be your Friend, and then He will be sure to come; and how must that be but by making Christ yours? by a true and lively faith closing with Him, accepting of Him, making Him your Friend, and then God in Him will be your Friend too. Is this work done, or is it not? If not, *do it*, and do it quickly, as you tender the welfare of your family, for till this be done God will never come near you nor your house neither. Christ is said to dwell in the heart by faith. (Eph. iii. 17.) Now, when Christ dwells in the heart by faith, then, and not till then, God will dwell in the house. Now, what say you to this? If you would have God come to you, you must come to Him. Behold, He calls you—do you come at His call, and then He will come at yours. Admit Christ into your hearts; put the key into His hands; let Him have possession of every corner of it, for assure yourselves you cannot have a better guest.

Thirdly, if you would have God come to your houses, you must keep them clean swept from all sinful pollutions; for what fellowship hath light with darkness, Christ with Belial, or God with sin? Sin is the only one thing that God hates, and therefore He will have nothing to do with those hearts, with those houses, in which that is uppermost. Will you lodge the traitor, the rebel, in the best chamber, and then invite the Prince to your house? (Job xxii. 23.) "Thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles." As you must not be wicked yourselves, so you must see that none of yours be wicked. You must use your authority with children and servants to keep them from sin. Remember Eli, how dear the indulgence of his sons cost him. There is a terrible Scripture (Prov. iii. 33): "*The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked.*" Those that are house-keepers, if they be sin-keepers, the curse of God, the eternal God (hear this and tremble) will rest upon them and their house. Will God dwell there where drunkenness and uncleanness are, where cursing and swearing, where lying and Sabbath-breaking are? You know He will not. Therefore have nothing to do with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them, especially in those under your charge, for to them you are reprovers by office. What has God given you your authority for but that you may use it against sin? Take pattern by holy Jacob. (Gen. xxxv. 2.) He said to his household, "Put away the strange gods that are among you." And holy David, in this Psalm (verses 3, 4, 5, 7), which is the householder's Psalm.

Fourthly, if you would have God to dwell in your houses, you must furnish them and make them ready

for His entertainment. The Shunamite woman, when she would have the prophet lodge under her roof, provided prophet's furniture for him—a bed and a table, a stool and candlestick—and then he turned in thither. Now, there are two things which you must set up and keep up in your house for God—a *throne* and an *altar*.

You must set up a throne for Him; you and your house must be truly willing to be governed by Him in everything; for God will not dwell there where He shall not rule. He will not be a Guest where He shall not be a King. Where He shall not be all in all He will be nothing at all. Let not those expect His blessing that will not bear His yoke. God will have the uppermost place in the heart and in the house too, or else He will have none; for, take this from me, God will come nowhere to be an underling. Now, what say you to this? Are you willing to have Him upon these terms? Will you promise that, by the grace of God, sin shall not rule over you, the world shall not rule you? For (see St. Luke xvi. 13) God will not come to that house where the love of the world reigns. I dare to say He will not, for the friends of the world are enemies to God (James iv. 4), and God's enemies will not have Him to reign over them (St. Luke xix.), and then He will never come near them unless to their ruin.

You must set up an altar for Him, and it must be a smoking one. I mean this: if you would have God dwell with you, you must set up and keep up the daily worship of God in your families. He expects and requires a Lamb in the morning and a Lamb in the evening. You know what was Joshua's resolution. (Jos. xxiv. 15.) Let it be yours. Pray with your families; read the Scriptures to them; sing psalms—these are the three great family duties; and see that none of them be neglected; which of them is not very profitable and very comfortable? Take some time, also, to catechise your children and servants; teach them the good knowledge of the Lord. God has committed them to your charge, and expects from you an account of them. Remember, also, to make a business and to make a conscience of family worship. Be diligent and serious in it; consider what a God you have to deal with, and carry it accordingly in all your performances. Be careful to time duty aright. It is usually the earlier the better, both morning and evening. Let not worldly affairs crowd family worship into a corner, or make you omit any part of it or huddle it over slightly. Especially be careful to sanctify the Sabbath in your houses as well as in church. The Fourth Commandment seems to be directed especially to masters of families—"Thou and thy son," etc., etc. If thou be careful and conscientious in this matter, go on and prosper, and be assured *the Lord is with thee*.

Fifthly, if you would have God dwell in your families, you must be very careful in the performance of the duty of your family relations, as superiors,

inferiors, and equals, always remembering that we are that really that we are relatively. Study the law of the Fifth Commandment, and be obedient to it. There is great duty in the conjugal relation. The husband's duty is to love his wife even as himself; the wife's duty is to be obedient to her husband in the Lord; the duty of both is to do all they can to help one another to heaven—to pray together and to be concerned for the welfare of one another's soul. Parents' duty is to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Masters' duty is to give their servants that which is just and equal. Children are to obey their parents, and servants their masters, in the Lord. These duties

are often mentioned in the Epistles, to show the stress God lays upon them. The great family duty is mutual love and unity. (Ps. cxxxiii.)

To conclude. Now you see what you must do to have the presence of God with you in your houses; and I think, in showing you what kind of presence that is, I have said enough to persuade you to it. Now, will you be persuaded to it? If you will, be assured that God will certainly come to you, and take up His abode with you, *be your house never so mean in this world*. You shall shortly go to Him and take up abode with Him in a better world. With which words comfort yourselves and one another.

THE FLYING SKULL.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

SINCE the memorable day when Mr. Ahithophel and his friend ejected Henry Soames from Blaystone Manor, that property had many owners. It never, as we have already said, continued long in any one person's hands. One left it thinking the neighbourhood too dull, and another making out that it was damp; a third was annoyed by the crows, and a fourth didn't care for the scenery. But so it was; none made it their home, until at last the place, being sold always for less and less, had been purchased by its present owner for some five-and-twenty thousand pounds. This gentleman also did not stay very long. He was now,

at the time of which we write, actually on the wing; he had a child who was dying, and he was anxious to find a home in a warmer climate.

Evelyn Despard, the only daughter of the present owner, was about the same age as Elspeth Soames, but, unlike Elspeth, she was a fragile, delicate child; all the more dear, no doubt, to her father, who seemed to single her out from the rest of the family as his one special care. Sir Joseph Despard might be said to devote most of his life to that child. And indeed, for the matter of that, her brothers in their way did the same, for she was their only sister, and their one great fear in life was lest Evelyn should die; and then what would become of them all?

Very fond was Evelyn of all these boys. What mischief did she keep some out of! what encouragement did her simple words give others of them to do right! how capacious was her little heart to hold all their

sorrows! how ready her hand to help in mending horses' reins, and making sails for boats, and being all things to all boys!

But fond as Evelyn was of the boys, when she fell ill she seemed to crave some girl like herself, and that girl she found in Elspeth Soames.

True, Elspeth was below her in rank. True, she had not had the education which in matters of accomplishment would have made her a suitable companion in all points for a sick child; but it was not now a question of such things with Sir Joseph Despard: it



(P. 215.)

was one of whatever his Evelyn liked; and she liked Elspeth; and so the sexton's granddaughter was almost installed at the Manor, she was there so often.

For Evelyn Despard and Elspeth Soames were kindred spirits; they both loved the flowers, and the clouds, and the trees, and everybody. They both loved to talk sometimes dreamily of the angels and the holy people in heaven; each also loved the romance of the great warriors of fairy tales, and each in her own childish way loved mysteries of every kind.

The boys no doubt were very dear to Evelyn, and she entered into all their games, and would romp with them as far as her little strength would allow; but her innermost heart was with love and mystery, and other like things, so far as her little mind could understand, or speculate upon, or in any wise enter into them.

And this made a bond between Elspeth and herself. For the tradition of the Soames family was well alive in Blaystone, and Evelyn's father knew quite well that Elspeth was the descendant of the one who had for a short time actually possessed the place, and that grand folk of hers almost without number had lived there.

On this account Sir Joseph was all the more willing to have Elspeth as a humble companion for his daughter; but whether there had been these hindrances or not would have little mattered: Evelyn liked to talk to Elspeth, and that was enough.

How these children did career about amid the thunder and lightning, and kings and queens, and fairies and giants, and buttercups and daisies! What they saw in clouds and heard in breezes, and what tales they read, and what still more wonderful ones they made up, is more than I can tell. Only I am glad to put on record that in all holy things the spirit of reverence and awe was upon them. They trod softly in presence of aught which belonged to the other life. They knew when their little feet should put off their shoes, for the place on which they stood was holy ground; then they often spoke with bated breath, and whispered, and sometimes even only looked.

It was no wonder that under these circumstances the subject of the "Flying Skull" sometimes came to the front. For both children it had the charm of mystery, and Elspeth knew just enough about it to make it a matter of thrilling speculation from time to time. Evelyn Despard looked with a kind of awe and veneration on Elspeth Soames, because she was connected, however remotely, with that "Flying Skull." Moreover, Evelyn always had a kind of feeling, which made her treat Elspeth with a certain kind of deference, that Elspeth's people ought by rights, somehow or other—she did not exactly know how, but still ought by rights—to be in Blaystone Manor.

All this the children talked about in their own way, and Evelyn Despard knew this much—that a bad Mr. Soames, who used to live at the Manor long ago, had somehow made away with all the money that the Manor had been sold for, and that Elspeth's grandfather believed this marble skull had somehow a secret about it, but that, as a marble skull could have no brains, and to have a secret there must be brains

of some kind in which to have it, anyone he had ever spoken to on the subject only thought him mad. "It has made grandfather miserable, and father too, when he was alive, was miserable, and great-grandfather was, I am often told, the most miserable of all. They all hated the man whose marble skull is up in the church; but I don't hate him, poor man! If he was a bad man he must have been very unhappy, and I am very sorry that he should have made himself so miserable."

John Soames—John, with the marble skull—did you hear that child's voice away in your far-off dwelling, wherever that is? Did that kindly word melt up the hardness of your iron-bound soul? Did you feel that you *must* give up your secret? or that you *would*, whether you *must* or no? John Soames, long since dead—where, I know not—what connections there are between us and you, I know not; I only know that the mystery of your marble effigy was now doomed—that the presence of that in sight of which it cannot stand is being prepared. Your marble skull must perish, even as your bony skull has perished; and whatever it contains, that must it yield up.

It would have been well for Sir Joseph Despard—well for all the young Despards—at least, we should have thought it well—if, months before, Sir Joseph had made up his mind to take Evelyn to a warmer climate. But it was now too late. The doctors from London agreed with the doctor at Blaystone that the child could not be moved. All that could now be done was to make her rooms at Blaystone as suitable as possible to one in her condition, and, when there came an exceptionally fine day, to take her out in a Bath chair and let her bask in the sun.

And so time wore on, and Evelyn Despard grew thinner and thinner, and slowly, day by day, drew near the confines of the land where many a secret will be disclosed.

Evelyn Despard knew that she could not recover; the hope which generally buoys up those who suffer under her malady seemed not to be for her; and, strange to say, she did not wish to recover; in her small way she knew what a mighty man of old knew in its fulness—at least as much in its fulness as mortal man can know—when he said "far better" ("To depart and be with Christ, which is far better").

A "far better," doubtless in its own small, it may be in its own childish, way had come to Evelyn Despard, and she waited for it as for something good. And all as a child—she was a child, and she thought as a child—soon she would put away childish things. Stay! how do we know that? We think it—ah! but "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy:" the childhood of eternity! the evolutions of the ages! everlasting growth! Do you ever speculate, good reader, not saying what shall be, but what may be? But I do not want to follow this out—we soon get lost.

"Elspeth," said Evelyn Despard to her humble friend one lovely morning at the end of May, as they sat out in the sunshine, Evelyn in her Bath chair, the primroses all around them, "I have a funny thought; and yet it is something more;" and the child looked

rather serious. "Would your grandfather do something for me—something very particular?"

"Anything, I know," said Elspeth.

"Elspie, I shall be dead when Christmas comes—I know I shall; now I want to do something—perhaps grandfather will say very queer—but I feel I must do it if I can. And you must help me. Indeed, you must do the chief part—not with your hand, but with your heart; do you know what it is?"

"Can't guess," said Elspie, full of curiosity to know.

"No, of course you can't—it was stupid in me to ask you if you could. You know the 'Flying Skull'—you know how we have forgiven it all the harm it did—I say 'we,' for you know you and I are friends, and if it hurt you it hurt me: we can't reach Mr. Soames in the other world, but we can show we forgive him here. Now, Elspie, I have been thinking that if we could do something that would show we had forgiven him, it would be a nice thing for me to do before I die, and for you to remember when I am dead. Let us make a wreath of these primroses, and put it round the skull."

"The very thing I thought of myself one day," said Elspie, "only I meant it to be of buttercups and daisies."

"Eh! Miss Evelyn," said the old sexton, when he was fetched, and the extraordinary proposition was made to him; "that be a strange notion, certainly. I'd do anything to please you, Miss Evelyn; I'd dig up old John Soames himself, and let you put primroses all round his bones, if I dare do it, and it would please you—and that would be easier than what you ask me to do. I can't say, Miss Evelyn, I'd like the job even if I could do it, for there's a deal of mischief, I believe, somewhere in that head—anyhow, it knows something, I'm sure; but think, miss, of the Vicar, and the congregation, and the scandal 't would make; and when they found out I did it, 't would be as much as my place is worth; and you know we're depending on that for our bread. What would the people think, miss, when they came into church, and looked up and saw those pretty flowers on that ugly skull? Deary me, miss! the parson might as well stay at home for the matter of the attention folk would give to their prayers; the clerk's the only man among them that would say 'Amen,' and he wouldn't be meaning it, his mind would be so full of those flowers."

Many more objections, and very reasonable ones, would the sexton have brought forward, culminating, no doubt, in a final refusal to decorate the skull, but his scruples were put an end to by Evelyn Despard's telling him that she and Elspeth would be quite content if the old man would leave the wreath on until the next morning, then he could take it down, and no one would be a bit the wiser as to whether it had been there at all; and "if they were, what harm could it do?"

In this Elspeth fully agreed. Nothing but cursing and abuse had she ever heard heaped on the head of the defunct John Soames, and it would fully meet the views of Evelyn and herself if they could by an act, however small, show a kindly feeling to the poor skull, and, perhaps, through it, even to the peccant and defunct John Soames himself.

"Well," said Evelyn to Elspeth, when the matter had been all satisfactorily settled with the sexton, "you know the hours of the night are the longest and darkest and loneliest, and the poor skull will have the flowers on it all through them."

For old Jacob, who would do anything on earth to oblige Miss Evelyn, had consented to put on the wreath the last thing at night, and let it remain until the morning, when off it must come the very first thing, for who could tell what visitors might be coming to see the church? or, for the matter of that, the skull, which in the estimation of some people took the place of the church itself.

And the skull did wear the primrose wreath that night. Though the skull of neither a primrose knight nor dame, it was decorated with what might well pass as an emblem of innocence and purity, and simplicity and peace. It was decorated—that I say, but I say no more; for when morning came, and the sexton went to the church—at an early hour, you may be sure—to remove the wreath, he found the temples of the ghastly skull bare, and the wreath lying on the ground.

I am sorry to say this little incident stirred up the old bad blood which flowed in the Soameses' veins.

At first the old man seemed almost inclined to run for it, he was so terrified. He himself had removed the ladder by which he had gone up to put on the primrose wreath. It was certain no one could have got up to the skull during the night. What was it? How could it be? Was it that such pure sweet flowers could not tarry on such a polluted spot—was it that the effigy, as wicked in the marble as the original had been in the bone, could not abide the presence of anything which was suggestive of innocence in any way?—had the wicked old thing shaken its evil head, and been unable to abide even the symbols of what was good—shaken it, wagged it, bobbed it, jerked it, done something in some way to get rid of what, perhaps, was heavier to it than a crown of lead? Old Jacob never asked himself, whether partly from a feeling of disgust, and partly (if the truth were known) of fright, he had not got over his job the night before as quickly as he could—quickly and imperfectly, and whether in the course of nature the wreath may not have toppled down. Moreover, there was a bird flying about the rafters—a church bird. The church mouse is proverbial; why should not there be church birds as well as church mice? and was it not possible that that bird might have perched on the primroses and disarranged their centre of gravity, or possibly even have pecked at them, and so brought them down? I don't say either of these things happened; I only say they might have happened, for the bird was there. All I am concerned with is fact, not speculations; you may account for it, good reader, as you please. But there was the wreath down on the ground, and the wicked old skull looking down upon it from its horrid eye-holes high up overhead.

"Thou beest a bad one," said the sexton, as he looked up at the ghastly emblem. "Thou canst not bide aught with good folk; those innocents would do thee good, but good has naught to do with thee. If it were not that I am afeared, I'd knock thee down

with the Pope's head when next the church is cleaned, and break thee small upon the pavement here"—and, with a look of ineffable disgust, the sexton left the church, taking with him the primrose wreath, concerning which he determined never to say a word to mortal man. The truth was, the sexton didn't want any talk about the matter at all. He did not want to have anything to do with the wreath from the beginning; and, above all, he did not want anything about it to come to the Vicar's ears. From a professional aspect, the sexton believed that everything was only safe when well under ground; so—partly lest anything uncanny should attach itself to the wreath from its undoubted contact with the skull, and partly if it had, indeed, objected to this contact, and parted with the skull on its own account, in which case it deserved all the honour he could confer on it—he just dug a hole, or, as he would call it, no doubt, "a grave" for it; and, having in a certain sense confined the wreath in an old newspaper, he interred it with all due solemnity. He felt, indeed, viewed in the light of a mistake and error of judgment, that the flowers were not dead yet, and that he was going a little out of his usual way of conducting himself in burying them until they were quite deceased. But circumstances alter things; and, after all, they would soon be dead. This reason as regards even, say, a small infant would not hold water—that Jacob knew quite well—and to bury even an infant alive would be to him a dreadful professional humiliation; but, after all, these were only flowers, and no questions would be asked.

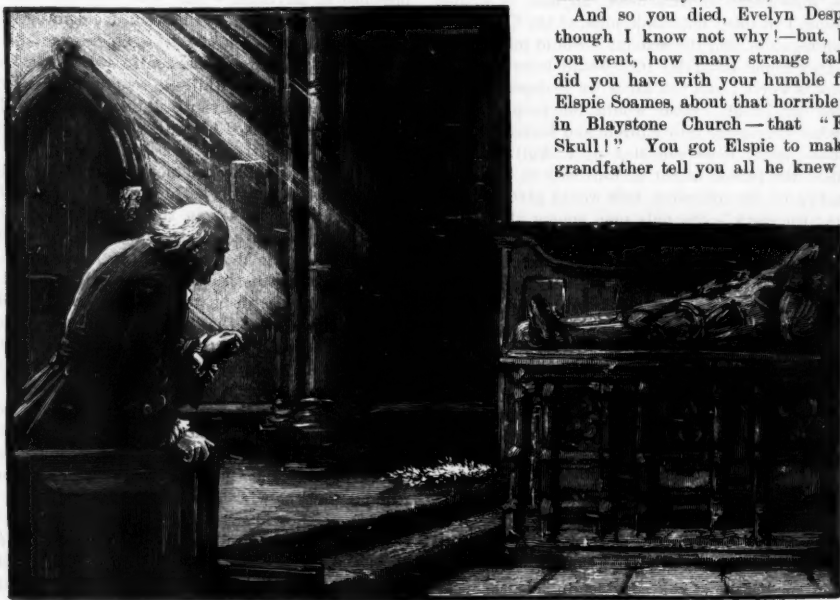
A dead flower! That which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; that which drank the dews of

heaven and assimilated them; that which banqueted on sunshine; that which bent with gracious courtesy to the passing breeze; that which lent the air its perfume and asked it not again; that which distilled the juices of earth, and wrought them into form, and painted them with colour, and inspired the artist to model it and the poet to sing of it, and staggered the infidel into a belief that there must have been a God to make it;—all withered now!—all dead!—a wrinkled heap of wasted loveliness—why has it died? Thou sayest, *another* will come; perchance thou mayest say, and rightly say, that *others* may come—that I know as well as thou; but I want to know, why did it die? "*Thou shalt know hereafter.*"

CHAPTER V.

THE primrose time soon passed away, and the early summer; and with them passed away also Evelyn Despard. Why this flower should have perished (or as we say, "perished"), who can tell? Why, I mean, "so young?" I don't speculate. Sometimes I think perhaps these are the flowers of heaven, in the garden where "there shall be no more death." If I get a bright thought, I accept it thankfully; I don't kill it by picking it to pieces, or speculating much on it. It is to me a thing of beauty, and of silent beauty; and it soothes my spirit. I feel as if it laid a cool hand on a burning forehead, and a warm hand on a chill heart; I feel that it says to me by an affinity (for it does not speak—part of its life is in its hush), "Let us be silent together. The outer humanities are full of noise; the inner thoughts from the other and the higher life have an atmosphere around them which says, 'Peace, be still!'"

And so you died, Evelyn Despard—though I know not why!—but, before you went, how many strange talkings did you have with your humble friend, Elsie Soames, about that horrible effigy in Blaystone Church—that "Flying Skull!" You got Elsie to make her grandfather tell you all he knew about



"He found the wreath lying on the ground."—p. 215

it; you, young as you were, pondered the mysterious lines upon the monument beneath the horrible emblem; you and Elspie held wonderful confabulations as to what they could mean; but you came no nearer a solution of the mystery than anyone else.

It was a golden autumn evening when Evelyn Despard and Elspie Soames sat together in one of the oval windows of Blaystone Manor. The earthly fruits around had ripened; many of them had been gathered into garner and storehouse; the one ripening and harvest time of the year had come, and was almost gone. And it was drawing near harvest time inside the Manor, and harvest time for other fruit; but harvest time for some fruit is ever going on here and there, in this vineyard and that cornfield, of the wide domains of the great Lord of all.

Evelyn Despard had ripened, and must needs now be gathered.—Shall I say, little one, that you were wheat and were ready for garnering, or that you were fruit and were ready for storing, or a flower and were ready for plucking, or a grape and were ready for pressing! No, little one, you were incomparably beyond all these—you were a little one to whom it was said early in the day, "Come home, come home."

"Yes, Elspie, my dear little Elspie, who knows what we may find out when we are dead and in another world, where the Vicar says he is sure people know a great deal! Perhaps I may hear the secret then; and if I do—if I do, Elspie, I'll tell it to you. I'll tell it to you, Elspie, if it can be told to anyone on earth."

"But I should be frightened if I saw you," said Elspie; "you would be a ghost, and nothing would frighten me so much as a ghost."

"No, Elspie, I would not frighten you; I am too fond of you to frighten you. Perhaps I may whisper to you in your sleep, or do it in some other way that would not frighten you; for if you were frightened you might not be able to remember what I said, and then you might as well not have heard it at all."

And so Evelyn Despard died, the secret of the "Flying Skull" a mystery to her and her little friend, and they twain were parted for earthly-ever. "Earthly-overs," "earthly-overs"—I like to say "earthly-overs," for earth itself must come to an end, and the evers beyond *earthly-overs* shall be ours.

There was great weeping in Blaystone Manor when the breath fled from that little form, and Evelyn Despard lay straight, and white, and cold, upon her little bed. Weeping, weeping, weeping, fit to cry his eyes out, sat by that little bed the strong man, himself now no better than a child—a little weak and helpless child. His little girl—his only little girl—was gone, and to lose an only girl out of a family is almost, as it were, to break it up. For she belongs to all, and the loss of all is here pre-eminently the loss of each. They all wept, but the father most of all.

And by that bedside the fate of Blaystone Manor was again destined to a change. Sir Joseph Despard would live there no more; he would sell it for whatever it might fetch. Would that Elspie could live there! Would that the Soames family could have it again! Sir Joseph ran over in his mind the names of the Manor's various owners for years past, and their short tenures of the estate; and now his own was

coming to an end. Had that accursed skull anything to do with it all? He did not know, and he did not care, but he would go from the place; even if he had to lose money he would not stay there. If he could get anyone to give him £20,000 for it he would take it; he could not live amid the memories of his dead child. Come what would, whether he sold the property or not, he would not stop there for the present; he would move the whole family away—at any rate, for a time.

And these thoughts, which sprang up beside the quiet little bed, the baronet immediately put into action, and preparation was made at once to leave the Manor.

But before he went, Sir Joseph Despard was found in the Vicar's study deep in consultation with him. The subject of their conversation was what form the memorial of Evelyn in the Blaystone Church should take. There was to be a simple little grass grave, with a stone at the head and foot, and five pounds a year was to be secured to the sexton for keeping it clipped and flower-planted, always with simple—very simple flowers; it was what he thought—nay, what he knew—Evelyn would have chosen for herself, for Elspie had told him so.

But this was not nearly enough for commemorating his darling's memory. What should there be in the church?—a brass—a sculptured monument? Cost was nothing. Would the Vicar help him out?

"If expense is really no object—" said the Vicar.

"Five thousand pounds," said the baronet, "if you like."

"I should suggest a stained-glass window for the chancel. Although it is old, I cannot say I admire that dingy green glass, which throws such an unearthly light in those parts, especially—especially on that—what I must call that dreadful object on the top of the Soames monument—the 'Flying Skull.' I have kept the ivy trimmed back as much as possible," said the Vicar, "so as to make the place look less gloomy; but do what I will, there falls in upon that ghastly emblem of poor departed, I am afraid wicked humanity, a gloom, which I confess I do not care for in the house of God. A handsome window would be a great benefit to the church."

"Then it shall be a window," said Sir Joseph Despard, "and the subject shall be 'Christ blessing the children,' and my Evelyn shall be in the number."

"Yes," said the Vicar, "I can see it in a moment—it all comes before my mind's eye—the Holy One with a little child in His left arm, and one—Evelyn's age, standing by His side, with many others. But this one dressed in white, and His hand on her head, and the light gathered in on the two figures, the Saviour and this one that He is blessing. And I know the man who can do this to perfection; and it will be a pleasant thought for you that your child, even in death, is doing good, dispelling some of the gloom which has so long hung round this part of the house of God."

"Then get it done," said the baronet; "and as quickly as possible consistently with its being well done; but mind you, it must be the best of its kind."

And so the window was ordered; and it was agreed that it should be all up the day before Christmas at the very latest—for Christmas morning without any fail.

Ah, you bad old skull, you little know what is coming on you! Shake, shake! I don't say, "Shake in your shoes," for skulls don't wear shoes—but shake, if you can, anywhere you can. Get the megrims anywhere in your wicked head, for so far as I know your end must certainly be drawing near.

CHAPTER V.

It was high time for Mr. Richard Barwell, the head of the firm of Barwell, Hayward, and Janeway's Bank, to retire. He felt it himself; the family felt it; I won't say the public felt it, for the public seldom care twopence who retires or not; but Mr. Barwell felt it. He felt it in his head, which was not always clear. He had recently muddled up Trunks (Grand Trunks) and Turks (Turkish Bonds), and he would have had a severe wiggling—enough to pull out the few remaining hairs in his venerable head—had he not been the head of the firm; the headship of the firm saved the head on his shoulders.

But the proprieties of the City, all its traditions, the credit of the establishment, the very decencies of humanity, all protested against the head of such a firm being liable—even liable—to, or even deserving of, or even being brought within hail of such treatment as under ordinary circumstances—say that of being a clerk or junior partner—he must have got. Consequently, it was "arranged" that Mr. Barwell should retire.

And now final arrangements were being made at the Bank—indeed, they were made; and Mr. Barwell sat in his great arm-chair in the Bank parlour for the last time.

"There is but one thing that troubles me in leaving the old place," said the senior partner. "I say the 'place,' not the 'people'" (and Mr. Barwell bowed courteously to his partners). "It is that box in our strong room, of which I have so often spoken, and to which I have so little clue as regards ownership. One does not like to leave a place where one has lived so long and so often pondered over a mystery, and leave that mystery unsolved. That box belongs to somebody—and its contents belong to somebody, and I should like that somebody, whoever he may be, to have his own; and moreover, I should like to know what's in it. I spoke to Mrs. Barwell, and *she* would like to know—*very much* like—indeed, I'm not sure whether my retirement would be to peace, if I have to live with Mrs. B. and a secret. Ladies, you know, have inquiring minds—they don't like secrets—at least, they don't like others to have them—and for the matter of that, they don't like keeping them themselves, and I shall be liable for the remainder of my life to be continually questioned as to what I think is in that box. And the worst of it is, I don't know when or where the question will be asked. It may be when my mouth is full, and I shall have to half-choke to get out the answer quick enough—for Mrs. B. is impatient at times; it may be when I'm just dropping to sleep, and answer with a half-snore and get snubbed for my pains. I'm not sure," said the poor man, "whether I may not hear the question come through the key-hole even when I'm in my bath. And if I guess at

an answer and say one thing, it will be, 'How do you know?' and if another, it will be, 'You stupid!' and another, 'Why don't you know?' and if another, 'Why don't you break open the box and make sure?' Hayward, Janeway, we haven't jogged along so many years together not to know a little of each other's troubles. I know you have yours too; what married men have not? Now, before we part, we must take action about that box. It was here during my father's time and mine; we must try and find the owner. Our directions are that if anyone applies with a key that will open it, he is to have it. No one has ever come; perhaps the owner intended to come some day, and is long since dead; we must advertise the box."

"As well as I remember," said Mr. Janeway, "the memorandum concerning it says that the gentleman who deposited it opened an account at the same time under the name of Brown, but frankly told us that was not his real name. The deposit of £500 has lain with us ever since; nothing has ever been drawn against it, and he made no secret that the main object in opening the account was to secure the safe keeping of that box under the conditions named. We applied to his referees to know something about him as time went on, but they had left the country, and we could get no information; so there was nothing for it but to keep the box until the man with the key came for it."

"Now," said Mr. Barwell, "we must advertise, for this cannot go on for ever. Mr. Janeway, you have always done the literary part of our business; I shall be glad if you will draw up an advertisement."

This Mr. Janeway—who was always equal to any occasion in which the pen was required—soon accomplished; and before a week was over, some of the leading papers contained the following:—

"Deposited many years since with Messrs. Barwell, Hayward, and Janeway, a box. The owner is requested to remove the same. Proof of ownership will be production of the key."

This somewhat unusual advertisement caused a flutter in some breasts and schemes in some heads; and for a few days Messrs. Barwell, Hayward, and Janeway had partly an anxious, and partly an annoying time of it at the banking-house.

Mr. Janeway had taken good care not to mention the size of the box, and the clerk in charge also took care not to give any information to those who came, so a good deal of trouble was avoided in that way; still the trying of keys was very wonderful. Lunatics came who asserted that the box was theirs, and produced one a watch key, and one the key of the kitchen-jack, and threatened legal proceedings if the box were not given up to them at once. An old lady from the country came with a whole bunch, and insisted on trying every one that could at all be got into the lock. A locksmith or two came with the hope of being able to do something in the matter, and one or two gentlemen who, having professionally to do with skeleton keys, might be supposed to meet the requirements of the skull, put in an appearance, but it was all no good; after a hard tussle with one and another, and after getting rid at last of one old lady from the country, who with her umbrella (large

enough to fight with a deluge) planted in the ground said she would not go, for she was sure that an old key she had, that had been in the family since the time of Richard III., must have been the right one—after getting rid, I say, of all these, and all had been done that could be done, and nothing had come of it, Mr. Barwell had to face Mrs. B. for apparently the rest of his life with an unsolved mystery—and that, let me tell you, was a serious thing for any married man who must be at home most of the day to have to do.

Amongst the readers of the advertisements in the chief papers was the Rev. Jonathan Dobree, the Vicar of Blaystone. He was on the look-out for an estimable quadruped that could be ridden by a child. That would just suit him, as he was nervous, and he meant to study the advertisement columns until he met with that worthy beast; and once in the thick of them, he went on from one thing to another, and then he saw the notice of Messrs. Barwell, Hayward, and Janeway about the key.

The worthy man looked at his own bunch, and wondered whether any of his keys would fit the mysterious box. But as they were all of a very ordinary type, and a journey to London was expensive, he thought he would not trouble himself about the matter, and it was just as well he did not. But the thing stuck in his mind, and he often wondered about it, and said, "Someone might write a story about that key," and relegating it to that part of his memory in which he kept the sea-serpent and a number of strange speculations of German divines, he thought no more of it, at least for a time.

Limner and Co. did their very best with the new chancel window for Blaystone Church. They had not been stinted as regards price, and they did not stint as regards work. Especially careful were they with the likeness of Evelyn Despard. They had good photographs to work from, and did not give over until they had thoroughly satisfied Sir Joseph Despard and themselves. They determined, as they had plenty of money at their disposal, that the Blaystone window should be something to refer to.

And surely, as the window stood temporarily erected in the studio of Limner and Co., it was a goodly sight; and Sir Joseph and the Vicar rejoiced at it—the one because of the worthy commemoration of his child, and the other because of the neutralisation of the hideous skull. And both thought and hoped that that window would be as good as a sermon to many, and would tell of how good and kind He was—He—the great He, whose word for all the young was this, "Suffer them to come unto me—Forbid them not."

"You will excuse me, Sir Joseph," said Mr. Limner, senior, "you will excuse me, sir, for saying it—and the Vicar of Blaystone will not, I trust, consider me superstitious; but I should not be surprised if that little one brought some blessing into Blaystone Church, or parish, or somewhere, or to some one about. Do you know, gentlemen, that there's a history, quite a little history, about the painting of that child. You have observed that it has an other-world look about it. It might be so—for it has been painted by a young man who, when he was working on it,

was fast going to another world—and," said Mr. Limner, dropping his voice into a solemn whisper, "who has gone there now. He seemed to have something of the other world upon him before he left here, and he has put it into the face of that child."

Thus the window was finished to the full satisfaction both of the baronet and the Vicar, and it now only remained that it should be put up in Blaystone Church. This, Mr. Limner promised should be done by Christmas Day.

"The Christmas morning sun shall shine into Blaystone church through those holy faces and those white robes, and," said Mr. Limner, who had seen the "Flying Skull" when he went to inspect the chancel for the window, "none will ever look any more upon that hideous skull; their eyes will be directed to the beautiful and other-world faces in my window—pardon me, sir, if I speak with what I may hope is a justifiable pride of work into which I have really put my heart."

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

So sings the old rhyme, but ah! is it true?—Christmas brings to many sad memories—the consciousness of fearful gaps, crevasses, graveyards, terrible things in the heart. But I am not going to enlarge upon these; we need go no farther than our own pages for an instance of the truth of this, if indeed we know so little of life as to want one. What would Christmas bring to Sir Joseph Despard?

But there was one little family in Blaystone to whom it was about to bring good cheer, and that was old Jacob Soames's. The long fret of years was about to end to him and his.

And thus it came about.

"Grandfather," said Elspeth Soames, "they will finish the new window to-night?"

"Yes, my child, they will begin to take down the scaffolding and the canvas at five o'clock."

"And you will be in the church, I heard you say, all night, cleaning up, and sweeping after the decorations."

"Ay, indeed," said old Jacob.

"You'll let me be with you?" said Elspeth.

"Nay," said the old man, "bed is the place for thee, little lass."

"Grandfather," said the girl, "I must stay with you, for a reason—a reason I promised Miss Evelyn before she died."

"And what may that be?"

"I promised that the 'Flying Skull' should have a wreath of holly-berries on Christmas Eve—though you must take it off before church-time, I know. I must keep my word to the dead."

To tell a lie to anyone buried by him, and in his church-yard, would have been a dreadful thing to the sexton, and though pretty proof against superstition and all ordinary ghosts, this would be an unusual thing, and he was not sure how it would work out after dark; so after some demur, he agreed to it. The two big stoves in the church warmed it well, and Elspeth evidently was not to be denied.

So those two spent that night together in Blaystone

Church—the old man and the little girl—and Elspeth made the holly wreath, and with many grimaces the old man put it on the cold brows of the Flying Skull, to be taken off in three or four hours—though it was never taken off by human hand.

Christmas morning about five o'clock found Blaystone Church all decorated for the holy festival, even to the very temples of the "Flying Skull," which for a little while were to wear the wreath, and be so far in harmony with all around. Such harmony that skull appeared as though it could not endure—for it did not wait for any human hand to remove that wreath.

And the only living being within the walls of Blaystone Church was Elspeth Soames.

"Yes," said the sexton, "sleep on, little one. I'll leave the candles burning and make up the fires; I'll just go home for the new matting, and I'll be back long before you're awake."

But Jacob Soames was not back so soon as he thought. He had a good deal of delay in getting the matting ready, and just as he was about to start with it, the storm which had been gathering for two hours before burst—crackle-crash!—it broke right over Blaystone Church—the lightning seemed almost to strike the steeple; and then came torrents of rain, during which the sexton could not stir. But Elspeth! why did he ever leave her even for an hour? Would she not be terrified even out of her very wits?

And in truth, enough had happened to terrify Elspeth. Long had the iron spike which held the Flying Skull on the slant, as though it were about to fly, been rusting, and now it was very, very nearly through; the last fixing of the holly wreath on it had given it a little shake—the church itself had almost trembled under this terrific thunder-peal, and that had given the last needful touch—with a tremendous crash down came the skull on the chancel pavement, smashing itself into half a dozen pieces. With even such wings as it had, it might, considering the place in which it was, have had the decency to come down a little more gently; but no! its destiny was to fall—and smash.

After her first terror was over, Elspeth Soames saw something glittering on the ground, and picked it up—it was a small, a very small key, bright as silver, twisted here and there, with the funniest wards. It had fallen out of the skull, out of a cunning chamber inside it, the hollowing out of which had so weakened it, that it could not stand the crash of its terrible fall.

All was quiet now, except the splashing of the rain, and Elspeth and the shattered skull were alone. She called for her grandfather, but he gave no answer; and remembering that he had to fetch the matting, and that no doubt he had just gone for it while she had dropped asleep, she said a little prayer and just sat down again—not to sleep, but to listen for his steps when he came.

But sleep will come sometimes whether we like it or not; and Elspeth, who had been up all night, dropped off again. The church belonged to God, and not to the skull, and she was not afraid. The little prayer perhaps brought the sleep. But so it was, that as soon as the huge storm-cloud rolled away, and the

sun burst out with a grand golden beam, and the sexton reached the church breathless with fright, he found the little maid calmly sleeping. She lay along the broad chancel step, on which she had been sitting with her back against one of the pillars—when sleep overpowered her she had just quietly sunk down—and in her open hand, relaxed by sleep, was the glittering key.

And all round about the child, and on her, was gathered the light from the figures in the window—the two chief figures—Evelyn Despard and the One by whom she was being blessed. It was the first light which passed through them from the outer sun into the holy house; and it fell on the one to whom Evelyn Despard had said that, if anything could be revealed, so it should be to her.

I don't in the least say that any revelation indeed was made. I only chronicle that the light fell from Evelyn to Elspeth, and tarried on her as she slept, and that the thunder-riven skull had given up a part of its secret, and that of that secret Elspeth's hand now held the key.

Wonderful of course was the sensation which the fall of the "Flying Skull" caused in the neighbourhood; and many were the visitors who came to look at the denuded monument—read the inscription on it, and departed saying it was very strange.

But the secret of the key they were not told. That was kept close between Sir Joseph, the Vicar, the sexton, and his grandchild. What might come of it, who could tell? but that there would be something, however it might come about, that was certain.

Day and night pondered the Vicar the mystery of the key. At last a revelation came to him. Rum-maging one day amid the lumber-room of his memory—among the German metaphysics, and wild theories about Scripture facts, the sea-serpent, and the gooseberry as big as an egg, and the like, up started Barwell and Co.'s advertisement about the box. The Vicar excitedly fished it out from the book of newspaper scraps, and rushed headlong with it to the Manor.

"It may be the key," said the baronet; "at any rate, we can but try;" and that night's train saw the baronet, the Vicar, and old Jacob off to London.

As may be well imagined, the cards of the baronet and the clergyman were not to be despised, and the partners with the head-clerks assembled in solemn form to see the lock tried.

Incredulity first—breathlessness next—a suppressed hurrah third, as the lock clicked in response to the turn of a bright little key, and the Soames mystery stood revealed. The contents of the box were simply a Bank of England note for £20,000, and one line—"The Soames who gets it is welcome to it." Ha! ha! ha!

Now was revealed why the money which Blaystone Manor fetched never could be traced. No doubt John Soames wished to keep the money within his own power while he lived, and to keep it from any Soames ever getting it if he did not use it himself before he died. The one line was one of spite to the end.

John Soames had died rejoicing in the belief that that money should never reach a Soames' hand.

But what they never knew was how patiently and

perseveringly day by day the man who had pushed that key into the centre of that skull had wrought to get it there. And truly he did his work with skill—patience did it. There was just the proper bed for the little key, and no more; and then came the filling in, so deftly done that no human eye was likely to discover it, and none ever did. But the cement had not filled the whole of the key-bed. John Soames was afraid of its hardening,

She put many questions to poor Mr. B., to which, in her opinion, he did not always give the right answer. For example, when asked if he called himself a man, and he meekly claimed to be one of the species, she repudiated the idea altogether; and when he asked "what he was," and said he "wasn't a woman," all that he took by that undoubted statement of fact was that, "No, he was nothing of the kind; for, had he been, he would rather have broken in the box with



"In her open hand was the glittering key."—p. 220.

and preventing his getting at his key if he wanted it; it was little more than a small plug which closed the secret chamber of the key, and the skull was prepared to crack across if it got such a crashing fall as had indeed brought it to its end.

So strange were the circumstances, that the bankers requested a little time before they gave up the box and its contents; but on getting a bond of indemnity from Sir Joseph they handed it over to Jacob Soames.

For that £20,000 the baronet—glad to get rid of the Manor—handed it over to old Jacob, who had his grandson educated as became its heir, and who had his grand-daughter brought up as a lady, which indeed she was already, all to the piano, calisthenics, and French—with the irregular verbs.

Amongst those who most rejoiced at the revelation of the secret of the box was Mr. Barwell, who, if the truth were known, had had a sorry time of it with Mrs. B. since he left the bank. To have left the firm with a secret which she could henceforth never hope to unravel was in her eyes the height of poltroonery and imbecility and want of self-respect.

a poker than left the firm, after all those years, with a secret for other people, perhaps, to find out—with a secret which his wife could never know!"

Dear, good Mr. B.! the great question, "Is life worth living?" you began once more timidly to revolve in your mind; and, asking for a second helping of turtle, and looking somewhat furtively at your spouse, with a slight impediment in your speech, you ventured a little tremblingly on the affirmative, and said "Yes."

As to old Jacob, old association kept him continually wandering about the churchyard, until at last he lay down in it himself. One great satisfaction he had before he died: the Vicar got a faculty for the removal from the chancel of the monument on which the skull had stood, and a marble tablet to the memory of Evelyn Despard was put in its place; and in a hole dug with his own hands, deeper than the deepest grave in Blaystone churchyard, the former sexton buried, out of sight for ever, the shattered remnants of

"THE FLYING SKULL."



ADDRESSES TO CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

I.—THE MOTIVE.



HE primary and fundamental motive which influences the Christian worker is, of course, a sense of duty. Taught by the Spirit, he has come to understand that he is not his own, but that he belongs to another, even to Christ. The revelation, in some cases, is a startling one: in all cases it is productive of marked results, and puts the man who receives it into an expectant attitude. You see him waiting, as it were, looking up, with the thought in his heart, "Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?"

And surely he is not mistaken in supposing that he will presently be entrusted with a commission from above? No doubt the Lord could dispense with all intermediate agents and agencies, if He chose to do so; He could bring His own influence to bear directly and immediately upon the human heart and conscience: He could, for instance, set aside the preacher, and use only the Holy Spirit; but He does not see fit, as a rule, to do so. He works upon men through men. The Church of Christ is the organ of Christ, and by means of it He brings Himself into contact with the outside world. Yes; and all the servants of Christ have their share—be it a larger or a lesser one—in the vast scheme. The Master has gone away, leaving "to every man his work." And so we stand, for a moment or two, until the Divine will declares itself—waiting to be—not hired, for we are in the service now, but directed, sent, employed, honoured by occupation, as we have been already honoured by acceptance.

God had great purposes to accomplish concerning the Kingdom of Israel; but He suspended everything on the action of His prophet Elijah. So long as Elijah prayed that it would not rain, the drought continued; when he prayed that the rain might come, it came, and the curse was lifted off. In other words, God condescended to make His own servant essential to the fulfilment of His own Divine plans.

So with us—in our infinitely smaller way. God has called us: God intends to use us.

The first feeling, then, I say, is that of obligation. We ought to work for our Divine Master, partly because He bids us work, partly also because we are members of a body through which Christ intends to manifest Himself to the world, and to bring His gracious and loving influences to bear upon it.

II. But in addition to the sense of duty, we have to take into account the constraint of love—a feeling which impels us to bear testimony, in some shape or other, to the Divine goodness towards us. There are not a few persons who hardly know how to speak a word

for Christ, or who would, at all events, be greatly embarrassed if called upon to tell out to others what the Lord has done for them, what He is to them. Such reticence, perhaps, is not without its faulty side, for it robs Christ of His due, and hinders His cause amongst men; and the tendency to it ought rather to be resisted than acquiesced in and excused, as is too frequently the case. But, at the same time—for characters in which it prevails—there is an outlet in Christian work. Service for them is testimony. Though they cannot say much, they find in their earnestness, in their diligence, in their devotedness, a tongue with which to utter the Redeemer's praise; and others, seeing their good works, give glory to the Father which is in heaven. Love, then, even when it is, so to speak, inarticulate, expresses itself in work; and as it grows and increases finds apter and apter expression. There is no teacher like love. Ingenious in the discovery of methods, it puts up with no repulse, but if one plan fails turns to another. It scorns weariness, and perseveres until it succeeds. It sweetens all toil, makes all company congenial, and every burden light to bear—with patience at least, if not with joyfulness. It is its own great reward, and illuminates for itself the path it has to tread, be it ever so dull, and rough, and rugged, and barren, and uninviting. Let us ask, then—we who are workers for the Kingdom—that the love of God in Christ may be shed abroad more and more in our hearts by the blessed indwelling and inworking in them of the Holy Ghost.

III. Next to this Divine love, and an inseparable companion to it—comes zeal for God's honour. How precious this zeal is in God's sight we are taught by one of Ezekiel's most remarkable visions. Do you remember it? The prophet sees the cloud of Divine vengeance closing round and resting upon the doomed city of Jerusalem. Mysterious figures, each with a drawn sword in his hand, hover over the unconscious population. Orders are given to them to smite unsparingly, young and old, the minister of religion and him who comes to worship at the altar: all are to be cut down; and soon the city will be the hideous scene of desolation and death, and the cry of its agony will go shivering up to the stars. But from this terrible calamity *some are to be exempt*; some are to have a mark put upon their foreheads by which they shall be known; and when the slaughter comes on, these are to be passed by. And who are they—they whom the destroying angel is to leave unharmed, as he did on that dark night in Egypt, when he swept over the blood-stained portals and entered them not? They are the men and women who "sigh and cry" for the abominations of Jerusalem; who grieve over the dishonour done to their covenant-God; who pray for deliverance; who strive, so far as they may, for the overthrow of evil. Yes, the true workers for the Divine Kingdom must have this characteristic amongst others, that they cannot sit down and enjoy

themselves, and use their own privileges—cannot, in fact, take life easily—when they see Satan tempting, and souls perishing, and the name of the Lord Jesus Christ trampled under foot. Their comfort is disturbed at the sight. They become restless. They must be up and doing.

IV. Let us add to the sense of duty, to the constraint of love, to the impulse of spiritual jealousy, one thing more, and that a deep and true sympathy with our fellow-men, or what some have called an "enthusiasm of humanity," and then we shall be fairly equipped for our task. Without this latter qualification we shall accomplish but little. In our Master Himself it was the Divine love shining through human eyes, and sounding in the tones of a human voice, that drew hearts round Him by the power of an irresistible attraction. Had He been hard, His holiness would have repelled, and men would have kept aloof from Him. As it was, all who were not incurably wedded to their sins, pressed into His loving and gracious presence, eager to lay down the burden of their sorrows and trials at His sacred feet; and the most lost and hopeless—those whom society had given up in despair, or flung off with contempt—felt that they had in Jesus of Nazareth a Deliverer and a Friend. And we, if we would be successful workers, must partake of this spirit—and partake largely of it too. Men, women, and children—all recognise, directly they see him, the man who honours humanity for its own sake, and is in true and genuine sympathy with it. *Duty!* Yes! we require the backbone of a sense of duty—we shall be but limp workers without it; *Love* to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us—*zeal* for the glory of God—yes! we must have the strong impulse which both these feelings impart. But, though we cannot dispense with any one of the three, still less can we dispense with the magnetic influence of a Christ-given brotherliness. In the union of all we have the motive power of the true Christian worker. And need it be said that it is only by abiding in Christ, it is only by seeking and obtaining continually the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, that this power, in its purity and strength, can be sustained and increased within us?

With two thoughts we conclude.

First: Let us not be unwilling or slow to extend recognition and greeting to all who are working for the cause of truth and righteousness upon earth, although they do not adopt our method, and even, it may be, do not march with us under the banner of Christ. We regret that they should not do so, for they miss a noble inspiration, they rob themselves of a wonderful sustaining power. Well is it to labour, and strive, and contend for what is right and true; but it is better far, and happier far, to work for and with a *righteous person*; and that blessing we who call ourselves Christians enjoy. And besides, we are more sure of a result, for we work on the lines which God has laid down. We know what we are about. We follow a leader, a Captain, who is Himself the Truth. Nevertheless, we will remember that all who honestly struggle against evil are to be held in honour by us. Do not let us despise them as if they were merely secular—the politician, or the statesman, or the writer, or the poet, or the man of science, who, without making what is called a "profession of religion," are labouring to overthrow abuses, to root out error, to remove mistakes, to let in light upon the darkness of mankind. "He that is not against us is for us."

Our last thought is for ourselves. It may be a trouble to some who read these papers that they seem to be doing no *direct work* for Christ. Nothing of the kind, so far as they know, has up to the present time fallen in their way. They have little to give; they cannot teach; they do not know how to visit the poor; they think that they have no gift of administration even of the simplest kind; and they do not feel much courage to speak on religion. Are they outside the pale of Christian workers? Assuredly not. "They also serve who only stand and wait." And where there is the real willingness, the opportunity will sooner or later present itself. Meantime (to say nothing of the power of prayer, which all may exert), these persons are working for Christ, if they are truly following Christ. For mighty, beyond all expression, is the influence of a life, in which every common thing is done, and every ordinary duty discharged—in the name of the Lord.

HOW GOD PRESERVED THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.—THIRD PAPER.

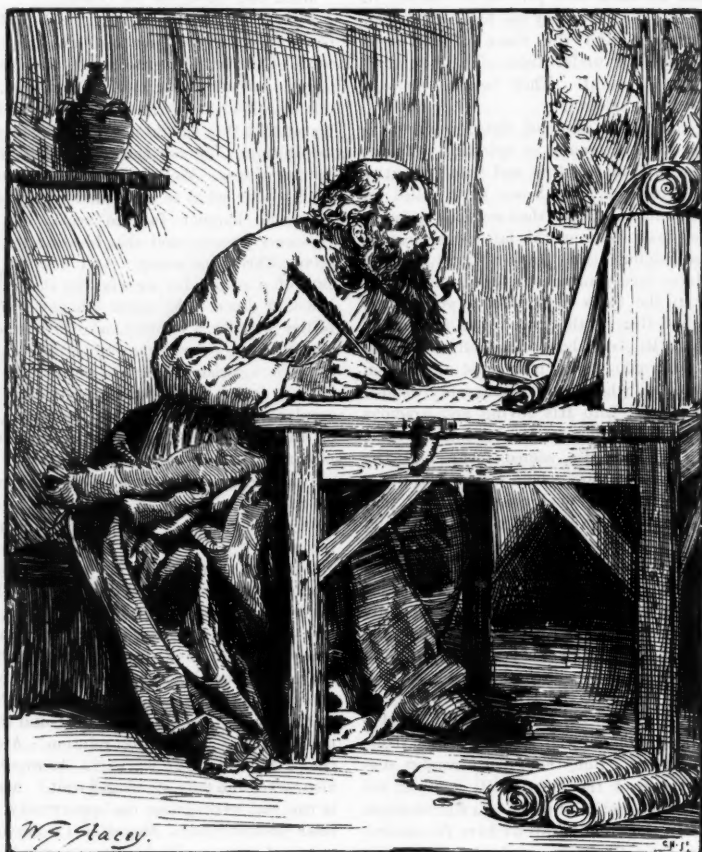


E saw in our last paper what an array there is of costly and noble manuscripts, ranging from the fourth to the sixteenth century, whereby students have ample means for settling the text of the Holy Scriptures. So many of these MSS., however, have

either been discovered, or, at least, made available for use only in our own days, that naturally many

interesting questions are still under debate; but even so, there is no book in the world for the substantial accuracy of which there is such an amount of testimony as there is for that of the Bible.

It may seem strange, nevertheless, to affirm that even if not one of these goodly MSS. had been preserved, yet that the Bible would not have been lost; so great has been the care taken of it by the Divine Providence, and so vast the evidence for it on every side.



ST. JEROME TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES

One might say much upon this point with regard to the quotations from the Scriptures contained in the writings of the Fathers, beginning long anterior to the date of the most ancient MSS. And as copies of the Bible could not be multiplied so cheaply then as they are now by the printing press, they quoted very largely; and as they delighted in allegorical interpretations, there is no portion of Holy Writ which is not pressed into service. The quotations have, for textual purposes, to be used carefully; because the Fathers often quoted from memory, and possessed none of those helps to accuracy, in the shape of dictionaries and concordances, enjoyed by us now. But the habit of depending upon memory made their memories stronger; and they were not so uncritical as many writers suppose, but often refer to the existence of differences of reading. Altogether, their value is very great, inasmuch as they show what was the current text of Holy Scripture in their days; and, more-

over, the errors to which they are liable are of a different kind from those committed by copyists, and thus they serve as a check upon one another.

But the authority to which I now wish to refer is that of the ancient versions, and when I mention that some of these are earlier than the most ancient codices, and that they come from various quarters, and represent distinct and distant branches of the Church, it is plain that their evidence is of very high value.

We have already seen that when the Jews returned from the Babylonian exile, the common people had lost the use of the old classic Hebrew, and that this led to the formation of Targums, or translations into the Aramaean *patois* spoken by the multitude. And these Targums, gradually perfected during the four centuries and a half between Nehemiah's age and the coming of Christ, and handed down by oral tradition in the Rabbinic schools, guarded the Hebrew text from corruption

then, and are most useful to us now for textual criticism. But the first complete version of the Old Testament was that made into Greek in Egypt, and which was probably begun in the time of the first Ptolemy, about 280 B.C., and completed in the course of the next thirty or forty years. Now, that which led to the making of this translation was the fact that a very large number of Jews had settled in Egypt. Isaiah speaks of their presence not only in Lower Egypt, but in Pathros—that is, Upper Egypt—and even in Cush—that is, the Soudân and Abyssinia. (Isa. xi. 11.) He foresaw also the time when whole cities there would speak the Aramæan tongue (*ibid.* xix. 18), and condemned the policy which caused so many Israelites to migrate thither (*ibid.* xxx. 2). But the Assyrian wars made the greater safety and peace of Egypt very strong attractions to the Jews as their own land became more and more devastated by war; and we find Jeremiah similarly attempting, but in vain, to stem their flight thither (Jer. xlii. 14), and finally compelled himself to go with the fugitives. Most of my readers will probably remember the wonderful proofs brought to light within the last few years of his presence at Talpanhes, and the discovery there of the very pavement of which he speaks in chap. xlii. 8—10. Of course the same thing would happen in Egypt as at Babylon, that the people generally would embark in trade, and adopt the language of the mart, which there was Greek. And when the Greek Empire of Alexander was divided among his generals, and the Ptolemys took Egypt, and fostered the Jews there, especially at Alexandria, because of their aptitude for trade, with increased numbers and larger wealth there would come the desire of having their Law and other Scriptures in the language used by them in daily life.

A fabulous account of this version is given in a letter of Aristeas, narrating how King Ptolemy sent an embassy to the high priest at Jerusalem, with large sums in silver and gold; and how the high priest selected six men of each tribe, who, after a magnificent reception, were shut up in cells on the sea-coast, and completed the translation in seventy-two days. The internal evidence proves that it was made gradually, and by men deficient in the knowledge handed down in the schools in Palestine. They often divide sentences wrongly, mistake the meaning of rare words, and not unfrequently confess their ignorance by transcribing Hebrew words in Greek characters. But the story was so generally current that the version was called the Septuagint, as being made by seventy [and two] men.

Now, this translation holds so very important a place in Church history, that it is necessary to say a few words concerning it.

And, first, for many ages it was the sole means by which the Old Testament was known to Christians. We have seen in the history of the Uncial MSS. that the noblest of them contain the Septuagint and

the New Testament. The Hebrew Scriptures were absolutely unknown in the West, and only partially known in the East; and thus the Church was unable to distinguish between what was genuine and what apocryphal. We shall see when we come to the Vulgate what great difficulties Jerome had to overcome, and how he was forced to settle at Bethlehem, before he could make his translation directly from the Hebrew. The old Latin version (*Vetus Italia*) was made from the Septuagint.

An equally important service which it rendered was that it prepared the Gentile world for the reception of Christ. Those devout men and women of whom we read so much in St. Paul's missionary tours were Gentiles whose hearts had been reached by the revelation in the Old Testament of the unity, holiness, omnipresence, and almighty power of God; and it was the Septuagint which had given them this knowledge. Without this preparation going on for nearly three centuries, the Gentile world would not have been fit to receive doctrines so pure and refined as those of Christianity.

To us a third most important use is that the Septuagint bears witness to the substantial accuracy of the Hebrew text. Made in Egypt at a distance from the Palestinian schools, and by men evidently untrained in the vast traditional knowledge of the Scribes, it has preserved for us a text long current in Egypt, and made from MSS., some of which may possibly have been carried thither in the times of Isaiah and Jeremiah. Of course there are considerable differences of reading, and these often are of great value. But the wonder is that this text, which branched off from the main stem three centuries before Christ, agrees so generally, and often even minutely, with the ordinary Hebrew text as given us by the Massorites in the ninth and tenth centuries after Christ.

Finally, this version rendered to Christianity a fourth and most important service. For it formed the Greek of the New Testament, both in its vocabulary and its grammar. The New Testament, humanly speaking, could not have been written unless the Septuagint had provided for it a language. Possibly a vocabulary had grown up in Egypt to express both the technical terms of the Law, and also ideas altogether beyond the range of the Greek philosophies. These the Septuagint has preserved for us, and only by its study can we reach the full meaning of many of the words used by the Apostles and Evangelists. Even the names of Christian graces are often of Septuagint origin. Thus the word for *love*—*agapê*—is not found in any classic writer, but in the Septuagint alone; and the difficulty of rendering it in our days arises from the fact that, just as in classic Greek and Latin, so in English, there is no word to signify a love devoid of passion, and which does not seek the possession of the thing loved, but only its good and happiness.

The Septuagint is a translation of the Old Testament only; but if from Egypt we travel into

Mesopotamia, we find there a most valuable translation of both Testaments, known as the Peshitta, or Simple Version, by which is meant a version into ordinary Syriac. This translation was the work of a lengthened period of time, and one of the precursors of it is known as the Curetonian Syriac. This consists of eighty-five leaves found by Dr. Cureton in one of the MSS. brought by Dr. Tatham from Egypt, and contains portions of all the Gospels, though the fragment of St. Mark consists of only four verses. It is quoted by Aphraates in homilies bearing dates from A.D. 337 to A.D. 345, and which have been published by Dr. Wright from a MS. dated A.D. 474. In a previous edition of an Armenian Version of these homilies Aphraates is wrongly confounded with St. James of Nisibis. The Peshitta may really in parts be older, as it dates from the second century, but it was revised between A.D. 250 and A.D. 350, and collated with MSS. at Antioch, and thus ranks as of the fourth century, giving us the text current at Antioch at that time. As Mesopotamia embraced Christianity at a very early date, the kings of Edessa having been converted during the first century, the version of the Old Testament may represent Hebrew MSS. carried there soon after the days of our Lord. Besides the Old Testament, it contains all the New, except 2 Pet., 2 and 3 John, Jude, and the Apocalypse. It is written in pure and idiomatic Syriac, and is generally literal, though it does not shrink from giving a paraphrase where the sense requires it.

Another important Syriac version of the New Testament is the Harklensian. Its object is to give a perfectly literal rendering of the Greek, without any regard to style or idiom. So exact is it that it would be easy to re-translate it into Greek, all the articles, pronouns, particles, the tenses of the verb, etc., being most carefully given, though often with great clumsiness. It was begun in A.D. 508, by Philoxenus, a Monophysite Bishop of Mabug, when living in exile at Alexandria, and collated again with the MSS. there by Thomas, Bishop of Heraclea in A.D. 616. Thomas added in the margin a number of various readings which are very valuable. Thus it bears witness to the contents of MSS. stored up at Alexandria, and which perished at the destruction of its noble library. It contains all the New Testament except the Apocalypse.

I pass over many versions, which all have their points of interest, to hasten on to the Gothic, made by Ulphilas—that is, Wölfein, Little Wolf—in the first half of the fourth century. This extraordinary man invented even an alphabet for the illiterate Goths, composed partly of Greek and partly of Runic letters, and which is now represented by the alphabet in use in Russia. Like our modern missionaries, his care was to supply the race which he had converted to Christianity with the Word of God, and not knowing Hebrew, he translated the Old Testament from the Greek Septuagint, and added to it the New. The remains of this version are very valuable, not

merely for textual criticism, but as the first and most ancient writing in the Teutonic language.

In the fourth century the Scriptures were translated into Ethiopic, and in the fifth into Armenian. The Ethiopic is one of the versions printed in Bishop Walton's famous Polyglot Bible; for the Armenian MSS. were obtained from Cappadocia, the mother of Armenian Christianity. And thus it will be seen how great an extent of country these versions cover. They represent to us the MSS. of Mesopotamia, of Antioch, of Egypt—where too, we have the Memphitic and Thebaic versions—of Abyssinia, of the Goths and races north of the Danube, and of Cappadocia. We have still to journey to North Africa and Italy, representing to us the West.

We find there the *Vetus Itala*, a version of the second century, but not really Italian, but made probably in North Africa, where Latin was the language of the country. Its style is barbarous, and reminds us of the fact that Christianity was first accepted by the poor and unlearned. But apparently it was constantly being improved, and that which St. Augustine speaks of with approbation as fairly representing the originals was probably a revised text. The Old Testament was translated from the Septuagint; and as its place was taken at the end of the fourth century by Jerome's version, the Vulgate, and as it then dropped out of use, and was subject to no other changes, it is of great value for critical purposes, though necessarily to be used with caution.

The greatest of the Latin versions, and that which ranks with the Septuagint and Syriac as one of the three chief authorities for the text of Holy Scripture, is the Vulgate. From the constant blunders and uncritical emendations of scribes, the *Vetus Itala* had become corrupt, and in A.D. 383 Damasus, Bishop of Rome, urged upon that great scholar St. Jerome the task of correcting it. He began by collating the New Testament with the Greek, and correcting the numerous errors which had crept into it. But the work grew upon him, and he saw that the Old Testament also needed correction, and that the Septuagint was not always itself an accurate translation. For, fortunately, years before, when leading an ascetic life in the desert of Chalcis, whither, however, he had taken with him his library, he had made the acquaintance of a converted Jew, living there as a hermit, and had learned from him enough Hebrew to enable him to collate the Septuagint with the original. Leaving Chalcis, he continued his studies at Constantinople in A.D. 381, and became more fully aware of the many deficiencies of that translation; while in the Greek versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, made in the second century, he found translations far more exact, which he carefully studied at Rome in A.D. 382—385, making use of many learned helps, and especially of the Hexapla of Origen. The effect of these studies was to make him feel that the Hebrew text ought to be carefully examined; and as he could obtain neither sufficient

MSS. nor learned teachers in Italy, he determined to proceed to Palestine, as there alone he could procure not merely the books but the living help of the best scholars among the Jews, from whom he not merely perfected his knowledge of the language, visiting some of the Rabbins secretly, but even obtained their assistance and co-operation in rendering the Hebrew into Latin. So completely did he devote himself to the work, that he remained at Bethlehem for about twenty years, and not only made his version, but wrote numerous commentaries, from which we derive much information as to his method of making his translation, and the sources whence he obtained his information upon all difficult points.

This version had the honour of being the first book printed, and its value is inestimable. But, unfortunately, we possess it only in the editions of Popes Sixtus and Clement. It has been well said of it by a German scholar that we still have no edition of the Vulgate which answers to the demands of science; and that Protestantism alone can and ought to accomplish this work, already too long neglected. Unfortunately, while something has been done for the Septuagint, and something even for the Peshitta Syriac (though very little) in Dr. Lee's edition, printed by the Bible Society, nothing has been done at present for the Vulgate; and our Bible Societies, instead of combining to give us a scholarly edition of Jerome's grand work, quarrel over the minor point of whether they ought to circulate among the Latin nations a Bible which has many

corrupt readings. We may at least bear in mind that it was Wycliffe's translation of the Vulgate which lit up and kept burning for so long in this land the lamp of Scriptural truth.

And thus for the Old Testament we have the Septuagint, the Syriac, and the Vulgate. For the Septuagint we have the *Vetus Itala*, and the Gothic of Ulphilas. For the New Testament we have not only all these, but many more, representing countries very remote and independent of one another. And in this triple cord of testimony—from ancient MSS., from quotations in the writings of the Fathers, and from versions made at very early dates—we have superabundant evidence, not merely for the text of the Bible, but also for the genuineness and high authority in the Church of the books thus quoted, and rendered into so many tongues. They would not have been so generally received and honoured in countries so distant from one another unless they had from the first been known to be the authentic writings of the Apostles and Apostolic men, and had been regarded as the authority for the doctrines believed and taught in the Church. And on such full evidence our faith may be content to rest; and we may heartily thank God that He has so guarded the Holy Scriptures, which give us the knowledge of His will, that the possibility of error is confined within the narrowest limits, and that witnesses from so many lands, and in so many tongues, proclaim, "This is God's Word, and herein we have the proof of all that is necessary for salvation."

THE CAPTAIN'S LESSON.

BY THE HON. KATHERINE SCOTT, AUTHOR OF "MISS BROWN'S DISTRICT," ETC. ETC.

"Life is not only play,
But school-days to us all; the world is not our holiday."



THE afternoon sun was making Rake School scorching, and Mrs. Ellis was longing quite as much as her scholars for the church clock to chime four.

She was ashamed of the number of times she had looked at it, and at the first preliminary creak which heralded the strike she rang her bell, and opened the harmonium for the usual hymn.

The children were all on their feet in an instant, and the necessary banging of desks and clatter of putting away slates was speedily got through.

"Hymn beginning—

"We are but little children weak,"

gave out Mrs. Ellis, and the children started. The harmonium groaned as harmoniums are wont to do,

and the children, tired and hot, sang so wand'ringly that the last line of the third verse,

"A weary war to wage with sin,"

sounded very weary indeed.

Mrs. Ellis's back was to the door, so she did not hear the click of the handle, and was startled by a man's melodious voice—

"When deep within our swelling hearts;"

and louder and cheerily came—

"Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord."

The children were all attention now, and every little face was watching the singer, and carried on by his voice.

It was "The Captain," and it was thoughts of the Captain which had made the afternoon school so interminably long to both mistress and scholars.

He had keen blue eyes and a very freckled face, and he was standing now just inside the door in his undress uniform, with his cap in his hand. He stepped forward as the hymn ended.

"Mrs. Ellis, I've just looked in to say good-bye to you and the children. We're off to-morrow, you know."

"Yes, Captain, so we heard, and we wondered if we should get a sight of you again."

"Oh! I couldn't go without that; besides, you know, I have some treasures to deposit safely at the Rectory," and the Captain's smiling face was clouded for a moment, and then he looked round cheerily.

"Little ones and big ones, I am off to Egypt to-morrow, and I've come in to wish you good-bye, and to leave you all my good wishes and this advice. Be obedient, be brave, be tender. You know I am off because my Queen and my country send me, and I shall have a lot of hard work to do before I see you again, if God bring me safely back, but by God's help I *will* do it, for it is my profession, which I am bound to follow; and you girls, you have a lot of work to do too, so don't you shirk it, dawdling over your copies and your spelling, and getting out of temper with your needles and your thread, and grumbling over a bit of scrubbing and hard work; remember that 'the courage to dare and the courage to bear' are one and the same, so don't you big girls cry over the newspapers when you read of brave deeds, and sulk when your mistresses give you a few hard words and a bit of hard work. And, my children, be tender to one another; let all those hands be tender, let all those tongues speak gently. And remember that I in Egypt, and you in this dear home, are all in one Captain's keeping, all in His army, so we must *bear* all, *do* all for 'Jesus' sake.' Good-bye, Mrs. Ellis; good-bye, good-bye!" The Captain was off as suddenly as he had come in, and the children dispersed in rather a subdued mood. The Captain was the Vicar's son, and his visits to the village were always hailed with delight, for he came like a fresh bracing breeze, and left a healthy cheerfulness behind him which seemed to put new life into everyone. This time he was leaving the best part of his own life behind, and there was a general sympathy for the old Vicar and the Captain's mother, but very specially for the sunny-haired young wife and the baby girl who was just learning to toddle. Mrs. Ellis was pouring out her husband's tea with rather a grave face that hot afternoon, and Mr. Ellis himself was very silent.

"John, did you have the Captain in at your school this afternoon? and what did he say to you and your boys?" John seemed very much preoccupied by the sugar at the bottom of his cup.

"Eh! what, my dear? The Captain? Oh, yes, we did have him. But come now, Annie, you're not given to feminine curiosity, and I shall not tell you what he said to me and my boys, nor ask what he said to you and your girls. Depend upon it, if you and yours practise what he preached, and I and my boys do the same, you'll find out in due time what it was. Not that the Captain's few brave words can be called preaching, but they are like a trumpet-call to rouse us."

"True, they are indeed! and I'll ask no more, but try and *do* my part;" and Mrs. Ellis smiled at her husband from behind her teapot and was silent.

At last Mr. Ellis remarked—

"There's a chance of seeing the Captain with his detachment of the regiment to-morrow morning."

"The Captain and his soldiers!" inquired Mrs. Ellis eagerly. "Oh! I shall like to see that! What time will it be, John?"

"Most likely about nine in the morning, but he wasn't sure. I should like to see him myself, and I'd have gone to Portsmouth if I could have left the school. But there! I'm forgetting the first line of the Captain's lesson," and John rose, with a sigh and a laugh.

The nine o'clock school-bell was just giving its concluding "tins" next morning, when wafted on the fresh breeze came the strains of "The girl I left behind me," and down the hill past the Rectory, along the flat bit of road by the school, was heard the tramp, tramp of the soldiers, the Captain and his men. Every window in the little street had an outstretched head and hands; handkerchiefs and aprons were waving; not a boy in the place but was following, and Mr. Ellis stood scholarless at his gate.

Mrs. Ellis and her flock rushed out in time to have a nod from the Captain and a farewell look from the bright, kind face, and then the sharp turn in the Portsmouth road hid them from sight, the music died away, and the excited little faces looked very blank indeed.

Mrs. Ellis's eyes were full of tears as she shaded them from the bright morning sunshine in the vain endeavour to catch another glimpse, and then turned into the school, which to mistress and scholars at that moment looked exceedingly dull and prosaic.

She let the little tongues go for a while, and then the usual routine of lessons had to be gone through, leaving, as she thought would be best, any reminder of the Captain's farewell words till the close of school. The afternoon brought some "half-timers," who went out to little places in the morning and to school in the afternoon, and as it happened, these gave Mrs. Ellis an "opening" for her little discourse.

One girl from the Rectory and one from the little village shop, had very red eyes, and Ella Smith from the Rectory kept up so much chattering that Mrs. Ellis had to call her to order in stern tones. School ended, she began with rather a quaver in her voice at the thought of the cheery face here yesterday, and the aching blank at the Rectory home to-day.

"Now, girls, you remember the Captain's last words to us yesterday. I want you each to try and carry them out—not to-day only, but every day. Please God, he will be back again amongst us by-and-bye, and you know he will expect to find us each improved in some way, and each doing all 'for Jesus' sake,'" and Mrs. Ellis's voice was reverently lowered.

"Oh! please, ma'am," began Ella, "I have been thinking so much of the Captain to-day! I'm sure I've hardly been able to attend in school this afternoon."

"That you certainly have not, Ella," said Mrs. Ellis rather sarcastically.

"And this morning, ma'am, I cried till I felt quite ill, and missus she said I wasn't fit to take the little girl out, and I had to go and wash-up instead."

"And served you quite right too, Ella. I am ashamed of you! You at the Rectory, too! the very place

where you ought to have tried most to be of use, crying and giving way like that! Child, you forgot your duty to-day."

"Oh! ma'am, but just think what my feelings were, seeing the Captain come and say good-bye to missus and the Vicar and the old lady."

"Feelings, indeed! why were *your* feelings to be

shop, "it would be easier to be good if our work was not every day the same, and if we could now and then do some great thing that everybody would hear about, like they hear about the soldiers."

Mrs. Ellis turned more gently to Katie's wistful face, and a remembrance of the shop, with its peculiar mixed-up smell of calico, and candles, and soap, and



"Mrs. Ellis's eyes were full of tears as she shaded them from the sunshine."—p. 228.

thought of to-day? You've missed the very point of the Captain's lesson, if you've not understood that he meant you to serve faithfully *always*, forgetting yourself."

"Well, I did feel it a privilege to be in the house, and I did do my very best the last few days while the Captain was there; and he said to missus he hoped I was going to do well and be a comfort to her."

"And because no one saw you to-day you neglected the plain work set before you, and missed being of use. I am ashamed of you, Ella!"

"Please, ma'am," began Katie Duncan from the

cheese, and sugar, and the old shopkeeper and his fat wife, and errands here and there, and orphaned Katie grinding on in the same round every day, made her voice soft as she answered—

"Child, child! we all have visions of glory, and a very paltry sort of glory it often is! Try and remember that each man's, woman's, and child's work is given to each by God, and do it all, in sight of man or out of sight, for Jesus' sake, and you will by degrees find what true glory is."

* * * * *

The months had passed, and on a November Sunday

the sun was struggling through the frosty London fog into a little room in one of the streets off Piccadilly, where lay the Captain. The pale gleams fell on the golden plaits of the Captain's little wife as, seated by the window, Bible in hand, she bent her head listeningly.

A plane-tree outside, with still a few leaves clinging to it, a black wall, and the back of an hotel, made up the view. The sun was doing its best to brighten it up, and suddenly fell full on the Captain's face, which at that moment was just where she did not wish it to go. But the Captain's ears were quicker than hers, and the distant murmur which had been puzzling her for some minutes had woke him, and lighted up his face before the sun reached it. The murmur was now a roar, a roar of cheering—swelling along Piccadilly, coming nearer and nearer.

"Some more of our brave fellows arrived! I wish you could see them, Elsie."

"Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will," might have been reversed for the Captain's wife as the roll of sound came clearer on the air, filling her heart with tears, while her face was brighter than the sunshine as she answered, "*One* brave fellow is enough for me!"

Battles are fought and won in dingy, out-of-the-way corners, more lifelong scars made than the world ever knows of, and rays of glory stream where human eyes see only furrows and wrinkles.

The Captain was fighting a fierce battle in his London lodging that Sunday morning, and winning, and the Captain's wife was fighting and winning too. Down Piccadilly marched the bronzed, thin soldiers, followed by crowds; the cheers came clear in the comparative quiet of the Sunday streets, and at last slowly died away. The two remained silent, till at last the Captain said gently—

"Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord." He was not thinking of any earthly battle at that moment. Only that Divine Captain who was made perfect through suffering knew what two hearts had gone through in that half-hour, and what a struggle of will had been met and ended! No more marches, no more sharing of triumphs with the soldiers he loved, no medals nor decorations—probably not even an early death, but a lifelong imprisonment to a sick-couch! The Captain had been invalided home a short while before, and the doctors had given their verdict during this past week. This quiet Sunday morning, when all that might have been seemed swept before them, the meaning of it had been faced, and those few words were all that was said; but Elsie knew what they meant: knew that the next day's homeward journey

to the little village would be a victorious march, and that the altered life was not to be a mournful one.

And, truly, while the beautiful sight was going on in London of the troops before the Queen—the thick fog enveloping all the splendour of uniforms and flags and decorations, and then suddenly lifting like a curtain, while the sun shone its brightest on the scene—in Rake School there was a beautiful sight too, and the sun shone even more brilliantly than on the Queen's Review!

Outside was a green archway decked with flags, and inside wreaths of green and bright autumn leaves and late chrysanthemums, and at the end of the room a large "Welcome Home," under which, on a couch, was the Captain, holding a reception.

Every soul in the place was there, and all eager to get a word from him. The Captain's smiling little wife and Mrs. Ellis presided over a long tea-table, and Mr. Ellis and his boys assisted. The Captain had a bright word for each and all, and, spite of his wasted look, the old bracing tone was the same. Even pale-faced Katie Duncan went home with a glad heart, for had not the Captain remarked, "Well, I hear some of you girls have been as much in the wars as I have, and have come out with flying colours. Courage, Katie; you are a good bit higher up in the ranks than when I last saw you!"

Old Mrs. Dyer, who was not so very old either, but always ill and suffering, had a warm grip, and felt she could bear her aches better with the Captain's kindly words, "Well, Mrs. Dyer, I have been put into the same regiment as you now! I only hope I may carry my new standard as cheerily as you do yours." Some of the boys were a little cloudy in their looks, and kept aloof; something troubled them, and the Captain's quick ears soon caught it:—

"I say, Joe, it would have been far grander if the Captain had been at the review to-day, and getting a medal."

"I was just thinking so; if he'd been wounded, now, and got some reward!"

"Far more glory about it," said a third, "than just lying there like any other sick man!"

John Ellis also heard, and turned with a pained look to silence the group, but the Captain's victory had been very complete, for there was no look of pain on his face, only an amused and quiet smile.

"It's the old story, Ellis: a little bit of outside glory! and it's no wonder they think so; but if I can help them by my shattered life to see that there are more ways to glory than one, and that the victory over sin and self is the highest, then it won't be in vain that I lie on this thing for the rest of my days!"



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.*

QUESTIONS.

1. In what place did Abram build his first altar to God?
2. In what words did God foretell to Abraham the settlement of the children of Israel in the land of Canaan?
3. When St. John the Baptist says of Jesus "whose fan is in His hand," to what kind of fan does he refer?
4. To what custom do the following words doubtless refer—"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain"?
5. Quote a passage in which our Blessed Lord speaks of Himself as "the Son of Man."
6. What argument did Satan use to tempt Eve?
7. For what great act of intercession is Abraham noted?
8. What mother led her son to commit a great act of deception?
9. At what period did our Lord leave His abode at Nazareth and go to dwell at Capernaum?
10. What Gentile woman showed an example of great faith?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS (OLD SERIES) ON PAGE 154.

11. The sacrifice of one's own life for another. (St. John xv. 13.)
12. Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee. (St. Luke xiii. 32.)
13. Ishbosheth. (2 Sam. ii. 10.)
14. Zedekiah and Ahab, who were roasted in the fire by the king of Babylon. (Jer. xxix. 22.)
15. "The works that I do in My Father's name, they bear witness of Me." (St. John x. 2, 25.)
16. Ahaz, king of Judah, who obtained the pattern from Damascus. (2 Kings xvi. 10, 11.)
17. The town of Abel, of which it is said, "They shall surely ask counsel at Abel." (2 Sam. xx. 18.)
18. They were carried away captive to Halah, Habor, etc., by Tiglath-pileser, king of Assyria. (1 Chron. v. 26.)
19. He commanded his brethren to carry his bones with them, and to bury them in the land of Canaan. (Gen. i. 23, and Heb. xi. 22.)
20. With the great battle between Joshua and Jabin king of Hazor. (Joshua xi. 4-8.)

* With this month an entirely new series of Questions is commenced, having special reference to THE QUIVER Bible Reading Society. (See page 210.)

POPULAR PREACHERS OF TO-DAY.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.—BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



JUST where the thickly built parish of Islington begins to blossom out into the trees and gardens and wider spaces of a pleasant London suburb lies the district of St. Augustine's, Highbury, the highly esteemed Vicar of which, the Rev. Gordon Cal-

throp, has earned a fame far beyond the limits of his own neighbourhood as an earnest and eloquent preacher.

In some respects the district is typical. It is a new neighbourhood. During this latter half of the nineteenth century many of our large towns have been expanding more and more into prosperous suburbs, and St. Augustine's is in one of these. Twenty-five years ago it was a dairy-farm. To-day it is, in Mr. Calthrop's own expressive words, "a new colony let into the old parish of Islington." A peculiarity is that it has no poor; the inhabitants are for the most part sensible, practical, well-to-do English people having business in the City, with a proportion of lawyers and doctors. Also there are an increasing number of Jews of the higher class, —cultivated and well-informed—and Mr. Calthrop

has had the pleasure of baptising some of these at different times into the Christian faith.

Commencing with an iron church, which the then owner of the property placed on the estate, Mr. Calthrop has in twenty-three years built up a noble structure holding a congregation of thirteen hundred people, and having also a beautiful church-room for week-evening and social gatherings, capable of accommodating five hundred attendants. There is no endowment; it is a pew-rent church, with a sufficient number of free seats always reserved.

How different this district from the average parish of fifty years ago! how different, again, even from the ordinary parish of to-day, be it in the heart of the country, in the crowded city slums, or in the comparatively isolated neighbourhood of a business centre from which the tide of population has long since passed!

And Mr. Calthrop has boldly adapted himself and his methods of work to the requirements of his neighbourhood. There being no poor in his district, he has led his church to stretch out a helping hand to the needier quarters of the large parish of Islington. He has a band of two hundred church-workers, who carry on the work of three large mothers'-meetings in



MR. CALTHROP'S STUDY.

different parts, attended, in the aggregate, by 525 women. Help is also largely afforded to the Rosemary Mission. Temperance work is going on, and even the policemen are not forgotten; while Mr. Calthrop himself has for long taken a prominent part in evangelistic work in the great city, preaching frequently in the theatres and halls. For ten years consecutively he preached on Sunday afternoons for a month at a time in Shoreditch Town Hall to an average congregation of 1,200 people, in addition to preaching morning and evening in his own church. These three sermons form a sufficiently hard day's work for anyone, and it is not surprising that his health at length gave way; and though better now, yet he is not able to renew such arduous labour.

Mr. Calthrop has made his home just on the borders of the new neighbourhood in which his district lies. The house is a large, roomy, somewhat old-fashioned building, of age-mellowed brick, with a fair-sized plot of ground and a carriage-drive in front, and, for London, a large and beautiful garden behind. This ground is walled around with trees and shrubs, so that in the summer the fair, smooth lawn stands in a bower of lovely foliage. It is a quiet, retired, and delightful spot, with the roar of the mighty city ever sounding around as a "background" to the quiet—dim, perhaps, but distinct. We may take it as a type of dwelling which is now, we fear, fast passing away. Built perhaps some seventy or eighty years ago, when prosperous merchants began to push for house-room beyond Islington, and before the rage for packing houses together almost as close as herrings in a barrel had seized our architects, there is about it and its neighbours a decided savour of an

age that has past. There are several of such houses still to be found in some of what may be called the inner suburbs of London—different indeed from the modern productions of the speculative builder.

Entering, we are in a roomy hall, out of which Mr. Calthrop's study opens on the right in a new wing built to the old house. It is a light and cheery apartment, looking on to the front. Three comparatively small tables, heavily laden with books and reviews, some new, some old, are placed around the fireplace, over which hangs a charming painting. Mr. Calthrop usually writes at the table near the fire, and facing the door. Hard by is a tall, old-fashioned Cambridge reading-desk, and not far off a large screen covered with various pictures, near to which is a large harmonium; for the Vicar is very fond of music. Shelves of books deck the walls, and now and again, to add to the cosy, homely appearance, a favourite cat or dog might be seen on the hearth, for the family are fond of domestic animals.

Scattered over the house are evidences also of refined artistic taste, and a love of flowers and of nature. Numerous baskets of ferns of all kinds, from the delicate maidenhair to the glossy hart's-tongue, are to be seen; also glass vases, filled in this autumn season with rich red berries and leaves of lovely tint, sprigs of mignonette, or other flowers, last messengers of summer. The placing of these is no doubt the work of some of the daughters of the house. And when one is privileged to see Mr. Calthrop's genial face at the head of his own table, or hear him talking of his boys at Cambridge, or speaking of his daughter's paintings, one may get a clue to the secret of his remarkable success as a preacher and pastor for young people.

"I suspect the root of it all is sympathy," says Mr. Calthrop, when in a conversation with him we ventured to ask plainly what he considered to be the secret of winning young people. "I have long laid myself out to preach to them, and to children also. As a rule, the first Sunday night in every month I preach especially to the former, and on the second Sunday, in the afternoon, to children.

"I try to deal in a bold and manly way with the objections or difficulties which might rise in the minds of the young. I try to put myself in the place of those to whom I am preaching, and ask myself how they would regard the subject, or what they may need, and I try to adapt myself in that way.

"And, then, we have here, at home, a young men's meeting once a month. This is a private affair; of course we cannot have a large number at once, but it is conducted in a somewhat peculiar way, and the young men themselves take a large part in it. We always have tea together first, and then short papers are read, perhaps a little discussion follows, and then I, as president, close with a few words. These meetings enable us to retain the influence over them one gets in Confirmation. My point is in my work to make the spiritual element my chief concern. The papers read are mostly on religious subjects, and it is a nice homely meeting.

"Another interesting feature is a Ladies' Training Class. We have several young ladies who are training for medical missions, Zenana work, and Home Mission work. I take a class with them.

"I also believe much in Bible-classes, and have several. But a bright spot in my work is the Communicants' Union. I wish everybody would adopt one! We hold the meeting once a month in the church-room, which has an organ in it, and get a large number. It is very successful. We call it the Communicants' Union for Prayer and Work, and the rules and objects are copied and adapted from those

used by Dr. Thorold, the present Bishop of Rochester, when at St. Pancras."

We need not set these forth in detail. It will be sufficient to say that those persons who communicate at the church not less than three times yearly, and sincerely desire "to live for the glory of God and the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, are eligible as members." Among the objects are "to promote a closer unity among us, to deepen the spiritual life of the people of God, and to sustain the faith of young disciples."

Though purely religious, the meetings are held

more or less informally, and they afford an opportunity for hearing other clergymen, who perhaps could not come on Sunday; among those who have attended being Archdeacon Richardson and the present Bishop of Melbourne. The service usually consists of prayer and singing, and half-an-hour's address. Special subjects for prayer are mentioned, these being sent to the president, Mr. Calthrop, by the Saturday previous to the meeting.

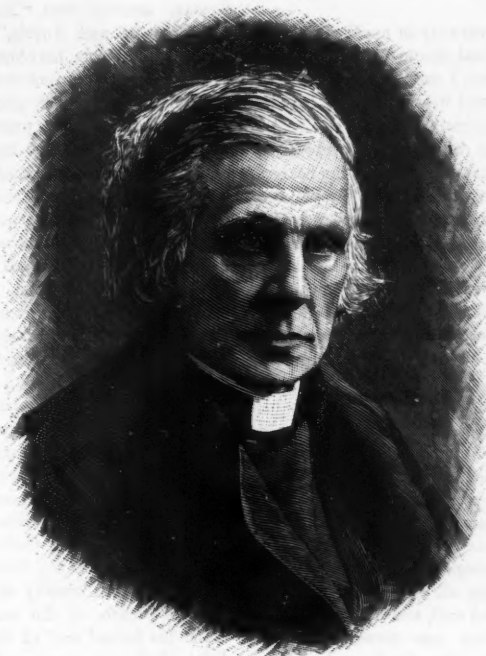
In addition, the work of the church includes a Sunday-school of the children of the congregation, meetings of the Workers' Unions, Congregational Conversations, Lectures, etc., there being generally "something going on."

Mr. Calthrop, also, is Whitehead Professor at St. John's Hall,

Highbury, where young men are trained for Holy Orders. This duty is that of lecturer on pastoral theology, and training them in sermon-writing and the delivery of sermons.

"What would you say, then, Mr. Calthrop—should a man write his sermons, or preach extempore?"

"Both. He should be able to do both. Unless he is an exceptionally gifted man, he should certainly write sermons almost as long as he can write; but he should also be able to speak extemporaneously. Now, when I was Select Preacher at Cambridge, I carefully wrote out my sermons; but when I preach in the



THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. T. C. Turner & Co., Barnsbury.)

theatres, why, a bit of paper would spoil the effect. If a man acquire a fatal facility of language he is played out in a few years. He becomes tempted to give words instead of ideas. But the writing of sermons keeps a man within bounds, and improves his style. And he must not depend on memory. I could tell at once if a man were delivering a discourse *memoriter*. A preacher can deliver a sermon from MS. in such a lively, striking way, that no one could know. Public readers do so. Natural capacity will do much for a man, but the average man—I mean, if he practise well—can do so also. For him, a mixture of the two styles is the right thing."

"And what kind of sermons do you think the most effectual?"

"Well, for myself, I always try to avoid what may be called the merely technical theological language as much as possible; but, mind, I endeavour to speak in such a plain, straightforward way that there may be no mistake about the doctrine."

"The whole secret of the difficulty of a preacher is to be able to put himself into the place of the hearers and to see things as they see them. People are intelligent, and up in the literature of the day, and I ask myself, 'How shall I put so-and-so to my people?'"

"Then there should be variety in pulpit ministrations—the variety there is in the Bible itself. Descriptive sermons and doctrinal sermons both have their place. And I have found character sermons most effective."

But Mr. Calthrop is able to adapt himself to his audience with wonderful versatility. Not only is he successful with his own intelligent hearers, and in the theatres of the many-peopled city, but he is equally at home with the rustic audiences of rural churches. To these he preaches every year, generally going to "out-of-the-way" neighbourhoods, deep in the heart of the quiet country, where perhaps for centuries, while changes have been wrought all round, the grey old church has stood serene and still, and the steps of the worshippers have year after year pressed the same path to the church door. Mr. Calthrop has been successful in these quiet parishes also, even if we judge only from the numerous and pressing requests "to come again."

In person Mr. Calthrop is spare, about the middle height, with the mobile, expressive face of the orator—which he keeps close-shaven—and a crown of beautiful white hair. As he speaks, his whole soul seems to enter into the subject, and varying expressions suitable to the words flit over the face, and the gestures of hands and arms move also in unison. These gifts are all characteristic of the orator, and have no doubt conduced to his great success as a lecturer as well as preacher. Sometimes he has received from thirty to forty applications for lectures in one session. But his health has not permitted him of recent years to engage so much in this work. One of his very successful lectures was entitled "Veneer and Success," another was "Money"; "Little Things," "Newspapers and Novels," and "Egypt," are also among his subjects, his object being, as he himself expresses it, to convey important truth in a homely way.

He has used the pen also, and many of his papers have appeared in the pages of THE QUIVER; some volumes of his sermons have been issued, a volume of Family Prayers, and a little publication for young people, "From Eden to Patmos." Another successful book has been "The Gospel Year."

Mr. Calthrop was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, a remembrance of which may perhaps be seen in the drawing-room, in the shape of a cushion marked with the insignia of the College, and also in the study the tall, old-fashioned Cambridge reading-desk, which he was wont to use "as a youngster."

He took a first-class in the classical tripos, and became Scholar and Chaplain of Trinity. Ordained in 1851, he was appointed incumbent of Trinity Church, Cheltenham, in 1858, and six years afterwards came to St. Augustine's, of which he is the first incumbent. Twice has Mr. Calthrop been Select Preacher at Cambridge—in 1857, and again in 1874, and he has also preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

But he seems equally at home wherever he may have to preach, on the boards of the large theatre, under the fretted roof of the grand cathedral, in the quiet of the old country church, or to his own large congregation of St. Augustine's; for above all he is a man in earnest, and strives to speak out from the heart to the heart.



"QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

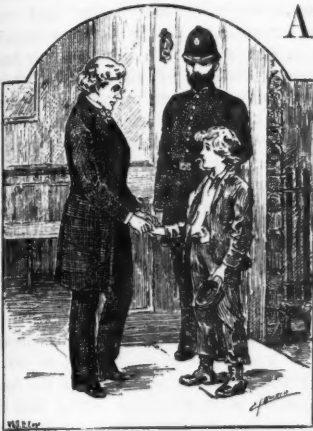
The following additional contributions have been received up to and including November 23rd:—

A Poor Woman, Hull, 1s.; J. S. Mitchell, Uddingston, 4s. 6d.; A. Gray, Camberwell, 5s.; For Jesus' Sake, Glossop, 1s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Kilburn, 6s.; A. Webb, Bristol, 2s.; D. Hamilton, Portman Square, £2; C. T., Stockwell, 2s. 6d.; J. Friend, Junr., Peckham, 2s. 6d.; One that Works for the Lord, Tiverton, 3s.; Anon., Wokingham, 3s.; L. Y. R., North Wales, 2s. 6d.; A Children's Nurse, Bristol, 2s.; May, Streatham, 2s.; A Working Man and his Wife, Liverpool, 2s. 6d.; L. S., South Norwood, 10s.; Miss M. Field, Wimbledon, 5s.; American Sailor, Liverpool, 4s. 1d.; A. M. Votre, Southsea, £1; Lady Mordaunt, Warwick, 10s.; Miss Swain, Stonegate, 5s.; Mrs. A. M. Ash, Yardley, 5s.; J. J. E., Govan, 5s.; Miss Bodkin, Highgate, £1; Y. E. L., King William Street, 1s.; Bodgy, 2s.; J. H. Jennings, Barnet, 10s.; J. H. M., £1; A Family Subscription, £2 5s. Further acknowledgments will be inserted in our next issue. See "Short Arrows" on page 240.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

THE "BUSINESS BOYS" OF LONDON.



"He was sent to one of these Homes."

A CLERGYMAN who took charge in bygone days of a prison to which erring apprentices were brought, and who used to converse with the lads in private so tenderly, so earnestly, that they would breakdown as he spoke, and falter

out the story of temptation and weakness, stated that from the apprentices themselves he gathered that in nine cases out of ten they fell through "suppers and cigars." These lads, when work was done, were in the past thrown much upon their own resources for recreation; and one whose father gave him pocket-money would treat his companions, who, in their turn, paid for the smoking and drinking, but, having no money, gradually began to "borrow" from the property of their employers. The boys in whom Mr. Shrimpton, of 33, Lincoln's Inn Fields, is so earnestly interested—the Working Boys for whom Christian love is now providing Homes—are of a different class from the apprentices of past years; but still many errand and office boys appear in London police-courts; and others are quietly dismissed for dishonesty, the master forbearing to prosecute. Bad company and the lack of happy home-influences have been the cause of many a boyish downfall; in these Homes, the idea is to help those who help themselves—to take certain payments from the lads, according to their earnings, and to surround them with friendly, recreative, and instructive influences. At present, eight Homes are being carried on in various parts of London. We read of one inmate who came up from Essex with a penny in his pocket; the police took him to the workhouse, whence he was sent to one of these Homes; for the workhouse guardians of several unions thoroughly appreciate this good work, and find it a help and blessing.

"THE QUIVER" HEROES FUND.

We have received the following letter from Dr. Gabb, of Guildford, to whom one of our silver medals

was awarded for an act of bravery reported in our November issue:—"GUILDFORD, November 1st, 1887.—DEAR SIR,—At the annual dinner given by the Corporation to the Mayor on the 26th of October, I was unexpectedly presented by his Worship with the silver medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund. Will you please accept yourself and convey to your readers my thanks for the honour you have conferred upon me?—I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, J. PERCY A. GABB."

"ONE MARTYR MORE."

The days of persecution are not past for ever—"Truth has one martyr more;" and the story comes to us from Eastern Turkey, communicated to the Turkish Missions Aid Society by their correspondent. "Is it not time," asked a Christian speaker, "to undertake a work among the Moslems—though it may be inaugurated in blood and bitter persecution?" The infidel in many districts is despised and hated, but nevertheless the Eternal Kingdom is gathering subjects in, even from the Mohammedan race. Hussein, a converted Turk, was baptised at his earnest request; knowing his danger, he said he would die for Christ if need be. He underwent bitter persecution, and at last was carried into exile by two mounted soldiers, being fastened to a stirrup. Dragged along, weary, footsore, he asked if he might rest; when he paused, a soldier went behind and fired, but the ball only grazed his shoulder. "Do not shoot me in the back," said Hussein, turning round, "fire at my breast; I am not afraid to die." Strange to say, they at last let him go home, and now he dwells at peace; but, on the lonely plain, Hussein had bravely witnessed to God and man that the spirit of the martyrs, "baptised in blood," is living to this day.

SOME SEASONABLE GIFTS.

Children love pictures, and no gift-book is more acceptable to them than one well and abundantly illustrated. "The Sunday Book of Story and Parable" (Hodder and Stoughton) is just such a book as children love, and would certainly please any little one as a Christmas gift or prize. "Streamlets of Song" (Nisbet) is another work intended for children, and consists of a selection, collected by her sister, of the poems by Frances Ridley Havergal best adapted for child-use. We trust that these "Streamlets" may find their way into many a heart and home. The same sister to whose loving care we owe this collection has edited the interesting autobiography of another member of her talented family, Maria V. G. Havergal, which is also published by Messrs. Nisbet. "Sunday Sonnets" (Blackfriars Publishing Co.) is a collection of very pretty sonnets, one for each Sunday in the year, by Miss E. M. Alford, a daughter of Dean

Alford, and a contributor of verse to our own pages. Of all the pretty gift-books issued by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, none are more tasteful than "The Star of Bethlehem," a collection of poems by our old friend Mr. Frederic E. Weatherly, illustrated by Ellen Edwards and J. C. Staples. Space would fail us to describe all the beauties of Messrs. Hildesheimer's works, but we must call attention to a little series of booklets, two of which—"The Dream Star" and "The Christ Child"—seem to us peculiarly adapted for Christmas souvenirs. And among the many beautiful cards issued for this season by this firm we notice some exquisitely executed designs by Alice Havers, Ernest Wilson, and B. D. Sigmund, accompanied by really appropriate verses and greetings. We are glad to notice this return to the better practice of acknowledging in our greetings of friends at this season the true meaning and import of Christmas. For preachers and teachers Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued a most useful work in "Studies in the Life and Character of St. Peter," by the Rev. H. A. Birks. In "Unfinished Worlds," published by the same firm, we have a veritable mine of information as to the "other worlds" of the planetary system. All that the telescope and spectroscope have taught us of these wonders of the heavens the author, Mr. S. H. Parkes, has collected for us, and told in a popular style, easily understood by all. The plates which illustrate this work are marvels of clearness. "The Goodness of God" is the title of a series of sermons by the Rev. Absalom Clark, and published by Mr. Elliot Stock, containing some very beautiful parallels and analogies. A story by Miss Doudney, whose serial, "Miss Willowburn's Offer," none of our readers can have forgotten, is always sure of an audience. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just issued "A Son of the Morning," from her pen, and we confidently recommend the work to our girl-readers. The same publishers send us "The Willoughby

Captains," a capital story for boys, by Mr. Talbot Baines Reed.

BIBLE-CLASSES FOR ADULTS.

"The longer we have read the Bible, the more simple and intelligible it becomes to us," said two Chinese students, "until at last it seems as though Jesus Himself talked with us." Hard as they had studied the sacred writings of the Chinese, their meaning had only appeared more vague and obscure. Wherever it be possible, let regular classes in connection with our congregations meet for Bible study; the cleverest mind cannot hope to dive to the depths of the Word of God on *this* side of eternity, but here even the humblest will be refreshed and strengthened and blessed. We heard of an Irish priest who discouraged one of his flock from Bible-reading because he could not possibly understand the Scriptures; but Pat replied: "If I cannot understand them, how can they harm me? and if I *can*, they must do me great good." Bible-classes for adults are a great deal more difficult to manage than the Sunday-school class; but, on the face of it, it is a grand thing to gather young men or maidens during the turmoil of the week for the quiet study of God's Word; and even if *failure* seem to be written at last upon the effort, it is failure in name only, and more blest than many a so-called success. Let the class be of a sociable, home-like, conversational character, the members sitting not too *far apart*, or in little exclusive cliques; and let there be plenty of singing, the hymns being chosen by one of the group occasionally, in preference to the leader.

"A LIFE FOR A LIFE."

"Mother, where are the bad people buried?" asked a child, spelling out the epitaphs on the tablets and monuments around; everywhere she read nothing but praise—it would seem as though all the place held record of grand and noble lives. How often it happens that those who are *departed* seem to our eyes as heroes, but those who remain and still move amid us are unrecognised, unappreciated, unprized! We do not wish to leave it for Posterity to discern our present-day heroes; there are men—aye, and women too, for not so very long ago a maid-servant gave up her life for the rescue of others—who count their own comfort, their very existence secondary to the salvation of a fellow-creature. *These* are the heroes for whom our Heroes Fund exists—spirits who, like the brave fellow depicted in our frontispiece, do and dare anything to help the helpless, and bring life anew to the dying. Courage does not *always* mount to the occasion in times of danger; some lose all



BIBLE-CLASSES FOR ADULTS.

their presence of mind, some, while retaining their calmness, are prudently alive to the perils of risking self-injury. Well, prudence is a virtue of real worth, but there are times when we feel constrained to cry of boldness and daring—

"Better the excess

Than the defect; better the more than less."

human nature after all loves and exalts the men who, while others are debating, plunge to the rescue. And even so it is in Christian work; arguing, debating and philosophising concerning evil go on by the side of the brink of sin and sorrow, but the Christ-like

at Farningham have been known to them for years, and they have helped to collect the wherewithal to keep the three hundred lads sheltered there in health and happiness. There are two hundred more at Swanley, towards whose support their own friends contribute twenty pounds a year; but Farningham is for the utterly homeless little lads, and many and varied are the life-tales of the wanderers that here have found help and rest. We hear of one little fellow, not four years old when his stepfather left him, chilled and emaciated, on a damp floor on purpose that he might die; of another, whose parents were



THE LITTLE BOYS' VILLAGE AT FARNINGHAM.

souls are those that at any cost go right in by the side of the sinking brother, and give their all of fervent strength to rescue the perishing and uphold the weak.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK.

Dean Chadwick's latest work is a distinct gain to expository literature. No one can read this commentary on the "Gospel of St. Mark" (Hodder and Stoughton) without gathering something that he has not learned before. Dr. Chadwick's observations on the Transfiguration are bold and suggestive, and the little excursus on "The Characteristics of the Twelve" is delightful reading. The author's style and method are, however, so well known and appreciated by our readers, that they will need no formal introduction on our part. All ministers and Sunday-school teachers would be the richer in storage for this masterly exposition of the Gospel.

A LITTLE BOYS' VILLAGE.

Many of our Sunday-scholars and young friends will easily locate the Little Boys' colony; the Homes

killed by lightning, while he, sleeping beside them, was spared; and of yet another sent from over the seas by a British consul, his father having been sentenced to die as a military prisoner by Marshal Lopez, President of Paraguay. Again and again comes the story—too familiar, alas! to all whose hearts are open to the cry of need—of drink and dissipation; but innocent children must not suffer for the transgressions of their fathers, and some of the boys have been taken from homes thus ruined, to this institution, where the training is based on the Word of God, and carried on for the Master's sake. We are told that the young folks live on food plentiful but simple; they have *butter* with their bread on Sundays alone, but of the staff of life there is abundant and appetising supply, about 36,000 quarter loaves being turned out by the boys every year, with 800 buns for Good Friday, and about 1,000 lb. weight of cake for high days and holidays! The lads are their own bakers, printers, tailors, shoemakers, engineers, etc., taking their turn in school and at work; they live in little families, and while "mother" looks after their well-being in various ways, "father"

teaches the boys some trade in one of the workshops. The Yorkshire merchants have provided a school, fitted with all necessary appliances, and there is also a chapel, whither on Sundays from every home the boys come up, looking a picture of neatness in their comfortable array. We may add that the Farningham boys have an excellent band, which performs at meetings throughout the country, and Swanley possesses the "Orphans' Choir" which obtained the first prize in the choral competition held in 1884 at the Crystal Palace; the Rev. A. O. Charles, of Bank Buildings, Ludgate Circus, will gladly give all desired information as to these twin Homcs.



THE WAILING PLACE.

THE WAILING PLACE.

To our mind, one of the most thrilling expositions in Miss von Finkelstein's Oriental lectures is her description of the Jewish "Wailing Place," where, with covered heads, and smiting upon their breasts, the children of Israel gather periodically to confess their forgetfulness of God, their sins, and their shortcomings. She asserts that the most careless observer could not fail to be moved and stirred by the pleadings of the race that seems to have sunk so low. The Turkish passer-by may sometimes jeer, and the down-trodden Jew takes the jest silently, but still the prayer goes up like a universal wail, the pathos of which must hush all thought of any strange and ludicrous element noticed by unaccustomed eyes. "Oh, Lord! we have sinned, we sit solitary, we sit solitary!" again and again like a minor strain goes up the wailing cry to Heaven, and then, in the midst of the confession, there comes ever and anon a soft, sweet "*Hallelujah*" echoing from lip to lip. Will these prayers go up to God in vain? while they are yet praying, is He not answering? Day by day the ranks are strengthening of those who labour and strive to

bring the "glad tidings" to Israel. May each of us take part in bringing about the fulfilment of the Jews' supplication for mercy, and uplift the all-pardoning Messiah, Who shall make the solitary places to blossom as the rose.

THE LIBRARY SHELVES.

Where are the Sunday-school officers who do not find their library shelves difficult to keep in order? Old favourites become worn out with much service, and must be replaced, and there is a constant demand, especially in these winter months of long evenings, for new books. To those who are on the look-out for such works, we commend the Rev. J. Wilkins's "Daily Life and Work in India" (T. Fisher Unwin), which gives an admirable picture of the life both of natives and Anglo-Indians, and explains the needs of the country, and points to the only way of meeting them by spreading the Gospel far and wide over the land. Another little volume, somewhat similar in character, is also before us in "Eminent Workers for Christ," by the Rev. A. W. Murray, published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. Mr. Murray briefly sketches the lives of eight devoted men and women who gave up their lives to the spread of Christ's Kingdom, the most interesting biography perhaps being that of Miss Fidelia Fiske, who did such noble work in Persia. From the same publishers come four stories which we can do little more than mention, and commend to the notice of Sunday-school librarians, and those who are seeking for suitable gift-books at this season. First is "Primrose Garth," by our old friend the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, author of "Nestleton Magna," a pretty little tale of country life. "Mistress Matchett's Mistake" is another story by the ever-popular Emma Marshall, well adapted for girls. "Stephen Gilmore's Dream" and "Both Sides" are two pretty little tales by Jessie W. Smith, conveying under telling narratives excellent teaching. "The Story of Stephen Marbeck" (also issued by Messrs. Nisbet) is a clever story of the well-known Windsor organist who suffered much for his faith. The biographer of the American Presidents, Mr. W. M. Thayer, tells us in "The Boy without a Name" (Hodder and Stoughton) the story of a boy who, poor and friendless at first, made a position for himself in after life as teacher and preacher. "Cost what it May" (same publishers) is a pretty story of the days of our great Civil War. We need say no more about it to readers of THE QUIVER than that its author is Mrs. Hornibrook. Of books for prizes, none could be more suitable than Dr. Macaulay's "Wonderful Stories of Daring, Enterprise, and Adventure" (Hodder and Stoughton). "Cyril Daneley" (Elliot Stock) is another story which well deserves attention at this season.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

Does the glory of the year ever wholly fade? People call the vegetable kingdom dead; certainly the "ferns are tucked away," and the seeds are covered, but there are flowers alive even now, preaching of

deathless Mercy and Remembrance. Did not the poet immortalise the daisy he found on Christmas Day, the little blossom that had known the year's smiles and tears, and that God had preserved through all? There, trembling to the winter wind, it bloomed and smiled, like those brave, patient hearts that in lonely places just do the little they *can* do for the Master's glory, leaving to Him their circumstances and the appointing of their ways. And then there are the star-like Christmas roses shining out across the beds where the summer flowers are sleeping, and in some parts "golden rod" and laurestinus are rising in their beauty—not to linger over the remembrance of a throng of loveliness in many a conservatory, whereby home after home and sick-beds and the abodes of sorrow are garlanded with radiance at this time, that is called Nature's death. God, the Good, is everywhere, and will never leave His children to be desolate; such is the teaching of these winter blossoms, prophesying with their "voiceless lips" of the Resurrection which is so sure alike for the natural and spiritual, when that which seems slumberous and forsaken now shall break forth into joy.

"THE QUIVER" ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

TENTH LIST.

Including all names enrolled from October 21st to November 22nd, 1887, inclusive.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS (over 50 Years' Service).

Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
BALLS, MARY	Norwich	55
CANNON, MARIA	Amersham Hall, near Reading	50
ORGAN, ANNE	Uley, Dursley	54

All the above have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.

The Roll of the Order is now closed to all excepting domestic servants who have served fifty years and upwards in their present families.

GOOD NEWS FROM WINCHESTER.

Some would paint cathedral cities as the abode of fossilised dignity, and resisting the tide of life and energy and progress; such should find out what is going on at Winchester, whence, on lines new and old, the Soldiers' Home Mission, carried on by Miss Perks,

has extended its operations now over an area of some fifteen miles around. In addition to the soldiers themselves, many civilians, mostly converts of this mission, are united as a Band of Workers, and, by preaching, music, singing, etc., they all seek to do something for the Lord; then their wives and sisters form a Women's Bible and Prayer Union, and visit the sick, or distribute Gospel tracts,

and influence their neighbours for good. Many servants belong to this union, and Miss Perks remarks that she is greatly cheered by the testimony of their employers as to their consistency and high principles. Nor are the children forgotten; they are continually instructed in Bible truth, and thus prepared to take the places of those working for God to-day. "In the country districts around," says Miss Perks, "the anxiety for the Gospel is even greater than in the towns; the honest inquiries after truth are many and constant, and the blessing very great and uninterrupted."



"They seek to influence their neighbours for good."

BOOKS TO BE READ.

All preachers and students know the value

of Dr. Cunningham Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ." We are glad to see a new edition of this most useful work has recently been issued by Messrs. Cassell at a price which should enable many to acquire it who have not hitherto been able to do so. We strongly commend this work to those who are seeking a suitable prize for a senior class. "The Palace Beautiful" (Cassell) is a pretty story for girls, told by L. T. Meade, the well-known author of "Scamp and I" and "The Fortunes of Duncuft," which appeared in our pages. In "Short Studies from Nature," issued by the same publishers, we have a collection of essays on various natural phenomena by writers admirably qualified to instruct us on the topics upon which they write. Students will find that this book, which is quite popular in style, conveys many lessons of the wonderful provision the Almighty has made for some of the smallest and least understood of His creatures. "The Life and Times of Queen Victoria" (Cassell), the first volume of which has just been issued, is a very thorough and admirably illustrated history of Her Majesty's reign. The volume before us carries us down to 1858, and therefore covers the eventful period of the terrible Crimean War and Indian Mutiny, as well as the never-to-be-forgotten Great Exhibition of 1851.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS.

Dr. Barnardo writes to us as follows, respecting one of our Waifs:—"Your little *protégé*, Willie Rush, is, I am glad to say, quite well, and getting on satisfactorily in every respect. As perhaps you may know, he has been boarded out at a very nice home in the country." A list of further subscriptions will be found on page 234.

DR. MACLAREN ON SABBATH WORSHIP.

Dr. Maclaren's contribution to the "Expositors' Bible" (Hodder and Stoughton) consists in a careful, scholarly, and suggestive commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Colossians and to Philemon. We commend the book to our readers, whether teachers or taught, preachers or hearers. We feel especially grateful to Dr. Maclaren in these days for such a passage as the following on the religious observance of the Lord's Day:—"I distrust," he writes, "the spirituality which professes that all life is a sabbath, and therefore holds itself absolved from special seasons of worship. If the stream of devout communion is to flow through all our days, there must be frequent reservoirs along the road, or it will be lost in the sand, like the rivers of higher Asia." Mr. Charles Hoole's translation of the Epistles of Clement, Ignatius, Barnabas, and Polycarp (Rivingtons), has, we are glad to see, reached a second edition. Mr. Hoole has done his work as an editor with great care and ability, and we trust that by means of his excellent translations these, the most ancient of all Christian writings not included in the canon of Scripture, may become known and familiar to a far wider public than heretofore.



SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

Sir Walter Scott says of the Word of God, that the deeper we work this mine, the richer and the more abundant we find the ore. With a view to the furtherance of the habit—priceless for time and eternity—of daily Bible-reading, we propose to furnish our readers month by month with a list of selected passages, taking those for the morning from the Old Testament, and those for the evening from the New. Some of our friends, perhaps, may find it a hard matter to get time for the quiet perusal of the Scriptures; but we earnestly advise all, for their souls' sake, to *make* time. None of us can afford to lose the succour, guidance, power, and light that, by God's blessing, will reach us through the pages "bedewed with drops of love." And if sometimes a passage seem obscure, a text perplexing and hard to be understood, then we cannot do better than remember Mr. Spurgeon's

counsel in cases of difficulty—"pray your way through!"

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR JANUARY.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1. Gen. i.		St. Matt. i., from ver. 18; ii.
2. Gen. ii.		St. Matt. iii.
3. Gen. iii.		St. Matt. iv.
4. Gen. iv., to ver. 15; vi., ver. 12-22.		St. Matt. v., to ver. 24.
5. Gen. vii.		St. Matt. v., from ver. 25.
6. Gen. viii.		St. Matt. vi.
7. Gen. xii., to ver. 9; xiii.		St. Matt. vii.
8. Gen. xv.		St. Matt. viii., to ver. 27.
9. Gen. xviii. 16-33.		St. Matt. viii., from ver. 28; ix., to ver. 19.
10. Gen. xxi. 14-21; xxii., to ver. 14.		St. Matt. ix., from ver. 20; x., to ver. 10.
11. Gen. xxvii., to ver. 29.		St. Matt. x., from ver. 29; xi., to ver. 6, and from ver. 29 to end.
12. Gen. xxvii., from ver. 30; xxviii., ver. 10 to end.		St. Matt. xii., to ver. 21; and from ver. 46 to end.
13. Gen. xxix., to ver. 20; xxxii., to ver. 10.		St. Matt. xiii., to ver. 30.
14. Gen. xxxvii.		St. Matt. xiii., from ver. 31.
15. Gen. xxxix.		St. Matt. xiv.
16. Gen. xl		St. Matt. xv., from ver. 19.
17. Gen. xli., to ver. 32.		St. Matt. xvii.
18. Gen. xli., from ver. 33.		St. Matt. xviii.
19. Gen. xlii.		St. Matt. xix., from ver. 13; xx., from ver. 20.
20. Gen. xliii.		St. Matt. xxi., to ver. 32.
21. Gen. xlii.		St. Matt. xxii., to ver. 22.
22. Gen. xlv.		St. Matt. xxiii., from ver. 37; xxiv., from ver. 36.
23. Gen. xlvii., to ver. 12; xlviii., from ver. 11.		St. Matt. xxv., to ver. 30.
24. Gen. xlix.		St. Matt. xxv., from ver. 31; xxvi. 6-16.
25. Gen. i.		St. Matt. xxvi., from ver. 17-46.
26. Exod. i., ver. 13, 14; ii.		St. Matt. xxvii., from ver. 47.
27. Exod. iii.		St. Matt. xxvii., to ver. 23.
28. Exod. iv., to ver. 17; ver. 29-31.		St. Matt. xxvii., from ver. 24-38.
29. Exod. vi., to ver. 8; vii., to ver. 13.		St. Matt. xxvii., from ver. 39-50.
30. Exod. x., from ver. 7.		St. Matt. xxvii., from ver. 51.
31. Exod. xii. 12-28.		St. Matt. xxviii.

BIBLE READING PRIZE.

We advise each reader to set down each day (in a diary kept for that purpose) a note of the principal lesson or most striking reflection brought home by each portion. These notes should be brief; never exceeding fifty or sixty words, or they will fail of their special purpose. With a view to encouraging this useful practice, we shall be happy to award a handsome presentation Bible for the best selection of thirteen such notes (one from each week), to be copied by our readers from their notes on the quarter's course ending March 31, 1888. They must be certified as the sender's own by a magistrate or minister of religion. No copy can be returned. All copies must reach the Editor not later than April 16, 1888. If in the opinion of the judges no set of notes is worthy of a prize, the Bible may be withheld; on the other hand, if more than one set is considered worthy of a prize, more than one prize will be awarded. We suggest to our readers that they would do well to encourage all the younger members of their families and their friends to enter upon this profitable course of Bible study.

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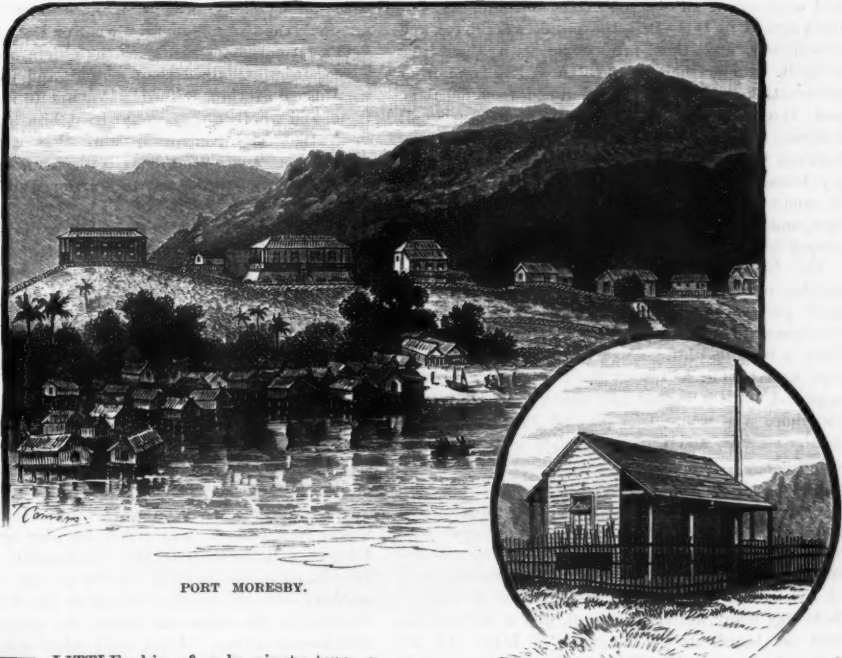
SYMPATHY.

(See p. 303.)

A NEW MISSION FIELD.

THE STORY OF THE NEW GUINEA MISSION.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



PORT MORESBY.

THE FIRST MISSION-HOUSE.

A LITTLE ship of only ninety tons—a mere speck on the sunlit southern sea—and far off a thick haze known to indicate land: such is the opening scene of the New Guinea Mission.

For on that ship were true British hearts possessed by the spirit which knows not when it is conquered; and with them—affording what was then, we believe, a unique sight—were trained native evangelists, able and willing to take part in missionary work. This characteristic has marked the mission in New Guinea from the first; that vast island is being evangelised mainly by native agents, trained, guided, and supervised by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

The project was commenced in 1871. In that year the Revs. Samuel McFarlane and A. W. Murray sailed in the *Surprise* from Maré, one of the Loyalty Islands, in the South Seas, with eight native evangelists, four from Maré and four from the neighbouring island of Lifu. The undertaking was commenced as part and parcel of the general plan of the Society to occupy new ground in the South Seas as opportunity offered.

The question was discussed in 1870 and preceding years. Now, to the north of the Loyalty Isles are the

New Hebrides and Solomon Islands, but on these the Church Missionary and Presbyterian Societies were at work, while on New Caledonia the French would not permit English missionaries to labour. But the Society was comparatively rich in native agents, it being part of their policy to train such ministers and fit them for work among people of their own race. Towards the close of 1870, therefore, the Rev. S. (now Dr.) McFarlane, of the Lifu mission, received instructions from the directors to prepare for work on New Guinea—the great bulwark westward, as it might be called, of the South Sea Islands, and situate to the north and north-east of Queensland.

With the exception of Australia and Borneo, New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It was first discovered by the Portuguese in 1511; and the Dutch and English frequently visited the northern coasts during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Captain Forrest, who, in the service of the East India Company, was searching for spice-producing districts—dwelt at Port Dary, on the north-east coast, for some months, and kept up friendly intercourse with the natives, while Captain

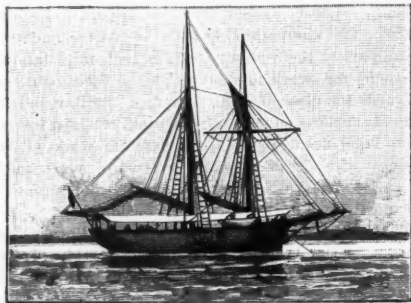
Cook visited the south-west coast in 1770. For many years he was almost the sole English authority on the natives of New Guinea. The native name of the island is Papua, supposed to be derived from a Malay word signifying "woolly."

Mr. McFarlane had no light task when he proceeded from Lifu in that little ship. The accounts he had obtained of the natives were contradictory, but most agreed in this—that the people were fierce and treacherous, and that intercourse with them was difficult. Under these circumstances, and from other information which could be obtained from whalers, and those engaged in trepang and pearl-shell fisheries, it appeared that an island in Torres Straits between Queensland and New Guinea, named Darnley Island, would be a suitable place from which to commence. Several captains recommended this spot, and, accordingly, for this island Mr. McFarlane shaped his course.

The little vessel reached Darnley Island about midday on the 1st of July, 1871. But it was two days previously—on the 29th of June—that the missionaries caught the first glimpse of New Guinea. Then a haze had hung over the land, but mountains were visible, and later one object after another appeared, until a barrier reef about two miles from the shore was seen. This part of Papua is on the south-east side, and forms a portion of the eastern peninsula.

As the little vessel neared Darnley Island, no natives were seen, but at length one man appeared on the shore. By signs, and a little broken English, conversation was commenced, and a few gifts won his confidence. He proved to be one of the principal men of the island, and rejoiced in the name of Dabat! Next day many natives appeared, and a service was held on board, in the language of Lifu. In all probability, writes Mr. McFarlane in the abstract of the account sent to the directors of the Society, it was the first act of worship to the true God that the natives had ever witnessed.

We can imagine the strange and striking scene;



THE "ELLENGOWAN."

the group of dusky natives crowding round the two stalwart white men on the deck of the little vessel; close by, the line of the rough boulder-strewn

coast; above, the tropical sky; while beyond the sunlit sea was known to be the great "mainland" of Papua, the country, if reports were true, of fierce skull-hunters and cannibals. In such an enterprise these two white men would want something more than faith in human force and the "arm of flesh."

On the afternoon of that memorable Sabbath-day, —the first, it might be said, in the history of the mission—the two missionaries went on the island, and held a formal conference with the chiefs and people. The visitors explained their errand, and the natives were asked if they wished a teacher to live among them, and whether they would treat him kindly, and so forth. The conclusion was, that after some negotiations, and a brief delay, a teacher was left, and the little ship sailed away to Warrior Island, distant about fifty miles.

Now, at this island an event occurred of great importance. "It was one of those providential arrangements," wrote Mr. McFarlane, "we have often had to mark in connection with evangelistic efforts in Polynesia." The missionaries fell in with a civilised native belonging to the Tongan group, who had been over half the world. His real name was Joseph John, but he was familiarly known as Joe. He had been for six years in the British navy, and was well acquainted with the islands of the Papuan Gulf, and many parts of the New Guinea coast. He sympathised strongly with the natives, and with the missionaries' desire to evangelise them.

Joe led the expedition to several islands much nearer New Guinea than either Darnley or Warrior Islands, and he helped the missionaries to make friends with the natives. Services were held and teachers left, and on the evening of the first day on landing on the island of Tauan, the strains of the well-known hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," rang out through the evening air, while close at hand stretched the great dark land of Papua, to the very threshold of which the ambassadors of the Cross had now been able to make their way.

It was not long after this that Mr. McFarlane visited New Guinea itself. Following Joe's suggestion, he landed at Katau, a populous village, where a fine river pours its great flood down to the sea. At first the natives seemed shy and suspicious. Some half-dozen watched the visitors cautiously, but when the Papuans recognised Joe and a young man from Warrior Island, who accompanied the expedition, confidence began to be shown. Soon friendliness was so much established that one of the principal men offered the strangers some food. The missionaries made two small presents, which appear to have given unbounded delight. These were umbrellas! The chief and one of the important men were given one each; but soon a difficulty checked their joy. They could not shut them when once opened. At last one knowing native found out the secret, and loud was the applause of his friends! A little trading was done by Joe and the captain of the vessel, and the chief agreed to receive a teacher, and he further said he would go to Tauan and see the agent left there.

And so a door was opened on the great island of Papua itself.

From that little commencement what mighty results have already sprung! Men and women who were cannibals then, are now civilised and Christian, and some have been taught so that they can teach others. And when not very long since the Hon. John Douglas visited the island, he was able to sit down and partake of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with a number of native Christians in a native church.

After visiting Darnley and Warrior Islands again, and finding everything going well with the teachers left there, the *Surprise* stood over towards Papua again, and landed at a spot known as Redscar Bay, on account of the reddish colour of the cliffs. Here

east point of Queensland, being adopted as the headquarters of the mission.

Meantime the next important step in the progress of the enterprise had been taken by the Rev. A. W. Murray, who returned in September, 1872, in the *John Williams*, with thirteen additional native teachers, and prepared to settle at Cape York. For the next two years from this date, Mr. Murray had sole charge of the mission, and visited the teachers on the various islands in Torres Straits, and explored the coast of Papua east of Redscar Bay as far as Port Moresby.

Early in 1874 the directors entered more fully into



UMAINT, THE MOST REMOTE MISSION STATION (THIRTY MILES UP FLY RIVER).

confidence was again established with the natives, and on the 7th of August the missionary's first visit to New Guinea came to an end.

Valuable work had been done in many respects. Doors had been opened for the prosecution of the mission; stations had been established, and knowledge had been gained. One of Mr. McFarlane's conclusions was that a small mission steamer for sailing between the barrier reef and the mainland, and for threading a way between the numerous islands of the Torres Straits and Papuan Gulf, was absolutely necessary; another important point was that the headquarters of the mission should be established outside the mainland of Papua, at a spot where the cupidity of the natives would not be excited, and where health could be maintained; for Mr. McFarlane had seen enough to warrant him in the belief that the climate was sickly. Mr. McFarlane now returned to England, and aroused interest in the great enterprise; Miss Baxter, of Dundee, offering £2,000 for such a vessel as he wanted; and upon his reading a paper before the directors of the Society in December, 1872, it was decided to prosecute the enterprise on the lines laid down by Mr. McFarlane—Cape York, the north-

the question of the mission, with a view to its enlargement, and in the autumn Mr. McFarlane rejoined Mr. Murray, and took with him the Rev. W. G. Lawes. The extensive mission field was now divided into two parts, Mr. Murray taking charge of the Papuan or western branch, with Cape York as his headquarters; Mr. McFarlane superintending the eastern branch, extending from Port Moresby eastwards.

The *Ellengowan*, the vessel built by the gift of Miss Baxter, was now at work, and in it Mr. McFarlane explored the Baxter River and the Fly River. In 1875 the Rev. W. Y. Turner proceeded to the island as a medical missionary, and two years later the Rev. James Chalmers appeared on the scene, and from his energy and daring the mission received a great impetus.

During these years the natives were slowly gaining knowledge that the missionaries were very different from some of the white men who visited their shores. The very name of missionary came to be regarded in some districts as a password of peace. Difficulties from the sickness of the climate, from the scarcity of suitable food, and from the treachery of some

of the natives, had frequently to be overcome, and they unhappily caused the death of not a few native teachers; but it is to be noted that as a rule the confidence inspired by the missionaries has been such that for the most part the natives have been friendly and confiding. To this rule there have been exceptions. The Rev. James Chalmers, whose name is so widely known in connection with the mission, has not unfrequently been in peril of his life. He has had much to do in pioneering work among the cannibals of the Papuan Gulf, for after a while Mr. Murray retired from active labour, and Mr. McFarlane and the Rev. Harry Scott, who arrived in 1883, have had charge of the school and institute established at the headquarters of the western branch, which was removed from Cape York to Murray Island, while Messrs. Chalmers and Lawes have had charge of the eastern branch, the headquarters of which are at Port Moresby.

The work of planting native teachers at suitable stations all along the Papuan Gulf, which is in the eastern branch of the mission, has therefore fallen in great part to the lot of Mr. Chalmers. Probably this pioneering work in New Guinea is unique. The missionaries often have to go in among a people of whom they never heard before, and whose temper frequently changes. For though well received one day, to-morrow the mood of the people may have changed. On one occasion Mr. Chalmers had landed at a village of about 2,000 inhabitants. He had fortunately obtained the name of the leading chief in the district, but "Tamate," as Mr. Chalmers is named by the natives, had to wait some time for his coming. At last he came; a very fine specimen of humanity he was, physically. The crowd made way for him, and he came up and stood before his visitor. Mr. Chalmers caught him by the elbow and put his other hand into the chief's hand, and the two men looked at one another. There is much in that first look. The intelligent savage, unaccustomed to books, can yet read faces, and apparently his reading on this occasion was satisfactory. He wanted Tamate to stay. But Mr. Chalmers wished to explore further, and discover

if there were suitable places for teachers. So he could not stay then. He went on, proceeding through several villages, and receiving apparent kindness and giving presents. But on returning, the pioneers discovered that the temper of the natives had changed. Some of them seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with the visitors. Mr. Chalmers told the teacher who was with him to listen to what was said.

"They are disputing as to who shall have the honour of killing us," said the teacher.

"Keep steadily on as far as we can," replied Chalmers coolly.

But at last the teacher said, "Tamate, let us sit down and pray, and let them kill us then!"

"No, no," said Mr. Chalmers, "let us walk and pray!"

Presently the old chief they had met in the morning heard of what was going on, and came at once. He knocked down a man who was near Mr. Chalmers. Then a quarrel among the natives took place, and as they were now near the point where the boat was waiting, Mr. Chalmers threw a pound of beads among the natives to create a diversion, and then he and his followers, springing into the sea, swam out for the boat. Taking to the oars, the pioneers were soon able to stand away from the scene of peril, from which they had so providentially escaped.

Such scenes have occurred in the New Guinea mission. But in districts which have been for some time under the power of the missionaries, the condition of affairs is entirely changed. Smiling and happy villages now are seen; the people, peaceful and content, are practising various useful industries, while many of the Papuans themselves have been trained as teachers for their own countrymen. It was in 1883 that the first New Guineans were so set apart, at Murray Island, while shortly afterwards the same great result was accomplished at Port Moresby; five of these teachers were cannibals when Mr. Chalmers first set foot on New Guinea a few years before! There are now as many as fifty mission stations on the eastern branch, manned by South Sea Island teachers, whom neither the fear of murder nor malaria deters



A NEW GUINEA COAST SCENE.

from volunteering for the work; while languages and dialects have been reduced to writing, and translations of the Scriptures made.

And thus the light of the Sun of Righteousness is breaking over this great land. Rich in natural beauty, amazingly fertile in certain districts, peopled with a fine race—or rather races, for such a vast land presents many varieties of the great human family—Papua seems destined to play a large part in the future history of that portion of the earth to which it belongs. The protectorate which Great Britain has established over a wide area also strengthens, if it

were possible, the claim of New Guinea upon the British people. One of the most pressing needs of the mission now is, to establish stations along the banks of the Fly River, until the interior of the immense island to which it leads, now almost unknown, is quite opened up. But such work of extension requires both men and money. The policy of the Society is a noble one, well conceived, and well carried out. And it is succeeding. The enterprise and daring which have already won such conquests will triumph still. New Guinea is worth saving, and the Society mean, by God's grace, to save it.

NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER XI.

PARTED.

"And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."—COLERIDGE.



"IS this true, Hilda? I cannot understand it: I cannot take it in. Shall I waken presently, and find it is all some horrible dream?"

Stephen stood looking at Hilda with a dazed expression on his face.

It was the morning after that eventful drive which neither of them would ever forget.

"It is no dream," she said coldly. "It is true."

She was seated under the apple-tree in the garden where so many happy hours had been spent. Her deathly white face and trembling hands did not look like indifference, yet her voice was cold and hard. She did not raise her eyes to the young man's face, as he stood before her, tall and straight, looking at her downcast face with an angry, puzzled expression in his blue eyes, and with that upward line between his brows more marked than ever.

"I do not know what you mean," he repeated, in a dazed manner, like a man whose senses have been scattered by an unexpected blow.

"I have spoken very plainly," she said coldly.

"And you will have nothing to say to me? You

refuse the love I offer you? You will not marry me?"

"I will not marry you," she replied. "But I did not say I would have nothing to say to you. I hope we shall continue friends."

"Friends!" he answered, with intense bitterness. "No, Hilda, we have gone too far for that. If you will not be my wife, I shall never see you again, I hope."

"You are cruel," she murmured. "I have done nothing to deserve that you should cast me off like this. We have been very happy together. I do not see why all our friendship is to be cut across short and sharp, just because I will not marry you."

"It is impossible that it should be otherwise—to me, at least, impossible, except on the condition that, being still your friend, I may hope in the end to be something nearer and dearer. Oh, Hilda! I can be most patient. I will wait for years if you say I must. But am I to have any hope?"

"No, none," she said. Then throwing aside the piece of work she had been pretending to do, she rose to her feet, and looked at him steadily. "I will never, at any time, consent to be your wife."

"You speak plainly now," he said, looking down at her with flashing eyes, and brows drawn in pain.

"It is best to speak plainly."

"Hilda," he interrupted, "tell me this. Do not think I want to worry or vex you; but remember, though this may be nothing more than a passing incident in your life, it is all and everything to me. Is it because of Mary Owens you refuse me?—because you think I should obey my father's wishes, and marry her for the sake of her money? Is it because of this you put me from you? Don't you know you are dearer to me than all the wealth in the world? Do you fear my father's anger? He will not be angry once he sees you—he may be, just at first, but never any more once he sees you. He will love you for your own worth, your own sweet truthfulness. And, even if he is angry for a time, I have money of my own he cannot touch nor take from me. It is not much: it is only three hundred a year. It would

not give us many luxuries, but it would be enough; and I would work for you, and make it more; and even though poor, we should be together. I could make you happy, Hilda, if you would let me."

"There is no use in all this," she said, passing her hand wearily across her pallid face. "It is not for any of those reasons I refuse you. It is for a reason of my own, and a good one."

"May I not know what it is?" he pleaded, seeing a gleam of hope in this mention of a reason. It was better than the cold and downright "No" with which she had been meeting him at every point.

"No; I cannot tell you."

"That is sheer nonsense! You could tell me if you liked. You would not dismiss a servant as you dismiss me. You would tell him his fault, and wherein he had offended."

"This is not a parallel case," she replied. "Please do not torture me as you are doing. I cannot bear it!" clasping her hands together wildly. "It is unfair, unchivalrous of you! If I say I do not wish to marry you, is not that enough?"

"Quite enough. Only you did not say that before. You only said you would not marry me, and that you had some reason for deciding thus. Forgive me; I do not want to goad or torture you. I did not suppose you cared very much."

"I do care," she said, as he paused. "We have been very happy together. And it hurts me to give you pain."

"Hilda," he said, with a great light of tenderness in his blue eyes, "you must love me a little, if it hurts you to give me pain. May I ask you just one more question, before I go?—for I am going. Ungentlemanlike, cruel, unchivalrous as I may be, yet I will relieve you of my presence when you answer me this. Will you answer truthfully?"

"What is it?" she asked faintly.

"Will you answer truthfully?"

She bowed her head.

"Do you love me? A little—the least little bit in the world? You are sending me away from you for some reason, you say. Is it that you do not love me?"

She was trembling from head to foot. A rosy colour flushed up in her face as he spoke, and ebbed, leaving her more deathly white than before. She strove to speak, but her voice failed her, and died away.

"That is not my reason," she forced herself at last to say.

Stephen's eyes brightened. Perhaps he was nearer success than he had thought.

"That is not my reason," she repeated, holding up her hand warningly as he was about to speak. "Were that my reason, it is one that might be overcome, that might vanish—my reason is an insuperable one. It can never be done away with."

"If you love me, Hilda, no reason on earth shall part us," he began eagerly, seizing her cold hands in his strong, warm grasp.

"You will not be satisfied, then!" she said, in a tone of weary impatience. "You will persist in

treating me as a silly girl who does not know her own mind! Very well, then, I have this other reason also: I do not love you."

"You do not? Oh, Hilda!"

"I do not."

She raised her grey eyes unflinchingly to his face.

Stephen was not naturally passionate, but something in the steel-like coldness of her attitude and manner roused him to wrath.

"Then I say you have been cruel to me—very, very cruel to me: more cruel than I thought the worst woman who lives had it in her nature to be. You have let me be with you day after day; I did not seek to hide from you what I felt for you. Everyone who saw us together must have seen that you were all the world to me—that I had given you my whole heart without reserve. Could you not have done something to show me? could you not have prevented me making shipwreck of my life? No; you went on letting me be daily with you, daily loving you more, until now my love for you is part of my very being, and will remain with me while I breathe. Then with a few cold, curt words you tell me to go. I have never touched even the outer margin of your heart: if you have a heart."

"Spare me!" she cried piteously, sobbing as if her heart were breaking. "I was wrong, I was wicked: but I was so happy, and I hoped all the time you did not really care for me; and yet I knew if you did that it must come to this."

"You knew it!" Stephen retorted, very cold and stern, towering high above the shrinking girl in his wrath. He had never spoken in all his life before to a woman in the harsh, contemptuous tone he used now to the woman he loved. "You knew it, and you let me love you; you let me believe you loved me; you let me hold you in my arms and kiss you!"

"I was weak; forgive me; I suffer most!" she murmured, still with her hands before her face.

"I confess I do not see how," he replied coldly.

"You have drawn out all the heart that was in me, all the love I had to give; my hopes, and plans, and dreams all centred themselves around you; and then you cast me off. You give me no reason, and you think, forsooth, for a few tears I shall forgive you. In return for my heart, you proffer me a tepid friendship. Friendship, indeed!—as if any friendship were possible between us! Oh, Hilda! why did you draw me on to love you? I ask you, why? Was it kind, was it just, when at the end of all you meant to discard me?"

His voice broke suddenly. He stood still awhile, with breast heaving convulsively, and his strong hands clenched in pain; then he turned away abruptly without another word, without so much as looking at the white face and strangely shrinking attitude of the girl he was leaving in anger, and left the garden. As he goes downwards to the house, he meets old Susan, who has come by invitation to spend the day with Hilda. It seems to him that centuries have gone over him, aging him, embittering him, destroying all that made life pleasant to him, since last he saw her comely, pleasant old face. And it was only yesterday, not four-and-twenty hours since,

"I was seeking you, sir, with this," she said, curtailing in good old-fashioned style, as she handed him a telegram. Stephen muttered an exclamation of thankfulness. He must go up to town at once. His father had been telegraphed for to Boulogne.

folding the slight, trembling figure in her great motherly embrace.

"Nothing," the girl answered, sighing wearily—so wearily; "only I am tired—and I think my heart is broken."



"What are you waiting for? Go!"—p. 252.

Mr. Owens had had an apoplectic seizure, and the doctors despaired of his life.

The old woman finds Hilda standing under the apple-tree, with white face, and fixed, staring eyes, despair stamped in every line of her figure, her hands hanging forlornly by her side. She has not stirred an inch from the spot where Stephen left her.

"My lamb, what is it?" cries the old woman,

CHAPTER XII.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"The fire if the flint shows not till it be struck."—SHAKESPEARE.

STEPHEN WRAY sat in his father's counting-house, on a high office-stool like any of the other clerks, but, unlike those gentlemen, devoting all his mind and thoughts to his occupation. A very remarkable

change had passed over this young man's character within the past twelve months: a change which pleased and mightily astonished his worthy father, albeit he held silence on the matter. It never had been a weakness of his to drop words of encouragement in the path of those who served him; but such dutiful and strict attention to business he had certainly never expected from his son and heir.

The time had for ever gone by when Stephen had been the light and joy of the City offices of Wray and Owens. He no more jested and laughed with the other young gentlemen in the office, nor did he amuse them, and while away his own time, by caricaturing clients and customers along the margins of his account-books, nor were the said accounts balanced with a laxity and a soothing indifference to results that had formerly made him the most unreliable man in the whole house. He had completely abandoned the pastime—one in which he had attained to considerable proficiency—of seeing how many minutes could be consumed in spearing papers from off the office floor with the point of his pen. The clerks considered he had made up his mind to henceforth walk in the money-grubbing footsteps of his father, and disliked him as much for his dulness and taciturnity as they had formerly liked him for his genial flow of happy spirits.

At home in his private life the change in his disposition was hardly less remarkable. His sisters complained that he was not nearly so agreeable and good-natured—not half so willing to accompany them to places of amusement—not so pleasant or sociable as he used to be. He never even flirted now, they complained. Not that he had ever done so, unless flirting means, on the part of a handsome young man, a very natural preference for the society of lively and pretty young women rather than for the discourse of "grave and reverend signiors" of the Stock Exchange.

He had become grave and silent, and went about the world now with a settled gloom on his ere-time joyous face.

It was a close September afternoon, and the office was hot and stifling. Many a youthful clerk furtively glanced at his watch or the office clock, longing for the moment of freedom to arrive.

Stephen alone bent his head over his ledger with unflinching application. He was trying very hard not to let his mind wander nor his thoughts stray, for a notice in the morning paper that day had brought old recollections—never wholly forgotten, only stifled—in a flood upon his soul, things that he did not wish to remember, that he had struggled hard, for over a year now, to forget.

He had read the notice of Master Drury's death. Poor Master Drury! with his kindly old heart, and quaint, pathetic small affectations. Stephen knew Hilda loved the old man: how sore and cruel a blow this would be to her! It was just a year now since he had left Biffey Parsonage in his white heat of wrath and disappointment, and from that day he had never heard of Hilda Romney nor spoken her name. To Mary Owens alone, in a few curt words, he told that Miss Romney had refused him. He repelled

her sympathy, and put aside her questionings. Mary could only be silent, and wonder how any woman could have treated her Stephen thus.

He had schooled himself well during this past year, if not exactly to forget Hilda Romney, at least not to think of her. Why should he think of her, false and heartless as she was? He tried hard to live the same careless, happy life he had lived before he met her. That he did not succeed was no fault of his. Always deep down in his heart was the dull, gnawing pain of knowing her false. He did not abuse the world, nor declaim, with Byronic peevishness, at the hollowness of things in general. He was always the same Stephen Wray, with the same boyish simplicity of nature, the same royal breadth of character, manly and true-hearted—not soured, but harder, quieter, colder. And now to-day, this September day, his heart was yearning in pity and ruth over the woman he loved, in her sorrow and bereavement.

A summons from his father to attend that gentleman on a matter of business roused him from his employment of balancing an account-book, from the ruled pages of which Hilda's face, white and sorrowful as last he had seen it, ever and anon looked out at him.

"Sit down for a moment," Mr. Wray, senior, remarked as his son entered his private office. Stephen took the seat indicated by an absent-minded wave of his father's hand.

Mr. Wray held in his hand a sheaf of business-looking papers, which he closely scanned through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, from time to time referring to a large ledger lying open on the table before him.

Stephen, looking about him at his leisure, remembered the days long ago, when he had been frequently commanded to enter an appearance in this sanctum to give an account of himself before Mr. Owens and his father on the charge of some reckless misdemeanour of his in the science of book-keeping, or of idling away his time, and inciting by precept and example the other articleed young gentlemen to do likewise. Those days were gone, and with them his capacity for fun or mischief. He felt staid and old now, far more than his five-and-twenty years warranted. This was his twenty-fifth birthday.

Mr. Wray scrutinised the last paper, made some final entry in the ledger, and then throwing down his pen, took off his double gold eyeglass, coughed portentously, and turned himself towards Stephen.

"I have sent for you," he began pompously, tapping his left thumb-nail as he spoke with the edge of his glasses, making them a sort of running accompaniment and species of punctuation to his speech, "to confer with you on business—business of a highly important character."

"Yes, sir," Stephen returned, a trifle absently, it must be owned, in the face of so solemn a preamble.

"This is your five-and-twentieth birthday, Stephen, and it is quite time you woke up to a sense of your responsibilities. I have nothing to blame you for, of late, with regard to attention to business, but I must say in other matters you display a callousness and

indifference to your own interests quite unaccountable. We have experienced many changes during the past year. Poor Owens is gone; your sister Annette married, and well married."

Annette had married an ancient gentleman named Fraser a few months since. She had met him the previous summer at Boulogne, and consented to play the part of May to his December. He was marvellously gouty and ill-tempered, but could afford to be both, or Miss Annette Wray would not have listened to his suit.

"These are family matters, sir," said Stephen, to recall his parent to the point.

"They are; and business matters as well. In fact, I never make any difference between the two. No one can justly accuse me of ever, in the course of a long life, subordinating business matters to family affairs. I am a hard-working man, and what I am to-day I am by my own industry. I want to-day to announce to you that I wish to admit you to the partnership in the firm left vacant by the death of Mr. Owens."

He paused triumphantly. Stephen did not look in the least elated at the brilliant prospect unfolded for his delectation.

"I would rather stay as I am," he replied. "I have really no head for business, and should only make a fearful mess of the whole thing. When I left school I should have liked to enter the army, but you would not hear of the plan. It was the solitary ambition of my life, and I have outlived it. Now, I should prefer to remain as I am."

"A clerk on a beggarly pittance!" cried Mr. Wray in wrathful astonishment.

"I do not consider it beggarly. Besides, I have a private income."

"A paltry three hundred a year!" shrieked his father, getting purple in the face.

"I find it more than enough," said Stephen indifferently.

"And do you sit there and tell me deliberately you mean to do with that all your life?"

"I should think I shall find it sufficient."

"And you do not want to improve your position?"

"No."

"And you do not want to make money?"

"I have no ambition that way, sir."

"And you mean to marry and support a wife and family on that miserable sum?"

Stephen winced, but answered calmly—

"I do not intend to marry," he said.

"Is the boy deranged?" cried Mr. Wray helplessly. "Is there madness in Jane's family? There never was in mine. Sir," he said, sharply addressing his son, "I intend you to marry, and that soon. And I intend you to marry money, too. It was only to put you in a more honourable position of equality with the woman you will marry that I spoke about taking you into partnership—because I thought you would be too proud to present yourself with your clerkship and your paltry three hundred a year at the door of a wealthy heiress who could buy and sell us all, that I offered the position to you. When I broached the

subject more than a year ago to you, you treated it with contempt. I have left you a year to think the matter over, and I certainly hoped to find you come to a better state of mind."

"Father!" interrupted Stephen, starting forward.

"Hold your tongue, sir, and do not interrupt me; your valuable remarks can wait a few moments. I have done for you all a father can do for his son: more than most fathers do for theirs; I have spared no expense where you were concerned. Your schooling, your terms at college, your foreign travels, your tutors' fees, all that came out of my pocket, and now, forsooth, you refuse me the poor reward of obedience. I gave you a liberal education. You led the life of a lord—better than many of them—and now you turn round and defy me."

"If you are going to speak about Mary Owens, I tell you beforehand it is useless," said Stephen, breathing hard, and growing rather pale.

Mr. Wray faced the rising rebellion in his son's eyes unflinchingly. Father and son, they looked at each other, both gathering their forces for the coming combat.

"I will speak about her, and I insist on your listening to me. And I insist on your obedience, what's more," said Mr. Wray, his small eyes grown fierce and hot. "I have left you alone for a year; true, in common decency, you could not have spoken to her sooner. It's not more than a year since poor Owens died. Time is passing, and if you don't look sharp someone else will take her."

"I will not marry her; I shall never marry," said Stephen defiantly.

"You shall, and you must. You owe it to me. At your age, in your position as my heir, you should be married."

"Je n'en vois pas la nécessité," said Stephen curtly.

Mr. Wray bounced in his chair with rage.

"So!" he cried, "this is the result of the education I have given you: you defy me, you sit in my office and fling insulting remarks at me in a dead language!"

"I spoke French, sir; I forgot you did not understand it. I beg your pardon," said Stephen, making a supreme effort to control the temper rising in him: "what I meant to say was that I see no necessity for my marriage. Few men at five-and-twenty are married."

"Because they can't afford to marry. You can, and if you do not, someone else will step between you and Mary Owens."

"Please do not introduce Miss Owens' name into the discussion," said Stephen very hotly. "She is a lady, and a friend of mine, and your method of speaking of her is to me most offensive."

"Stuff! nonsense! humbug!" shrieked his father, in an ever-increasing access of wrath and contempt. "I shall speak of her as I choose. Once for all, will you go to her to-day and make a proposal of marriage to her?"

Stephen stood up, his face white, with quivering nostrils and flashing eyes.

"I will not," he said, to the full as hard-faced and

unflinching as the old man sitting opposite him. "Command my obedience in what you will, but never in this. Make me your partner if you choose; I shall try and learn my business in that position, and devote my best energies to the task. I have never before defied you; I have given in to you in everything. You made me a gentleman, gave me the tastes and habits of a gentleman, and then placed me in your office as a clerk. I submitted. I do not now care what I am—salaried clerk or partner. But what I do care for is my honour. I refuse to stoop to the cowardice of marrying a woman for the sake of her money. That is a depth to which I cannot and will not descend. You can act as you please; you can dismiss me from your office as you would any of those who sit in the room with me, did they chance to displease you; you can forbid me your home; ah, indeed, it is not a very happy one! I care little what becomes of me, but I refuse utterly and distinctly to marry where I do not love."

He stopped abruptly, every limb of him tense with indignation.

"This is your last word—your final decision?" questioned his father, suddenly grown cold as Stephen waxed hot.

"Yes."

"Then go!" thundered the old man fiercely, bringing one heavy hand crashing down on the table. "Henceforth I disown you; you are no longer my son; I shall alter my will this very day. I declare you shall never be the better of me. Only that it might benefit *you*, I should leave my money to found an asylum for incapable idiots. What are you waiting for? Go!"

"Am I to understand that I am to leave your office—that you dismiss me?"

"Yes."

The young man grew a shade whiter.

"Am I to leave your house also?"

"Yes."

"May I return to say good-bye to my mother and Louise?"

"As you choose. What a model of domestic virtue! Remember one thing: I never wish to see your face again. Go your own way: you have chosen it. Don't come whining to me to take you back; I have done with you!"

Stephen looked at him, bewildered at the sudden turn events had taken. His throat felt husky and dry as he attempted to speak, to make one last effort after peace; for, after all, this frenzied old man was his father, his flesh and blood. The not unmanly tears stood in his eyes as he approached Mr. Wray.

"Father," he said entreatingly, "forgive me. I spoke in haste, perhaps angrily and without due respect. Let us not part thus in anger. Command my obedience in all but this one question of my marriage. I am your son, your only son; do not let us quarrel."

A small bell stood near Mr. Wray's hand on the table beside his desk. He touched it now, and a juvenile clerk appeared.

"Stubbins," he said coldly, "show this gentleman

out. My business with him is completed, and my time is of value."

Stubbins—a pale-eyed, vacuous-looking youth of eighteen or thereabouts—dropped his jaw in amazement.

Stephen flushed all over his fair face. He looked beseechingly at his father. Mr. Wray had taken up a pen, and was busily writing at his desk. There was no appealing to that iron face.

Waving Stubbins aside, he left the room, and presently the office.

He and his father never met again.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAST OFF.

"More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us."

STEPHEN presented himself late that evening at Miss Owens' residence. He found her alone, except for the society of Mrs. Clare. Mrs. Clare was a small, pale woman, with a deprecating, timid manner, very unlike the self-assertiveness of her predecessor, the fascinating Mrs. Heatherington. She considered herself very fortunate in having obtained the lucrative and easy position to which her old friend Mr. Davenport had recommended her—that of lady companion to the wealthy Miss Owens.

She liked Stephen greatly in her secret heart, more than any other of the visitors who appeared evening after evening in the pretty drawing-room at West Kensington. She had even composed a small "romance of the affections," in which Miss Owens and he played important parts. She noticed his pale face and absent manner, and decided he had come to say "something." So she presently murmured some palpable excuse, and glided from the room.

"I am glad she is gone," said Stephen. "I was just wondering how I could manage to speak to you alone."

"What is the matter?" asked Mary, coming at once to the point. "You look very miserable. What is wrong?"

"Everything is wrong," he replied gloomily. "I have fallen out with my father, and he has turned me adrift."

"Turned you adrift!" repeated Mary, in amazement. "Surely you are not in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life, Mary. Turned me out of his office, out of his house, disinherited me, disowned me."

Mary sat like one stunned, looking at him with bewildered eyes, unable to realise what her ears heard.

"He will relent," she gasped. "It is some passing vexation."

"Not at all. If you saw his face, stern and angry, when I left him to-day, you would know that as well as I do. I have never known him pardon an offence or forgive an injury."

"But you have not injured him, Stephen?"

"No; I have refused to obey him in a matter in which I consider he has no right to command me; and

there's the head and front of my offending. He treats me as a boy."

"And what does your mother say?"

"I went home and told her the whole affair. She said Heaven had punished the sins of her youth in giving her a son like me. I am sure I never heard her own to a sin before." And he laughed bitterly. "Stephen, don't; she is your mother."

"I hope many more fellows haven't mothers like her," he said. "Then she went on to ask me questions—wanted to know how long I intended to embroil the family concord; how far I intended to walk the ways of destruction before I would return and submit myself to my father's will. She knew I would come back sooner or later, as there was money in the question. If my father were a poor man, it would be otherwise. Then she, not he, would ever hear of me again, she had no doubt. Finally, she wished me much pleasure in the path of 'riotous living' I was about to follow, and so walked out of the room."

"And Louise?"

"Louise wept a little, and kissed me, and asked me, poor girl, if I had money. Offered to lend me what she had, and advised me to a speedy reconciliation with my father. I left her writing all the dire details of the affair to Annette."

"May I know why you have quarrelled, Stephen?"

If he had been looking at her, he might have guessed, or at least suspected, that she already knew something of the matter. But he was moodily contemplating the pattern of the carpet, and did not raise his eyes to her face.

"No, Mary," he replied, flushing up hotly, "I cannot tell you that."

"Is it about Miss Romney?" she asked softly.

"Miss Romney is nothing any more to me," he said harshly. "My father never heard her name. No one but you knew anything of that unhappy affair."

"And you will not tell me, your old friend, why you are cast off by your father? Why may I not know?"

"You of all people in the world must not know," said Stephen guiltily. "In fact, I ought not to have come here and told you a word about it. I should not have done so, only that I could not leave England without seeing you, and saying farewell to you."

"Leave England, Stephen?"

All that made life bright and worth living so far as she was concerned would go with him. No wonder she trembled and turned pale.

"Yes, I shall emigrate. I shall do better in the colonies. I could not stay in London with matters as they are. When I leave you I am going to Mr. Davenant. He knows a lot about emigration, and the best colony for a man to go to, and his advice generally I feel will do me good."

Mary stood up, and began walking up and down the room. She seemed pondering something, and searching for words the fittest in which to utter her thoughts.

Presently she came and stood by Stephen—a little behind him, where he might not see her face, with one trembling hand placed timidly on his shoulder.

"You will not tell me the cause of this rupture with Mr. Wray, Stephen," she said, speaking very rapidly, in a low, thrilling voice; "but I know it."

"You know it, Mary?" he cried, turning in his chair so as to see her face. But she moved a little farther back.

"Yes. It would have been kinder of you to tell me, and to spare me the humiliation of saying it myself. Your father wanted you—to—to marry me, and you have refused."

Stephen sprang to his feet, and turning, faced the girl as she stood white and wild-eyed behind his chair.

"Do not speak!" she cried, convulsively clasping one hand to her throat, as if utterance choked her. "It is on my account you have quarrelled with your father. I am the cause why you leave home and country, and go forth a banished man."

"Mary, where did you learn this?" he asked, his face as white as hers.

"Before my father died," she said wearily, "he told me he and your father had settled the matter. And so I guess now that your father has broached the subject to you, and that you refuse to carry out his wishes. Stephen, I will not allow that you should be exiled and disinherited on my account. Go home to your father to-night, and tell him the heiress has refused you, that she will not marry you, that she declined your suit absolutely and distinctly. That will surely satisfy him, so far as you are concerned. The blame no longer rests upon you. You need not tell him you did me not the poor grace of asking me."

Her voice broke suddenly. She walked away from him, and sat down on a distant seat. Her fortitude was rapidly forsaking her. She had trailed her womanly pride in the dust for his sake. Let him accept the sacrifice, if he would, but her sorrowful secret was still her own.

Stephen followed her in a few rapid strides. He knelt down at her side, and took her trembling hand in his.

"And you suppose, dear," he said, very tenderly, "that I will let you do this for me? Do you think me such a coward that I shall hide myself behind your generosity? I will not allow you to sacrifice yourself for me. I will not go to my father and tell him you have refused me, because I will not, even in semblance, go through the form of insulting you. Any proposal of marriage from me to you would be nothing more nor less than an insult—you, who know more about me than any other mortal on earth—you, who know I have no longer any love to give—you, who more than any other woman I have ever known deserves the best love of any man's heart. I know you have never cared for me except as a friend, as a brother. And I, who value your friendship, should I be worthy of it any longer were I to act now as you ask me? Do you think I will ask you to marry me only to secure to myself the shield of your refusal where-with to reinstate myself with my father? I value our friendship, Mary—what it has ever been, what it will, I trust, ever continue to be—too dearly to

mar that friendship by empty, meaningless talk of any other relationship between us. I know very well you would refuse me. But I will not ask you. And I will not go to my father with any such half-lie upon my lips."

"Then I will!" she said excitedly. "I shall go to him to-morrow, and say, 'Mr. Wray, you can forgive Stephen, and take him back. I am my own mistress, and I will not marry your son.' Don't you see how beautifully simple it is, Stephen? It does me no harm, and completely disarms him."

"I will not consent to your doing so. My friend, in your secret heart would you not think me a paltry coward if I yielded to you in this?"

She made no answer. A few forlorn tears welled over from her full eyes, and trickled slowly down her cheeks.

Stephen reverently raised the hand he held to his lips, and kissed it.

"You are a noble, good woman, Mary," he said, in low, solemn tones. "If you had loved me, and I had never met that other, it would have been better far for me. But you would never have loved me; and the past is past, and cannot be undone now by either you or me."

"If she had loved him!" And all the deep, loving woman's heart of her even then going out to him, yearning over him with selfless, intense love, that ever held his happiness of more account than aught else in the world, feeling his sorrows more keenly than he felt them himself, counting no sacrifice "for his sake" too costly. "If she had loved him!" After these years he could come to her, and hold her hand in his, and say, "If you had loved me!"

Well, it is not for a woman to speak first in these matters. If her heart is breaking with unspoken love, let it break, but let it break in silence.

The hand in his quivered as if pierced through by a sudden dart.

Stephen knelt by her side in silence, still holding her hand, and absently stroking its surface with his brown, sinewy fingers.

"I shall not tell my people where I go," he said presently: "none of them cared to ask, for that matter. And because I do not wish them to know, I shall not tell you either. They would be certain, sooner or later, to come bothering you about it. It was always one of my chief sins in their eyes that I told you things I kept from them. You can write to me through Mr. Davenent, if you care to write."

"If I care, Stephen!"

"I know you care—forgive me. I am a little hard and bitter to-night, Mary, and I find it hard to believe anyone cares for me—when a fellow's own mother does not even ask if he will have a roof over his head when he is turned out from his father's house. If I were to doubt *your* affection, Mary, it would go badly with me. You are the one being on earth who does care what becomes of me."

"And what will you turn to when you go away?"

"I have money of my own. Thank God, I need not starve either here or in the colonies. There is

now or hereafter no actual need that I should work. But work of some sort or another I mean to find and do—otherwise I should go mad, or go downhill. I don't want to do either. And as I have no future to look forward to, and no hope to endeavour to realise, I must have something to do—otherwise I should be rudderless, and no one knows where I might drift."

"Do you need money now?" she asked.

"No, dear."

"For your passage? For your outfit? It is impossible that you have ready money enough to start in this unexpected way to the ends of the earth. Let me—"

"No, Mary," he said, interrupting her. "A man cannot take money from a woman—"

"I don't see why, if she has it and he wants it, and they are friends," she pleaded.

"I don't know why; but there *is* an unwritten law on the subject. But in any case let your tender little heart be at rest on the subject. I can realise some of my capital, and my last quarter's allowance is untouched. I am not a very extravagant fellow; I shall do very well. Now I must be off. I know Mr. Davenent's door stands open night and day to the lost sheep, but I need not keep the poor old gentleman longer from his well-earned repose than is absolutely necessary."

"I am glad you are going to him; he has always liked you, and taken an interest in you. He will advise you. Oh, Stephen, perhaps after all you will not have to go away!"

"Nothing he can say can alter that. I know my father's implacable nature. He will never pardon me, and it is best for everyone concerned that I should disappear totally. It would be a constant trial to all of us if I remained at home."

They were both standing now. He took her hands in his, and held them, looking down tenderly into her face.

"And you will come back some day?" she whispered, trying to speak bravely and brightly, although her lips quivered.

"Some day, perhaps. Who knows?" he answered lightly. "What would bring me back? You are all I have in England to care about, and when I should return I should find you somebody's happy wife, and you would look upon me in the light of a bore. Besides, I should have grown so very colonial in style, that you would be heartily ashamed to recognise me as a friend."

"That is all very probable!" she replied.

Since he was going, she wished intensely he would say good-bye at once and go. Her agony was threatening to overmaster her, and yet she must not break down before him. She must endure to the end. The very hardest task of all, that, in the lesson-book of life.

"So probable," he returned, "that I scarcely think I shall risk coming home to find it true."

Then he stooped, and for the first time in his life kissed her. She said no word, only stood like any cold statue carved in stone.

"Good-bye, Mary," he whispered tenderly. "If we

never meet again, remember I have always loved you dearly."

And then, with these words, he went away, and going, left her forlorn; rich in love for him, to see him go forth alone; wealthy, to know he had gone out poor to fight his battle for existence; lonely, because, going, he had taken her heart with him, and taking it, knew nothing of so doing, nor had valued it at all had he known. So runs the world awry.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE LAST EFFORT.

"What we would we cannot have,
Whom we love we cannot keep."—ANON.

FLASHFORD-ON-SEA lay broiling under the September sun, small defenceless town that it was, open to the fiercest assaults of summer heat and winter cold. The "little summer of St. Luke" lingered late this year; although the days grew shorter, they became no cooler; and at Flashford shade was always a "missing quality," either out on the treeless downs or down by the flat sea-shore. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the season of Flashford was at its height. On the pier a sprinkling of fashionable young ladies, some with books they did not read, and others engaged in the more congenial occupation of languid flirtation, idled away the time, longing doubtless for the evening, and the dulcet strains of the band, and the return of favoured cavaliers from Bullionston. Here and there old gentlemen on camp-stools reading newspapers lent variety to the scene. On the sands behind the pier, near the bathing-machines, children, bare-legged and noisy, played shrilly, busily drawing water from one pool to pour it into another. Smaller infants than these lolled lazily in perambulators, while their attendant nursery-maids enjoyed the solace of a little conversation, "talking over" their respective mistresses for the most part. Along the sea-walk a few burly fishermen lounged, smoking, and with elbows on the wall gazed out to sea, with as much interest, apparently, as though it were the first moment that portion of creation had been introduced to their notice. Everything and everyone seemed hot and lazy; even the very sea came rolling languidly in, without dancing wave or sparkling foam-fringe, bursting heavily on the beach under the low, grey-blue sky. A German band, with energy and perseverance worthy both of a better cause and of more success, played "Sweet Dreamland Faces" to this unappreciative audience. They and the children alone seemed able to rise above the general sense of languor which pervaded the place. They were playing quite as beautifully as most German bands, so perhaps it was as well they met with scant encouragement. Having torn "Sweet Dreamland Faces" to rags, they pulled up stakes, and adjourned to the other end of the esplanade, near the railway station. It was near the time of the afternoon train from the City, and some of the new arrivals might cast them a coin in passing.

They were tootling the soldiers' song from *Maritana* when the train ran into the station, and a gush of men and women came out on the sea-road, hastening

to their respective homes. One, a tall young man, with a long, swinging stride, which soon out-distanced the rest, walked straight on, looking neither to the left hand nor the right; past the Royal Alexandra Marine Hotel, with its trim gardens in front and hospitably open doors; past the spick-and-span stone church of St. Cecilia; indifferent to the attractions of the pier; blind to those who paused in their idle talk to stare at him; only stopping an instant to throw a sixpence into the cap a juvenile member of the band beseechingly held out to him.

Poor German band! That sixpence just doubled your whole earnings for that long hot day.

He was a stranger to all of these people sitting and standing about the sea-walk, but he did not move with the hesitating step of a man who did not know his way. He soon left the sea-front, and turned up one of the terraces leading to the main street of the town, from thence into a narrow side-street leading inland, then down the lane between two high stone walls, on one hand ivy-topped, which led to Biffey Parsonage. Then, for the first time since he left the station, his pace slackened. He paused outside the door of the Parsonage which opened on the lane, looked at it with a vacant stare, gazed at the name of Dr. Romney graven on the brass plate, and then walked on to the end of the lane. This intelligent proceeding he repeated over and over again, there being no passers along that lonely lane to shame him into sudden decision.

At last he stopped abruptly before the door, and sharply pulled the bell which communicated with the hall door inside. He heard a slow foot coming along the gravel path. There was no retreating now.

It was old Susan Cooke who opened the door. She looked staid and solemn, and her face did not display any pleasure on beholding the visitor.

"Can I see Miss Romney?" he stammered guiltily.

The old woman did not know if her mistress would see any visitors. The poor master was very ill, and her young lady much occupied in his sick-room.

"She might perhaps see me for an instant," he urged. "I have come all the way from London to see her."

She distinctly relented on hearing this. If he would come inside to the house (opening the door somewhat more hospitably wide), she would ask Miss Hilda.

On entering the drawing-room from the brilliant sunlight of the outer world, it was difficult to distinguish anything about him. The blinds were drawn, and the room was chill and gloomy, and had an uncared-for look. Poor Master Drury's open spinet in the corner lay thick with dust, the flowers in the vases were faded beyond recognition, and the growing plants hung down their leaves, withering for lack of water. Hilda's canary on a table by the end window humped itself up dejectedly on its perch, and seemed to have no heart to sing, nor to display any interest in existence.

After some moments' waiting he heard the light step he knew so well echoing along the hall, and his heart beat fast. Hilda Romney entered the room; she looked almost ghostlike as she entered, with

her small face wan and wistful, and an expression of intense yet patient weariness in her grey eyes. She came straight towards him, where he stood gulping down the emotion he felt at seeing her, and frankly held out to him her hand.

"Thank you," she said simply. "It is kind and good to have come so far to see me in my trouble. I thank you."

"I hardly knew if you would admit me, if you would see me," he stammered.



"It is better that he should think hard thoughts of me."—p. 259.

Stephen grasped at it as though so much grace was more than he had looked for or expected.

He had been puzzling himself as he came along how he should greet her, what he should say to her. Now he forgot all the stilted speeches he had prepared, and let his heart speak.

"Hilda," clasping both her hands in his strong ones, "I am so sorry for you! I am so sorry for you!"

"Are we not friends?" she asked, surprised.

"Oh, Hilda!" he cried, quite overcome by the sweet gentleness of the girl, "how can you receive me so kindly when you remember how we parted?"

"I remember nothing," she said, "except that you were once my friend. If you were angry that day in the garden, it was I that made you so. I am glad if you are no longer angry with me."

"Angry!" he said earnestly. "I have travelled all this way first to beg your forgiveness before I leave England. I could not go away without it."

"Then you are leaving England!" she asked.

"Yes, for ever. But it was not to talk of myself I came. Tell me about yourself and your sorrow, dear. I know you well enough to understand what a cruel loss is this to you."

"It is all the brightness gone out of my life for ever—just that," raising pathetic eyes to his face. "He was so good to me, he loved me so much. I shall never have anyone again who will love me as he did. Oh, I wish I had been better to him!"

"And your father!" he asked, as her voice broke.

"My father is very ill. In fact, he has been so ill for a long, long time now, that we have been only waiting from day to day for the end to come. It was all so sudden about Uncle Drury, I hardly realised he was ill until I saw him die; and now I must wait alone, Uncle Drury no longer with me, until my father too dies, and goes away from me."

"And you? what will become of you?" he asked, with passionate eagerness.

"I do not know," she said forlornly. "I shall be alone in the world. There is no one else belonging to me."

Stephen stood by her, watching her, each slow tear trickling down her pale cheek like a drop of life-blood wrung from his heart.

"I am alone in the world," she said drearily. "It seems rather hard just now; I suppose as I get older I shall become used to it. But it is sorrowful and strange to be alone in the world when you are only twenty-one. And then there is so much before me that I must face and meet alone, I feel afraid."

"Hilda, you need not be alone; I care for you. It is much, it is everything to me what becomes of you. Give yourself to me, and I will shield and guard you with my life. Come with me, and let us face the future together. I know this is not the time nor place to speak thus, but I may not have another opportunity of seeing you; and besides, you know already that I love you. Be my wife, Hilda. Perhaps the years may bring love for me to your heart. I will be very patient, I will be silent, I will not let the great love I bear towards you, my darling, intrude itself on you—only it is a desolate thing for you to be alone in the world. Come with me to the new world; let me love you, wait on you, serve you, work for you. Even though you love me not, that will be less sorrowful for you than living on here alone, eating your heart out in solitude."

She was weeping unrestrainedly now—long, bitter sobs that shook her slight frame from head to foot. Stephen threw himself on his knees beside her, and tried to take her hands from her face.

"There is no use," she sobbed; "you do not know all. Oh, do not, do not speak like this—in mercy do not! It is cruel; I cannot bear it. You wound my very heart."

Presently she became calmer, and dried her wet eyes. Only a long, shuddering sob every now and again went through her.

"You are going away," she said, after a while, looking at him with a pitiful little pretext for a smile.

"Yes."

"You have quarrelled with your father?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I am sorry. I always feared it must come to that."

"It does not much matter, does it?"

"Ah yes! yes, it does. When those we love lie before us dead, gone quite away from us for ever, every cross or unkind word we ever said to them comes back, and cuts like a knife to the heart. I have learnt that much these last days."

"You have not many unkind words to repent of," said Stephen tenderly.

"I have much to repent of—oh, much—oh! if the dead would only come back to us just for a little moment, just while we could tell them how we loved them—that the unkind word, or the want of sympathy, or the frown we had often given them was only on the surface, but that deep down we loved them always! But they come back no more; they are gone, gone quite away for ever out of our lives. If you could only have seen Uncle Drury's face: how still, and beautiful, and peaceful it was! And how he smiled! smiled though I was weeping bitterly by his side—weeping as I remembered how often I had been unkind to him, and thought his little ways tiresome, or been fussed by him, or answered him coldly. Those are the things that come back to you when you stand by someone who loved you, and who is dead. I say this to you now solemnly and sorrowfully from the depths of my own sad experience: you may do much in your life to be sorry for, much that you would give your life, almost, for the power of undoing, but nothing, when you stand by the dead, will give you such keen sorrow as the unkind words you have spoken to them, or the loving things you might have said and did not say."

Stephen was silent. He could not trust himself to speak just then.

"And so you have quarrelled with your father, and you are leaving England? Will you not wait a little, and give him an opportunity to forgive you?"

"I have waited," the young man replied gloomily.

"An old friend of mine in London, a clergyman, advised me to wait a little, as you said just now, to give my father an opportunity to forgive me. It is more than a fortnight now since he cast me off. Since then I have called at his office, to be informed Mr. Wray could not see me; went to Portman Square, only to be turned from the door of my father's house by a servant who has known me since I was a child; written to him, only to have my letters returned unopened. No, there is no use in waiting any longer. Next week I sail for Australia."

"And why has he cast you off? What have you done?"

"I have refused to marry at his bidding a woman whom I do not love: for the sake of her money."

"Miss Owens!" she said. Her voice was very low, and she did not meet Stephen's eyes as she asked the question. "And do you not love her? Could you not,

I mean, to please your father? Surely she is not so unlovable. You used to like her."

"I like her—yes, I love her—I hold her in all reverence as the best woman I have ever known—the largest heart, the truest friend."

"If you think all this of her," she said, a little coldly, "it seems to me you ought not to find much difficulty in asking her to be your wife."

"And you can say this to me, Hilda—you can pretend you think this, when you know I love you, and you only? You have all my heart. My life is bound up in yours. Mary, good and dear and true, holds, and has always held, the place of a loved sister in my affections. I am not ashamed of the love I have for her, but I should be doing a thing mean and dishonourable if I asked any woman in the world to be my wife while Hilda Romney breathes. Yes, and after. My fate was fixed the day I saw you—I cannot change it now, even if I would."

"Have I then done you an injury so cruel, so irreparable?" she cried, throwing her hands out with a despairing gesture. "I have hoped, I have prayed, that away from me you would learn to forget me. And now, a year after, you come back to me and tell me that you love me still."

"And twenty years hence if I come back to you, it will be still the same tale I shall have to tell," he exclaimed.

"It is hard, it is hard," she moaned. "I never meant to injure you. I never fancied you would love me so deeply. I thought you would be hurt a little at first, and be a little sorry for a time, perhaps. But this I did not expect. Can you not try to forget me?"

"I have been trying for a year," he said, with a grim smile. "You perceive how admirably successful I have been."

She sat silent, looking before her with sad eyes, that seemed not to see what they rested on.

"I never meant to harm you," she said, and sighed.

"Dear heart," he said tenderly, "do not grieve yourself for me. It is not your fault that you do not love me. I came here to-day only to crave your forgiveness before I left England perhaps for ever. You have pardoned me, and I go now with a lighter heart. If I could think of you at home, prosperous and fairly happy, and shielded, as a little tender thing like you should be shielded, from the world's hard knocks, I think I should be almost happy. But to go away to the other side of the world, and know you to be here alone, perhaps poor, and, you say, friendless—that it is which wrings my heart, Hilda."

"Think of me then as happy," she said brokenly, "if so to think will comfort you. I shall not be poor, thank God—not rich either; but still I shall have sufficient for my needs. I shall be friendless, but that cannot be helped."

"I cannot think of you as happy," he interrupted, coming a step nearer to her from his pacing to and fro in the room. "I cannot think that, when a few moments ago you told me you were afraid when you looked into what the future holds for you."

She shrank away as if he had struck her. For

an instant some strong emotion struggled within her, and seemed almost to overmaster her. Her thin hands closed convulsively.

"I know I have no right to speak as I am doing now," he went on, in a high, rapid tone, eloquent beyond his wont. "I know that one refusal such as you gave me long ago ought to be enough—would be enough for most men—and would be enough for me too, so far as I myself am concerned. I asked you once before to marry me. Then I asked you simply because I loved you. I love you still, utterly, passionately, hopelessly. I now ask you again, not for my own sake, not because I love you, not because I want you for my wife with all the longing of my heart, but I ask you for your own sake. I do not say this from any concealed idea that I can make you happy in spite of yourself, but only because I think in marrying me you might be one degree less miserable than staying on here alone in the world. And for me, the power to make your life one degree less miserable than it is would be happiness intense, happiness greater than I have dared to look for. Surely in a new world you might forget the sorrowful past: you might find life worth living in the land beyond the seas! You would be no longer lonely and friendless. Riches I cannot offer you; I have them no longer. But devotion, and loyalty of loving service, I can and will give you. Think, Hilda, think a little before you speak. Do not hastily decide. Would it not be better for you to come away with me, even though you do not love me? If I am willing—and I am—to accept you just as you are, without a spark of love for me in your heart, will it not be best for you too?"

Hilda stood up suddenly. Her face was whiter—if that were possible—than when she had entered the room. Her canary, encouraged by the fervent, rapid speech of the young man, burst into a jubilant psalm of joy. Its piercing notes mingled with the girl's faltering speech, and, together with it, went through Stephen's heart and brain. He never listened to the song of canary bird again without seeming to see her standing before him, with clasped hands and pathetic, appealing eyes, in her heavy black garments, so slight, and young and sorrowful a figure.

"Forgive me," she began; and then her voice trembled so that it was some moments ere she could go on. "I have this now added to all else I have to weigh down my heart: the knowledge of having done you an injury so irreparable. To remember that I have darkened your life will make the bitter future yet more drear. But what you ask me to do is impossible, quite impossible. If only you would believe me when I say this! I cannot be your wife. If you knew all that I know, you would agree with me as to this. It is *quite* impossible. I will pray on my knees, night and morning, that you will learn to forget me: that in the new world, and the new life to which you go, the remembrance of me may fade and fade, until, like the memory of a dream, it goes away altogether. I will pray, too, for some new happiness to come and fill and warm your life. But, believe me, you could never be happy if I to-day yielded to your prayer, and consented to become your wife. You would learn to curse the day I did so; you

would blame the selfishness that prompted me. I am very glad we part friends. But let us part; my strength is gone. I can bear this no longer."

"Whatever is before you, let me share it," he said pleadingly, making one last appeal.

"I cannot!" The voice was low and firm, albeit deeply pained.

"I wonder if a man ever loved so hopelessly before?" he said quietly, his hands hanging straight down by his side, his face forlorn. "If I come back years hence, Hilda, will it be still the same?"

"Years hence—still the same," she murmured.

"To think I love you so passionately, so entirely," he

went on, unable to take his dismissal, "and that it would not cost you a tear if the ship I sail on went to the bottom. It is hard!"

"Yes, it is hard," she answered quietly.

And then he went away.

"It is better he should think hard thoughts of me," she cried passionately, when the last echo of his parting footsteps had died away. "So will he learn to forget me, to be happy without me. It is best that he should remember me only as hard and cruel and cold. Stephen, Stephen, my darling! perhaps in heaven you will know how much I loved you!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO SANCTIFY MARRIAGE.

AN ADDRESS TO A NEWLY WEDDED COUPLE.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.



Y dear friends, whom I have been permitted to join together in the bonds of holy matrimony—you will, I know, accept a few words of kindly exhortation and advice from one who is not only a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, but also "himself a married man."

If I interpret you rightly, and I think I know how to do so—your primary thought at this moment is one of exceeding thankfulness. God, you feel, has been preparing you for one another. By His loving discipline He has so trained and educated you both in the past that now, when you have met here, led by the hand of His good and gracious providence, your like-mindedness in the best things, and your congeniality of disposition and temper, give you every prospect of a career of happy companionship, and of usefulness to others round you. For this you praise and bless His holy name. It is He Who has thus crowned your lives with His goodness, and given you cause for such deep and inexpressible gratitude. Modifying this primary feeling of thankfulness, but not in any way diminishing the force and power of it, is the recollection of the profound mystery which invests the subject of Christian marriage. Of this you have heard something already in the prayer of the service just closed. You have been reminded that in matrimony is "signified and represented the spiritual marriage and unity betwixt Christ and His Church." The husband, then, will see Christ in his wife; the wife will see Christ in her husband; and thus the sentiment of mutual reverence and respect will be superadded to—or more correctly speaking form the basis of—the wedded love which is to characterise your future.

It will occur to you, no doubt, that to discern Christ in another person is no peculiar privilege of those who are situated as you are. All alike, whether married or single, are required to respect, in their

brethren and neighbours, the humanity with which the Eternal Son of God has condescended to ally Himself. But on wedded pairs descends the special responsibility of illustrating, as far as in them lies, the mystical union betwixt Christ and His Church; and this they have to do by the entireness of their devotion to each other, by their unfailing confidence in each other, by the growing strength of their love, and by their readiness to sacrifice self, and all personal inclination, wherever such a sacrifice is needed. The man is called upon to love his wife "as Christ did love His spouse the Church, and gave Himself for it." The woman, on her side, is to show the duty of the Church towards Christ, by being "loving and amiable, faithful and obedient to her husband, and by being in all quietness, sobriety, and peace a follower of godly and holy matrons."

From your true acceptance of this position there flow certain practical obligations which I will venture to point out to you.

You have met together to establish a Christian household, which shall be, God helping you, a home of holy peace and happiness to yourselves, a source and centre of usefulness and blessing to others, and more especially to those who belong, or shall belong, to you. I take for granted that your first care will be to set up a family altar. It is difficult to understand how people calling themselves Christians can excuse to themselves the neglect of the plain and simple duty of meeting together for family worship. I know that our modern life, and especially our London life—is hurried. But surely some few minutes might be spared for God in every family, in the morning, to praise Him and to ask His help for the day; in the evening to meet Him once more ere they retire for rest. And surely, the Divine benediction cannot be expected to rest on a prayerless household. But here I will not dictate. I know you well enough to know that I carry your assent with me, and that, therefore, my urgent insistence on such a point would be as unnecessary as it would be out of all proper taste.

May I be permitted, also, to recommend the maintenance, amid the bustle of life which will soon come upon you, of united prayer, and of united reading (I should like to say "study" if study be possible) of the Holy Word of God? When occupations multiply, there may come in also a temptation to give up this quiet time, or at least to allow it to yield somewhat to more urgent and clamorous engagements. But the temptation is one that you will do well to resist. We married people are not only "heirs together of the grace of life," but in a peculiar sense fellow-labourers in the work of life, fellow-travellers towards the Eternal City, the City which hath foundations; and anything that may tend to keep in us the recollection of the endearing closeness of our spiritual relation to one another, it is our wisdom to maintain and to cherish as well as we can, and certainly not at any time to cast aside.

It may be well also to remember that in all married life the imperfection of human nature may possibly give occasion sometimes for mutual forbearance: for tender and gentle consideration—now on the one side, now on the other. The question of temper is often regarded as a trifling one—but it is not really so. Few things have more to do with the comfort, and therefore with the usefulness, of our daily life, than temper. And the first little "rift in the lute," the tiny, unimportant-looking crack that *may* spread and ultimately destroy all possibilities of harmony,

is worth our thinking about. Here, again, I do not dictate. I speak merely from my experience of human nature, and not with any side-glance at the two persons whom I see before me. Taught by the Spirit of God to understand yourselves, you will not take in bad part any advice, even if it should seem to you to be almost, if not altogether, uncalled-for and unnecessary.

And now, my dear friends, what is it you are expecting? What vision opens up before you as you stand here in God's presence, ready to start hand-in-hand, heart joined with heart, on the journey of life? What is it you look for in the future which you are to spend together? A sky not all sunshine, nor yet all cloud; but one tempered for you by the gracious skill of Him Who doeth all things well; a road in which the roughnesses shall be smoothed, and the smooth places made smoother by your loving companionship; a course under the eye of the Almighty *Father*; a life (God grant that it may be a long and a prosperous one!) so spent as that when the shadows gather round, and the end comes at last, you may leave this world of ours not a little the better and the brighter, not a little the holier and happier for your presence and your joint work in it! Go forth, then, dear friends, on your new path, confiding in your God, confiding in each other; and may the blessing of the ever-blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, rest henceforth abundantly and abidingly upon you!

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "EQUAL TO THE OCCASION," "THE MAGIC FLOWER-POT," ETC.

SECOND PAPER.



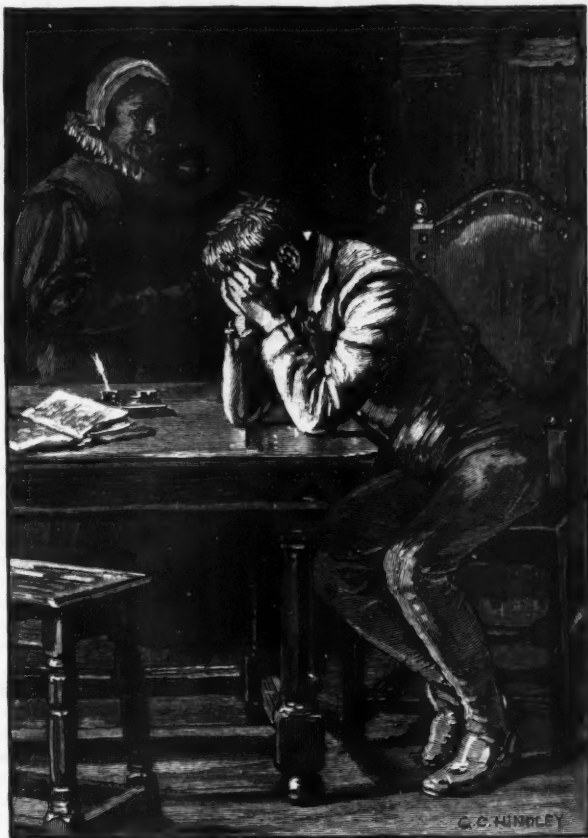
WHEN once one begins to think of the good which history and biography have revealed as wrought by the quiet and homely efforts of those whom the world generally regards as insignificant, one scarcely knows where to rein-in one's Memory, for the paths before her seem boundless. We must try to choose her steps, so as to bring before our readers certain less known instances of individual triumph over evil or promotion of good, each with a typical interest of its own, that may make it an encouragement or an example to a different class of reader.

Let us review the history of a certain good man, who fell a victim to religious intolerance during the persecutions of Queen Mary's reign. He had begun life as a London 'prentice, careless and reckless in the extreme. Anybody looking at him would have been inclined to foresee that he would perish in a drunken brawl rather than at the martyr's stake. Vice may not invariably end in crime, though it does so more frequently than the unthinking suspect; but crime always begins in vice. This lad's drinking and debauchery required means of support, and to find these

he resorted to gaming. Perhaps he won sometimes, as beginners are generally permitted to do, but finally he lost, and then he was tempted to take some money from his master's coffers to retrieve his position, and then lost that too, and recognised himself as what he was—a thief, and one, in those days, in danger of the death penalty. It was no use turning for help to any of his wild companions. Some would have no means, some might be only too ready to betray. So, in despair, he bethought him of his master's servant, a plain, good woman, at whose religion he had often made a mock. He knew that, out of her modest wage, her thrift had enabled her to make frugal savings, and he trusted that an appeal to her womanly kindness might bring forth a loan to save him from a violent death, either at his own hand or on the gallows. She received the outburst of his despair gently and without reproaches, and listened to his petitions for a while in silence. Then her mind was made up. She would give him her help to save his life in these straits, if he would give her a chance of saving his soul from its still greater peril. Her savings should be at his command, if, at least until they were repaid, he would solemnly promise her to abstain from drinking and loose company, and

faithfully to attend divine worship and the religious instruction publicly given, making also a daily study of his Bible. He gave the promise drearily enough, because he did not see how otherwise he was to help himself. She was on the spot to watch that he kept it; and she had been wise in her stipulations. At

light lived to see the suffering which doubtless she would have been strong and wise enough to recognise as a glorious triumph. But at any rate, they were soon together in those heavenly habitations where she had indeed made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.



"She received the outburst of his despair gently."—p. 260.

the moment that the evils were dismissed from his heart, and it was for the present swept and garnished, she had taken care that it was not left empty, but that softening and hallowing influences should come trooping in. The wild 'prentice stood appalled at his past life, seeing it in the new lights that fell upon it. He became sober and diligent. When the little loan was refunded, he did not forsake the goodly ways into which it had led him. In due time, from a humble disciple, he became a teacher and a guide to others, and in the end was called to seal his testimony with his blood. We are not told whether the good woman who had turned his face from darkness towards the

We will turn to the far different story of another serving-maid who, in her youth, was privileged to enter the family of one of the most apostolic men of modern times—Oberlin, the saintly pastor of the Ban de la Roche, who entered a savage district and turned it into a paradise. "Louisa" caught her master's spirit of practical beneficence, and threw herself into all his good works, some of which he could scarcely have carried on without such disinterested assistance. Though early deprived of his wife, no anxieties concerning his family or his household were suffered to weigh on his heart, or to encroach on the time or energies which were involved in larger

interests. "Louisa" could be implicitly trusted, and the pastor's house, with its unceasing industry, its severe thrift and wise enterprise, was exactly the example which supported his precepts. Louise spent all her life working for her master and furthering all his works, asking only, as the special recognition of this devotion, that he should cease to pay her wages, and simply give her money for her clothes, when she required it, as he did for his children, assuring him that he would find she required very little! Oberlin himself said, long afterwards, that nothing had ever seemed to hurt Louisa so much as the necessity for any money transactions! A simple servant she remained all her life, though be sure she was her master's beloved friend, and the honoured adviser of his children. But such a character is like a city set on a hill; it cannot be hid, and the most casual visitors at the parsonage soon recognised the real value of "the old woman called Louisa, dressed in a long woollen jacket and black cotton cap," who came to give them welcome and tendance, but whom they soon discovered "to be house-mistress, intimate friend, maid-of-all-work, schoolmistress, entertainer of guests," and, as one jolly added, "probably assistant minister, though we have not yet heard her in this capacity." Louisa Scheppler remained in her master's family to the end, tending his old age, and becoming a sacred charge to his children; and when her half-century of devoted service closed she was buried near him in the little graveyard of the district which their labours had transformed.

We must remember that Oberlin had to deal with a neglected race, savagely ignorant and fierce, living in an isolated spot, to which the ordinary appliances of civilisation could not penetrate. He was at once their pastor, physician, and law-giver. He made their roads; he instructed them in agriculture; he founded schools; he established hospitals; and who can realise how much his labours were lightened and facilitated by the unfailing sympathy and co-operation of this devoted servant? Is it not certain that his strength must have been undermined, and highly possible that his invaluable life might have been shortened by many years, if family anxieties and domestic burdens had been added to his labours—if "Louisa" had not been as strenuous and as faithful at her post as he was at his? O if more women would only "think on these things"—if, instead of mean ambitions for high wage and little work, they would cherish noble aspirations to uphold the hands that are stretched out in the world's service—what a glory would flood the quiet ways of domestic labour!

In our earlier paper we made allusion to the blessed influence exerted on John Bunyan by his godly wife; but we must not forget the further edification and uplifting which, when his heart was really awakened, and yet sorely tossed and troubled, he received from the simple Christian conversation of some good housewives, sitting at their cottage doors. He has told us that their recital of their spiritual experiences, and of the inward peace and joy for which they thanked God, was as a heavenly revelation to his perplexed soul. We can easily fancy the little group, sitting in a shady corner among the level

Bedfordshire lanes—one or two probably busy with pillow-lace; another perhaps shelling peas; the fourth, a young mother, nursing her baby. On any summer morning there are many such groups to be seen in the length and breadth of fair England. But are there many conversations going forward which could be edifying or cheering to any living soul? Only out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and if those women had been full of foolish vanity and frivolity, or, worse still, of petty carping and spiteful malice, who knows how much poorer the world might be to-day, though it seemed to them that their only hearer was a rough young countryman?

We will not stop to say much about Sarah Martin, the humble dressmaker, who was the first to think that it might be a Christian duty to carry some instruction and comfort to the ignorant prisoners lying in the wretched gaol of her town, and whose persevering ministrations, carried on in her scanty leisure from her toil for daily bread, led at last to systematic work in the same direction. Her name is constantly found in the collected biographies of philanthropic women, and we are inclined, at present, to keep as much as we can in the by-ways, and tell rather of those whose works are with us, though their very names are almost forgotten.

Such a one is "Old Jimmy o' the Hey," a working man, at Little Lever, near Bolton, who, long before Sunday-schools in their present form were thought of, had his heart so touched by the helpless ignorance of the neglected children of his neighbourhood, that he felt he must make some plan to teach and help them. He got his bread through the week by winding bobbins for weavers, but he had the leisure of the Lord's Day, and he resolved to consecrate it to the service of the Lord's lambs. He began by taking children into his little habitation, and teaching them to read and write, and telling them stories out of the Bible. As the numbers increased, he fixed regular hours, assembled them twice on each Sunday, and in default of either clock or bell, called them together by sounding an old brass pestle in a mortar. His good work drew commendation from a few of the local gentry and employers of labour, who sent him help in the shape of small sums of money, but he persevered in his dependence on his own industry, and devoted these to the assistance of three branch schools which he was able to form, as more children flocked to him than he could possibly accommodate or control. It was efforts such as his which gradually led to the establishment of Sunday-schools as they exist at present—an organisation whose power for good can be limited only by the number and genuine zeal and piety of the teachers working in it, for it has indeed a field "white unto harvest." Nor need the example of "Old Jimmy o' the Hey" end only in this, its widest development. For there are still " gleanings " which only individual hands can gather up, and which, without them, must go ungathered. Within reach of men and women whose own Sabbaths are not more profitable or refreshing because their devotion is solitary and their leisure selfish, there may be often found children or young people who are not in any safe family fold, and yet,

for some reason or another, are out of the reach of organised effort—perhaps in some remote glen, or on some lonely moor, or else in a crowded city, and yet in some way isolated from the masses round them, and the agencies which reach those. Who can tell what forces for good may lie latent in some boy or girl, whose listless, miserable Sundays now pass away without joy or blessing, because no hand touches the right chord? And yet, all the while, some of us are discontentedly—

"Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know,"

and missing our crown because we fail to remember that

"Wherever in the world we are,
In whatsoever estate,
We have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on Whom we wait."

Not so acted Mary Anne Clough, of Glasgow—a name which we think will be known to but few of our readers, but which deserves to be held in highest honour, though she was but a factory girl, standing all day among flying spindles in a dense and dusty atmosphere. But the story of her intrepid obedience to the Master's call, "Go work to-day in My vineyard," cannot be better told than in the words of the late Dr. Guthrie:—

"She had no position, as they say, in the world; nor money in the bank. I do not know that she was in any way distinguished from others by the greatness of her head, but she had, what is better far, a large heart—a kind, loving, Christ-like heart. Seeing around her many poor boys employed in the foundries who, not only utterly neglected, but early initiated into lessons of vice, could say, 'No man careth for my soul,' she had compassion on them. 'I am but a poor working girl,' she said to herself, 'but I will try in a loving spirit if I can win them to God, and to what is good.' A noble resolution! So soon as formed, she sought to carry it into practice, asking and getting the use of a room below the factory where she wrought. She opened it on a Sabbath in June, 1862, and ere long had gathered in some forty lads, with ragged clothes and dirty faces, from smoking clubs and the back courts where they were wont to spend their Sabbaths in gambling, rude play, and wild merriment. For two years she persevered in this course, willing to spend and be spent for Christ; nor abandoned a work she loved so well till failing health compelled her to resign it into the hands of others. Nor were her efforts to bless and save these boys confined to Sundays. They engaged all her spare time throughout the week. This noble girl, abundant in labours in season and out of season, so soon as the day's work was over, took her way to the homes of the boys—if homes many of their lodgings could be called. . . . Many a night she might have been seen by the glare of the drinking shops that threw their lights into the thick air, wending her lonely and weary way, an angel in disguise, on her errands of mercy, through the ruffian crowd of the city's darkest,

foulest streets. . . . God owned her labours. . . . So distinguished, indeed, from others of the same class and calling, by their superior industry, decency, freedom from profane language, and general good account, were those under her training, that 'Mary Anne's boys' became a proverb in the foundries. . . . Some are now teaching Sabbath-schools, and adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour, whom, be it remembered, not ministers, nor preachers, nor parents, but this poor factory girl, 'turned from the error of their ways.'"

Such was the labour which resulted in the foundation of the great Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, which, at first confined to those employed like Mary Anne's original *protégés*, is now extended to include working boys of every other class, and working girls as well. Its operations are divided into four great branches: one, aiming directly and incessantly at the highest life of the rising race for time and for eternity; the second, gathering the children together for gratuitous instruction, with sewing for the girls, and sometimes a drawing lesson for the boys; the third, or social reform department, dealing with such matters as drill exercises, flute bands, singing classes, Saturday-evening entertainments, excursions into the country on Saturday afternoons, and on one great annual festival for a whole week at a time; while the last, or provident department, labours at such prosaic matters as savings banks, cheap clothing schemes, and the like, and by its excellent management secures that the popular and attractive parts of the society's programme shall be actually more than self-supporting!

Such is the great tree of munificence which has grown from the mustard-seed planted by Mary Anne Clough. If wisely watched and managed, as we cannot doubt it will be, to suit the changing exigencies of time and circumstance, who knows but it may grow on with increasing strength for centuries!

We have ourselves watched the early developments of a somewhat kindred movement in the opening of a room in a great Northern capital for the evening rest and recreation of working girls of the lowest class. Three sisters, two of whom were dressmakers, and the third a day-school teacher, had their hearts touched by the tales they heard of the miseries and temptations of this class of girls, when away from home, or having homes that are worse than none. They did not want to hear, and then only shake their heads and sigh. They wanted to do something. They enlisted the sympathy of friends, they collected funds to pay the rent of a room in a "close" off the dismal "High Street," and then, night after night, and at every other leisure hour, they literally "gave themselves" to the cheer and help of their sadder, weaker sisters. Their "club-room" is fairly launched now, and has inspired "branches" of varying utility in various other places. It is a work beset with difficulty. Among its undoubted benefits is its introduction of utterly helpless and friendless girls to those who can give them aid and advice, who can place those who are dying of overwork and insufficient food in convalescent homes, or with kind Christian people who will bridge for them the otherwise hopeless gulf which separates those engaged



"Mary Anne's Boys,"—p. 263.

in rough factory labour from the safer and healthier paths of decent domestic service. Among its dangers are the possible friendly association by its introduction of still respectable girls with those who are undesirable companions, and the temptation its concerts, games, etc., may give to the "gadding about" of girls who have decent homes, where they should be learning the duties of domesticity in the society of parents and little brothers and sisters. Nobody is more alive to these difficulties of the scheme than are its original promoters, and yet, so long as the whole is kept under loving personal supervision, most of these may be averted. Even in the discovery of these drawbacks, the lesson and encouragement of their prompt and earnest effort remains, since it is ever true that if—

"I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
I therefore see no higher; but if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun,

"For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
Receding as the skies.

"And thus it is, the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of duty they behold.

"Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appal?
No: Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And climbing not, we fall."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

NO. 12. THE IMPIOUS FEAST.

To read—*Daniel v.*

HE FEAST. (1—4.) Twenty years since events in chapter iv.; Belshazzar, grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, now reigning in Babylon. A great feast held—probably at some religious festival. Notice the characteristics of the feast.

(a) *Merriment*—mirth, song, eating and drinking.
 (b) *Security*—no heed given to enemy at gates—army of Cyrus besieging Babylon—trusted to strong walls, etc.

(c) *Impiety*—drank out of holy vessels from the Temple—praised the false gods.

II. THE HANDWRITING. (5—9.) Revelry suddenly stops. King sees the hand of a man writing on the wall. Who is it? Probably an angel. King full of fear. Notice his face is pale with terror. His limbs tremble. His thoughts (*i.e.* conscience) trouble him.

He offers a reward for an explanation.

III. THE WISE MAN. (10—24.) The news spreads through the palace, reaches the Queen. She comes in, reminds him of Daniel. What character does she give him?

(a) *Holy* because God's spirit in him.

(b) *Wise* because taught of God.

So Daniel is sent for. Old man of eighty-two comes in. The King tells his difficulty—asks Daniel to interpret—offers rich rewards. What does Daniel say? He refuses the gifts, as Elisha did those of Naaman. (2 Kings v. 16.) He reminds the king of the story of his grandfather's life—how God had humbled him and lifted him up again. He rebukes Belshazzar for his wickedness—he had not humbled his heart—he had not glorified God, but had insulted Him in this impious feast.

IV. THE INTERPRETATION. (25—31.) This was the meaning—

Mene, Mene, "numbered, numbered"—the kingdom was reckoned up—its days finished.

Tekel, "weighed," *i.e.* tried in the balances and found wanting.

Uparsin, "divided," *i.e.* broken up. Part of the word, "Pares," also meaning "Persia."

King did reward Daniel, but did not himself repent. That night Persians, having drawn off waters of Euphrates, which watered the city, into another channel, stole up dry bed of river, took the city, and killed the king.

God's word soon came true.

V. LESSONS. 1. *A day of reckoning certain.* Belshazzar, feasting and forgetting God—thought only of this life. Like "rich fool" in parable—his soul that night required of him. (St. Luke xii. 20.) So will ours be.

2. *The blessedness of a good conscience.* What a contrast between the king trembling and aged Daniel fearing God. Innocency will bring peace at the last. (Ps. xxxvii. 37.)

NO. 13. THE DEN OF LIONS.

To read—*Daniel vi.*

I. DANIEL HONOURED. (1—9.) Darius, set over kingdom of Babylon by Cyrus, sets vast kingdom in order—appoints 120 officers (satraps) over provinces (called princes Dan. iii. 2, and lieutenants Ezra viii. 36). Daniel one of three chief presidents. Notice his position; it was one of—

(a) *Great power.* Lived almost like a king: ruling other officers, appointing and collecting taxes, judging causes, etc.

(b) *Great temptation.* Power almost unlimited—might have been unjust, tyrannical, etc.; also could have levied unfair taxes, been dishonest, etc. How did he behave?

The other presidents hated him. Why?

His honesty put them to shame. Besides, he was a Jew—a stranger—put over them. So their envy led them on to malice and hatred. What charge can they bring against him? Only his religion. He was faithful, honest, diligent, but he prayed to God. So they set a trap to catch him. Got the king to sign a decree that no prayer was to be said to any but him for thirty days.

II. DANIEL TRIED. (10—17.) As soon as decree was signed, what did he do? Went to his house as usual, did his day's work, and said his prayers as usual. Notice about his prayers; they were—

(a) *Regular*—three times a day—at the third, sixth, and ninth hours. (Ps. lv. 17.)

(b) *Reverent*—kneeling on his knees.

(c) *Full*—not hurried over; though he was "Prime Minister," he "prayed and gave thanks."

(d) *Open*—did not seek to conceal himself, but kept up Jewish custom of looking to Jerusalem. (See 1 Kings viii. 47—50.)

Meanwhile his enemies watched, saw, reported to the king. The king was sorry—saw how a trap had been laid; but must keep the law once made—yet knows something of Daniel's God—believes He will deliver him.

III. DANIEL SAVED. (18—24.) Contrast the king and the prisoner.

(a) *The King*—restless, disturbed—can neither eat nor sleep.

(b) *The Prisoner*—quiet, happy—has had presence of God's angel—comfort of a good conscience.

Now the king rejoices; Daniel is rescued, his enemies destroyed.

King does his best to undo the past.

(a) He acknowledges God publicly.

(b) He commands all in his kingdom to fear God.

(c) He honours Daniel.

IV. LESSONS. 1. *The value of prayer.* Daniel called on God daily. God heard and helped him in trouble.

2. *The value of courage.* Daniel serving God openly—not afraid to die; won over whole kingdom to God.

3. *The ministry of angels.* (See Heb. i. 14.)

NO. 14. DANIEL THE PROPHET.

To read—various passages.

INTRODUCTION. Have had several lessons from book of Daniel. So far have read of the events in his life and of the kings of Babylon with whom he was connected. Historical part of the book ends with chapter vi. Rest of the book contains prophecies. Can now sum up the story of his life and character.

I. HIS LIFE. (a) *Youth.* Remind how at age of fourteen refused to defile himself with the king's meat—chose plain food and water in preference to wine.

An example of *temperance and soberness.*

At age of seventeen made president of whole province of Babylon. (ii. 48.) Ruled long and well—continued in high office, esteemed and loved during reign of Nebuchadnezzar and succeeding kings.

An example of *diligence and faithfulness.*

(b) *Old age.* Was as much valued by Cyrus and Darius, the Persian kings who conquered Babylon, as by those who reigned before. Made Prime Minister by Darius. (vi. 2, 3.) Most likely he it was appointed by Cyrus to write decree that Jews might return to Jerusalem. (Ezra i. 1, 2.) All this time noted for two things—doing his duty to God and man. Remind of his praying three times daily. Also setting apart time for special prayer and fasting on behalf of the people. (ix. 3, etc.)

An example of *earnest prayer.*

All this time so diligent in business as to win respect from all. Even enemies could find no fault.

Like Joseph, found favour with his master—trusted, revered, honoured. His hoary head indeed crown of glory, because found in way of righteousness. (Prov. xvi. 31.)

An example of *faithfulness.*

II. A TYPE OF CHRIST. In the following ways:—

DANIEL.	CHRIST.
Called Son of Man. (viii. 17.)	Called Son of Man. (St. Matt. xii. 8.)
Greatly beloved. (ix. 23.)	"This is my beloved Son." (St. Matt. iii. 17.)
Prince of House of David. (i. 4, 6.)	The same. (St. Luke i. 32.)
A man of sorrow. (vi. 17.)	Christ in Garden. (St. Matt. xxvi. 37.)
Prayed for the people. (ix. 3.)	Prayed for disciples, etc. (St. John xvii. 1.)
Princes raged against him. (vi. 6.)	Rulers against Christ. (Ps. ii. 2.)
Promoted to honour. (vi. 28.)	Exalted at God's right hand. (Phil. ii. 9.)

LESSON. *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*

NO. 15. DANIEL'S PROPHECIES.

To read—various passages.

I. VISION OF FOUR BEASTS. (vii. 1—14.) Daniel an old man, over eighty, specially favoured by God with view of future. Had visions in night—like Ezekiel (Ezek. xxxvii. 1), and St. John at Patmos (Rev. i. 9, 10). This vision corresponds with four empires figured in Nebuchadnezzar's dream of image (chapter ii.) :—

(a) *Lion* with eagle's wings—kingdom of Babylon strong and swift to conquer.

(b) *Bear* devouring much flesh—kingdom of Persia swallowing up other kingdoms.

(c) *Leopard* with four wings and heads—kingdom of Greece, noted for activity and intelligence.

(d) *Fourth beast* with iron teeth and nails of brass—great Roman Empire—would subdue and stamp down other nations. As in Nebuchadnezzar's dream stone destroyed the image, so in this a little horn destroys the great beast. This is a Person—even Jesus Christ—the Ancient of Days—being in the beginning with God. (St. John i. 3.) He shall reign for ever. His Kingdom alone not to be destroyed.

LESSON. *At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.*

II. PROPHECY OF CHRIST'S COMING. (ix. 17—27.) The seventy years' captivity nearly come to an end. Daniel reads prophecies of Jeremiah (verse 2) and gives up time to solemn prayer and intercession. Notice—

(a) He *humbles* himself in sackcloth and ashes (verse 3).

(b) He *confesses* his own and people's sins (verse 5).

(c) He *acknowledges* God's goodness and mercy (verse 9).

(d) He *prays* God to behold city and Temple lying waste (19).

His prayer at once heard. Angel Gabriel sent quickly from heaven to comfort him and tell him of coming of Christ.

Prophecy literally fulfilled.

Time was seven weeks of years—i.e. forty-nine years—from decree of Artaxerxes to the restoration of Jerusalem.

Threescore and two weeks—i.e. sixty-two weeks—of years (434 years) to the beginning of Christ's ministry.

Notice how Christ fulfilled the rest of the prophecy.

(a) He made reconciliation (24) by His sacrifice.

(b) He brings in righteousness.

(c) He seals up—i.e. fulfils—all prophecy.

(d) He makes intercession for us.

After His death Jerusalem was destroyed (verse 26).

The last end shall be with trouble and desolation by the punishment of the wicked, and then will follow the final triumph of Christ.

LESSONS. (a) *The ministry of angels.* Daniel saved in the den of lions, and visited during prayers. This still their work. (Ps. xxxiv. 6, 7.)

(b) *The triumph of Christ.* Sorrow, trial, war, etc., prevail for time. Christ shall finally bring peace and joy.

"Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer."

Words by AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Music by JAMES TAYLOR, Mus.B.

(Organist to the University of Oxford, and of New College.)

1. In - spir - er and Hear - er of prayer, Thou Shep - herd and Guar - dian of Thine,

My all to Thy co - ve - nant care I, sleep - ing and wak - ing, re - sign.

If Thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark - ness to me:

And fast as my mo - ments roll on, They bring me but near - er to Thee.

2. Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch, while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

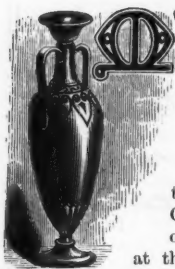
3. Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

MAGGIE'S WATCH.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "ANYHOW STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



MONTREUX, as all grown-up people, and even a good many children, know, is a very lovely place far away in Switzerland. It is on Lake Lemman, that beautiful lake through which the Rhone, wandering from its valley, goes on and on between the mountains towards the city of Geneva, whence it again sets forth on its travels alone. It is nearly at the head of the lake where the mountains are grandest—great mountains, that only part sufficiently to form a gateway for the Rhone Valley, with the river in its midst. It is through that gateway that the river finds the lake. In winter the mountains and all the places at their feet are covered with snow, and straight through the little town of Montreux the folk go sledging, while down all the sloping paths the children whisk so fast on their little wooden sleighs that they become a mere flash of black stockings and bright woollen caps. But in summer the lake is bluest blue, and the mountains are every shade of misty colour that light and warmth can make them: blue, and violet, and softest grey. There are dark masses of fir-trees on their sides, and here and there the little clouds cling to them. Sometimes they are quite hidden by clouds in the early morning, and then it seems as if the heavens had stooped to lovingly wrap them round. Altogether, they are as beautiful as Mother Nature knows how to make her children. For do you not often feel that the woods, and forests, and mountains, and flowing rivers are all Nature's children? How proud she is of them in the summer, when the sun makes her rich, and she can dress them gaily and rejoice in their beauty! In the winter she is poor, but she gives them all she can—her berries and the few green things that are left her—and at last she covers them with soft white snow, and waits till it shall please her lord, the sun, to come back and make her rich once more. And then, how she rejoices in his smiles! She decks her children in her best, and together they make that most beautiful time that we call Summer.

A great many people go to Montreux all the year round, for it is always lovely, and in the winter it is said to be good for people who are not strong. Maggie thought she should like to stay there for ever; it was quite difficult to understand how anyone who had once seen it could like being anywhere else. To be sure, as yet she had only been there a fortnight—over the end of August and the beginning of September—but she felt certain that she could never like any other place again. She only wondered all the world did not come there and live; and it never occurred to her how much all the world would spoil it. The only

thing that grieved her was that Janet had not seen it, and while she was wishing and wishing that Janet could be suddenly dropped down by her side, mother told her that she had taken a little flat at Montreux for the whole winter, and so they would not go back to England till the spring.

"And as I have sent home for Janet and nurse," mother added, "they will be here in ten days." At this Maggie simply jumped for joy, for no one knew how much she had longed to see Janet again.

Maggie and mother had been travelling for months with Auntie Vee, as they always called Aunt Victoria, but now Auntie Vee was going home, and mother, and Maggie, and the nurse were to settle down at Montreux. Maggie was nine years old, and Janet was seven, so they were quite little girls, and they were very fond of each other. They had not at all liked being separated, especially in the summer; but Auntie Vee, who was delicate, had said she could only have one little girl with her; so Maggie was taken abroad, and Janet was left at home on a visit to grandmamma.

And now a very important thing happened to Maggie. It was the day before Auntie Vee went back to England, while they were still staying at the hotel at Montreux, before the flat was ready, and of course before Janet had arrived. It was after luncheon (for Maggie dined late, just like a grown-up person, when they were staying at hotels), and while they were sitting in the shady garden that went right down to the lake. Mother was knitting, Auntie Vee had been reading, but now she had put down her book, and was evidently thinking. Maggie stood leaning over the wall looking down at the lake, trying to count the fishes, for the water was so clear she could almost count even the pebbles at the bottom. Over them all three, over the walk, and the little lawn with the seats, the great shady trees spread out their branches, keeping off the rays of the morning sun. They were not very tall, but they were the very shadiest trees that Maggie had ever seen. She thought sometimes that they must be like the trees in terribly hot climates, where tigers and lions lived, for she had often read of forests that were dark and cool in the mid-day sun. It was very hot at Montreux just then—really too hot; it was all very well for the fishes who could swim about in the nice cool water, which no doubt was much better than any umbrella, and she didn't mind it when she was beneath the trees, but—

"Maggie!" said Auntie Vee. Of course Maggie instantly forgot all about fishes and trees and lions and tigers, and went and stood beside Auntie Vee. Auntie Vee kissed her, and looked at her very thoughtfully for a minute, and then in a most grave voice she spoke. "My dear," she said, "you have been a very good little girl since you came abroad with us, and I should like you to have something in remembrance of our travels. Now tell me, what would you like best?"

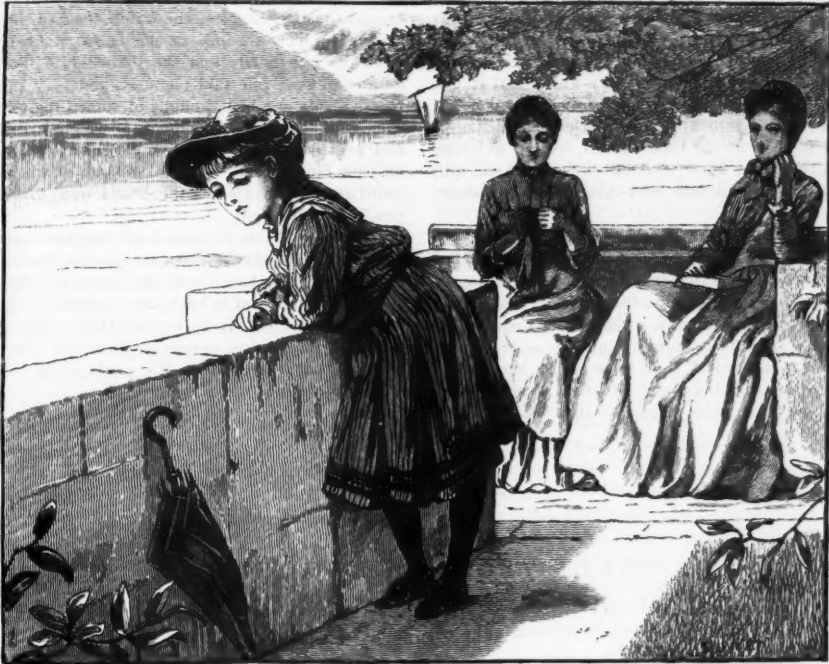
Of course Maggie was much surprised and delighted. The colour came to her face; she considered for a minute; then, leaving Auntie Vee with a kiss, she went and put her arms round mother's neck.

"Might I have a little dog?" she asked.

But mother, remembering that the landlady of the flat to which they were going had a little white dog with a sandy tail, answered—

"No, my pet, not a dog, for the little dog belonging

answered, and perhaps looked foolish, she wanted to be quite sure that this was not a dream. She looked at mother. Yes, there was mother—real mother, and not in a dream, with the catseye whistle fastened to her chain. And there was Auntie Vee, with her beautiful cap, and hair streaked with grey, and her dear, sad face, that seemed to say something Maggie didn't understand, but that often made her long to go and kiss her.



"Maggie stood leaning over the wall, looking down at the lake."—p. 268.

to the house in which we are going to live might not agree with it."

So Maggie thought again, and looked up suddenly, as if she were about to speak, but said nothing, only the flush on her cheek grew deeper, and a puzzled look came to her eyes.

"I wonder if she would like a watch?" said Auntie Vee.

"A real watch?" asked Maggie, doubting.

"Yes, dear, a real watch, of course," answered Auntie Vee, with a smile.

Maggie waited for a moment, as if to remember whether she was awake, or had dropped off to sleep and was in the midst of a dream. Dreams were so disappointing, for though they often had really lovely things in them, yet she could never take them out of the dream, and put them under her pillow ready to play with when she was awake. So, before she

"A real watch!—oh," and then she hid her face on mother's shoulder, and gave a little cry for joy, and of course there was no occasion to say any more. No one wants you to say "Yes" when you are so pleased you really can't, especially when it seems much too small a word with which to say how glad and surprised you are.

"Then it shall be a watch," said Auntie Vee. "Suppose we go and buy it at once!"

"Oh yes, at once!" Maggie exclaimed, thinking that this was the most delightful afternoon she had ever known. So she ran up-stairs as fast as she could, and tumbled once on the way, but didn't mind a bit, she was so excited, and she put on her big white hat, and hunted everywhere for her gloves, till she remembered that she had left them in her blue-dress pocket, where of course she found them, and then they all set out to choose the watch.

They looked in at every jeweller's shop in Montreux. It was very difficult to decide which watch to choose, for all displayed charming ones in their windows, but at last they thought one looked nicer than the rest, so they went in, and there they found a dear little silver hunter that was wound up without a key.

"Oh, Auntie Vee! I should like a watch without a key," Maggie said. "I am quite sure a key would be always getting lost; besides, it might not fit. It wouldn't if it was too large, you know, or too small."

"That is quite true," Auntie Vee answered.

"And then," Maggie continued, "I like this watch so much because it has a lid just like mother's gold one, and it won't be so likely to get broken. Oh, I should be so miserable if I had a watch and it was broken!" So the little keyless hunter was bought; the man put it into a dark leather case, and Maggie carried it back to the hotel herself, feeling so happy she really did not know whether she was her real self, or quite by accident had been changed into somebody else.

Mother and Auntie Vee said they would have afternoon tea in the garden, for they were never tired of sitting beneath the shady trees; and as soon as Maggie had finished her cup of milk, she went and looked over the wall at the water again, which she was never tired of doing. The fishes were swimming as briskly as ever; she wondered if they knew about her watch; she longed to call down and tell them about it. She wished she were quite alone, so that she might do

nothing but look at it, instead of pulling the case out of her pocket every two minutes, opening it, taking one long look at the contents, and then slipping it back into her pocket again. Then she wished that someone would ask her what time it was, and just as she wished this, mother, sitting by the little table behind, said—

"What time is it, my Dickie-bird?" for she often called her little blue-eyed girl Dickie-bird. Maggie thought it sounded nicer than her real name—more as if mother loved her very much indeed.

"I'll tell you," said the Dickie-bird joyfully. She opened the case, took out the watch, touched the little spring, up flew the lid, as she called it, and there were the two hands and the little white face. "A quarter to five," she said absently, and very gravely; for suddenly she had thought of something that had come into her head the moment the watch was bought, and kept coming back again and again. "May I get on your lap, mother?" she asked, and before mother could answer Maggie was there. "I want to speak to you," she whispered.

"What is it?" mother asked, putting her face down to Maggie's, for she saw that no one else was to hear. Maggie looked up half afraid, and turned to Auntie Vee.

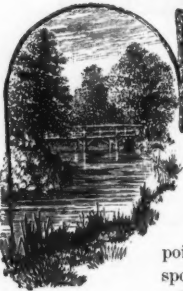
"I don't want you to hear, Auntie darling," she said very gently, "but it is not anything about you." Then getting as close as possible to mother, she whispered, so that no one else in the world could hear, "I do so wish Janet had a watch!"

(To be continued.)

THREE TRANSFIGURATIONS.

(EXODUS XXXIV. 30; ST. LUKE IX. 29; ACTS VI. 15.)

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.



IN these three Scriptures we have reference to three very remarkable incidents in three very remarkable lives. These incidents are distinguished by obvious and unmistakable differences, and yet, when more closely and carefully examined, they will be found to present several striking points of similarity and correspondence.

The three scenes, circumstantially considered, are very different, each incident fitting in, quite characteristically, with the remarkable life in which it occurred.

In the first scene we have Moses coming down from his lengthened interview with Jehovah on the mount which was touched, and as he enters the camp we can see Aaron and all the people falling back from him in astonishment and terror, as they look upon his face,

still shining with that strange and supernatural splendour in which his whole nature has been bathed.

In the next scene we have the Lord Jesus, on the Mount of Transfiguration, in rapt communion with His Father, and we are told by those who were "eye-witnesses of His majesty" that they could see, while He was praying, a wonderful and indescribable change pass over Him. He is their Master still; the familiar lineaments are distinguishable, but the fashion of His countenance is altered, and the glory which seems to break forth from His entire person, and in the splendour of which He is transfigured before them, renders even the coarse and humble clothing with which He was attired "white and glistering."

And now we pass from these lonely mountain summits to the crowded court-house of the Jewish Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, the Council having been hastily summoned to inquire into and adjudicate upon certain charges which had been brought against the evangelist Stephen. And we can still see him, standing where accused persons stood, the very spot where his Divine

and gracious Master had stood so short a time before, calmly listening to the calumnious charges which were being urged against him. And as he stands there, all who are in that court see the fashion of his countenance alter. But they do not see his face overspread with the pallor of an unmanly fear; they do not see gleaming forth from his eyes the fires of a fierce indignation or of a bitter vindictiveness; they do not see the hard, iron set of countenance which marks a merely stoical resolve and endurance. No; the change which engages the attention of every eye, and fills every heart in that crowded court with astonishment, is a change of a totally different kind. The face upon which all those murderous and malignant eyes are turned is gradually transfigured before them, and in that comparatively dark court-house becomes illuminated and lustrous with a heavenly radiance and beauty, so that everyone there, as he looked upon Stephen, felt as though he were looking rather upon the face of an angel than upon the face of a man.

We can see these three pictures still. The inspired historians, by a few graphic strokes, place them before us distinct, vivid, life-like, each having its own strongly marked and characteristic features; and yet each claiming relationship to the other two in virtue of certain points of similarity and correspondence which can scarcely be overlooked.

That which at once arrests our attention as one of the most remarkable of these points of agreement is the fact that in each case we see what must be regarded as an exceptional season of emotional and spiritual exaltation, associated with and followed by an outward visible change which was instantly recognised by others.

In each of these three cases selected from sacred history—in the first two certainly—we have the manifestation of a supernatural splendour. But if we leave out of account what is supernatural and miraculous, we may take these three instances as suggesting a great and abiding truth or principle, varied and oftentimes striking illustrations of which we are having constantly presented to our notice.

That truth may be thus generally stated:—That we cannot be the subjects of any real, profound spiritual experience, without affording some outward sign and indication of the fact, which those around us, and who are perhaps themselves total strangers to anything like a corresponding experience, cannot fail to appreciate.

What illustrations of this principle have we in the cases now under consideration! Here is Moses coming down from his lengthened communion with God; he has no need to tell those whom he meets where he has been, or with whom. His face, his whole appearance, bear testimony to the company he has been keeping—the atmosphere in which he has been dwelling. A heavenly radiance clings to him, and refuses for a while to “fade into the light of common day.”

Our Saviour's experience on the mount is ever

referred to as something exceptional. This was not the first time that He had retired into a mountain apart to pray. These disciples had before this been witnesses of His devotions; but now, as with reverent eyes they look upon their Master as He holds communion with His Father and their Father, with His God and their God, they feel that this is no ordinary season of fellowship, and as they look upon Him in this rapt, ecstatic communion, they see a mysterious change pass over Him, and while He prays the fashion of His countenance alters.

And it need not be said that Stephen's experience at the moment referred to was exceptional. He has come to the supreme crisis in his life. His whole moral, emotional, spiritual nature is highly strung; the tension is extreme, and every chord is ready to vibrate in sympathetic response to those spiritual influences which were playing around and upon him, and to which no one else in all that court was sensible. And as Paul years after, when he stood before Caesar, saw the Lord, invisible to all others, standing by and strengthening him, so we may suppose Stephen saw by his side the loving Saviour, Who had actually stood on that very spot so short a time before, and as he looked with eyes of love and trust into that Divine face, so full of tenderness and pity, his own countenance lighted up at once, and the hard and cruel men who were sitting around him felt as though they were looking upon the face of an angel. In each case, then, we see what was a remarkable and exceptional spiritual experience declared—made known to others by a sign which they could recognise and read—in each case the fashion of the countenance was altered.

We are all familiar with the fact that emotional changes, and those especially which are linked with the more profound experiences of human life, do ordinarily declare themselves by some alteration in the fashion of the countenance. A man's countenance, to a much larger extent than he himself imagines, affords a revelation of his character. The otherwise unexpressed feelings of the heart betray themselves by those slight and subtle facial changes which the most self-possessed of men are not able completely to suppress or control. And if these passing emotions are revealed by signs which are as fleeting and short-lived as themselves, the profounder and more continued experiences of men impart a permanent set and fashion to the countenance. And we have such an instinctive belief in the significance of the human face, that we are always drawing conclusions as to the characters of men from their countenances.

If God has providentially ordered things in such a way, established such a correspondence between the outward and inward, the material and the spiritual, that men can scarcely fail to afford to those around them some indication of the thoughts and feelings of their hearts, even in the common and ordinary experiences of life, are we to suppose that the greatest, the grandest, the most sublime and blessed of all

experiences shall make and leave no impression upon a man such as those around him can recognise?

Is it credible that any one can come, we do not say to Mount Sinai, but to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the blessed fellowship of those who are there assembled, and no one know where and with whom he has been? That a man should habitually frequent the company and enjoy the fellowship of the Master, and no one say of him, He has been with Jesus? Or do we think that anyone could, in however humble a way, share the faith, and courage, and self-sacrificing devotion of Stephen, and have all this so completely hidden that no one would recognise the grace of God which was in him?

We might single out any of the experiences of spiritual life, as illustrating the principle we have been considering. Let us take those suggested by the three incidents quoted.

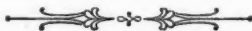
Take first the experience of Moses. We do not know the nature of the manifestation made to him, or the character of the intercourse he had with God on that lonely mountain height—we know, however, that he had the law revealed to him in the light of Divine love. We are apt to think of that Sinaitic revelation as a somewhat hard and ungracious one, but it was far from being so. We can distinguish the blended voices of mercy and judgment, the Gospel and the Law. God makes Himself known as the Redeemer of Israel before He utters the word of command: the First word is, "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." Yes, we have the promulgation of law, but even then and there it was law set in the light of love. And when the great legislator came down from the mount, with his heart full of this sublime idea, we need not wonder that his face glowed with a heavenly radiance. And we all remember how the Apostle Paul uses this incident in order to set forth a more distinguished privilege which belongs to all Christian believers. We have a more remarkable revelation than Moses. We have the Law more evidently set in the light of love. We have the glory of God shining upon us from the face of Jesus Christ. We have such a display of redeeming love and grace as was never vouchsafed before, and "we all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as from the Lord the Spirit." The result of seeing the glory of God in Christ is moral and spiritual conformity to Christ—not a merely temporary reflection of the glory, but a permanent transformation.

If we look to the great example of our Divine Redeemer, the special phase of spiritual experience brought under our notice is that which we speak of

as *prayer, communion with our Father*. We are told that He ascended this mountain in order that He might pray, and there, lifted above the noise, and tumult, and excitement, and manifold distracting influences of this world, we see our Saviour in prayer, and while He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered. If our Saviour sought such moments of retirement, if He found it needful to have seasons of special communion, we certainly cannot do without prayer. We need strength and inspiration for our life and our work. If we shut ourselves off from God, from Christ, from the Holy Spirit, from the invisible world, by neglect or restraint of prayer, that neglect will not be hidden, but will make itself known by an impoverished and enfeebled life. But, on the other hand, if we live as enduring the sight of Him who is invisible, if we are in the habit of holding intercourse and communion with God in prayer, that fact will declare itself in our lives, our characters, our spirit and temper, perhaps even in our very faces. We cannot frequent the Mount of Communion without its becoming to us the Mount of Transfiguration.

If we look to Stephen, we see the glorification of life, the energies of which are going forth in *unstinted and untiring activity, in noble and uncomplaining endurance*. He appears to have been a clever, competent man, and on that account was probably chosen with the others to serve the Church in the diaconate, but he was also an eminently devout man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, a man of fine, well-balanced character, not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—just the man to live the life and do the work which in merest outline we have set before us by the evangelist: an able, active, devout man, whose religion was affording sufficient and continual proof of itself in many ways, and which never declared itself so remarkably and so illustriously as when, standing there in the crowded council-chamber, those who looked upon him "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." And so, if we have Stephen's spirit, and, like him, are full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, in the activities of life which tax to the utmost our energies, and in the sufferings of life which tax to the utmost our powers of endurance, we may afford a display of the power and beauty and glory of religion which will impress men with a deeper sense of its reality and worth than perhaps anything else could.

Do we share in any degree the experiences we have been considering? Let us not forget that they should be associated with certain visible, appreciable changes in life, character, temper, spirit, speech, which those around us, and who are themselves strangers to such experiences, shall not fail to recognise.



WINTER FRIENDS

THE winter daylight softly closes,
A crimson flush is in the sky,
The shadow of our dead June roses,
Or those that only sleeping lie.
No fair white carpet in the garden,
No diamond pendant from the eaves,
Only a murmur of prayer or pardon,
Under the glistening laurel leaves.

And while the sad grey clouds come darkening
And blending into solemn night,
I linger in the twilight, hearkening
For tender voices, footsteps light !
Voices and footsteps long departed,
Forgot by others, come to me ;
I hear them when I'm lonely hearted,
Above the winds and murmuring sea.

But never when the earth is ringing
With joy and gladness can I hear
The angel voices softly singing,
The angel footsteps drawing near :
Never when all is mirth and gladness,
Never when summer suns are bright ;
Only in hours of restful sadness,
They cheer me through the winter night.

H. BROOKE DAVIES.

CLEANING THE CORNERS.



A FRIEND of mine once told me that when he was a boy his father one day sent him to clean the windows. He got a cloth, and began rubbing away at the panes. By-and-by his father came to see how the work was getting on. He found the little fellow rubbing at the middle of a pane, where it was already

clean, and never touching the corners, which were full of dirt; and said, "Never mind the middles of the panes—they are always clean; clean the corners, clean the corners!"

That boy never forgot what his father said, and afterwards saw how well it applied to his life and the lives of others, as well as to window-panes.

The most of us are fairly respectable people, and I trust not a few of us real Christians. We avoid big sins and all sorts of common wickedness; but I fear some of us do not watch enough against little sins and shortcomings, and especially we do not give heed enough to the cultivation of the Christian graces, which make life so bright and beautiful. We are really very good. We are not thieves, liars, swearers, nor drunkards. We have a character to keep up, and the rub of the respectable world, without much trouble on our part, keeps it—keeps the middle of the pane clean, even where there is not much of Christian principle. It costs us no trouble to keep it clean; in fact, I may say it keeps itself clean. But what about the corners? "Oh," you say, "it does not much matter about them; they are but corners—nobody heeds about them." So you leave them to be a spider's den, full of cobwebs and dirt and the remains of dead flies. But it does matter. It is slovenly housekeeping. Many a bright character-pane is all but spoiled by its dirty corners. When people go to look at the sunlight through it, their eye at once catches the cobwebs, and the very sunbeams seem to have a tint of dirt in them. Many a noble-hearted Christian, whose walk is guided by sterling principle, has his influence for good greatly hindered by some small but objectionable cobweb or dead fly in the corner, to which he pays no attention.

There is Mr. A, who is the very soul of honesty in his business, and would scorn to take advantage of any man. He pays his accounts when due, and

owes no man anything. But then he takes care they do not owe him either. Not that he means to be merciless—far from it; he will put his hand in his pocket without a grudge to help the needy, and is a liberal giver. But business is business, and he is one of those who have a terrible idea of exactness and punctuality—excellent points if not too rigorously applied—and never thinks of the straits to which he sometimes puts a poor debtor who could honestly plead, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." And so he gets the name of being a hard-hearted, pitiless man, and his good deeds are very much forgotten.

Then, on the other hand, there is Mr. B, who does not pay his bills when they are due. Sometimes he is easy-going, and when an account comes in if he has not the money handy he does not put himself to any trouble to get it, and forgets all about it until the account comes in again and again. Sometimes he is greedy, and grudges to pay, and keeps and uses the money as long as he can, while he pays no interest—money that then belongs to another, mind you. He considers himself perfectly honest because he will pay sometime, and thinks his creditors ought to be thankful to get their money at some distant date. But he forgets that his creditors have also bills to pay, and what are they to do if they are not paid themselves? He forgets that every day he keeps their money after it is due, he is robbing them of what it would be worth to them, as certainly as if he put his hand into their pockets and took it. That little cobweb of dishonesty in the corner needs a smart wipe. And Mr. A would be just the man to do it.

We sometimes also see the light of a Christian's life greatly obscured by the corners being dusty with small meannesses, and miserable economies and savings, which would not enrich him though he lived as long as Methuselah and added them all up, and which give his name an ill savour. For a wretchedly small pecuniary gain he suffers a great big loss in moral and spiritual influence. The man who would split a halfpenny with you is held in even greater contempt than the man who would keep it altogether to himself, and his power for good is correspondingly lessened. There is such a thing as economy run into extravagance. Give the brush of generosity fair play, especially in very little things; the loss is small and the gain is great.

But it is in social life, more than in commercial, that dusty corners abound. A man may be guided by high principles. None question his truth and uprightness. He would think it a grave sin to swear—so it is—but he hardly seems to think he is breaking a command when in a selfish fit he is grumpy to his wife and family. Yet the same authority that forbids bad words forbids needless harsh words.

Another, a good man too, may be troubled, or rather a troubler of others, with a sharp, sarcastic tongue. Now, sarcasm is a good weapon, and very effective, when used on proper occasions. Such times occur but seldom, and that sword must be used but seldom and with great tact, for it has two edges, and may cut ourselves as well as others by stirring up needless resentment. "The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth."

There is no truer saying than that "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." Men and women, full of kindly feeling and good intention, are continually doing and saying things that cause trouble to themselves and others. "I never thought of it," is their excuse. But why did you not think? It was your duty to think.

There is an equally grimy angle that stands opposite. That is the littleness of spirit that takes offence at thoughtless words and small things, where little or no offence was intended. Yet there is nothing more common, or poisons social intercourse more than that. One person makes a thoughtless remark, meaning no ill. The other takes umbrage, shows it, tells acquaintances about it. The first wonders at that, and is sorry, but pride comes to his aid, and he is not going to eat humble pie—that is, he will not condescend to explain or apologise and get the difference smoothed over, which is what he ought to do if he had either wisdom or manliness. And so it goes on, till the molehill probably becomes a mountain; unless some mutual friend, who knows the matter, wisely and kindly intervenes. To the same perverted category belong all the petty spites, and huffs, and standing on dignities, and cold-shoulderings, that nip like hoar-frost many a sweet summer-growth of social intercourse, to the great discomfort of all concerned. Away with such unchristian nonsense! Let us all be above such miserable meanness; let us be men and women, and not children.

"Be not soon angry," is a wise injunction. We all know people who are ready on the smallest occasion to fire up and explode in a most unreasonable manner. The temper corner—if I may call it that—is a notable one to keep bright. Even the best of men in a passion are apt to say things they bitterly regret afterwards; and others regret it too, for "grievous words stir up anger"—one fire kindles another, and you cannot tell what it may end in. A hot temper is sometimes christened *high spirit*, but it often brings its possessor very low—when the flush of passion gives place to the blush of shame; at least it ought to, if the man has any spirit at all. But there are those who seem to think that other people should respect their temper. They lament their misfortune in having it; but there it is, and nobody should say a word in objection, lest it bite. They have no thought of muzzling it themselves, or do not want the trouble. But a quick temper is a powder magazine; take care! And there is always plenty of

combustible material dangerously near. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Another corner is *home rule*: I mean in its most local and limited sense—in the home. Good rule there is the foundation of a nation's righteousness and stability—a foundation deeper and broader than any Parliament can ever lay. Well, we sometimes find fairly good home rule combined with a spice of despotism and capriciousness. Where perfect obedience is required the laws should all be just and reasonable, and carried out in like manner. But sometimes they are too strict, and youthful ingenuity learns to evade them on the sly, and lie about it in act if not in word. A too strait-laced government will produce either rebellion or deception. Then, on the other side, is too slack a rule. Disorder is allowed until it runs riot, and then punishment is often dealt out promiscuously, in a passion, or out of all proportion to the crime, which the victims naturally resent, and get hardened instead of feeling corrected. One of the worst possible methods is the enforcing of good advice by dreadful stories about the goblins that will catch those who don't take it. Young people soon outgrow that, and see with contempt the dusty corner.

Once more: why are some good people never able to *get on* with other good people? Evidently one or both parties have an obscure corner or two to clean. Along with sterling virtues, and many good qualities, they may be too self-willed, opinionated, or have some unpleasant odd cranks and twists, or maybe they are what the Scotch call "pernickety," too particular, having one or more small disagreeable ways, and bothersome little formal rules of life, which are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—things which are no great harm in themselves, but which are a great bore to those who have to put up with them, and especially to those who have to serve them. I believe if they had to stand the same thing from others they would find it about as irksome as wearing a strait jacket. "Oh, well," you say, "of course it isn't nice among our acquaintances; but aren't servants hired to do our work?" Certainly; but they are not hired to put up with your irritating peculiarities as well. Try to put yourself in their place, and how would it feel to meekly bear it all? Remember, "as ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." That is the rule, and in its application the Bible draws no line where to stop; it includes all. By walking in an atmosphere of Christian politeness, instead of keeping ourselves and others in hot water, we shall find that with few exceptions we can get on smoothly with others; for "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"—not a doubt of it.

These are a few of the corners that need attention; and numerous others will occur to us all. True, the middles of the panes are clean: that is a great matter,

and these are but corners. They really do not so much obscure the light as that they are not nice to look at—they indicate neglect. Then they always catch the eye of those who may be getting light through our windows; and human nature is so apt at seeing the dirt instead of the light. This, by the way, is another corner—a bad one—which it is as well to mention while I am at it. Let us look for the good in others—the light and not the cobwebs. But all the same the cobwebs and dirt are unsightly and injurious—sweep them away. How nice it is to see a window with every pane spotlessly clean and transparent! How beautiful the soul that is not

only free from open sins, but adorned with all the fair graces of the Spirit of God, and through which the light of the Sun of Righteousness can shine with bright and winning radiance, that others seeing our good works may glorify our Father who is in heaven. How beautiful and fructifying is the pure light of a spotless life! "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

J. HUIE.

SOME REMARKABLE CHURCH TOWERS.



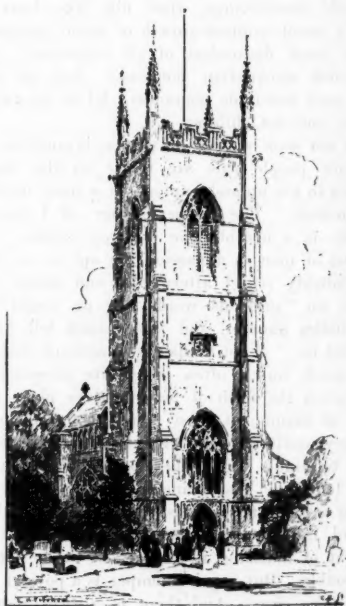
ST. MICHAEL'S BELFRY,
BECCLES.

ALTHOUGH there are probably more churches with towers than without them, and consequently all of us may be supposed to be sufficiently familiar with these grand old structures, it will be seen, on further scrutiny, that some are more curious than others, and worthy of closer examination.

The tower of Jarow church is of rare interest. It is not square, nor nearly so, as most towers are, but measures twenty-one feet one way, north and south, and only thirteen the

other way, east and west. And it is more than venerable, more than curiously and cumbrously quaint, in its antiquity. It has ripened and ripened for more than a thousand years, for its stones were first brought to the site by Saxon labourers between three and four hundred years before the Norman Conquest was effected, and though they may have been almost re-set, so to speak, in the course of the subsequent centuries, they are still the same, as far as we know, that formed the tower in the days of Benedict Biscop and the abbot Ceolfrið, that is to say, in the reign of Egfrid. As a fact, it may be mentioned, some north-country antiquaries do not assign an earlier date for this tower than A.D. 1075, when the monastery of Jarow, then lying in ruins, was handed over to one devout Aldwin, who made many improvements in the structure, and reinstated Divine worship within its walls; but it is more than probable these are wrong, and that he only altered it, and left some

portions of it untouched. All the Saxon towers in Northumbria still remaining are nearly square, and are placed at the west end of the nave. It seems, then, more than likely that this one followed the rule, and was only broadened out to its present proportions by Aldwin, whose additions westwards also altered its position and made it central, as we now see it. But taking it as handed down to us, it is, as has been said, of rare interest. It is of four stages. On the ground floor, over the chancel arch, on its western face, is embedded the original dedication stone, which has



WORSTEAD, NORFOLK.

been faithfully preserved, and is inscribed to the following effect:—The “dedication of the Basilica of St. Paul on the ninth of the kalends of May, in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and in the fourth year of the Abbot Ceolfrid, under God the founder of the said church.” On the first floor, in the eastern wall, are two arched openings looking eastwards. On the second are two double-light windows on the north

pen. Writing of Benedict Biscop, the founder, he says:—“He sent messengers to bring over glass-makers to glaze the windows of the church and its aisles and chancels. And so it happened that when they came they not only accomplished that particular work which was required of them, but from this time they caused the English nation to understand and learn this kind of handicraft, which



YATTON.

and south sides, and on the west side, what we may take as evidence that this portion of the tower is part of the original Saxon work—an angular-headed window. And then the walls on the north and south sides are “weathered in,” or sloped towards each other, so that the topmost stage is smaller than the rest. On each side of this are window-openings, all unglazed, and within are the bells. When we take our eyes from the tower and look around, it is impossible not to think of the Venerable Bede, who lived in Jarrow monastery all his long life, and whose chair is still standing in a place of honour in the chancel. Here he worshipped, here he sang, here his beautiful thoughts came to him. We know when he had departed to the heavenly Kingdom, as his scholar Cuthbert has it, he was buried in the south porch, and that his remains were afterwards brought to a still more honourable resting-place within the church, and finally, when the remembrance or impression of his sanctity was deepened and intensified, his bones were removed to Durham Cathedral. And there comes to mind Fuller’s testimony as to the degree of estimation in which he was held:—“If thou art a saint, pray for me,” said a foreign bishop, in accordance with the superstitious practice of his day, as he presented a copper coin at St. Cuthbert’s shrine. “Thou art a saint; pray for me,” he continued, as he offered a crown at the shrine of Bede. We are not without some particulars of the church from his

was of no inconsiderable utility for the enclosing of the lamps of the church, or for various uses to which vessels are put.” And from this early adoption of glass arose the old saying that it was never dark in old Jarrow church.

Chesterfield, in the land of minerals and fossils, peaks and dales, stupendous and precipitous rocks or tors, mountain streams and rivulets, that we know as Derbyshire, has a cruciform church of much curiosity on account of its tower. This is capped with a remarkable spire made of wood and covered with lead, which has the appearance of being spirally twisted. Seen from the surrounding country, from any point of view, it has the appearance of inclining towards the spectator. This perplexing feature is not less than 230 feet high.

In the same picturesque county, only away from its rocks and streams, its stalactite caverns and petrifying wells, in the heart of the busy county town, near its Irongate, Sadler Gate, Fryarsgate, St. Mary’s Gate, and Bridgegate, looking down upon the thoroughfares with their factories and constant traffic, and upon the troubled windings of the Derwent, is another remarkable tower. This is in the church of All Saints’, the whole of which was taken down and rebuilt by Gibb, in the last century, except this fine old portion of it, which he saved. It is surmounted by ornamental battlements, and on a

fascia below them are inscribed these words:—"Young men and maidens."

The tower of Ancroft church belongs to Plantagenet times. Unlike other towers, it does not rise from the ground upwards, but it has been set on to the west end of a small Norman church that was built without one. We may see the remains of the original Norman edifice, a small grey structure consisting of nave and chancel only, which afforded, doubtless, sufficient accommodation for the sparse population of that day. And then came a time when a tower for security or observation was required, and the old Norman gable that finished the west end was taken down to the level of the side walls, and a strong square tower was built upon the height thus gained. One may see the old Norman stones, all rounded at their edges by centuries of storms, rising to the full height of this first stage, and then we note the different style in which the Plantagenet masons went to work. This church is on the eastern coast of Northumberland, opposite to Holy Island, and it was one of five chapels that belonged to the priory on the island before the Reformation. It has known many fortunes, or misfortunes, for this part of the country was frequently ravaged by the Scots, but it seems to have reached its greatest desolation at the beginning of this century, when it was roofed, like a barn, with red tiles, and a great ash-tree grew in the centre of the tower, which was much dilapidated. It is once more, however, kept in a state of repair that would gladden the hearts of its first Norman builders, and not be without satisfaction to the Plantagenet masons, who so fearlessly raised the tower upon their work.

There is a little dove-coloured church out in the grey and green and heathery moors, in the old moss-trooping part of the same county, so plaintively hoary, antique, and simple that it must not be passed over. It has a tower at the west end, a nave with a north aisle and south porch, and a chancel. The venerable arch between the nave and chancel is a low, wide, sweeping curve, and marks its Norman origin. The pillars of the aisle are cylindrical, and have fluted

caps that pass from the round of the pillar to the square of the abacus gracefully, and each channel of the fluted work is enriched with a row of beadlike ornamentation called billet-heading. The interior of the little edifice is as white as snow with whitewash, except for a few damp stains upon it here and

there, and except for the lofty three-decker pulpit, with its crimson cushions and fringes, and the rows of dark pews that match it in colour. In some old time, perhaps a century or more ago, a low white ceiling has been placed to hide the older open-timbered roof, that may have admitted too much of the fresh air from the adjacent moors and hills in the sharp winters; and about the same time some alterations were made to the fenestration, and perhaps the outer north wall was rebuilt, for it has been rebuilt almost as a blank. The chief bulk of the edifice, however, is of great antiquity. A Saxon king gave Edlingham, with other lands, to the same monastery on Holy Island to which Ancroft subsequently belonged, and it is recorded that a church was immediately built in it. The tower is of the dimensions of other Saxon towers, but it has none of the distinguishing signs of Saxon masonry by which we can be sure it is of Saxon workmanship—no "long and short" work, no herring-bone work—though it has no distinctive mark of any later period. There is no entrance into it except



ALL SAINTS', DERBY.

from the inside of the church; and there is no window in it within the reach of a moss-trooper, even if he were on horseback. Looking closely at the small and narrow doorway through which we have passed into it, we may note it has a narrow, semicircular door-head, and that the great bar that kept the door fast was on the side nearest to the nave, showing that the tower was not used as a place of refuge, but as a place of detention: that the inhabitants of the scattered houses comprising the village did not shut themselves up in it for safety, as might be supposed, but that they shut up in it any prisoners they had taken and wished to detain. At the western angle of the ancient porch a stone projects from its course, as though intended for a mounting-block, from which, in the days of pillion-riding, the congregation could conveniently

seat themselves on their horses; but on looking more particularly at it, traces of a circle, as of a rough dial-face, may be made out, which suggests the probability that it did double duty—as block and sundial.

Some Norman towers are encrusted, so to speak, with arcading, as in the case of that of St. Clement's church, in the quaint old Cinque Port, Sandwich. The exterior of this tower is enriched with tier upon tier of small semicircular arches on cylindrical columns, and presents an aspect of the most alluring ripeness and pathetic interest. It seems to tell us of the pomp and circumstance of the centuries it has seen, the musterings of men, the departures for the crusades and wars, the going and coming of the ships the port was obliged to furnish the king, the traffic of its merchants, as well as of the inexorable recession of the sea that has left Sandwich, with its old gateways, its half-timbered and gabled houses, and its grassy boulevards, what it is.

The tower of the handsome and ancient church of Yatton, in Somerset, attracts the eyes of the numerous crowds of travellers who change trains at Yatton junction, for it is surmounted by half a spire, and from the sunken roof of this half-spire rises a glittering vane. It is a very fine building, with many large perpendicular windows, and a clerestory, and with very handsome trefoiled open-work parapets, rising one above the other, on the aisles and their gables, on the nave, on the top of the tower, and on the top of the high turret at one angle of it; and surmounting all this pile of sober yet captivating ornamentation is the stump of a spire.

The tower of Aldwinkle church, in Northamptonshire, reverses these proportions, for it is capped with a spire that is rather more than half the full height of the tower; that is to say, the tower is three stages in height, and the spire is also three stages in height, and then has the addition of a capstone and a vane upon it. The tower is square, and the spire is octagonal, and the way the square dies into the octagon, or is "broached," is cleverly managed. From each stage of the spire are four gablets, diminishing in size with their height. The flatter the country, the taller the spires, as a rule.

Curiously, many of the towers in Norfolk and Suffolk are round. There are in all, in England, about a hundred and seventy-five circular church towers, and, with the exception of about a dozen of them, they are all in Norfolk and Suffolk. Curiously, too, the examples that are not in those counties are close at hand—two are in Berkshire, two in Sussex, one in Surrey, two in Essex, two in Cambridgeshire, and one in Northamptonshire. They are not scattered all over the kingdom. Some of them are only seven feet in diameter, and some of them are as much as nineteen feet. The walls of all of them are about four feet thick. The entrance is always on the east side, from the nave. The original windows are of the smallest dimensions, mere narrow loopholes; but in many cases larger openings have been made at different stages, in subsequent centuries.

Worstead, in Norfolk, familiarly known by name for its production of the twisted yarn known as

worsted, has a grand church with a fine fourteenth-century tower, rich with flowing geometrical details, and of similar outlines to the type recognised as Somersetshire and Gloucestershire towers. Buttresses on both sides of each angle "weather in" five times



JARROW.

from the base to the topmost stage, where they die into the base of the pinnacles at the four corners. There is no spire, but it is finished with a richly wrought parapet and furnished with grotesque gargoyles to carry off the rain. Each pinnacle is surmounted by a vane. The tower has a feature, however, not common to the cider counties' tower. This is the provision of elaborately perforated air-holes of a rose form, enclosed in squares, with label mouldings, with terminations over them, in the bell-ringers' chamber, in the intermediate stage between the head of the fine west window, over the handsome doorway and the large double-light louvre windows of the belfry stage. These are not of frequent occurrence.

We have several examples of the isolated bell-towers common on the Continent, known as *campaniles*. In some of the Herefordshire village churchyards, made of the same stone as the ancient churches, decked with the same discs of the same lichens, there stand venerable bell-towers, with their internal timbers only so many rough-hewn trees, all still gallantly performing the part for which they were erected. Some of them are close to the churches, others have a wide length of grassy mounds and white tombstones between them. Some of them are more pretentious, as in that at Ledbury, which stands apart from the church, on the north side of it, and is a truly handsome structure. Suffolk has also a very

fine example of an isolated bell-tower in the churchyard of St. Michael's, Beccles. This is truly a fine piece of mediæval architecture, four stages in height, full of sumptuous and interesting details.

The tower of Kibworth church, in Leicestershire, attained a sudden celebrity, one July morning in 1825, by bowing over from the summit to the base, pausing for a few seconds, and then falling to the earth, in the words of an eye-witness, "in a cataract of ruins." Various premonitory symptoms, such as bulgings, fissures, and threatening sounds, had called attention to the decayed condition of parts of it, and workmen were engaged upon the repair of it, when they heard peculiar noises, and they all left it, and gathered together in the churchyard, and watched it till it fell. It was a lofty tower, and with the spire measured 169 feet in height. Fortunately, no one was injured, and a new square tower without a spire, with four pinnacles and a parapet, has since been erected in its place.

We may be sure many an anxious glance was bestowed upon ancient towers presenting signs of decay for some time after this catastrophe. The tower of Hereford Cathedral, for one, was vigilantly scrutinised. And finally it was decided that one by one the piers, or "grand legs," it rested upon should

be removed and built up anew and more strongly from the ground. This was actually done. The mighty tower was shored up about forty years ago, and one pier successfully removed, and the ancient fabric rested on the other three piers whilst this was rebuilt, firm, compact, and stalwart. Then another pier was removed and rebuilt; and then the two others. And the immense tower, thus strengthened, still stands in all its old majesty, intact.

We know Peterborough has not been so fortunate at the present day. And only recently one of the "three tall spires" of Coventry was in some danger, owing to dilapidations in the tower, which have, however, been happily remedied without taking it down.

The absolute beauty that is given by towers is, perhaps, exceeded by the sacred grandeur of their associations. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower," we are told. And we can scarcely look upon them without recalling the culmination of the Psalmist, "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

Concerning church spires, especial mention may be made hereafter.

PROMISES FOR THE SORROWING.

BY THE REV. W. MURDOCH JOHNSTONE, M.A.,
VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.



THE sorrowing have an absolute and unlimited promise for themselves, and Jesus Himself describes their present state as one of blessedness. They are happy now in their sorrow; and hereafter, in God's good time, that sorrow will yield her place to comfort. Most people, indeed, who have felt what agony is, and the bleeding of the heart and the breaking of the spirit, have known a

sweet and secret something that hid itself away from the surface, and yet exercised a soft and calming influence over the dismal circumstances of life. It was not a struggling gleam of sunshine or an inspiring blast of the mountain winds of the soul; but rather it was a twilight gloom, a sky of grey and unbroken fate, a quiet eventide, when the man whom disaster has made a sport mingles with the Fixed, Untouched, Eternal One, and feels the strength of His hand and the beneficence of His aid.

The value of the world sinks; the glittering fabrics of fame and wealth dissolve; material things look gross and darksome; and the mind, without an effort, almost without intention, uplifts itself to the great height, and rests in the contemplation of God.

There can hardly be a greater blessing than this. It is for such a condition that the Apostles contended as they asked us to set our affection upon things above, and warned us not to love the world. It was for such that Christ died, imploring us to strive after that spiritual union with Himself and His Father where the soul hungers not and thirsts not, but rests beside the river of life, and underneath the trees that bear their fruit always, and scatter their leaves for the healing of humanity.

We cannot understand sorrow in all its bearings unless we look at it in Him, and in that portion of His life where it culminated—the agony of the last temptation. It is there, in the Garden, that we see: *I. How lonely sorrow is.* The old words, that the heart knoweth its own bitterness, have found the ages testifying to their truth. Christ, within the very band of those He had taught and led, had not a brother who could bear Him company. No Magdalene was there, nor did Mary of Bethany sit then at His feet to learn the deepest secrets of existence. We are alone in our sorrows. For a time most



"Ready in the wildest night to respond to far-off signals of distress."

(See p. 315.)

people are alone with the sorrow itself. Its present weight is on breast and shoulder. It bears a bandit's blade, and it is piercing through every muscle and nerve of suffering. They look it in the face, and it is all loathsome. They question it to themselves, and demand why God sent it or let it come; why Job should groan while the Bildads of earth escape. Besides, sorrow has a subtle power of bringing up the past. Its ghosts are conjured, not for the Sauls of half-hearted godliness, nor the Macbeths of gross ambition and crime, but for the tender mother who weeps by the cradle of the dying babe, and for the hoary saint who mourns the last of the sons he reared. While memory is thus active, both feel too keenly that—

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

In that remembrance there is no companion.

Such a time is indeed a critical moment of life. Sorrow leaves us not as it found us. It is a spiritual agent, and we are hardened by it or softened, drawn nearer to God, or driven into further disobedience and revolt. Blessed is he who discovers in the loneliness of his sorrow that he is alone with God too. I believe that man prays best amid suffering. Fear ceases to haunt him, and earthly hope has lost its lustre. He may be struggling like Christ in the Agony, but it is a struggle like Jacob's, that will not be denied the blessing. There is not only earnestness in it, but the man himself—body, soul, and spirit—is fighting. It is the most real time of life. The gates of brass and bars of iron are real, and with blows fiercer than those which battered in the gate of the Bastille he lays on them with the sledges of prayer.

II. It is in Christ's Agony that we see what the *disappointments of sorrow* are. Nothing measures friendship so accurately as adversity. It is a test too severe for many a companion of sunny days. It demands for its high standard a range of life and feeling, a culture of gentle perceptiveness and tact, which the worldly schools teach not. We are *misunderstood* in our sorrow. Not one of the Eleven knew what Christ was doing. No John had yet looked up and seen the heaven of His mystery opened. Oh, it is hard to be slandered by articulate ignorance: hard, while we are alone, to feel that those we have admired and loved bear clownish hearts and sluggish brains. Is it impossible that they should rightly appreciate our suffering? We do not expect that the Judases whom we know should care: nor that the Thomases and Bartholomews should comprehend it all; but it seems that the James, the Peter, the John, who stood beside us in the death-chamber, and talked with us on the hill of glory, and listened to Moses and Elijah too—where the vast spiritual world revealed itself for a minute to the material—might comprehend it somewhat, and not be overpowered by the pangs of sorrow on the mind. But they are asleep—dead to one watching

and praying, and dead to the prospects of their own suffering. It is hard for us to bear disappointment in our friends, as it is hard to sit and watch our hearts bleed out, drop by drop, alone. Yet blessed are they that mourn.

(1) There is first the blessedness of *prayer*. I have remarked that prayer amid sorrow is real above all other prayer. The spirit-world comes into touch with us. The old Word of God, which we learnt and partially understood in earlier life, stands out, a thing of life itself. Its promises that apply to our case are culled and cherished and pleaded. Faith is on its trial. Can it trust these promises now? If they are broken, or if, as he understands them, they are unfulfilled, can he trust himself to the God who lives behind them? It is then that prayer becomes—

"The Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

And just as the old man revisits the home of his youth, and walks once more the lawn on which he played or the hills over which his boyhood roamed, and feels the hallowed memory of a godly mother upon him again, so do we feel in these prayers of the sorrow-time, that whether we understand or not, whether or not the interpretation of hope and promise was accurate, whether or not either applies to our present case, yet we *will* trust our Father, and cry, "Thy will be done." This leads us on to see a new blessedness in (2) *Submission*. There are two kinds of it: viz., helpless surrender, and an active desire that whatever God sees best should be effected. It is because the difference between these is unrecognised that the submissiveness of many an impenitent death-bed is accepted as a proof of conversion and faith. The greatest worldling will give up opposition when he believes it to be useless; yet surrender is not life. I have seldom known a godless man die who was not, as he said, "resigned." But no resignation has any value unless it be accompanied with an active desire that God's will should be done. It was for this Christ prayed. One earthly human need was about Him, but in both clauses of His petition He consulted the Father's wish, and in one He regarded it alone.

Many of the readers of this magazine have no doubt been often compelled to give up their own plans and schemes for the sake of God's: to conquer a temptation that threatened them, or trample down an oppression of sorrow that bade them leave the track of eternal life. I may appeal to their memories, and ask if they did not discover in the moment of their stern resolution a whole Eden of happiness. They had toiled through a dark gorge, unlit by any ray from the sky, unrelieved by flower or stream, and suddenly they saw its end, and stepped out into a perfect paradise of close and of far-reaching beauty. Even here there remaineth a Sabbath-rest for the people of God.

(3) There is the comfort of *support*. An angel

was called by the Father, and sent with His comfort to the Son. He bore the assurance of the Father's sympathy. He was the guerdon of Heaven that Christ was not forsaken, even then. "Father!" he had called: but the heavens responded not. "Father!" a second time went up, and immediately the angel came down. He stood out, like many an earthly friend, at a distance, but came close enough to strengthen Him. The battle was not removed. The temptation rolled not like a thunder-cloud down the Kedron defile, to the grim wastes and fires of

Hinnom. But He was able to pray more earnestly than ever, "Thy will be done." No one with anything of chivalry or the high romance of life within him would flee from earth's trials. There is no Strong-heart shaped without them; and what we yearn for is courage and strength to contend and to conquer. Here, again, the seen and the unseen are mingled: and when the saint suffers and sorrows and prays in his agony, God's messenger stands beside, to console him, and to whisper, "Blessed are they that mourn."

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

CHAPTER X.

"O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your
load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!"
LONGFELLOW.



HILTON comes home to dinner, but is unusually silent. I contrive to leave him alone with Maggie for a little time during the evening, yet it does not seem to improve the state of affairs. Thus the long, miserable day comes to a miserable end; and though I begin the next with almost a feeling of certainty that they will have had an explanation before night, it ends as miserably as its predecessor.

Patience was never one of my virtues, and I have seldom endured an evil more than three days, without making a vigorous effort to put an end to it. Therefore, when the third day ends and still there is no sign of a reconciliation, my patience is exhausted, and I determine, as the only feasible plan of helping to put an end to the quarrel, to speak to Hilton about it.

It is an easy thing to determine on, but a difficult one to perform. Several times during the day I try to speak to Hilton, alone, and bring the conversation round to that subject; but he is reserved and unapproachable. And even when, after dinner, I muster up sufficient courage to call him aside, on the pretext of wanting his opinion about some work that I have been doing, he is so cool that I feel half inclined to say nothing about it. However, after making a few insipid remarks about things in general, I come boldly to the point and say, "Mr. Hilton, am I mistaken in thinking that you and Maggie have had some disagreement lately?"

"Certainly," he replies freezingly. "We have had no disagreement that I am aware of."

"I beg your pardon. Of course it is no business of mine, but I fancied that you had not been on friendly terms during the last few days."

"Perfectly! so far as I am concerned!" he says, with peculiar emphasis on the pronoun. "Maggie has been behaving in a most unaccountable manner, but I am not aware that I have said or done anything to offend her."

"Perhaps there is some misunderstanding," I suggest, hesitatingly. "Don't you think it would be kind of you, as the stronger of the two, to try to remove it?"

"I am powerless to do so," he answers, shrugging his shoulders. "I have done all that I can do. I must leave it to her own common sense now, to see the folly of such conduct."

"I hope you don't mind my speaking to you about it," I say apologetically.

"Not at all," he answers, with charming indifference; and we rejoin the rest. I have obtained at least this information—that Hilton is no obstacle to a reconciliation.

At bed-time I go into Maggie's room, and try to induce her to tell me the cause of this estrangement; but she has suddenly grown even more reserved than Hilton. She assures me solemnly that there has been no quarrel, no disagreement of any kind, and therefore there can be no reconciliation. It is only that she can never feel the same towards Hilton again. And she entreats me not to mention the subject any more, as it is a very painful one to her. So I come to the conclusion that I had better not interfere in the matter again.

Mr. Bloomfield is not long in discovering that there is, as he says, "a screw loose somewhere;" and he comes to me for an explanation of it. I tell him that I am as ignorant on the subject as he is, and advise him not to speak to Maggie or Hilton about it, as I have already done so without success.

"No; best not say anything about it," he says. "It's only some lovers' quarrel, I suppose. It will come right of its own accord. Silly children! But



"In the evening we have some music."—p. 285.

there—we mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders!"

For a little while Maggie is listless and melancholy; but gradually a change comes over her. She rouses herself to join in any conversation that is going on, tries to anticipate the wants of those around her, and wherever she goes, and whatever she does, seems to be looking for an opportunity of making herself useful. I know what it all means. I have seen the same kind of thing before.

Many good, earnest women, when they meet with some great trouble or disappointment, deliberately set themselves to make the best they can of their lives. The best, that is to say, for others—for themselves, they desire nothing but the knowledge that they have done their duty. I don't mean that they become sisters of mercy, or even that they spend their time in acts of devotion and piety. No, they may mix in the world the same as ever; even go to dinners and garden parties, and be as cheerful as any there; only, if you ask them to come away in the midst of it all, how cheerfully they comply!

You will see such a one devoting herself to neglected and disagreeable old people; or driving home from the picnic in that despised seat in the pony-carriage, with the two old maids and their dogs. Or you may ask her to give up some long-talked-of pleasure, in order to stay at home and perform an objectionable duty, and she will do it, without the suspicion of a frown. Or she will steal away to busy

herself about some household task, and let another take the praise for it without a murmur.

Ah! hers is a beautiful, noble life, like a river of water in a thirsty land; yet, if I loved her, it would make me inexpressibly sad to see that sweet, calm cheerfulness; that wintry smile, that decks her lips, yet never rises to her wistful eyes.

These women may make their lives good and useful, and even tranquil and contented, but they are never *eager*, never *glad*. Their eyes don't dance with laughter; their faces don't dimple over with smiles at the least provocation; they don't spring out of bed in the morning and sing as they go down-stairs. No, they rather get up soberly, and ask for strength and guidance for the day.

Once, when I was very young and very miserable, I had serious thoughts of trying to live such a life myself. And now it makes my heart ache to see that my little Maggie is drifting into such a one. I would rather see that than apathy or fretfulness; but I want to see her happy. Youth is the time for gladness, and if it isn't glad, it fails in some measure to fulfil its end. Besides, she could be just as useful. Why, I know that the old bright sunshine of her laughter did us a hundred times more good than this new taking thought for our sakes. Mr. Bloomfield misses it, I am sure, and tries all kinds of ways to bring it back. Sometimes when I look at his homely face, that has such power of expressing mirth and good-humour, and see it so sober and grieved, tears of vexation start

into my eyes. He has worked so hard to make this pleasant home, and gather these young people about him (two of whom at least have no near claims on his generosity) to share its comforts. And all he asks in return is, that they will enjoy it and be happy, and they will not. Young people fancy that all the romance, and all the sentiment of life, are centred in them and their imaginary troubles; but they are very much mistaken.

The evenings are long now—dreadfully long. Hilton goes out a great deal, and when he is away everything seems flat. We talk, of course, but there is no heart in the conversation; how can there be, when we talk for the sake of talking, and not because there is anything we want to say? When Hilton is at home, however, the case is rather different. He has several times surprised me by insinuating that I am abstracted, and that I take no interest in the conversation. I take no interest, indeed! Why, the moment anyone speaks, I am busy with my mental scales weighing the words to see what effect they will have on the listeners, and whether they will tend to heal the breach, or widen it. And, being so occupied, what time have I to talk myself? I take no interest, indeed!! Hilton has begun to follow Julia's example in calling Maggie, "Margaret." He has become very unjust to her, and accuses her, sometimes directly and sometimes only by sarcastic allusions, of being cold-hearted and unsympathetic, and even bigoted and wise in her own conceits. I hear him say it, and my indignation almost chokes me. How can he be so blind?

Week after week goes by, and Christmas comes, and still there is no sign of a reconciliation. Mr. Bloomfield follows all the customary rules for making Christmas a festive season. He gives liberally to the poor, provides a handsome present for each member of his household, and invites two poor relations to spend the day with us.

We wish each other "A Happy Christmas!" when we meet in the morning, and try very hard to make it a merry one; but, somehow, we don't succeed. The poor relations are not very good company; they seem to be uncomfortably awed by their surroundings, but they profess to be enjoying themselves immensely!

In the evening we have some music. Hilton, who has a good baritone voice, sings some manly songs with great expression. Then Julia plays two or three pieces in a dashing style, but very incorrectly; and Maggie sings a dreamy little melody, and gets very shaky in the middle of it, probably because she remembers the day when Hilton chose it for her to learn. And finally, in order that nothing may be wanting to complete the hilarity of the evening, Mr. Bloomfield yields to Hilton's request, and sings us a song, a merry song, that he used to sing in his early days. And though I laugh and applaud and pretend to be as jolly as a sand-boy, deep down in my heart there is an angry pain. Why cannot they forget their foolish quarrel, for this one day at least, and let him see them happy? I

believe it only needs a word from either of them to turn all this discord into harmony—and they will not say it. And then the question arises, "Is it possible that the cause is of a more serious nature than we have imagined?"

CHAPTER XI.

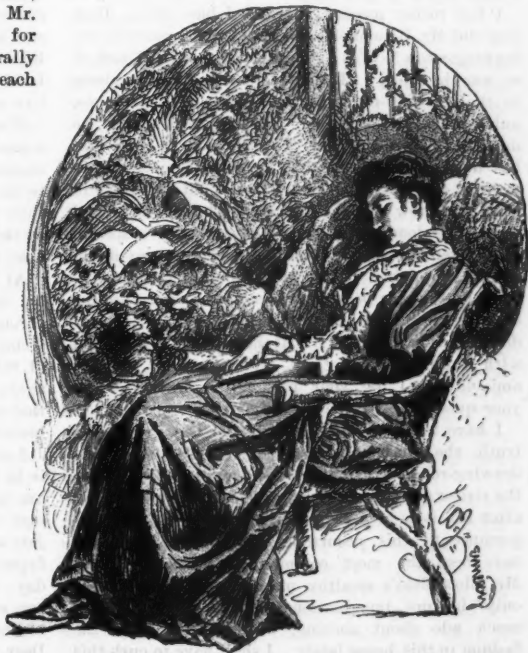
"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true?"

I AM sitting up-stairs in our little room, making a hood for Jack's baby—the seventh baby!

The afternoons are so short now that, although it is not much past three o'clock, I can scarcely see, and I do so want to get it finished to-day. All at once it occurs to me that the drawing-room, by reason of its situation, must be lighter than this; and I immediately gather up my work and proceed there.

I have just got halfway down-stairs, when Mr. Bloomfield and a gentleman come out of the drawing-room, and walk quickly to the hall door.

The gentleman is a stranger to me, and as his back is turned towards me, I can only see that he is tall and grey-haired. Mr. Bloomfield says something to him in a low tone, and opens the door in what looks very like a stealthy manner. Then closing it after him in the same stealthy way, he walks past me into the study.



"I wonder what book she can have fallen asleep over."—p. 236.

All this has happened so quickly that I have not had time to think whether I ought to advance or retreat, and stand with one foot poised ready for the next step. When, however, Mr. Bloomfield passes, I feel in an instant that I have seen something which he would not have wished me to see. And although it was not my own fault, I feel guilty, and am thankful that he does not look up.

Directly the study door is closed, I go into the drawing-room and stand close to one of the windows, so as to get as much light as possible on my work. Some minutes have been lost, however, and the light is fading rapidly; it seems no lighter here than it was up-stairs. I look round the darkening room in despair, and catch sight of the fernery beyond. "Surely it must be lighter there under the glass roof," I think; and once more collect my things and move on. I walk down the two low steps that lead into it, and then stop short, and stare with astonishment. Just inside the door is a little rustic seat, and on this seat, with her head resting against the rockwork (a hard pillow, surely), and an open book on her lap, sits Julia, fast asleep.

I wonder what book she can have fallen asleep over—not one of her favourite sensational novels, I am sure; so I stoop forward to read the title—but, behold! the book is upside down; and now it has slid down to the ground, for I have disturbed Julia, and she is awake and yawning sleepily.

"I am sorry I woke you," I say apologetically; "but are you not afraid to sit here in the cold?"

"No, I shall not catch cold," she says. "Besides, I have not been here long."

I feel rather puzzled by what I have seen. How long did Mr. Bloomfield and his visitor remain in the drawing-room? Was Julia here all the time? and, if so, was she asleep? I believe Mr. Bloomfield has been in the drawing-room nearly all the afternoon; so, unless Julia has been here all the afternoon too, he must have seen her come through, and in that case has not said anything that he would object to her hearing, and it is all right. If she did not come in that way, how did she get in? I look round; and seeing the door leading into the garden, a suspicion of the genuine nature of her sleep crosses my mind, and I ask quickly, "By which door did you enter?" She picks up her book and goes up the steps into the drawing-room, and I conclude that she will not condescend to answer me. But at the door she turns round with a kind of lazy grace, and says, with unusual amiability, "I beg your pardon for not answering your question. I came in through the garden."

I have no faith in Julia. If she has spoken the truth, she must have heard all that passed in the drawing-room, unless, indeed, she went to sleep before the visitor arrived, which is extremely unlikely. But, after all, it is very stupid of me to attach such importance to this occurrence. That tall man may have been the most commonplace of callers, and Mr. Bloomfield's stealthy manner may have existed only in my imagination. I have been making much ado about nothing, which has become the fashion in this house lately. I shall have to curb this

imagination of mine, or it will rob me of my common sense, which is a far more valuable attribute.

In the meantime here is the baby's hood unfinished, and the light nearly gone. How very annoying! At any rate, I must match these silks by daylight, and then perhaps I can finish it this evening. I think that if I go out into the garden I shall get the advantage of all the light there is, and I shall not mind the cold for a few minutes. The door is locked on the outside— Well, the baby's hood will not be finished to-night, that is quite certain—and Julia has told me a silly, useless *lie*.

The next day passes, and the next; and on the third I am called down into the drawing-room, and find Mr. Bloomfield and Maggie there, and that same tall man. Maggie is seated on his knee, her arm is round his neck, and I know, without being told, that he is her father. He has grey hair and a bronzed, lined face, that has once been handsome, and is still aristocratic and commanding. We look suspiciously at each other, and I believe dislike each other from the very first.

Maggie smiles at me through her tears, and expects me to share in her happiness. I suppose I do, to a certain extent, but I am afraid not quite so heartily as I ought. Then Hilton comes in and is introduced to Mr. Giffard, and I hear various particulars of his life in India; that he has made some very successful speculations; has had some dangerous illnesses, and has been living for several years in a part of the country where the postal regulations are notoriously bad; that he has written several times to his father and received no answer; and that at last he saw in an English newspaper the news of his father's death, and started without a day's loss of time for England. He says that, being tired of India, he intends to settle in England, and thinks of taking a furnished house in London for the present; and Maggie, of course, will live with him.

His manners are very aristocratic, and he speaks like a man who has not only seen the world, but has been accustomed to command. Poor Mr. Bloomfield seems to be rather overawed by him, and is less sociable than usual. I have learned to read Hilton's moods by this time; and I know that he too is not at his ease, though a stranger would never detect it.

At last, after a long conversation, which has had an under-current of dissatisfaction and constraint throughout, he rises to take leave of us. But Maggie seems as though she would like him to stay longer. (I believe she feels half afraid of not seeing him again, if she lose sight of him now.) So he suggests that she should go with him; and after a few minutes' hesitation it is so arranged.

I go up-stairs and help her to pack up a trunk which is to be called for during the evening; and while I am so engaged she kisses me a hundred times, and says that she will always love me, that we must be just as good friends now she is going to live with her father; that she will come and see us almost every day; that I must go and stay with her whenever I can, and so on, in the old childish, happy way natural to her before that unhappy disagreement with Hilton. Dear child! I believe she means every word of it;

though I know from experience how such promises are sure to end. I would not say a word to mar her new-found happiness for the world; although I am inwardly rebellious that it should be taking her away from us.

When the trunk is packed, we go down-stairs again, and Maggie hugs Mr. Bloomfield and whispers protestations of undying affection, and is in a nervous flutter of delight.

And he kissees her and says, "God bless you, my darling! You won't forget your poor old uncle, I know."

Then she hugs me again, and now there is nothing left but to say good-bye to Hilton. She holds out her hand to him with a frank smile. I might have known that she would have no room in her heart to-day for anything uncharitable.

"Good-bye," he says coldly. "I hope you will be happier in your new home than you have been here;" and he adds, in a sarcastic tone, meant for her ear alone, "I am not surprised that you are so anxious to leave us."

"You are persistently unjust," she says, in a firm voice, drawing her lithe young figure up proudly. And in another minute they are gone, and we are left to make the best we can of it. We don't like her leaving us, but we cannot prevent her going; we don't like Mr. Giffard, but we cannot prevent his taking possession of his own daughter. In fact, the only thing we can do is to fall in with the old adage, "Grin and bear it."

"Well, it isn't so very extraordinary, after all, you know," says Mr. Bloomfield. "We might have known that her father would come after her some time or other. When a man is in foreign parts you mustn't conclude he is dead, just because he doesn't write home for a year or so. Why, some men go ten years without once writing, and the mails going out every month regularly. Inability to write home seems to be one of the diseases of the place, like the yellow fever. What fools we must have been ever to have expected anything else! But I certainly did," he adds, as an undeniable fact, "I certainly did expect something very different."

Hilton says nothing, but goes out whistling a lively air. I have noticed this of Hilton—that whenever he is particularly out of conceit with himself and the world, he whistles a lively air.

CHAPTER XII.

"Love, that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?"

I GET up the next day with a very dreary feeling. When one has been accustomed to think of any person, the last thing before one goes to sleep at night, and the first thing when one wakes in the morning; when one has been in the habit of planning for them and worrying about them all day long, and testing everything that was said or done by the simple questions, "Will it please her?" "Will it annoy her?" Then, when one suddenly finds that that person is taken out of one's reach and rendered

independent of one's care, one is apt to feel (for a time at least) that one's life is rather empty.

It is nothing to me now whether Hilton is sarcastic or the reverse: it is nothing to me now whether Julia is spiteful or amiable. In fact, I have lost the cause of my motive power, and feel limp and dejected.

It seems unnatural for me to be here without Maggie; and, as the day wears away, I reflect that perhaps I may not be wanted here any longer. I was not wanted before Maggie came; why should I be wanted now that she is gone? I feel sure that Mr. Bloomfield would never have the heart to turn me away; but it would be too horribly galling to stay and feel that I was not wanted. So once more I have a business interview with him and propose to look out for another situation.

This time he does not wait for a consultation with Hilton, but scouts the idea at once.

"Come, that's too bad!" he says; "I can't have all my friends leave me at once. Is the house so dull that you can't bear to stay in it now she is gone?"

"No, indeed!" I reply; "no house could ever feel so much like home to me as this."

"Then you must stay," he says.

I gladly dismiss the idea of leaving, and as he looks rather melancholy, I do my best to cheer him; and in so doing forget that I am dejected myself.

Maggie comes to see us almost every day during the first week, and seems more affectionate than ever. Then her visits cease, without any explanation or apology; and we should conclude that she and her father were out of town; but that we hear, from various sources, of the grand style in which they are living, and the great people with whom they associate.

Whether Hilton is seriously annoyed at her conduct, I cannot tell; I watch him closely, and test him in every way I can think of, but to no purpose. He is oftener away from home, perhaps, and rather more difficult to please than formerly; but, with that exception, he is the same as ever.

On the occasion of one of Maggie's visits he is away from home; and I take care to be the one to tell him about it. But he only raises his eyebrows slightly, and says "Oh, indeed! is she quite well?" and seems to take no interest in the subject whatever.

Then I am stupid enough to try to get an insight into his feelings, by watching his face while he reads a slip of paper which I found in one of Maggie's books. It is the beginning of a description of the old house at F—, carelessly written in some idle moment, and there is a half-finished sketch of the house on the other side (which probably accounts for its having been kept at all).

This is the description:—"My home was the dearest, sweetest place in all the world; or at least I thought so. It had once formed part of a famous monastery, but, at the time I knew it, *Ichabod* might have been written on every crumbling stone, for its glory had indeed departed. Noble patrons no longer visited it; portly abbots no longer feasted within its walls; of the room that had once contained its treasures,

nothing was left but a few feet of crumbling wall; even its dungeons, once the pride and terror of the neighbourhood, were used as a receptacle for lumber. Still, it was beautiful in its decay! Old Father Time had dealt very gently with it; and, like some



"I might have spared myself the trouble."

brave old warrior, it reared its head proudly to the last, and defied the elements!"

That is all—a mere scrap of writing. But there is something in the last few lines that seems to speak so plainly of her affectionate pride in the old place, that I hope it may lead Hilton to speak to me about her.

I might have spared myself the trouble, for he only says, as he hands it back to me, "What a queer old place! I can't say that I see much beauty in it."

One day, at dinner, Julia remarks, in the most innocent way imaginable, "Isn't it odd that Margaret never comes to see us?"

"Very!" answers Hilton laconically.

"I did not think she would have forgotten us quite so soon," she continues. "But I suppose it is only natural under the circumstances. I saw them drive past in their carriage while I was out this morning; they looked so grand."

Julia speaks mildly. She can afford to be charitable now: the bare facts are more condemnatory of her rival than any word of hers could be—and she knows it.

"Bless her heart! she hasn't forgotten us," says Mr. Bloomfield.

"What is your opinion on the subject, *mon père*?" asks Julia, raising her eyes demurely to Hilton's face. No one would recognise Julia now as the same girl who used to sit through long evenings in moody silence. She has the course quite clear, and she is doing her utmost to captivate Hilton. She dresses to please him, studies how best to flatter his vanity, asks his advice on all possible occasions, and pretends to a thousand little ignorances and weaknesses, so as to make him feel his own superiority.

Of course he responds to all this—what man could help it, aided as it is by her great dark eyes? They have adopted towards each other a tone of light repartee; and she has taken to calling him "*mon père*." Why she has adopted that form of address I cannot imagine; but it is wonderful how much expression she contrives to throw into those two short words.

Being thus forced to give an opinion of some kind, Hilton answers gravely, "I must confess that Margaret has acted in a way that has surprised me very much. She certainly has not behaved well."

"What a cold-hearted creature he is!" I think. I have been feeling much the same about her myself, but I would never have owned it.

Yet, in spite of all this seeming coldness, and in spite of his response to Julia's advances, I cannot decide that he has really become indifferent to Maggie. Indeed, I fancy that I detect something like a tone of proprietorship in his censure. I think he speaks in much the same spirit in which he would acknowledge a fault of his own, which he cannot honestly deny, and yet considers himself very virtuous in admitting.

One evening, not long after this, when Julia and Hilton are out to dinner, Mr. Bloomfield and I are surprised by a visit from Maggie and her father.

It is late when they call, and Mr. Giffard seems to be in a hurry to get away again, but it is quite long enough to remove those ugly doubts which have crept into our hearts in spite of all our efforts to keep them out.

When Hilton is told of it, he makes no particular comment; but presently begins to abuse his host of the evening; whom he finally denounces as a "*Proud, bigoted, pious humbug!*"

"Don't you think that is just bordering on the verge of strong language?" asks his father mildly.

"So he is!" retorts Hilton, in a deep, savage tone, that only requires a little more provocation to blaze out into uncontrollable passion. (These habitually self-controlled people are, as a rule, horribly passionate when they are once roused.) "So he is! Pride and that sort of piety always go hand in hand. I don't believe that man would care a straw about religion if he were not anxious to get one of the highest seats in heaven."

I am wickedly pleased to see Hilton lose his temper. There is something so *human* about it—so like other people. Besides, it helps me to answer that question, which I have been asking myself for so long, namely, has he any lover's love for his cousin Maggie? This burst of indignation against pride and piety, happening just now, inclines me to think that he *has*.

"Hilton!" says his father, reprovingly.

"Oh, but, uncle dear! you don't know what a horrid man he is," cries Julia, perching herself on the elbow of her uncle's chair, and putting her arm round his neck.

"Well, well, then I suppose Miss Scott and I may be glad we were not asked," says Mr. Bloomfield. "We've had a very comfortable evening at home—haven't we, Miss Scott?"

"Very, indeed!" I reply. "And it was fortunate that we were at home when Mr. Giffard called."

"Why on earth did he come at such an unreasonable time!" asks Hilton, with a growl.

"Come, come, Hilton!" says his father, bantering, "you mustn't be so hard on people. Miss Scott and I did not see anything unreasonable in the time. Did we, Miss Scott? Now I'll just tell you what he came about. He is going to buy the house down at F—, where his father lived; and

there were reasons why he wanted to see me about it to-night."

Hilton's face is rapidly clearing (I suppose he imagined that Maggie had planned this visit so as to avoid meeting him); but he is not going to come out of his ill-humour all at once.

"It is a most inartistic place," he says, with an assumption of the same growl.

"When did you see it?" asks Julia, in surprise.

"I've never seen the place itself," he answers; "but I've seen a sketch of it. The front is abominably flat, and the windows are too small."

"Look here! if you are going to be so cantankerous, we had better all of us be off to bed," says Mr. Bloomfield, getting up and pretending to be in a great hurry to get out of his son's way.

"Very well," replies Hilton; "you needn't wait for me. I shall do an hour's read before I go."

(To be continued.)

THE SAGES OF ALL AGES.

PLATO.

BY THE REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.



HE name of this highly gifted Greek sage has long ago become proverbial, and it requires but a slight acquaintance with his writings to appreciate his exalted attainments—both intellectually and morally. Indeed, in whatever aspect we view his life and its surroundings, we find not

only abundant evidence of his magnificent genius, but are forced to halt and admire the remarkable versatility of his proficiency in the many accomplishments of life. In truth, it has rarely been granted to humanity to possess the talents which rendered his life so grand and illustrious; and hence it is not surprising that a peculiar mythical reverence surrounds even his very name. But it should be remembered that his proper name was not that which his well-merited fame has immortalised, but Aristocles, after his paternal grandfather; that of Plato, it is said, having been given him by his gymnastic master—a characteristic of his athletic frame. So eminent a teacher could not escape the poetic fancies of his countrymen, anxious to pay an appropriate tribute to their poet-philosopher. It is related that whilst sleeping, when a babe, in a bower of myrtles on Mount Hymettus, bees lighted on him, and dropped honey on his lips as a prophetic emblem of that sweetness of style which in after years would distinguish his eloquence. Indications, however, of his persuasive and graceful mode of speech soon developed themselves, for his rich and gorgeous imagination tempted

him to cultivate poetry, and the following epigram is a simple and pretty illustration of his tender, sympathetic nature:—

"My Aster, you are gazing on the stars.
Would that I were the stars, that so I might
Gaze in return with many eyes on thee."

But he soon relinquished his poetic fancies for more serious pursuits, and, on becoming acquainted with Socrates, devoted his whole time and energies to the study of those abstruse and leading philosophical subjects which have always had a fascination for great minds. Accordingly, his friendship with Socrates was the real commencement of his famous career—a career "resplendent with the graces of taste, wit, and imagination," and enriched and adorned with a profound, acute, and highly speculative mind. Henceforth, to quote the words of Milton—

"Divine philosophy,
Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,"

was the dream of his life, and his deep, meditative spirit was never weary of searching for light and truth. Unfortunately, however, at the early age of twenty, the death of Socrates threatened for a time to strike a blow at his bright career of promise; and on losing his beloved and respected friend, he quitted Athens for a time, and went to Megara on a visit to Euclid, afterwards making a series of journeys, in the course of which, it is said, he made himself acquainted with the Pythagorean fraternity, and was courteously allowed by them to have access to writings and information respecting their doctrines.

Eventually he returned to Athens, where "eager scholars flocked around him. With a mind richly stored by foreign travel and constant meditation, he began to emulate his master, and devote himself to teaching." Here, in one of the most beautiful suburbs, he possessed a small house near the well-known "Academy," in whose shady plane-tree walks, "whether in pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, or for counsel in the direction of public or private life," were assembled together the master-spirits of the age to converse with the Athenian sage, and imbibe the wisdom which fell from his lips. In a short time Plato made Athens an object of interest to the civilised world of his day, and eager inquirers after knowledge flocked from all parts for enlightenment on difficult topics. But, as might be expected, his brilliant position exposed him to the shafts of envy and detraction; and "the high aspirings of his mind were clogged and weighed down by that corrupt heathenism with which he was surrounded." And yet, in spite of his eminent reputation, he was noted for his amiability and retiring character, and when one day asked if there would be any saying recorded of him, he answered, in his usual modest manner, "One must first obtain a name, and then there will be several." Added, moreover, to his reticence, he was naturally shy; and, as it has been pointed out, "the instance given of his vanity in putting himself forward at the death of Socrates, as competent to retrieve the great loss in his own person alone, bears evident marks of a calumny." Although his appearance was elegant and graceful, yet his demeanour was marked by a serious gravity, which did not escape the ridicule of the comic poets, as in the following :—

"O Plato! how your learning is confined
To gloomy looks, and wrinkling up your brows
Like any cockle."

Indeed, as a writer adds, "his brawny shoulders were bent with thought, as only those of thinkers are bent. A smile was the utmost that ever played over his lips; he never laughed;" and "as sad as Plato" became a proverbial phrase. Who can wonder that this was so, when we contrast his ardent, intense craving for knowledge in the great mysteries of life, with the coarse freedom of Diogenes and the excessive affability of Aristippus, not to mention the shallow knowledge and frivolous gaiety which characterised society at this period? He was possessed also of another quality, so essential to success—self-control under provocation; and it is related, among other anecdotes, that he declined to inflict due punishment on a slave because he was under the excitement of anger. Such traits of character in a marked manner distinguished his life from those around him, and materially enhanced the influence and dignity of his teaching. As a man of the world, he was thoroughly acquainted with human nature; and his shrewd and accurate perception of the motives which guide men in their life-purposes was

effective in his discourses. As a moralist, too, our sage was ever foremost in condemning abuses, and did not, when opportunity offered, refrain from expressing his views, even although by so doing he exposed himself to ridicule and hard sayings from those who cared little for such advice. On one occasion it is said that Plato, seeing a man playing at dice, rebuked him for it, as he was wasting his time for a trifle; "although," he added, "the habit is not a trifle." This was worthy of our sage, and a warning that many would do well nowadays to remember. Equally judicious, too, are his remarks on intemperance: which, perhaps, if carried out, would deter thousands from giving way to this wretched propensity. To those who were addicted to drink he would say, "Look in the glass," and then they would abandon their unseemly habit. Untruthfulness in any form he despised, and one of his noted maxims was this: "Truth, my friend, is a beautiful and durable thing, but it is not easy to persuade men of this fact." And another of his sayings was: "The sweetest of all things is to speak the truth."

Turning to Plato as a philosopher, the most forcible and convincing proof of the enduring monument of fame which has been raised to his memory rests not only in the wide reception and circulation of his writings, but in the high esteem in which his views were held by the most erudite schools of thought in after ages. Then, as a writer has remarked, "how great the influence of Plato was on the philosophy of the Romans is clear from the philosophical writings of Cicero. And even when Christianity threw into the shade all systems of man's wisdom, the only philosophy which maintained its credit at the first was that of Plato." The great St. Augustine declares himself a warm admirer of our sage, and hence it may be justly asked, What rendered his teaching so attractive as to secure for it such lasting appreciation? One reason undoubtedly was the exalted views he propounded relative to man's existence in this world. He did not pass over, as impossible of solution, this great problem of human life, but encouraged and induced men to turn their thoughts to something higher than the mere surroundings of every-day life. In short, "he did not look on life with the temporary interest of a passing inhabitant of the world. He looked on it as an immortal soul longing to be released from its earthly prison, and striving to catch by anticipation some faint glimpses of that region of eternal truth where it would some day rest." Such a view of life, it must be acknowledged, was far in advance of previous philosophies, and indubitably stamped Plato as a religious thinker, whose opinions, however faulty and erroneous they might be in certain points, were on the whole in harmony with what was afterwards taught in the Christian schools. His convictions, so thoroughly in antagonism to the materialistic tendencies and spirit of the age in which his lot was cast, were vigorously assailed, and cruelly disparaged as the untenable

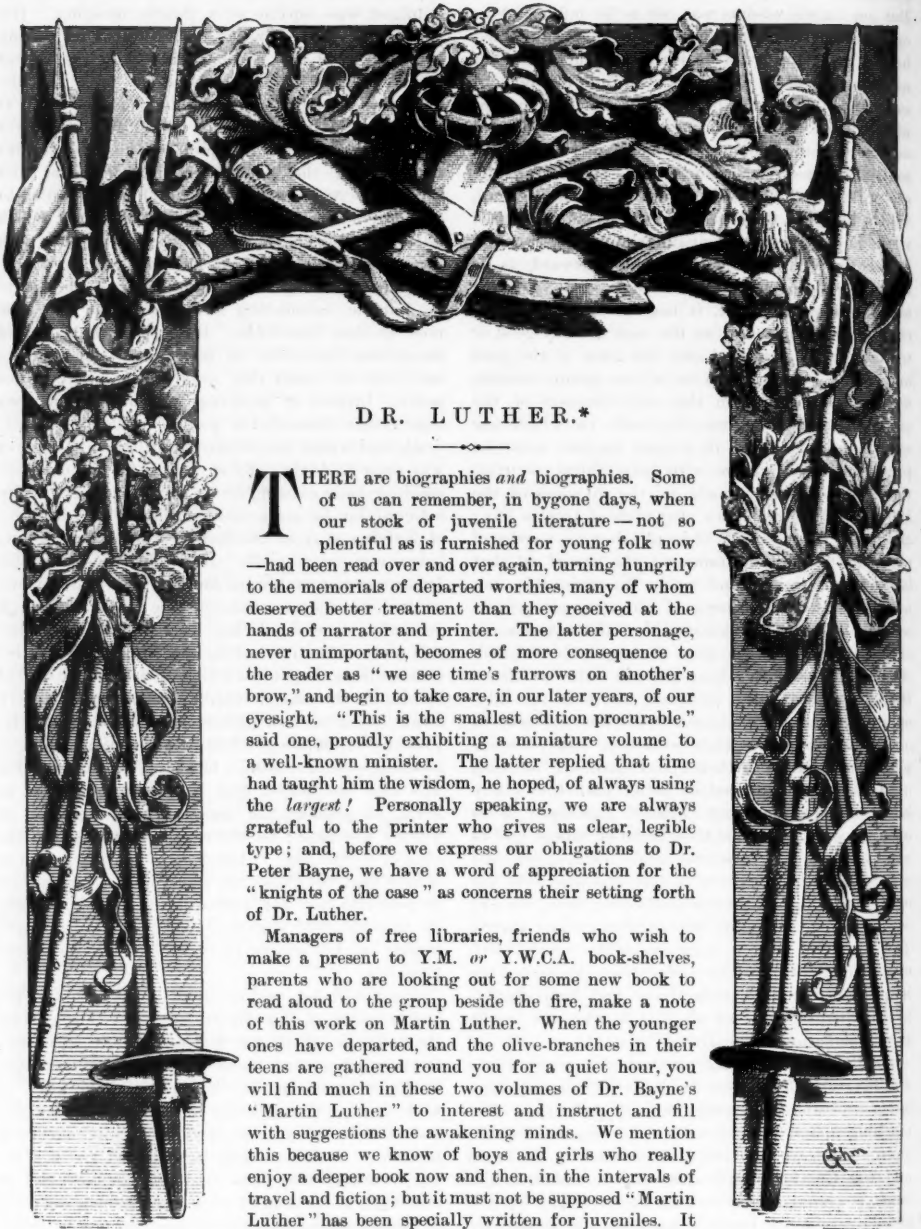
and fanciful conceptions of an over-imaginative mind. But our sage's wisdom was not to be influenced by opposition, however formidable it might appear. What he felt to be the truth he fearlessly taught, and his name must ever be illustrious even from this one circumstance: that, in a period of heathenism and low morality, he stood out courageously as the "eloquent advocate" of the immateriality and immortality of the soul. Professor Archer Butler sums up Plato's philosophy thus:—"The body is the prison of the soul, which, however, defies its oppressor; and the aim of virtue is to preserve the distinctness of the two, and realise liberty even in bonds, looking forward, as its recompense, to a total enfranchisement." Leaving man's immortality here, it may be noted that, according to Plato, so far as the soul has any good or truth in it, it is formed after the ideas of the good and true. This exalted view of our nature reminds us of that recorded in the early chapters of the sacred narrative, and was the basis on which our sage maintained that all human conduct must be framed. In accordance with this ethical doctrine, the soul, originally made in the likeness of the Deity, must ever find an attraction of like to like; and hence the necessity of inculcating, as worthy of man's imitation and attainment, the love of all that is beautiful, upright, and true. To attain this end, he taught the importance of educating all persons so as at all times to perceive the false appearances of good by which the mind is frequently deluded. Accordingly, as it has been pointed out, "he shows that there are false pleasures as well as false opinions, that men's ignorance extends not only to mistakes in regard to their wealth or bodily accomplishments, but as to their moral character, for that most men think themselves better than they really are." Hence the great value of philosophy is to open the eyes to see the true value of things, and to analyse between falsehood and truth, good and evil; while the effects of a bad education, on the other hand, in addition to misleading men, are apt to give them an unfair bias in their moral choice. The standard of our sage's morality was a lofty one, and admitted of no compromise, for indirectly it pointed mankind, collectively and individually, to the perfect ideal of all that is true and lovely as an emanation of the Deity.

Another reason of the veneration in which Plato and his works have been held by Christian teachers is his undoubted sympathy with Monotheism. His teaching upheld the existence of "a Supreme Intelligence, whom we call God, the Fountain of all force, and the Creator of all order in the universe, the sum of whose attributes may be expressed by the simple term—the Good." As Professor Butler remarks: "The unity of God and the detection of Polytheism" are openly exhibited in his Dialogues: a circumstance, in truth, which was an immeasurable advance on preceding philosophical doctrines. But at times the ambiguity of his language has given rise to misconception, and it has been argued by his

opponents that the enigmatical language in which he indulged was capable of a double meaning. His peculiar position, however, necessitated his writing occasionally in this fashion, and "with the fate of Socrates before his eyes, he must have felt the necessity of employing such language as, while it would be intelligible to the thoughtful, might yet admit of a popular interpretation for the jealous defenders of the popular system of belief and worship." Anyhow, the works of Plato, regarded as a whole, admit of none of that uncertainty which adverse critics have suggested, but abound with passages whose lucidity is undeniable.

Again, according to Plato, it behoved all men to be humble, considering how limited at any time must be their knowledge. He exposed the vanity of those who laid claim to information the accuracy and truth of which they could never ascertain nor prove. Instead of accepting current opinions, our sage rather demanded a positive evidence of their truth, and would not consent to believe what as yet was open to doubt. By so acting, he not only discredited many existing errors which had been firmly believed, but he made men sensible of the difficulty of arriving at right conclusions where man's knowledge was very small. It is by consulting his Dialogues that we become familiar with Plato's views on various subjects, although the dramatic form is generally adopted. It has been objected, too, that this mode of writing forbids us from accepting as his own opinions those ideas which are frequently started by him for the sake of ventilating discussion in every form. As a modern philosopher remarks, however, Plato no doubt thought that "conversation was more instructive than reading; but he knew that reading was also instructive, and he wrote to obviate as much as possible the necessary inconvenience of written discourse; he threw all his works into the form of a dialogue." Hence there is every reason to believe that the Dialogues which he has bequeathed to posterity are the embodiment of his opinions on those leading questions which concerned man's welfare in his efforts to make his life good and beautiful.

Space will not permit us to enlarge on the life and teaching of this illustrious sage. The general characteristic of all his teaching is the high tone of its religious and moral feeling, which has been briefly summed up as the beacon held out "to warn men of the debasing allurements of pleasure, and of the misery consequent on the indulgence of passion." It further may be regarded as "a glowing exhortation to seek for true happiness not in externals, or by aiming at a more human standard of virtue, but by internal purification, and by imitation of the perfections of the Deity." Such a noble life, although it lacked the influence of Christ's teaching, was worthy of men's admiration, especially at a period when the Sun of Righteousness had not yet arisen to scatter and disperse the clouds of heathen darkness.



DR. LUTHER.*

THERE are biographies *and* biographies. Some of us can remember, in bygone days, when our stock of juvenile literature—not so plentiful as is furnished for young folk now—had been read over and over again, turning hungrily to the memorials of departed worthies, many of whom deserved better treatment than they received at the hands of narrator and printer. The latter personage, never unimportant, becomes of more consequence to the reader as “we see time’s furrows on another’s brow,” and begin to take care, in our later years, of our eyesight. “This is the smallest edition procurable,” said one, proudly exhibiting a miniature volume to a well-known minister. The latter replied that time had taught him the wisdom, he hoped, of always using the *largest*! Personally speaking, we are always grateful to the printer who gives us clear, legible type; and, before we express our obligations to Dr. Peter Bayne, we have a word of appreciation for the “knights of the case” as concerns their setting forth of Dr. Luther.

Managers of free libraries, friends who wish to make a present to Y.M. or Y.W.C.A. book-shelves, parents who are looking out for some new book to read aloud to the group beside the fire, make a note of this work on Martin Luther. When the younger ones have departed, and the olive-branches in their teens are gathered round you for a quiet hour, you will find much in these two volumes of Dr. Bayne’s “Martin Luther” to interest and instruct and fill with suggestions the awakening minds. We mention this because we know of boys and girls who really enjoy a deeper book now and then, in the intervals of travel and fiction; but it must not be supposed “Martin Luther” has been specially written for juveniles. It is a thoughtful, earnest, important work, specially

appropriate to the present age, when England here and there would *appear* to be “going back” rather than cherishing the principles of Protestantism. We have sympathy with our friends who say in effect, “Let us go back to the things of old, the systems so long forsaken;” our trouble is that they do not go back far enough. Would that the Master’s followers would go back as far as to the simple scriptural teachings, the glorious liberty of the Gospel, and of those who first accepted it!

* “Martin Luther: his Life and Times.” By Peter Bayne, LL.D. (Casell and Company.)



"At fourteen he started off for Magdeburg."—p. 291.

In a paper like this, we can only glance at a portion of the contents of this important biography, which opens by considering Luther from various points of view, in relation to present-day thought, the law of spiritual progress, etc. The writer does justice to the existence of true devotion, sincerity, and heavenly life in the Church from which Protestants have come out. There is throughout the pages an entire absence of bitterness, rancour, and bigotry; indeed, Dr. Bayne shows that during years of fervent religious life, Luther found it was possible for him to remain in the Romish Church, and in that Church he preached that salvation is not payment for task-work, but the renewing of a man through faith in Christ. Against empty formalism spirits here and there had for centuries protested, and when, at last, Luther comprehended that "the very fire of God, in the centre of the Christian temple, needed trimming," he felt the conviction that he dared do no less than lighten the deepening darkness for his country and the world, whatever the cost might be.

Martin Luther, who "burst open the door at which Wickliffe had knocked, who told Papacy to stand out of the world's light," was born about the year 1483, the time when Savonarola was burnt in Florence, and when Raphael, "whose name stands for the entrancement of beauty," saw the light. Some appear to have been warned by the stars that an arch-heretic would appear in the autumn of 1483. On the other hand, there is a Protestant myth that on the St. Martin's Eve when Luther was born, the evening star was brighter than ever before. Papist legends insist upon a close association of our hero with Beelzebub himself; certain it is, as the author remarks, that Luther threw his inkstand at our spiritual enemy not *once*, as tradition has it, but *continuously*, and to some purpose, for strongholds of evil succumbed to the writings of the freedom-apostle.

Young Martin Luther soon found that "life is real, life is earnest;" he never forgot his hard-working mother bending beneath the load of faggots she carried on her back, and John Luther, a poor miner,

had to wring his livelihood "from the niggard earth." From sturdy John Luther and his ancestors, stubborn in conflict when life's work was warfare, Martin Luther inherited "an immense reservoir of fighting power;" from his mother, peace and tenderness. All through the stormy future the mother never wavered in her belief in her son.

His training was of a Spartan character; even Margaret Luther severely visited offences upon the evil-doer; but his home-memories were ever sacred and revered. Years after, when he arranged a marriage service for the Protestants of the Fatherland, he immortalised his parents by asking the pastoral question thus: "Wilt thou, John, take to wife Margaret?"

John Luther soon rose from amid his comrades, and he was ambitious likewise for his son. Martin must be thoroughly well educated, and prepared to shine in the legal profession, for which he was destined by his father's dearest hopes. At fourteen, with his friend, John Reineck, he started off for Magdeburg, where it seems likely that the boys endured a good deal of hardship, though their minds must have been enlarged, not only by their studies, but by the busy importance of the town and its commercial life. Martin's impressions of Magdeburg were chiefly ecclesiastical; he remembered Prince William of Anhalt-Bernburg, a Franciscan, begging for bread, and looking like skin and bone. The prince soon died, but all were transported with reverence for such virtue, which must infallibly be a passport to heaven! Martin also remembered a painting in Magdeburg, representing the Catholic Church: a great ship (piloted by the Holy Spirit) contained the Pope, cardinals, and bishops, and a crew of priests and monks; laymen were struggling in the water, some clinging to ropes thrown by priestly hands, as the boat sailed on to heaven. Luther was much impressed by the safety of the ecclesiastics as compared with that of people in secular callings.

At the end of a year, Martin was removed from Magdeburg to Eisenach, "a jewel on the great green robe of the Thuringian wood." Here the rustic lad was delicately polished and refined, being brought under the influence of Ursula Cotta, who found him singing at her door, and took him to her home and heart, and became to him a second mother. To her he seemed a deep-hearted, rather monkish sort of boy; she would fain have drawn him more into the religion of gladness. "Ursula put the flute into his hand," *literally* perhaps, but also in a far wider sense.

At eighteen, Martin Luther went as a student to Erfurth, "a place of fat, flat meadows," but distinguished for its learning and university. His favourite study was philosophy—"Aristotle as manipulated by the school divines;" in 1502 he took his bachelor's degree; in 1505 he became M.A. One day, rummaging in the University library, he found a Bible, and read it with intense delight; he found much herein beside the lessons read in the services, and longed to possess a whole Bible for himself. His statue shows him to succeeding generations stretching forth his hand, holding out the Word of God to his dear Fatherland.

John Luther was by this time thoroughly proud of his son, and pictured him a foremost lawyer, and the husband of a wealthy bride. In 1505, full of hidden yearnings and "thoughts too deep for words," Martin went home for a visit, and, ere he returned to Erfurth, he was deeply moved by hearing of the sudden death of a student killed in hunting. His solemn feelings were intensified during his journey by a violent storm, which so powerfully affected him that he sank to the ground crying, "Save me, sweet St. Anne, and I will become a monk!"

The storm ceased, the vow was made, and Martin tarried not for parental consent. He gathered his friends around him one evening, and music and ordinary conversation beguiled these farewell hours; next day they heard he was in the Augustinian convent, where he seems to have carried his Plautus and Virgil to cheer the solitude of his cell. But John Luther! Poor John exploded with dismay, deliberately withdrawing from his son his favour and countenance.

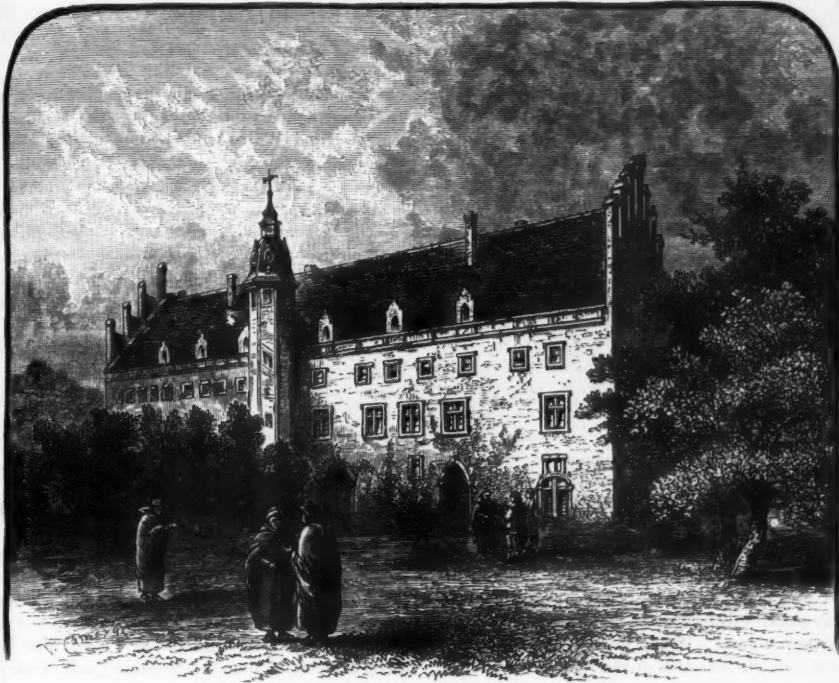
In 1507, however, when Martin was ordained a priest, John Luther, who had lost two other sons by death, consented to be present. A banquet followed the service, and some of the brothers undertook to sermonise the father a little, when he indignantly exclaimed, "Have you never heard the Scripture command about honouring father and mother?" What about monkish virtues in this connection? Was Martin startled—Martin, who had not paused, ere settling his life, to tell his parents of his intention?

John Luther considered his son's life now as good as ended, but the spiritual struggles that would issue in the freedom of thousands went on in the heart of the priest. Dr. Bayne shows him in the dark valley, amid argumentative schoolmen, in Rome itself, and, at last, gradually but surely, paints him as understanding that the Infinite God is not to be propitiated by self-mortification, but loved "because He first loved us"—

"The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light
Through the Eternal Love."

Luther's was a nature capable of warm attachment. From the Elector Frederick downwards—or upwards!—to Melancthon, we hear of his devotion to his friends, and the efforts he put forth even for their physical welfare: to these friendships we are indebted for priceless letters, which are themselves a history.

In 1512 Luther took the degree of Doctor in Theology; ere this, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, had appointed him philosophical lecturer in the Augustinian Convent of Wittenberg, a place ever memorable by reason of the Theses posted on the door of its Castle church. This event took place on the 31st of October, 1517, and was caused by the operations of Tetzel a vendor of Indulgences, who affirmed that pardon and peace were to be gained by the clink of the coin in the money-box! "Ye that would not forego sin's sweetness, yet fear its punishment, pay your money and have its worth." Up rose Martin Luther, and nailed up his manifesto,



THE AUGUSTINIAN CONVENT AT WITTENBERG IN LUTHER'S DAY.

treating of repentance, the sin of turning godliness to merchandise, and excusing the Pope—yet withal herein accusing him—of being surely ignorant of the way in which this trade went on.

Thus was the battle-note sounded. Rome tried exhortation, conciliation, argument, alike in vain against the heretic who poured forth his opinions so presumptuously by mouth and by pen. At last—and the intervening storms had but strengthened this massive soul—a Papal Bull was issued against him, with the result that it was publicly burnt at Wittenberg!

Being called to appear before the Diet of Worms, he maintained an unshaken position: "Unless I am refuted by the testimony of Holy Writ, I can, and will, recant nothing. Here I stand; I can do no other. God be my help!"

The Elector Frederick, alarmed for his safety, caused him after this to be captured in a friendly way, and hidden in the fortress of the Wartburg, where he meditated, wrote, and prayed "among the birds." The country, however, could not do without him; it demanded to hear his voice—it needed his hand. He was the counsellor of princes and people, an active figure on the historical stage, while adjusting pastoral questions, and inveighing powerfully against enforced clerical celibacy, monasticism, and the like. In later years we hear of "Katie," a

runaway nun, who aroused his interest so much that he thought about finding her a husband; she remarked she would marry Luther, if he *liked*, but not the individual in question!

Horried Papists cried out bitterly against the union of those who were once monk and nun, but the skies did not fall, and "Katie" took good care of the Doctor, and put an end to his bestowal on his acquaintances of testimonials, etc., offered to himself. It is beautiful to read of the dear child he loved with all his mighty heart, yet was called to give up, and of his letter to his little son—little Johnny Luther—about the garden of heaven, where there is room for the children, with music and gladness, and all things sweet.

Music was to the heart of Luther one of God's best gifts. He considered it an effectual weapon against the Evil One, as well he might have done, who sang himself so gloriously as in the immortal hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The last scene of this strange, battling, triumphant life, is very simply told: he was taken suddenly ill with pain and a sense of oppression, and three times those around him heard him say, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God." Quietly his eyelids closed, and the great, loving, fiery heart was still.

M. S. H.

OUR VISIT TO SOME AGED PILGRIMS.



WHEN the Aged Pilgrims' Society was founded, eighty years ago, the transition from the old order of things to the new can hardly be said to have become complete, although signs were not wanting that an awakening was taking place which would open the way to better things.

How dead the Christian Church became in the eighteenth century through neglect of its proper work was best known to those who lived to deplore the irreligion of the times. Without Sunday-schools, without missions, without any of the philanthropic agencies which are now a necessary part of the machinery of the Church, Christian life flagged and degenerated until a deadly rationalism in many places superseded the old evangelical fervour of Puritan times. Bible, missionary, and tract societies were the outcome of the Methodist Revival, besides many smaller agencies, such as the useful Society to which we would now briefly call the reader's attention.

When, in the year 1807, a number of Christian friends resolved that they would co-operate in the duty of making some provision for aged necessitous persons, they were really giving a practical expression to the apostolical injunction, "Remember the poor." In those days people needed to be educated in the art of charity; for, although vast sums were collected in poor-rates to be squandered on the peasantry, true

charity more often than otherwise missed her mark. In the early part of the century the population of England and Wales amounted to a little less than nine millions, and of these nearly one million and a quarter were in receipt of parochial relief; that is to say, the working classes had their industry discouraged, and taxpayers groaned beneath crushing burdens in order that millions sterling might be distributed among those who were not careful to work so long as they could live upon the parish. Thus a system of pauperisation obtained, rather than that true charity which found expression in the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, which has now very fitly to be congratulated on becoming an octogenarian. During eighty long years this Society has dispensed comfort to a large number of pensioners, saving them from want, delivering them from the workhouse, and enabling them to preserve their homes intact. In 1885 a sum of £7,000 was distributed among 1,118 pensioners.

There are homes for a certain proportion of these pensioners at Hornsey Rise, Camberwell, Stamford Hill, and Brighton, the first being a Jubilee memorial, the cost of which was chiefly provided by two munificent friends, Messrs. Box and Pope. The former gave £12,000 in the first instance; and some years later the latter found means for constructing forty additional rooms. There is, therefore, at the present time, accommodation for 122 inmates, who have their rooms partially furnished for them, and have, besides, an allowance for coals. The mere maintenance of so large a building is alone a heavy burden, however, amounting as it does, inclusive of the local rates, to £500 a year. It is felt that a special fund ought to be provided for this purpose.

On one of the late autumn days of last year we visited the large asylum at Hornsey Rise, and happening to go when the wet and discomfort without contrasted with the warmth and comfort within, the institution was, in a sense, seen at an advantage; but on a warm summer day the estate, with its pleasant gardens, would doubtless appear as quite a semi-rural retreat to visitors from the more crowded quarters of London. In the board-room are portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, presented by themselves on the occasion of their visit to the Alexandra Orphanage, which is nearly opposite. Here also will be found a plentiful assortment of ornaments and fancy articles made by the inmates. The chapel is a neat little building, where services are regularly held; but as there is no chaplain, these have to be conducted by various friends who volunteer for the occasion. There is also a library of some thousand volumes, which sadly needs replenishing with something new and attractive. Still, some of the older divines, who are represented on the shelves, and who were reigning favourites one or two



"She took to birds and flowers."

generations ago, are probably still appreciated by the ancients who read them. Living in, or on, the past so far as this world is concerned, as many of them necessarily do, they show only little craving for what is new; with them the old is better.

as herself, has a sewing-machine added to the other furniture of her cosy room. Another, who took to birds and flowers, confessed that she had every comfort, and could not be too thankful. She fully appreciated the rule which allowed the inmates to



"This was the most interesting room we had entered."

To walk through the building, to call on some of the inmates, is the readiest way of seeing for ourselves some of the representative characters who here find a home. Many social grades are represented, but although some have been so much better bred or educated than others, it is striking to see how Christianity brings them, as it were, to one level of respectability. We encounter one who is a reader of Dr. Doudney's books, while her neighbour—formerly an organist at Chatham—has a piano, which occupies a lion's share of the space in her little room. She plays a tune, apologising for the instrument being out of sorts owing to the draught. This old pilgrim was once a teacher of music, and is now a most cheerful neighbour to all lovers of melody. A little further on we find a married couple who have occupied their room for fifteen years, and who were married on the 22nd of June, 1828, or nearly sixty years ago. The veteran Christian still looks on his wife with pride and affection, although, as he ingenuously confesses, "She is four years and ten months older than me." He then tells how he and his partner commenced life together long before the Queen was crowned, and attended for ten years at the Tabernacle in Moorfields under the preacher and journalist, the late Dr. Campbell. They speak of their happy home, and declare that they have no wish to have a better until they go to heaven, and they tell how graciously and generously the Lord has dealt with them in their poverty. One single pilgrim, who wishes that every old woman was as comfortable

gratify their own little fancies, by having their own things. She had quite a companion in her bird, and highly complimented the pretty little creature's singing powers. Going on, we next visit a woman who is eighty-eight years old, and who finds a pastime in knitting, and the apartment seemed to be ornamented with her work in every possible way. In point of ingenuity, however, she and all others were far outstripped by a veteran, an ex-local preacher and West-End pastry-cook, whose room presented quite the appearance of a museum, such was the number of models of his own make which it contained. In one place we saw Windsor Castle and Eton Bridge; the ruins of the Temple of Minerva kept company with the Clock Tower at Newington Butts, and Temple Bar with Canterbury Cathedral. This was the most interesting room we had entered, and no one could leave it without feeling that an innocent hobby is one of the best things for lightening the hours of old age.

Such are examples of the inmates at Hornsey Rise; and in this and the other asylums there are altogether 180 inmates. Then, as already intimated, there are hundreds of others in various parts of the three kingdoms who regularly receive pensions. It is said that "the Society's" help forms a nucleus around which other gifts naturally cluster, and by the regularity and certainty of its payments it gives the pensioners that feeling of independence which it is desirable to maintain as much as possible. Members of poor churches throughout the country, and other

recipients, who through various causes are not in membership with any church, find the pensions peculiarly useful." The "other gifts" referred to in the above quotation are in some instances very extraordinary. Thus, in 1884-5 Mr. J. T. Morton, of Caterham, gave 1,224 large boxes of groceries, each containing an abundant and miscellaneous supply of articles needed by the housewife, to the pensioners and candidates. The same friend also sent nearly 4,000 yards of flannel for the women, and ready-made things for all of the men, and also to such of the women as could not make up the material for themselves. He also gave half a ton of coal, thrice repeated, to all pensioners not receiving fuel from other donors. Such open-handed generosity, besides liberal help in money, is as singular as it is gratifying. What is more especially needed, however, is a larger number of small subscriptions to enable the committee to extend help to the ever-increasing number of applicants for their bounty.

According to the accounts last made up, by far the greater number of pensioners are women; while over 800 were more than seventy, 245 were more than eighty, and 15 were more than ninety years old. Of course, among persons so aged, the rate of mortality is high; more than a hundred will die in the course of a year. Many who are nominated die before assistance can be given.

Speaking of 152 persons who were nominated in one recent year, the committee tell us:—"The average age was seventy years. Thirty-three of the number were men; the majority of the women were widows. The employments were various, needle-women chiefly predominating. The pitiful struggles made by so many with their needles gives this class a powerful claim upon our sympathy, and such cases as these, with failing health and eyesight, and increasing years, are specially dependent on others.

Some of the recipients live with single daughters, striving to keep their little homes together; others, having children too poor to help them, endeavour, by the exercise of extreme self-denial, to give them a little aid." Many of the men nominated had followed such useful occupations as carpenters, shoemakers, and gardeners.

The steady progress made by the Society is encouraging; for at the start, in 1807, there were only three pensioners, receiving in each case five guineas.

Thirty years later the distribution to between two and three hundred recipients had increased to over a thousand pounds. From that time to the present there has been a steady advance. The total number of pensioners assisted since the commencement is now not very far short of 5,000; and the sum given to these has reached a total of nearly £190,000.

The Society had been some time in existence before it possessed any

Home of its own. That at Camberwell, opened in 1835, was the first; and the land for this was given by the late Mr. W. Peacock. In 1871 the first part of the Hornsey Rise Asylum was opened, the land having been paid for by subscriptions, while the building was erected by Mr. J. Box. The Brighton Home, the gift of Colonel Croll, was opened in 1879. The Home at Stamford Hill, which is partially endowed for coals, etc., was the gift of Miss Sarah Ward. Then there is another house, built and endowed at Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, by Sir J. W. Alexander, which will ultimately become the property of the Society for the use of pensioners.

Thus we have given the history of a very useful institution, and one which seems to increase in usefulness in proportion as it grows in years. Should anyone need further information, they will receive what they require by applying at the London Office, 83, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.



"She plays a tune."



AFTER LONG YEARS.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOO DEARLY BOUGHT," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE CHURCHYARD.



THERE was a soft coating of snow everywhere, on the smooth grassy corner of the churchyard not yet tenanted, on the long, low mounds so suggestive in their dim outlines of

“Central peace subsisting at the heart Of endless agitation”;

on the tall, solemn pines,

and on the tiny laurels. All the windows were fairly wreathed, and the ivy on the tower and chancel had caught the feathery flakes, and held them, for it was freezing. The air was full of

that intense silence that makes a winter's night so beautiful and impressive, and a cold, pale, distant moon revealed every object clearly.

It was Christmas Eve: an ideal Christmas; from the old church came the sound of cheerful young voices, and gleams of light flashed through the dark, shining masses of evergreens that hung on the walls and clustered round the pillars, still in disorder. There were bright wreaths on the dusty cushions, sweet flowers scattered over the moth-eaten seats, and on the carved oak screen in front of Sir Richard Darrell's pew hung garlands of ivy and holly. Inside the pew, on a stone effigy of a dead and gone Sir Richard, stood a basket of hot-house flowers and exquisite ferns. On a ladder in front of the old oak pulpit stood Madeline Hope, the Rector's only daughter, weaving with deft fingers a wreath to surround the faded crimson cushion, which her father would not have exchanged for the most exquisite specimen of art embroidery. By her side stood a gentleman handing her sprays of holly chosen with the utmost care, for the pulpit was Madeline's special task; on the other side of the ladder stood, or rather lounged, another gentleman, who looked as if he had no special interest in the proceedings; a third gentleman, tall, muscular, with kindly eyes that contradicted his grave, resolute face, was busy in the chancel; still, he managed to observe the group round the pulpit attentively.

“I'm getting on,” Madeline said, after a long and busy silence. “Is it not lovely, Dick?”

“Not particularly,” the young gentleman replied,

who was leaning against his crusading ancestor. “You might have used those flowers and ferns. Crinkle said I might as well have taken the pots and plants since I cut all the blooms!”

“I'll make your peace with Crinkle, Dick,” Madeline said, descending the ladder, and looking lovingly at her work; “though I am sure he will be proud when he sees how lovely his flowers will look in Miss Leslie's old Chelsea jars; but I could not put them on the pulpit.”

“Why not, Madge?”

“You know father has such a dear old notion about evergreens. He thinks them emblematic of hope and faith eternal; they live through the heat of summer, the snows of winter; they smile and shine on the duller days, and are freshest and greenest when the world looks worst, and are boldest and bravest in adversity, like a heart at peace: so father says; and he loves the shining holly, with its cheerful crimson berries, more than all the camellias and orchids at the Manor.”

“I wanted to send you some orchids, but Crinkle sent the key of the house to uncle; but you will use the Christmas roses and lilies, Madge—I only secured them at great personal risk!”

“I can quite understand that, and they shall be placed where even Crinkle must be proud of them.”

“Are you finished?” the other gentleman said, drawing nearer. “I have a long drive, dear, and I want to see you home first.”

“I can't leave the church just yet, Philip.”

“Madge seldom leaves till ten,” Dick Darrell said carelessly. He didn't like Captain Philip Sandford.

“I can imagine no reason for Miss Hope remaining from home till that hour,” the Captain said stiffly.

Madeline glanced at Dick reproachfully, and then turning to the Captain, said gently, “I cannot go home just yet, Philip. I know father likes ‘to be with himself’ as long as possible on Christmas Eve; we are seldom finished before ten, and I have only to run through the churchyard. We always sit up for the waits, and sing a verse of ‘Christians, awake!’ just as the church clock strikes twelve. Can you not remain and spend the evening with us, Philip?”

“Impossible; we dine at eight; besides, your programme is not very tempting. I wish you had accepted mother's invitation to spend Christmas with us.”

“Oh, Philip! how could I leave dear father? he would miss me so!”

“So would others: Mr. Richard Darrell, for instance.”

“Philip,” Madeline said gently, “what do you mean?”

“Nothing, except that I am due at home, and have a long, cold drive. So good-night; I hope you will enjoy yourself and be very happy without me.”

“One doesn't associate happiness and enjoyment, in your sense of the words, with Christmas Eve, Philip; but I trust we shall feel, as father and I have felt for many years, grateful for the past and hopeful for

the future. It has been a sweet and solemn season for me all my life, and the festivity of Thorpe would only make me sad."

"And your gravity would only make me gloomy, so on the present occasion perhaps we are as well apart. Good-night, Madeline," and, with a very low bow, Captain Sandford left the church, leaving Madeline very much puzzled.

"Philip's out of sorts to-night; what has annoyed him?" Dick Darrell said, joining her.

"I hardly know; perhaps he is disappointed that I did not accept his mother's invitation, and go to Thorpe; but never mind, he will be all right to-morrow."

"Can you spare me half an hour to-night, Madge? I have something to tell you."

"Certainly, Dick; you will come in, as usual?"

"No, I want to see you alone; I want your advice and assistance—yours only," he said, with nervous eagerness.

"One moment, Dick; you know Philip Sandford and I are engaged!"

"Of course—all the parish knows it; but what I have to say concerns myself; if you can't spare a minute to an old friend——"

"Dick, that's not like you. I can see you are in some fresh scrape, and if I can do anything to help you, I will—most gladly."

"I knew it, Madge. Forgive my impatience; but I am in real trouble this time."

"Cannot father help you?"

"No, Madge, it's a woman's voice must plead for me, a woman's tender heart must judge me. Spare me half an hour before you go in; I will not trouble you again, Madge. I leave England in three days."

"Poor Dick! he makes most of his troubles himself, and, I'm afraid, bears them very badly," Madeline mused, as she went on with her work; "and yet he looked strangely grave, and his voice was different to-night. I hope the dear boy has not got into a serious scrape!"

Mr. Gordon, the curate, who was busy in the chancel, watched the changes of Madeline's beautiful, earnest face with mingled feelings of anger and anxiety. He had known her for many years, been intimately associated with her in parish work, studied her character closely, and came to the conclusion that she was the most sweet, gracious, steadfast, unselfish woman that ever lived; she was his ideal of "a perfect woman, nobly planned," and yet he did not feel quite satisfied with her conduct that evening. It struck him as if she were playing off graceless Dick Darrell, the heir of Sir Richard, the greatest man of the county, against Captain Philip Sandford, of Thorpe, who was little more than a soldier of fortune, since his estate was heavily encumbered, and his mother, Lady Sandford, had a life interest in it.

The relations between Madeline Hope and young Darrell were somewhat peculiar. Twelve years before, a pale, delicate-looking boy of eleven arrived at the Rectory one evening, with a request from Sir Richard Darrell, of the Old Manor, that Mr. Hope would take charge of the lad (who had just arrived

from India, having lost both his parents there), bring him up, and educate him as Sir Richard's nephew and heir. The Rector did not care to undertake the task, but there seemed no alternative except sending him to a public school, for his uncle, shut up in the Old Manor, amid old servants, would not even see him, and Madgie, the Rector's only child, pleaded hard to have the pretty, sad boy for a playfellow. Mr. Hope, who could refuse his motherless little daughter nothing, reluctantly consented. So little Dick Darrell became an inmate of Kenyon Rectory, and pupil of the gentle, learned, unworldly Mr. Hope. For several years the Rector tried in vain to induce Sir Richard to see his nephew, but the old gentleman sternly refused.

"He will have the Manor some day: that I cannot help; but it shall never be his home while I live," he used to say; but when Dick was about fifteen, he consented that the boy might pay him an occasional visit. At first Dick refused to go unless Madgie accompanied him, for he was somewhat afraid of the terrible uncle he had only seen once. Madge was afraid, too, but she was curious, and agreed to go with him just once. So the two children, outwardly brave and inwardly trembling, started to see the terrible guardian. He was not such an "ogre," after all—only a thin, delicate-looking old man, with a high, sharp voice, and restless dark eyes. He glanced at Dick sternly at first, then a little more kindly, and sighed as if he experienced a certain sensation of relief.

"You're a Darrell; you resemble the first Sir Richard in features; you have all his self-will, thoughtlessness, and obstinacy too, I suppose. Go and tell Crinkle to give you some peaches—all boys like peaches."

"I don't," Dick said boldly. "I like grapes, and so does Madgie."

The old gentleman frowned, and looked so fierce that Madgie trembled; contradiction in any form was unknown to Sir Richard; then he glanced at the shy little girl standing behind Dick, and a sort of spasm passed over his face.

"Come here, my dear, and tell me your name," he said gently.

"Madeline, Sir Richard."

"Ah! I thought so. Faces, like history, repeat themselves," he murmured, stroking her long golden curls. "Madeline is a very pretty name, and you are very like your mother; be a good girl, and take care of Dick—Crinkle!"

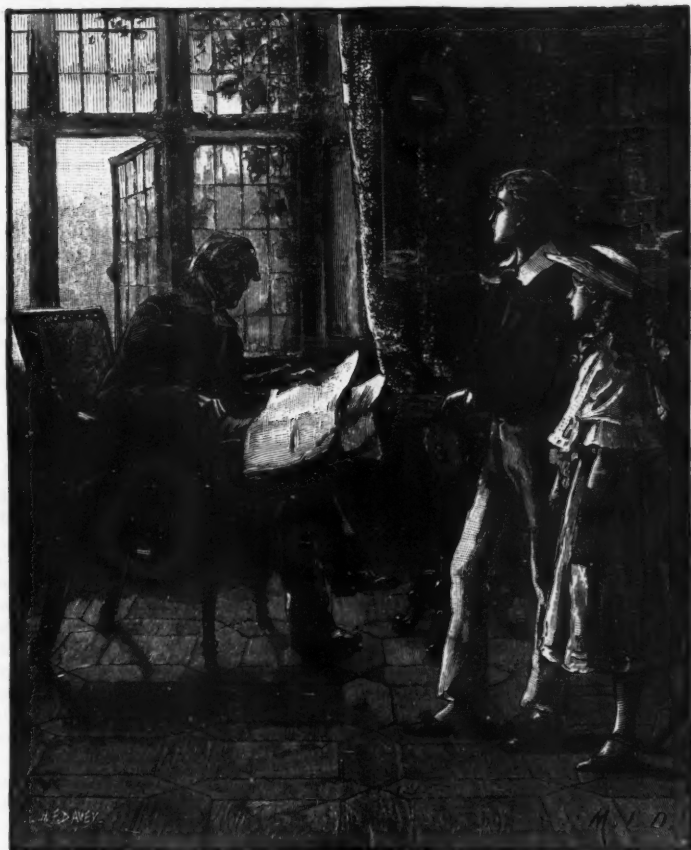
"Yes, Sir Richard," the old gardener answered through the open window. He was ostensibly sweeping up the dead leaves, but in reality trying to hear something of the conversation between Sir Richard and his nephew.

"Cut some grapes—black Hamburgs—for these children, and a basket of flowers, the best you have—no, no, not the orchids, but anything else—and send them to the Rectory at once; and tell Mr. Hope to send his little girl to see me again, and give the boy a sound thrashing; all boys deserve to be thrashed."

"I don't," Dick said sturdily.

Sir Richard frowned terribly, and Crinkle, dreading a storm, hurried the children into the conservatory.

As Madeline grew older, she became quite a favourite



"He glanced at Dick sternly at first."—p. 300.

with crusty old Sir Richard, who seldom saw his nephew, and then only to find fault with him. When Dick went to college and got into scrapes, it was Madeline who pleaded his cause; it was to her he confessed all his misdemeanours, and till within a few weeks the Rectory had been his only home; but, greatly to Dick's astonishment, his uncle had asked him to spend that Christmas at the Manor, and kept him almost constantly with him: studying his character, the old gentleman said; trying his temper, everyone else thought.

It was therefore quite natural that Dick should seek an interview with Madeline, equally natural that she should grant it; and when the decorations were finished she joined him in the churchyard. For half an hour they paced up and down the broad moonlit path, talking earnestly; then they paused at the gate leading into the Rectory garden, and Dick, taking both Madeline's hands, bent down and kissed her forehead tenderly, whispered one word in her ear, and then hurried away through the fields. Madeline entered the house

slowly, with a very white, troubled face, and for the first time for many years she did not join in the music of the waits.

CHAPTER II.—DOUBTED.

"ARE you quite resolved to give me no explanation of last night's adventures, Madeline?"

"There is no explanation possible, Philip, while you speak to me in that tone and look at me in that way. Indeed, there is no explanation possible at all, nor, so far as I can see, necessary, unless you have any to offer. I should like to hear some good excuse for your spying. Yes, dear Philip, it's a very unpleasant word, and I do not wonder you wince; still, you did play the spy last night. How came you to be lurking in the churchyard when I thought you were at home?"

It was Christmas Day, and Madeline and Captain Sandford were standing by the drawing-room fire; the Rector had retired to his study for an hour's rest; Madeline had settled herself for an hour, too, but not to rest: she had a very difficult problem to solve with

regard to poor Dick Darrell's affairs, and a very painful duty to perform. She was aroused from her reverie by the entrance of Captain Sandford, and in a moment her whole face changed.

"Philip dear, this is an unexpected pleasure! I did not dare hope to see you to-day; I thought you could not leave home."

"I have no doubt the wish was father to the thought," he said gloomily, without noticing her outstretched hand. "I have come because I could not rest without some explanation of your conduct last night. I witnessed your interview with Richard Darrell in the churchyard, and I want to know the meaning of it."

"It was nothing, Philip dear; Dick was in a worse scrape than usual, and he wanted to tell me," Madeline said earnestly. "Surely there was no harm in that!"

"No harm in my promised wife walking with Mr. Richard Darrell after ten o'clock at night—no harm in holding her hands and kissing her!" Captain Sandford cried, working himself into a fearful passion. "You have strangely unsophisticated notions, Miss Hope. I must have some further and better explanation of that very interesting and impressive interview."

"I can give you no other explanation, Philip," Madeline replied, with quiet dignity. "I told my father all that I can tell you: namely, that Dick is in serious trouble, and wants my help. My father bade me do what I could for him, and asked no further questions. Surely if my father trusts me you can, Philip!"

"Why should I, since you have no confidence in me? I cannot conceive any happiness without mutual trust."

"Nor I," Madeline replied sadly. "I am sorry I cannot explain fully all Dick said to me last night; but it is a secret, and I have given my promise not to mention the matter to anyone except his uncle, and not even to him for a certain time. The matter does not in any way concern us: that is all I can say."

"Then you have said either a great deal too little or too much," Captain Sandford said gloomily. "I confess I am not satisfied, nor am I greatly surprised. I must have been mad to think I had any chance against Mr. Richard Darrell. Everyone but myself saw clearly enough which way his attentions pointed!"

"Philip!"

"It only remains for me to wish you joy of your conquest, and say adieu. It will probably be farewell for ever, as my regiment is under immediate orders for India. There is warm work before us, and I at least have little reason to dread the front. Good-bye, Miss Hope. I cannot wish you happiness just yet, but I wish you no ill; some day I may be able to say I forgive you!"

"Philip, I do not understand! You surely cannot be leaving me in anger, and perhaps for ever! What does it all mean? You are trying to tease me."

"No, darling, but you are teasing me, perhaps," he said hastily. "Tell me it's only a joke, Madeline; say you will explain everything."

"There is nothing to explain," she replied, in pained bewilderment. "I have told you all there is to tell. Dick's secret——"

"And yours! Pardon me if I have seemed impatiently curious, but I thought our relations entitled me to some small share of your confidence. I was mistaken. Farewell once more;" and before Madeline fully realised the meaning of his words, he was gone, with jealous rage and anger in his heart, stifling and crushing out all his nobler and better feelings. It was well that he did not encounter Dick Darrell just then, for he was incapable of listening to reason. Early the next day he left Kenyon to join his regiment, firmly resolved to forget even the very name of Madeline Hope and his brief dream of happiness, and mistrust the very name of woman during the rest of his life.

Madeline made no murmur; if she suffered, it was in secret, bravely and cheerfully. She took up the unexpected burden laid on her shoulders, she faithfully kept the promise she made to Dick, and performed the service she undertook none the less loyally that it cost her so much.

CHAPTER III.—RIGHTED.

TWENTY years is a long time to look forward to, but sadly short to look back upon. To Madeline Hope, standing in the old church at Kenyon, it seemed but a very little while since she stood one Christmas Eve with Dick Darrell and Captain Sandford. There was another Dick Darrell standing almost in the same spot and attitude: a frank, handsome, boyish face, with the other Dick's sunny smile and without his troubled brow. The Vicar was there too, a grave, portly man, with keen eyes and a firm mouth. Twenty years ago he had been the curate, and desperately in love with Madeline Hope; now his two boys are her most devoted admirers. They were looking at the pulpit which Madeline had just finished decorating, and Mrs. Gordon and the boys were trying to persuade her to go back to the Vicarage with them.

"Break through your rule just this once, dear," Mrs. Gordon said kindly. "I know you prefer being alone on Christmas Eve, but every rule has its exception. You know my cousin from India is coming——"

"Jane, my love, don't worry Madeline," the Vicar interposed hastily; "she will have other opportunities of meeting the General."

"You look tired, auntie," young Dick Darrell said, earnestly. "The church is too hot, or cold, or something."

It was not either heat or cold that turned Madeline's cheeks so deadly white, and sent such a pain through her heart. A moment, a meeting she had long dreaded, was at hand. Philip Sandford was coming home. She knew the Vicar's wife was his cousin, that in all probability he would return to the Hall some day, and had often wondered how they would meet after so many years. Since that Christmas Day when they had parted in anger, twenty years before, Madeline had never seen or heard from her old lover, but she had not been quite ignorant of his glorious career in India; and now he was coming home. If he had come footsore, weary, begging his bread from door to door, she would have

welcomed him gladly ; but famous, covered with glory—would he even remember her? And he would come to her old home, and stand, perhaps, on the very spot where they parted. Madeline felt she could not meet him there.

The world had not gone very smoothly with her since that memorable day. Before the next June roses bloomed her beloved father had passed suddenly away, "ceased upon the midnight, with no pain," and she had to leave the dear old home. She was not left unprovided for, but an addition to her income was most desirable. So she took morning pupils, and after a time became daily governess to Mr. Gordon's ever-increasing family. Dick Darrell's secret proved a heavy one. He had contracted a clandestine and wholly unsuitable marriage, and it was to entreat Madeline's friendship and intercession for his little son that he sought the interview which caused so much sorrow and misunderstanding; for his heartless wife had deserted both him and her baby. Dick, hopeless and heart-broken, left the country, and Madeline never heard from him. For the baby she pleaded with Sir Richard in vain; he would not acknowledge the marriage or receive the child. Everything in the world he could he alienated from his heir and bequeathed to the County Infirmary, and he died without forgiving Dick or even seeing his little son. The child was absolutely unprovided for; all efforts to trace his father proved unavailing; so he was left on Madeline's hands to bring up and educate as well as she could. He knew no home, no love, no relative but Auntie Hope, and all the love of a warm, generous heart he lavished on her, and was already beginning to make her more substantial returns, having secured a situation in a wholesale warehouse in Manchester.

Meantime, the pleasant chatter in the church went on; everyone was busy and happy, and Madeline, whose particular task was finished, stole out into the quiet churchyard, and almost mechanically paced up

and down the narrow path leading to the Rectory, thinking of poor Dick Darrell.

"Will he ever return to see his son?" she mused aloud, "or has he passed to where 'beyond those voices there is peace'? Poor Dick! does he know, I wonder, what a wreck he made of my life?"

"No; it was I wrecked your life, and my own too, Madeline—I, by my insane jealousy, my pride, and my passion, ruined our happiness. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Philip, Philip! at last!"

"At last I know the truth, and I have only come to England to ask your forgiveness. Three months ago I met Dick Darrell, and he told me all. Can you pardon me? is it too late to make amends?"

What Madeline said she never could remember, nor how long it took her to say it, but her reply seemed to satisfy General Sandford, and it was only the clashing of the bells that reminded them how long they had loitered in the quiet churchyard.

A few weeks after, there was a very quiet wedding in Kenyon Church, and General Sandford and his wife settled down in the old Hall, having for their permanent guest a prematurely aged and feeble man, subject to long fits of mental aberration. He is the wreck of Richard Darrell. He had spent fifteen years in a Tartar prison, and his health and reason gave way under the tortures he suffered. The only thing that ever interests and pleases him is the presence of his son, whose devotion is touching to see. The old Manor is let, and the income, wisely invested, promises in a few years to make a competence for young Dick, but unless he can add to his fortune by business it will be long before he can reside there in a manner befitting his position.

Madeline and Philip are very happy in the quiet autumn of their lives; the shadows have passed away like the winter snows, and their mutual love has not lessened by waiting so many long years.

SYMPATHY.

(JOHN xi. 35.)



SYMPATHY divine,
Which called forth loving tears,
Which made our sorrows Thine,
And banished all our fears!

We mourned our loved one gone,
Clasped in the arms of Death;
But, Lord, Thy word alone
Recalled his vital breath.

It was Thy potent voice
Which made our brother rise,
And caused us to rejoice,
To see him with our eyes.

What though with napkin bound,
And mould'ring in the grave?

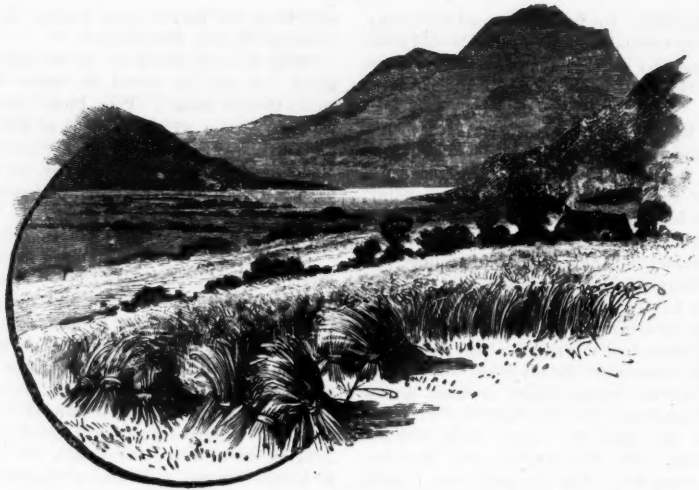
What though a stone was found,
And laid upon the cave?

Nor bars nor bolts withstand
Thine own Almighty word—
At once, at Thy command,
"Come forth," the dead man heard.

And rising 'midst the throng
Of mourners, thus he proved
How Jesus all along
Their brother much had loved.

Dear Jesus! give us grace,
'Midst all the ills we see,
Thy loving steps to trace,
And show like sympathy.

REV. JAMES HARRIS, M.A.



"The smallest stream that murmured past seemed conscious of the grandeur around."

GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS.

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains."—PSALM xxxvi. 6.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



A FEW months ago I was in the heart of one of the grandest mountain regions in Scotland. The scene around me was truly magnificent. Great peaks towered up to the clouds, their summits scarred and weather-beaten, their sides seamed with torrents. The shadows of the stooping clouds lay upon their broad shoulders like dark pine-woods; and here and there some sunlit spot glowed with brighter greenness, like the gleam in the inside of an emerald when held up to the light. The highest peak of all was shrouded with mist, which, like the veil of the Temple, formed for it an inner and more awful sanctuary. There was a hush in the air, as if some great presence was expected. The smallest stream that murmured past seemed conscious of the grandeur around. It was a scene in which the world-sick soul might recover its spiritual tone and feel the greatness of its destiny.

While wandering in the midst of it, and looking up reverently at the great peaks that bounded the horizon, the words of the Psalmist, "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains," came home with new force and meaning to my heart. I thought of that Great Power Who is nearest to us when man is farthest off, and

Whose infinitude is best symbolised by the grandeur of the mountains. I thought of the mountain-worship of the ancient inhabitants of this country; of the cairns which they erected on the summits of the highest hills, as the altars where they felt themselves in thought and feeling, as in actual position, nearest heaven, and realised how natural it was. Mountains, so far from the world, so high above it, have been associated with all that separates man from the beasts that perish, and enables him to realise his immortality. The dying Jacob, in blessing his sons, and the dying Moses, in blessing the tribes of Israel, spoke of the precious things of the everlasting hills. The exiles on the Babylonian plains looked with longing to the far-off hills of their native land, which spoke to them so powerfully of the wonderful deliverances vouchsafed by God in former times to their fathers. As the mountains were round about Jerusalem, so the salvation of God was the defence of His people. The hills of the Holy Land were the great altar-steps that led up to the immediate presence of God. They smoked with His terror; they were transfigured with His glory. From the Mount of Beatitudes came the great discourse which links religion and morality in the most perfect harmony; and on Mount Calvary was transacted the greatest event in the universe—was planted the Cross of infinite love and self-sacrifice, which draws all men to God and to one another in Him. Well, then, might the righteousness of God be compared to the great mountains, among which it was first revealed and the grandest manifestations of it given!

THE ELEMENT OF GRANDEUR.

1. The first point of comparison is grandeur. In one sense, indeed, we cannot compare the righteousness of God with the greatness of mountains, for they belong to altogether different spheres. The one is a moral quality, and the other is a physical object. The one is uncreated and self-derived, the other is a dependent creation. The smallest thing that has life and self-consciousness, the humblest creature that knows right from wrong, is transcendently more valuable and important than the grandest mass of dead matter. But though in this sense we cannot find any comparison between the creature and the Creator, there is another sense in which we see an interesting relation between them. We can say that what the mountains are in the physical sphere, the righteousness of God is in the moral. It is a question of analogy. It is a comparison, not of things, but of terms. We say that as the great mountains affect the eye and mind, so the righteousness of God affects the soul. They produce upon our minds an impression which is somewhat akin. A well-known German philosopher said that the two things which impressed him most deeply were the starry heavens and the moral law. No one can stand beneath the clear midnight sky in winter, studded with brilliant stars, without being profoundly stirred. No one who has a sensitive conscience and a keen moral perception can think of the majesty of the Divine Law without being awed. And the Psalmist in the nineteenth Psalm places the two revelations of God, in nature and in the Law, side by side in the most suggestive and impressive manner. The mountains—which are the grandest objects of nature, which mingle with the clouds and claim kindred with the skies, which announce the rosy dawn long ere the darkness has left the valleys, and wear upon their brow as a diadem the star of evening—appeal to us in the same way as the Law of God, which draws the soul of man with silent but irresistible power from the visible to the invisible, from itself to the whole universe which it affects. It is not, however, the lesser hills which men have often climbed, and from whose tops they have looked down upon the earth, that are alluded to in the comparison; but the great mountains, the virgin peaks of the world which have never been trodden by human foot, which enthrone sublimity on wondering fear; and the farther we recede from them, the more astonishing they appear. Like these great mountains is the righteousness of God, which rises high above all man's puny efforts after a righteousness of his own. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts, and His ways than our ways. Our goodness reacheth not unto Him. Our righteousness is mingled with low, selfish, unworthy feelings and motives. The best of it is on a level with the frailty of our frame and the weakness of our moral nature. The most righteous man is full of imperfections. He

is partial, unequal, variable. The ten commandments were written upon tables of stone, hewn out of the rocks of Sinai; but these ten commandments, although they are the transcripts of God's nature, are no more to that nature in its entirety than the tables of stone are to the whole bulk of Sinai. They are limitations and adjustments adapted to our small capacity and limited powers. And even these commandments we cannot keep. We are continually breaking them in thought, word, and deed. We have seen an end of all perfection; we see how fugitive, how faulty, how unworthy of reliance is man's most perfect virtue. But God's commandment is exceedingly broad. His perfection flows around our imperfection, round our restlessness His rest. His righteousness, like the great mountains, creates a solitude around it; it is unique, unequalled. It is stainless as the untrodden snow on the highest peaks. It is solid as the substance of the rock. It is glorious as the sunset glow which incarnadines the mountain-top with celestial fire. As the highest mountains cannot be measured by the eye from their own base, appearing dwarfed and foreshortened, and require to be ascended in order that a true idea may be formed of their size, so the righteousness of God cannot be estimated aright by sinful man. It seems the more wonderful the nearer we seek to come to it in our character and conduct. The higher we climb, the farther off does it seem, and the saints that have stood on the highest pinnacle of grace have realised most truly how unapproachable it was, how its sky-line soared aloft into the inaccessible empyrean, and have felt themselves, in comparison with it, to be the chief of sinners. The righteousness of God is not like the lower hills of our northern land, whose inferior size needs the concealing and exaggerating effects of mist and cloud, the enhancement of mystery; but like the mountains of a southern clime, whose grandeur is so inherent that it can be unveiled to the purest and most unclouded sky: and the more we gaze, the more perfectly satisfied does the eye become.

THE ELEMENT OF STABILITY.

The next point of comparison between the righteousness of God and the great mountains is stability. Mountains are the most enduring of all earthly objects. They stood there, with the stars, when time began. They are the pillars of the earth, that continue firm and unchanged while all else is slowly but surely passing away. Year after year, age after age, they remain unmoved, while the fleeting generations of men, like broken billows of the sea, spend themselves at their feet. Whole dynasties have passed, and feeble scars are all that time has engraved upon their brows. Amid the wreck of centuries and races fled, they stand mute monuments of all, sublime, alone. But the righteousness of God is more stable than the everlasting mountains. It is the Divine principle which maintains the mountains in existence; which weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance;

which determines their exact shape and position, and size and material, in accordance with the most perfect balancing of nature, and the most efficient carrying on of her operations. The mountains are what they are, and stand where they stand, according to the strictest laws of equity. And shall not the Divine righteousness, which is the cause of all this wonderful order and harmony, prove more stable than the objects themselves in which it is seen illustrated? The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but His kindness will not depart from us, nor the covenant of His peace be removed.

The righteousness of God, I have said, is compared not to little hills, over which the waves of time and change that submerge the plains might be supposed in some degree to pass, but to the great mountains, to the highest of all, which might seem to be raised far above all the perturbations of earth. And yet, strange to say, the highest mountains of the earth are the youngest. The Alps, Andes, and Himalayas are far more modern than our own Grampian Hills, and witness to the most extraordinary changes that have within comparatively recent times affected large parts of the earth's surface. Not only are the torrent, the avalanche, and the storm waging fierce, incessant war against the mountains and wearing them down; but the viewless air, the sunbeam, the rain, and the snow are disintegrating

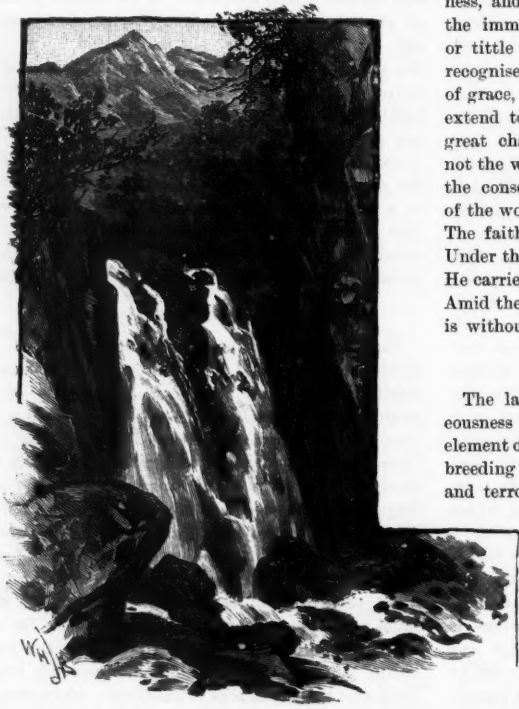
their rocks perpetually. And thus the mountains, as the poet says, "change their shapes and flow from form to form."

"Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

It is but a question of a little longer time with them, for they are only more permanent forms of vapour. But the righteousness that moulds and upholds the mountains is from everlasting to everlasting. It is an essential principle in God's nature; it is the fundamental truth of religion. He upon Whom creation hangs, and in Whom all His creatures trust, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Destitute of this unchangeable righteousness, He would cease to be God. No dependence could be placed upon the laws of nature were a capricious being regulating them; and human life would be a fitful, feverish dream, harassed continually by the mysteries of accident and chance. But invested with this glorious attribute, inwoven, as it were, into His very nature, and constituting the imperishable aspect in which all His other attributes are displayed—what a sublime object of contemplation does He present to the devout soul! We recognise the stability of God's righteousness in the persistency of the great world-covenant, that seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall never cease. We recognise it in the certainty with which sin is punished and virtue rewarded, holiness is happiness, and wickedness is misery. We recognise it in the immutability of His sacred Word, not one jot or tittle of which shall fail of being fulfilled. We recognise it in the wonderful tenacity of His purpose of grace, which dates from the past eternity, and shall extend to the future. During all the ages and the great changes which they involved, He abandoned not the work of His hands. Through man's Fall, and the consequent overthrow of the moral government of the world, He remained true to His original design. The faithful Creator became the merciful Redeemer. Under the new conditions which man's sin produced, He carried out His own righteous and loving plans. Amid the varying dispensations of His providence He is without variableness or shadow of turning.

THE ELEMENT OF GOODNESS.

The last point of resemblance between the righteousness of God and the great mountains is in the element of goodness. Formerly the rough, wild, storm-breeding mountains were associated only with gloom and terror. Their bare rocks, and snowy peaks, and dark forests repelled all human sympathies, and seemed to belong to an alien, accursed land. This feeling among intelligent people is now, however, completely changed. Our age is more poetical, and in more senses than one it is more spiritual. The spiritual elements in mountain scenery—of which the rocks, and the forests, and the snow-fields are the material robes—are more



"The torrent . . . waging incessant war against the mountains."

clearly apprehended and more powerfully felt. We now recognise that the places which our forefathers regarded as howling, unprofitable wastes are in reality the sources of fertility and health. Mountains are more precious than cornfields and meadows. Without them no meadows or cornfields could exist. Without mountains no human being could live upon the earth. Without mountains there would be no dry land; and one shoreless ocean would tumble round the globe. By elevating some portions of land above the rest, and so forming mountains, God conserved all the land. These elevated portions attract the clouds, which form the sources of streams and rivers that water the plains and create life and fertility wherever they flow. The very materials of the soil are ground and washed down from the mountains by these streams, which sow the dust of continents to be. It is worthy of notice that the great mountains of Scotland are in the west, and rise abruptly from the sea; while the great level plains are in the east. Most of the great rivers of Scotland flow into the eastern ocean, and they have created the plains through which they flow by the soil which they have brought down from the mountains. So is it in South America. So is it everywhere. Mountains are also the cause of the varied climates of the world. They regulate the direction of the winds, and the rainfall, and the distribution of life; while the parched earth revives in their cool shadows, and is refreshed by their showers and breezes.

Mountains, we thus see, are the most useful and indispensable objects in nature. Their existence is a perpetual monument of God's wise goodness; their ministry is a proof of His constant beneficence. It is true, indeed, that they occasionally generate storms and tempests and floods, which work havoc among the fields and possessions of man; but these exceptional and temporary outbursts of wrath are meant to issue in larger and more permanent good—to remove evils which would be infinitely worse than any disastrous effects which they may happen to produce. The very wrath of the mountains praises God, and subserves His wise and gracious purposes towards His creation. And in this respect of goodness are not the great mountains a striking symbol of the righteousness of God? Many, indeed, regard the righteousness of God with dread. They associate it exclusively with the terrors of Sinai; they recall the awful effects of it in the destruction of the world by the Flood, and in the overthrow of Sodom by fire, and in the frequent terrible punishment of the Israelites on account of their backslidings and idolatries. They never think of the righteousness of God without thinking of the doom inflicted upon our first parents on account of their sin, and of all the inherited evils and dark miseries which have flowed from that sin and borne its appropriate fruit. Righteousness seems to them only a stern attribute—a severe, rigid, inflexible element of God's nature, with which no idea of gentleness or tenderness can be connected. Instead

of being the manifestation of His love, they place it in contrast with His love. They view it, not as the display, but as the opposition, of mercy. They set up an antagonism between the Father and the Son in the work of man's redemption. They conceive of the Father as full of pitiless wrath and vengeance only, and of the Son as full only of loving-kindness and tender mercy. They think of the atoning death of Christ as a salvation out of God's inflexible hands. They believe that His righteousness would be equally satisfied by the salvation or by the destruction of a sinner.

These conceptions of God's righteousness are as erroneous in their own sphere as are the conceptions in another sphere of those who regard the mountains with terror as evil and accursed places. It is true that the righteousness of God cannot tolerate sin; that it punishes, and must punish, the unrighteousness of man; and those whose awakened consciences convict them of personal sin cannot but regard the righteousness of God with fear and dread. It is true that as the mountains are associated with dangers and casualties, with storms and floods, so the righteousness of God, coming into conflict with a sinful world, must inflict upon it the due consequences of sin. It is true that there are dark problems in the universe of Him, all whose ways are just and true; but we shall never shed light upon them by casting a shadow upon God's goodness. The very constancy with which He adheres to His own lofty and loving purposes is often the reason why He is misunderstood by men—why so many of His ways seem dark to our ignorance and stern to our selfishness. But the more enlightened we become, the more His grace works in us—the more do we recognise that His righteousness is like the great mountains; not only in their occasional destructive forces, but also in their continuous ministries of beneficence. And as a more profound and enlarged conception of these exceptional destructive forces of the mountains will show them to be productive of greater ultimate good in the scheme of nature, so a deeper study of God's righteousness will discern, even in its most awful outbreaks, purposes of mercy, and acknowledge that judgments are rich blessings in disguise. We see enough of the grand method of mercy in the whole history of man to justify the confident belief that even the darkest dealings of Divine justice are broken portions of a great plan of salvation which we cannot grasp in its completeness. We can see God's righteousness most clearly in the punishment of sin. It is the black background against which it shines most brightly. Righteousness is only a manifestation of love, and love must bear the sword. The good of God's universe requires that evil should be destroyed. It is the highest righteousness that least tolerates sin—that works by every possible method, gracious or severe, to eliminate it out of the universe. In the Cross of Christ we behold the highest exemplification of righteousness—a righteousness which demands that even the blood of

the Son of God should be shed, if He appears as the surety and substitute of sinful man. We behold there the goodness and severity of God—severity towards sin, and goodness towards the sinner; mercy and truth meeting together, righteousness and peace embracing each other.

I never see a lofty mountain enveloped with dark mist without a feeling of profound awe. That mist seems a veil behind which, in the inmost sanctuary of nature, God is doing His wonderful work of mediation in nature. Behind that veil the clouds are forming the sources of rivers and streams, and the rocks are crumbling into soil that will enrich and fertilise the plains. Behind that veil the mountains are sustaining the violence of the storm, that other regions may be calm; are dreary and desolate and forsaken, that other regions may be bright and beautiful, and blessed with the most varied and joyful life. They are elevated above the rest of the earth, and endowed with exceptional grandeur, not for their own sakes only, but that they may diffuse the blessings of heaven over the parched places of the earth that need them, sacrificing themselves in so doing. And in all this I am reminded of the awful darkness around Calvary, that hill "of God" above all others. I think of the Incarnate Righteousness that sacrificed Himself there for a lost and perishing world. The Son of God within that veil, in the inmost and holiest sanctuary of the universe, is suffering and dying, in order that the lost innocence of man may be regained, and the lost beauty of the world restored; and I feel indeed that the righteousness of God is like the great mountains, not only in grandeur of nature, and stability of endurance and goodness of operation, but also in that quality which is the most transcendent of all—self-sacrifice: losing, that we might gain; becoming poor,

that we might become rich; becoming sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him. On Calvary we can no longer abstract the righteousness of God from the Living Person Who is the Saviour of the sinner, Who loves him with such infinite tenderness that He laid down His life for him, and Who is spending all His efforts to draw him to Himself. And there, while we feel that we cannot atone for the least transgression of God's Law, we

know that Divine justice is satisfied with the sacrifice of infinite love.

In this vale of tears, where everything is changing and passing away, our friends, our possessions, our joys, our memories, our very feelings; where all around us are autumn's fading leaves, and the churchyard's increasing mounds, and the fireside's lessening circle; where we cannot even hold our faith at all times securely, how blessed to lift up our eyes to the everlasting hills from whence cometh our help, to God's unchanging faithfulness and unfailing mercy! Under deep conviction of sin, feeling that our own righteousness is crumbling like a bank of sand

beneath our feet, and dreading the just wrath of God, how precious to feel that His righteousness is as the great mountains, and that we are encouraged to take our stand, not at the foot of Sinai, the mount of the Law, but at the foot of the Cross on Calvary, where God's righteousness, justice, holiness, long as much for the restoration of the sinner to righteousness as His mercy and love; where God is not merely merciful or pitiful, but *faithful* and *just* to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness! There the righteousness of Christ will lift us to its own height, as Longfellow says of the mountains—

"But breathe the air of mountains,
And their unapproachable summits
Shall lift thee to the level of themselves."



"These elevated portions attract the clouds."—p. 307.

SOUND-MINDED RELIGION.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. HUGH SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



LIKE most other friends, I expect you will say I am in a muddle," remarked Dr. Sinclair Paterson, as we entered his "den," as he called his library; "but I know where every book is; *i.e.*," he added, with a twinkle in his kindly eye, "if no one has been arranging them."

Certainly the appearance of the room might not commend itself to a professed lover of punctilious order and neatness; but might be dear, nevertheless, to the student and the bookman. Books were everywhere. Shelf upon shelf, almost up to the very edge of the cornice-moulding, were crammed with them, heaps were upon the floor, piles upon the table, and overflowing from the room through the folding doors (which in this instance were curtains) into the apartment beyond, where again the same thing seemed repeated.

"When I came here," said Dr. Paterson, a little later on, complacently regarding his books, "When I came here, the man said I had nine tons of them; and I expect I have added three or four tons since!" A glance around shows that their owner is, as he himself said, omnivorous, for almost all departments of literature are represented. For instance, one of Casell's adventure books—"Captain Trafalgar"—represents near erudite works on theology, and a volume of American poetry is not far from books on law and history.

There is method, too, in the arrangement of what might appear to the careless observer to be this chaos of volumes. Thus over the fireplace the books of general literature are ranged. Then scientific works have their place; law and history are grouped next; books dealing with the Bible, metaphysical and philosophical works; and sermons, comprising volumes of discourses by great preachers of every denomination—all these are in Dr. Paterson's library, and have their place, while on the floor are some to which he points as yet "unclassified."

And in the centre of the most book-crowded of the two rooms, just near a green-shaded gas-lamp, a small table with a reading-desk affixed on the one hand, and a larger table, of course book-covered, on the other, Dr. Paterson sits in his arm-chair, and studies and reads sometimes the livelong day. There you may see Dr. Paterson at home; there you may behold him, a hard-working student among his books.

The small brass plate on the back of the arm-chair reveals that it is a presentation. It was given him by the Belgrave Presbyterian Church, after giving up the pastorate. And thereby hangs a tale.

"My predecessor is also my successor," says our host, "and people find that statement hard to under-

stand until they know all the facts. The truth is, I preceded Dr. Adolph Saphir in the pastorate of Belgrave Church, and succeeded him in the pastorate of my present charge, Trinity Presbyterian Church, Notting Hill.

"I often tell people that many of the difficulties of the Bible are like this statement—they are difficult to understand only because all the facts are not known. When they are known, the difficulty at once is solved."

Many people, we fancy, will agree with Dr. Paterson in this remark, even if they forget to apply the principle themselves at times. For it is frequently the case that problems of all kinds are really caused by simple ignorance of the facts; and, these being known, all difficulty vanishes.

And now concerning Dr. Paterson's church. "It was," said he, in answer to queries, "originally a proprietary chapel under the Church of England; but it took fire, and the proprietor, who was also the minister, sold it to the English Presbyterians. They purchased it for Dr. Adolph Saphir, who came there from Greenwich. But his health broke down, and he was obliged to give up. I was minister of the Belgrave Church, and after a time, when Moderator of the Belgrave Session, suggested that Dr. Saphir should preach at that church for three months. The end of it was that he became my successor at Belgrave Chapel." And so comes about the apparent paradox that his predecessor is his successor.

"I have been over seven years at Trinity. We call many of our churches 'Trinity' to distinguish them from the Unitarians. They call themselves Presbyterians sometimes because some of the old Presbyterians of the Puritan times became Unitarians. But I sometimes twit my Congregational friends that these Presbyterians were Independents before Unitarians; otherwise, the Presbytery would have prohibited their preaching.

"My congregation consists largely of persons engaged in Christian work outside my church. In the morning, when many of them are there, I give expository sermons, following a connected course, and I always speak to the children for about ten minutes, having usually a story or an illustration; I think the older people like this as much as the children; in the evening I deliver lectures on a given subject—usually a series—when more strangers are attracted.

"Just now I am dealing with the Bible and Modern Thought. I have taken a position that the Bible is true, is inspired, and we have not to defend it, but to attack the enemy. That is the true principle in warfare and in argument. The best defence is an attack, said some celebrated general." And that is the principle on which Dr. Paterson acts.

"But you would not say that all science is antagonistic to the Bible?"

"No true science is antagonistic to the Bible," was the decided reply. "But I believe anthropological hypotheses, and evolutionary and Darwinian theories, are not science. We have in Scotland a legal verdict 'not proven,' and that is my verdict on evolution—it is not proved. But if it were, I am not afraid of it. I have studied science a good deal, and try to keep abreast of the scientific thought of the day. I am not in the least jealous of science. No one truth can contradict another truth. So let the theologian investigate, and the scientist also, and if they both arrive at truth, they will find it stands on the same basis. Our minds may not see the connection between them, but a larger mind may."

That is the position occupied by Dr. Paterson, and it may help some persons who, not having the time or not caring to investigate such matters for themselves, may perhaps feel now and again disquieted by new scientific theories or some of the suggestions of modern thought.

Theologically, Dr. Paterson is a strict Calvinist—"as strict a Calvinist as you please to make me," said he: "I follow the Puritanism of the seventeenth century." Sound-mindedness is his idea of what religion should induce; and he contends that sound-mindedness is not tame-mindedness, nor dull-, nor feeble-mindedness. Certainly the twinkle in his keen and kindly eye indicates that he can enjoy a good joke as much as most men, and that religion is not to him a dull and gloomy thing, nor intended to cast a dark shadow over life.

Coming to speak of the work of his church, he tells us that some of the young ladies connected with it are engaged among the laundry girls at Kensal Green, and others assist at the Latimer Road Mission and at similar undertakings. "We have just bought," he continues, "an old music-hall near our church, and have converted it into a mission hall capable of accommodating three or four hundred people. We are using it at present as a Sunday-school on Sunday afternoons, and I inaugurated recently the first of a series of temperance meetings to be held there, by lecturing on Temperance and Health. We open it shortly as a lads' institute, for lads between the ages of fifteen and twenty. We shall have a room fitted up with a carpenter's bench, and so on, and we hope to get some gymnastic apparatus for them as well.

"I look upon the getting hold of the lads of that age as one of the problems of the time," and he further expressed the belief that the problem can be solved, if persons would but show the youths that they are really interested in them, and would provide means of social, mental, and above all of spiritual improvement.

To different preachers, different methods and differences of style must of course belong, each one after his own order and according to his own character. Dr. Paterson's sermons are, as has been indicated, chiefly expository. "I like continuous exposition of the Bible," said he. "In the morning I have been going through the Gospel of St. John for a year. I like to have a definite subject before my mind, and endeavour to get the exact sense of the Scripture, and

to found on that such lessons as may be most suitable. I have always been accustomed to do this. When in Glasgow, I had many engineers among my people, and that mode of preaching was relished by them."

Dr. Paterson's language is precise and clear; no doubt his scientific studies have conduced to this result. There is no straining after rhetorical effect; he is almost conversational in style, yet can be very emphatic on occasions when he considers emphasis to be necessary. His point is to aim at a clear, instructive talk, as he himself expressed it. He thinks out his sermons and addresses well before he delivers them, but always speaks extempore, though sometimes the very words of a particular sentence will be thought out and chosen beforehand.

From his boyhood, Dr. Paterson has been a hard student. Born at Campbelltown, in Argyllshire, in 1832, he early entered the grammar school in that place, and when only twelve years of age he received the gold medal for classics and mathematics from the Duke of Argyll. Thence he went to college, passed through the usual curriculum for five sessions, and afterwards underwent a theological course of four years at Edinburgh. In addition to this, Dr. Paterson, choosing to become a medical missionary, studied medicine for five years; some of this time running concurrently with his former studies. But suffering from rheumatic fever—which he has had five times in his life—he was obliged to give up the prospect, and, entering the Free Presbyterian Church, was ordained minister of Free St. Mark's, Glasgow, in 1854. He was very successful, especially among the intelligent artisans, and when he left there were about a thousand members on the church roll.

His removal to London was somewhat unexpected. He had come up to speak at the annual meeting of the National Temperance League in Exeter Hall—for he had taken up a strong position on the temperance question—when two deputations waited on some of the leading men connected with Belgrave Church, the pulpit of which was then vacant, and recommended Dr. Paterson. He was invited, and came. This was in 1872, and some eight years afterwards he became pastor of his present church at Notting Hill.

Always fond of physiology and scientific studies, he early in his career—as far back as 1849, in fact—advocated total abstinence on a physiological basis. "I think," said he, "the Bible leaves you free to abstain or use wine—within certain limits, of course—as you like. But I advocate abstinence from a scientific point of view. I believe that many godly people who care but little about these drinks as beverages yet take them because they believe they give strength." Dr. Paterson's point is that alcohol does not give strength, and that abstinence not only does not injure, but confers benefit; also that large accessions to the temperance cause are gained when that principle is explained.

It was in 1873 that Dr. Paterson first delivered his lecture, since published, on "Stimulants and Strength," maintaining with great force the doctrine that alcoholic beverages—stimulants—do not give strength, but only appear to do so at times by using up what

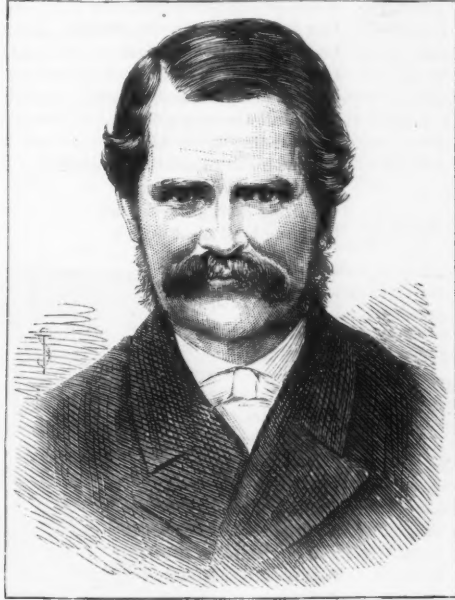
force a person possesses more quickly. In this respect Dr. Paterson agrees fully with Dr. Richardson, and thus we have the medical minister and the man of science both enunciating the same doctrine on this question. Dr. Paterson has delivered several lectures and series of lectures on this and similar subjects. Particularly may we mention those at Aldersgate Street to the Young Men's Christian Association, on "Life," on "The Body and its Functions," and "Health Studies." The interest of such lectures will easily be seen, when delivered by a fully competent medical man who has the power of attractive public speech, and unites religious teaching with his physiological instruction.

In personal appearance, Dr. Paterson is of square and sturdy build, perhaps somewhat below the middle height, and his broad brow crowned with a plenitude of thick black hair. He wears the ministerial white tie, which is the only clerical looking thing about him, an ample frock-coat supplying the place of the clerically cut garment. His reading is wide and varied enough. Like other hard workers, he enjoys a good work of fiction, but it should be good, and give experience of life. When a boy he delighted in *Lever* and *Marryat*; *Scott*, *Thackeray*, and *Dickens* came later; now, as he neatly expressed it, there is considerable variety. Of *William Black's* writings he is very fond, and also of *R. L. Stevenson's*. "Of course," he said, with a hearty laugh, "like all of us, I have read 'She,' and 'King Solomon's Mines.' 'Captain Trafalgar' is also very good. I like books of adventure; you get knowledge at the same time that you are amused." But though he enjoys good fiction, yet he is particular that it should be as a recreation, and not indulged in during hours of work.

But his work with his books is a pleasure. "It is a burden to leave them," said he; and we fancy that sentence expresses his character in the main as tersely as it could be expressed. A hard-working student from his youth up, when a lad he purchased, as he could, the volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," then appearing (probably the sixth edition, he tells us), and read with eagerness certain of the articles which interested him, or which, we may suppose, helped him in his studies. And now, while he is keeping abreast of the latest developments in science, and the newest phases of theology and Biblical criticism, and working out his series of expositions and lectures, and his editing and writing for his weekly paper, his care of his church goes on steadily

from week to week, and he rarely preaches in any other pulpit than his own—except Mr. Spurgeon's once now and again.

Thus, a close student and a wide-read scholar, does



THE REV. H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D.

Dr. Sinclair Paterson stand, we might say, four-square against all the winds of doctrine that might blow. Of evolution, he gives his Scotch verdict of "not proven," yet maintains that, if the doctrine were proved, it would not shake the verities of the Christian faith; and of Biblical criticism and the various theological theories and beliefs that seem so often to perturb the world, he is able to give a conscientious opinion; yet he keeps a firm grip on such pre-eminently practical and valuable subjects as scientific temperance, sound-minded religion, and health studies for young men. Such a minister, at once theologian, student, and medical man, occupies no doubt a somewhat unique position in this latter half of the nineteenth century, and Dr. Paterson strives to fill it worthily and well.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

LIST of contributions received up to and including December 19th, 1887:—

M. Gruetry, Jersey, 5s.; Reader of *THE QUIVER*, Folkestone, 2s. 6d.; Maggie, Jack, and Nora, Canonbury, 7s. 6d.; A Mother, 5s.; Miss Linda, Westbourne Park, 2s. 6d.; Miss Webb, Old Charlton, 2s.; Miss E. Webb, Old Charlton, 1s.; M. G., Oakworth, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bloomfield, Carlou, 5s.; Mona and Mila, Stroud, £1; Miss Murray, Dublin, 5s.; G. S. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., Clapham, 5s.; Anon., South Norwood, 2s.; I. M., Ayr, 5s.; A. G., Huntspill, 6s.; A Working Man's Wife, Melrose, 1s.; Nellie, Portsmouth, 10s.; Pecky, West Cowes, 2s.; G. Jeffrey, Birmingham, 1s.; G. Palmer, Kirkcudbright, 10s.; Miss Knox, Castlemartyn, £1; Servants at Wighill Park, Tadcaster, 10s.; W. B., 5s.; J. J. E., Govan, 5s.; M. C. Wilson, Brixton, 5s.; A Wellwisher, Newry, 2s.; One who wishes to do more, Salisbury, 1s.; E. H., Winchester, 2s.; Huntly, 1s.; Anon., Higham Ferrers, 5s.; Some Friends at Grenoble, 6s.

FOR "THE QUIVER" LIFEBOATS.—A Friend of Sailors, £3 10s.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT SILVERUS.

THERE runs an old, old legend,
 A tale of Christmas time,
 Low breathed round the fireside
 In distant Northern clime ;
 It tells how once an angel
 Looked down in mercy sweet,
 And bade the people listen
 To hear the Master's Feet:
 " Behold, the Christ-child cometh,
 The King of love is near !
 Oh, bring your gifts of Noël
 Unto the Lord most dear."

With golden grain of plenty
 Fair shone each raptured home ;
 The corn crown'd every dwelling
 Whereto the Christ should come.
 And one, a blue-eyed stripling,
 In longing all unknown,
 With heart aflame had laboured
 For gift that God might own :
 " Behold, the Christ-child cometh !"
 Uprose the music blest,
 And Silverus stood waiting
 With sheaf the richest, best.

A tiny bird, nigh fainting,
 A little, trembling thing,
 Through chilling airs of Christmas
 Drew near on drooping wing ;
 The people raised a clamour,
 They chased it from the corn,

They drove it from the garlands
 That gleamed for Christmas morn :
 " Behold, the Christ-child cometh !"
 His praise they fain would win ;
 How could they bring to Jesus
 An offering marred and thin ?

On drooping, dying pinion
 That vainly sought relief,
 The shivering bird down-lighted
 Where shone the proudest sheaf ;
 And Silverus moved softly,
 Though dews all wistful stirred,
 Close, close within his bosom
 He fed the fainting bird:
 " Behold, the Christ-child neareth !"
 He spake in faltering tone,
 " The golden ears are broken,
 Yet broken for His own."

And while the sheaf of beauty
 Grew marred and spent and bare,
 The sweet bird flew to heaven ;
 The King of love stood there :
 " Oh, tender heart and Christlike,
 Whose yearnings soared on high,
 Yet could not see, uncaring,
 My weakest creature die !
 Lo, I am with thee always,
 My Christmas light is thine ;
 The dearest gift of Noël
 Is pity poured for Mine !"

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"ASHAMED OF JESUS."



WE read these solemn words in one of the missionary letters—
 "There is one thing in which we might imitate the Hindus: they are never ashamed of their religion." And the writer describes how Moham-medan coachmen will kneel on the tops of their cabs at sundown to pray, and how shopkeepers and boatmen will stop their work to pray at the appointed times, as a matter of course of which they are not at all ashamed. And yet theirs is a religion without the comfort and mercy that is brought to us by our own. The poet tells of a beautiful and wondrous

statue that had *no arms*; but the religion of Christ has arms of loving-kindness, and help, and salvation—arms that are stretched out to wipe away our every tear—and yet some of us are a little ashamed openly and decisively to "show our colours." We may well think with more honest shame of the poor Hindu, prepared and willing to avow his form of belief in the sight of all. We heard a minister relate an incident told him by a Christian officer, who was converted when a captain, and who privately longed to let his soldiers know his change of heart, but was afraid of their remarks. At last, one day, he made up his mind to confess his Lord, and he went into the infirmary, where some of the men were lying. Here he chatted with them for some time, but he felt he could *not* tell them he had enlisted under the banner of Christ. He left the place, hating himself for his cowardice, and he cast himself down before the mercy-seat—ah! that is the place for us all to find

strength and courage—and besought the help of God. He went back to the infirmary, and told out the reason of his first visit, and what a coward he had been, and how God had enabled him now to declare the truth. Years after, a drummer met him, and said, "Sir, I listened to you then, and I shall never shake off the impression your confession of Christ made upon me."

"Ashamed of Jesus! That dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend,—
No, when I blush, be *this* my shame,
That I no more revere His Name."

"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE KING."

Wandering along a quiet Surrey valley, musical with the songs of birds, and clothed at that time of the year with a wealth of foliage, we came across a little cottage, where was a window-box for flowers, and on the front of this box were carved the words, "God is love." There, through every season, amid the changeable scenes of the year, stand out these words in that remote, sequestered vale. Many a passing traveller, many a tired pedestrian or gay pleasure-seeker, has doubtless been comforted and moved by the message of love standing out among the flowers. Is not this the text that should be inscribed upon our every-day lives, so clearly that it can be seen and read of all

men, teaching them that our Master's name is one of infinite mercy, pity, and helpfulness? If across our individual careers there runs such a script as looked forth to the everlasting hills around that valley, if those around are learning from us daily more of the love of God, our outward circumstances are of little moment. Whatever our position, if we be near to God ourselves, we can represent some atom of his love to a fellow-creature. In America the band of "Daughters of the King" exists to take up various branches of loving ministrations, some of them quiet and humble, yet all fruitful for blessing. All glorious must be the outcome of these efforts of the "King's Daughters." Little bands are formed, some of which visit the sick, befriend the poor, cheer the lonely, attend to little children, and in many other ways that suggest themselves to "a heart at leisure from itself," these ladies go about doing good, or in their

own homes carry on Divine work. "Daughters of the King" is also the title given by a missionary of the Church of England Zenana Society to a volume containing an account of the labours of Christian women in India. Here we read of a devoted band coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty, toiling on in self-sacrificing zeal to loose the fettered minds of the Zenana, to heal the sick, and to lead our Eastern sisters to the Redeemer. The question of woman's sphere has sometimes caused heart-burning at home and abroad. Is not woman at her highest—at the starting-point of life's best possibilities—when, like these devoted ones, she lifts the heavenward cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

BLIND AND HELP-LESS.

Blindness is in itself a great calamity, but what shall we say when to this is added a growing affection of the spine, which is slowly but surely depriving the afflicted one of the power to earn a living? And yet this is the sad case of an organist and teacher of music in a London suburb, who in the prime of life finds himself unable to provide for his young family with his ever-decreasing earnings. This heartrending case is well known to, and specially recommended by, the Editor of this magazine, who will be glad to receive any assistance towards the purchase of a small annuity,

or for immediate relief. This is preeminently a case for the benevolent who like to be sure that their help is not unworthily bestowed. We may add that our poor blind friend, who is in the greatest straits, is not in any way a party to this appeal. He belongs to the order of respectable poverty, which considers starvation preferable to begging.

A GOOD MAN AND TRUE.

That the biographer of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury should also tell the life-story of his great contemporary and brother-worker in good causes, Mr. Samuel Morley, is in every way fitting. The materials at Mr. Hodder's command were not so extensive as when he undertook to write the life of "the Good Earl," but the handsome volume now before us is in every way creditable to its author and publishers



"Some visit the sick."

(Hodder and Stoughton). The first point that strikes one in this volume is the enormous amount of time—to say nothing, now, of money and strength—which Mr. Morley gave to others. Amid so many engagements on committees, boards, and deputations, in Parliament and on the platform, a less business-like man would have probably broken down very early in the race. But as we read the narrative we see him rise superior to circumstances again and again. And the delicate, kindly tact that he displayed in his philanthropy won a warm place for him in many a heart. Mr. Hodder tells one story that we cannot refrain from quoting. "A young man in a manufacturing town started in business, and was on the high road to success when, from no fault of his own, his trade was swept away from him. He had to compound with his creditors, among the largest being Mr. Morley's firm. He came up to London with his cheque. Mr. Morley saw him, and had compassion on him—found out that he was a man of considerable ability, and, moreover, that he was a member of a church under the care of a minister he greatly respected. Inquiries were instituted, and on all hands the reports as to the character and conduct of the man were most satisfactory. Immediately, therefore, Mr. Morley not only returned to him the value of his cheque, but assisted to place him in the way to pay his creditors in full, and attain even a higher position than he had occupied before." This is only one instance, among many equally characteristic of Mr. Morley. Would that we had many such men ready to carry on the standard he has laid down!

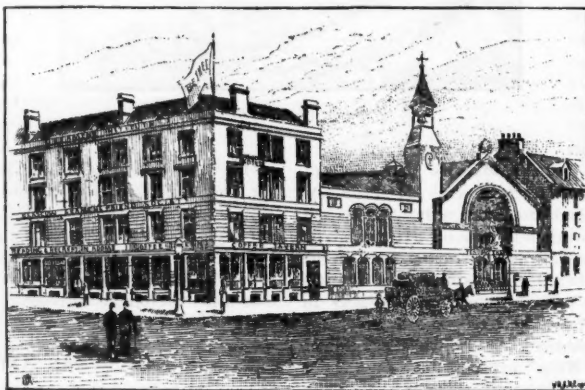
MUSIC FROM STONES.

Some of our readers may have heard sweet sounds evoked from stones brought from Skiddaw. At a

ordinary bowls and basins; and even household pots and jars proved responsive to the musician's skill. Entertaining as was the experiment, it reminded us of deeper and more valuable thoughts. In how many a heart—outwardly hard, unsightly, and unpromising as stone—there is hidden music which responds at last most wondrously to the touch of Christian sympathy. "There is an angel in the stone," said the sculptor, seeing through the shapeless mass the beauty he knew to be possible; yes, and there are angels and angelic music beyond our comprehension in natures that seem dull and almost hopeless, but which will respond at last to loving and prayerful efforts. And the household jars and bowls seemed to us to represent the common, everyday things of life: have they no side of loveliness? can we draw no music thence? Verily the pursuits we call the meanest, even the drudgery we call *menial*, may seem to yield around us an anthem of glory, a "grand, sweet song," if we are just remembering what the Apostle taught—"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

"OUR HAVEN ALWAYS NIGH."

Glasgow is a place where many seem coming and going, and where there is a continual tide of seafaring men of various nationalities. The Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society (27, Jamaica Street) has been earnestly at work on behalf of these drifting visitors, and there are now two "Bethels," with reading and recreation-rooms, coffee-room, etc., as well as the portion devoted to Divine service. A prayer-meeting has been held daily, and special services have been arranged for Scandinavians, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Chinese, and others. We hear of a well-educated young man who had run away from home, and



THE SEAMEN'S BETHEL.

public performance this excited interest and delight, the tones produced being most beautiful and harmonious. We ourselves have heard music—pathetic enough to touch the fount of tears—evoked from

sunk to great destitution, but was here lodged, fed and clothed, and treated with Christian kindness. The love of the Saviour reached his heart, and he afterwards wrote from Sebastopol:—"I feel so thankful

to God for His goodness; may He give me wisdom, and keep me close in the narrow way! I have had many a happy time, singing sweet hymns in the night-watch. I am hungering and thirsting after a closer walk with God. At Constantinople Rest prayer meeting I testified for Jesus." Only a few days after this letter was written, the ship went down in a gale, and all hands perished. A widowed mother had been mourning over the waywardness of her lost son; but, even in her grief at the tidings of his death, there was comfort untold in the knowledge of his change of heart. Our Scotch friends can well employ any help sent towards their benevolent operations. "So many sailors are annually lost at sea," they say, "ought we not to do all we can to bring them under the influence of the Gospel?" And, on the other hand, there are so many wandering hither and thither over the trackless deep, that we may well strive earnestly to enlist our blue-jackets as witnesses and missionaries for Christ, Who will be to them a "Haven ever nigh"—on the homeless seas, a Home.

STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The Catacombs of Rome have often been drawn upon for the stores of information that they treasure of the life and worship of the early Christians. Much that has been written on this subject has, however, been inaccessible or unintelligible to the ordinary reader. We have now before us a work entitled "The Catacombs of Rome," by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, recently issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, which gathers up in popular form many of the most interesting and valuable gems from this rich mine. Some of the inscriptions that Mr. Withrow has copied are singularly pathetic, and as we read we feel the truth of the author's words:—"These rude inscriptions speak to our hearts with a power and pathos all their own. Their mute eloquence sweeps down the centuries, and touches chords in every soul that thrill with keenest sympathy." There is a lesson, for him who will but learn it, in every page of this most interesting book. Another work that tells of God's dealings with His people of old is "Three Friends of God" (Nisbet), in which Mrs. Bevan tells a few incidents in the lives of John Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, and Henry Suso. This book would be most useful to teachers. In "Brian Fitz-Count" (Rivingtons) we have a powerful story of the days of Stephen and Matilda, by the Rev. A. D. Crane, who does not fail to point out the mistakes and follies of those who then ruled the Church of Christ in our land. The scene of the story is laid principally at Wallingford Castle, and the horrors of the Civil War are most clearly painted.

"THE QUIVER" LIFEBOATS.

The prudent advice has been given ere now, "Praise the sea, but keep on land;" some of us have experienced what it is to look upon the waves when they smile not beneath the summer sunlight, but are seething and frothing, heaving coldly around the bark, and moaning restlessly beneath a darkening sky. The poet asks why the sea is moaning ever,

and another sweet singer pictures the wild billows as hungering for the calm they know not yet. We, who have known the meaning of storm, are thankful that our life-work does not lie amid the voices of the giant element; but there are hundreds who cannot keep on land, and who must watch and work upon old Ocean, whatever the season or the state of the atmosphere may be. Speaking of the Yorkshire fishermen lately, a pastor in our hearing described one such as "a splendid fellow, with a chest like a house-wall!" Certainly the battling with the billows results in many a noble form and aspect, and not in these alone, but in heroic hearts and energies that are ready in the wildest night to respond to far-off signals of distress, and to speed the lifeboat on its way. Is there any cause nobler than lifeboat work? Let us remember it in our sympathies and our prayers, now that the wintry winds are here, and many a bark will be needing brotherly aid. We heard of a gentleman who, passing through London, saw an old friend, once the owner of horses and carriages, selling pies in the street. "I am sorry for this trouble," he said: "you have my sincerest sympathy."—"Never mind your sympathy," was the answer; "*buy a pie*." And, believing that sympathy can be expressed by £. s. d. as well as by kindly and compassionate words, we support our own QUIVER lifeboats by a fund of which in this new year we again remind our readers. The boat stationed at Queenstown has already done noble work in time of peril. May it yet, again and again, go out to the succour of human lives that in the tempest "real to and fro, and are at their wits' end!" Since the foregoing lines were written, the Editor has received from "A Friend of Sailors" a donation of £6 10s. for THE QUIVER boat, which has been handed to the National Lifeboat Institution.

OUR LITTLE WAIFS.

We felt sure of the sympathy of our readers as concerns "THE QUIVER Waifs," whose life-story we gave in our November number; many will be interested to hear of the "In Memoriam" gift of one of our correspondents, a widow, whose only child has died in early girlhood. "When I read of the Waifs," she says, "I felt a strong wish to share the privilege of helping in such a good work; before I finished the article, I determined what I would do." Our correspondent, who earns her living by working for a house of business, goes on to tell us that it was once her delight to give nice birthday and Christmas presents to the child who was the comfort and happiness of her life, but whom God has taken to Himself; she asks us if we will receive these presents now, and dispose of them, if we can, for the orphans' sake, as her first contribution to the work; for which, henceforth, she proposes to lay away a fixed weekly sum. We have gladly agreed to take these offered memorials of a mother's love, and to use the proceeds for the children of our care: it was a sweet and sacred thought thus to bring to the Master, in the person of His little ones, the fair things needed no longer by the life He has sheltered evermore. "Not being

able to send money," says this lady, "I thought I would do what I could *another way*:" and we think of One who sits against the treasury, and we remember her who won His blessing and His praise—

"Cast in your coins, for God delights
When from wide hands they fall;
But there was one who brought two mites,
And yet gave more than all."

ON THE BORDERS OF THE FOREST.

Close to Epping Forest there is a Home provided by Christian sympathy for the young workwomen who toil in the great city. It is only a little cottage; but in five years it has helped six hundred inmates to rest and change. "Clark's Cottage, Tuttlebee Lane, Buckhurst Hill," is kept open all the year round, and no charge whatever is made to the young women, the work depending on the offerings of those who would fain benefit in soul and body some of the 20,000 girls employed in City workrooms. "It would be little rest of mind," say the managers, "if girls earning from six to ten shillings a week had to pay for their holiday, besides keeping on their London lodging while they are resting, and no money is coming in." Last summer as many applications have been received at this little Home as would have filled the beds three times over. Miss Helen Reynolds, Epping New Road, Buckhurst Hill, undertakes the correspondence connected with this practical effort of Christian charity; and we may add that an old wicker Bath chair would be a gift much valued at the Cottage, some girls being able to walk but little. Among those who have been benefited at this Home we may mention a young tailoress, white-faced and weary-looking, almost the sole support of her parents. When she could get work she had to keep at it from five in the morning



CLARK'S COTTAGE.

till eleven or twelve at night, to pay up arrears of rent. She stayed two weeks at the Cottage, and left, with fresh strength and hope, to take her part in the battle of life. Another girl, a boot-finisher, had lost her voice for months through weakness, for which many things had been tried. The fresh country air

and nourishing food were the remedies that restored her voice; and she now writes thankfully, from a new and happy home in service, of her five or six weeks' visit to this woodland retreat.

"THE SALT OF THE COUNTRY."

"Think how long they have been at work, and how small are the results," say some, openly or covertly, of Christian missionaries; and others talk as though the redemption of benighted races by missionary agencies were a hopeless impossibility. We forget that the harvest is great, and vast, and wide; we forget how much *has* already been won for Christ, and that with God there is *nothing impossible*. Here is the witness of a Lieutenant-Governor in Bengal as to Christian missionaries:—"In my judgment, they have done more real and lasting good to India than all other agencies combined; by their pure, unselfish lives, by fearless exposure of wrong, by living *with* and *for* the people, they have exercised a power, and produced results that words cannot tell. They have been the salt of the country, the true saviours of the Empire." Grand words these from Sir Rivers Thompson! None will deny there is an immense work *yet* to be accomplished, but if only every Christian will help, mountains of difficulty will assuredly be removed. Experience has shown us how much easier it is to criticise than to *help*. If only those who stand afar off with doubting looks will put a hand to some Christian mission, how the work will go forward! "I cannot go abroad, nor have I much money to spare," some may say, forgetting that the Lord's will is that we are to give just as we are *able*; but the very poorest among us can help to roll away the stone that sometimes seems so heavy, as we think of all the hindrances and obstacles to mission work. One of the greatest preachers in our midst was to address a vast gathering, and was being shown to the committee-room, to meet several of the nobility. "Can you find me a quiet little place where I can be all alone?" he asked his conductor. So he was led instead to a little nook, where he took the rod of prayer and used it mightily in the presence of the Lord of Hosts, and then he came forth to thrill that vast assembly with God-given power. If every child of God would only feel it laid upon him to intercede with the Master on behalf of this missionary work, ordained by Christ Himself, he would realise how much the prayers of a righteous man avail, and *how much* the arm of the Lord can do.

A TWICE-HEARD SERMON.

We recently heard of a case which shows what energy and activity can do, when, by God's mercy, they are directed into the best channel of all. "Those who are felt most now will be felt by-and-by," Christian friends have said, patiently enduring the excess of spirits of some restless juvenile, and trusting for the time when all the activity will be laid upon the Master's altar. We heard of a man who, years ago, was remarkable as a clever, convivial spirit, and popular with all; he had plenty of brain-power, and willingly went to hear any good preacher, but he

never applied the truths personally, and lived a worldly life. One Sunday he was present at an earnest sermon which, as usual, made no impression on his heart; during that week, in another place, the same sermon was preached in his hearing by the same preacher, and this time he could not shake off the hold it laid upon him. He endeavoured to do so, knowing the ridicule and opposition he must face if he "turned religious," but he could not escape from the serious thoughts now stirring in his soul. Days passed by, and he took his usual place as chairman of a convivial society, but told them he occupied it for the last time. He was met with a storm of "No, no!" but when he quietly explained that his future belonged to God, they understood that the former places where he had been prime favourite would know him no more. It needed some courage to show his colours before that throng of old companions; it needed more to meet them constantly, hear joking remarks, and yet hold manfully on his way; but the Master strengthened him, and he plunged actively into Christian work, starting at last a service in a room in an utterly neglected and needy neighbourhood, till that room expanded into busy religious efforts, and a church and a chapel followed in his track.

TO TEACHERS, OLD AND YOUNG.

Our readers will doubtless remember the reports which have from time to time appeared in our pages of the work of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen. Recently the Mission has achieved a great triumph in the successful termination of the struggles for the suppression of the hateful *coopers*. All this is told, together with the story of the Mission from its foundation, in Mr. E. J. Mather's "Nor'ard of the Dogger" (Nisbet), which those who take an interest in our fishermen—and who does not!—should certainly procure. The same publishers send us a volume of sermons by Dr. Marvin Vincent, on the "Covenant of Peace," containing some very suggestive passages. "Lotta's Life Mistake," and "How the Home was Won Back," are two stories, also issued by Messrs. Nisbet, to which we can only briefly refer, and commend to the attention of teachers and librarians. The latter is by Mrs. G. S. Reaney. A series of lectures to young men, delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow, has been sent us by Messrs. Macniven and Wallace. Among the lecturers were Dr. A. K. H. Boyd and Dr. Matheson, and the tone of the lectures is exceptionally high. "Noonday Musings" is the title of a miniature textbook published by Messrs. Bagster and Sons. The pages of this little volume are bordered by pretty fern designs, and the work can readily be carried in the waistcoat pocket.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

There is, or should be, some touch of peace and beauty everywhere on this earth created by the Lord of love. We heard a gentleman who had been visiting a prison tell how his heart was stirred once, in the corridor between the women's cells, by seeing two little innocents run out from the cells, meet in the passage, and throw their arms around each other for



"Offering some bright creation of their brush."

the kiss of joyous love. The criminal mothers had been allowed to bring in these little creatures with them, and in that spot of misery, the baby-faces and tender ways were like lovely witnesses that God is a God of goodness and of infinite compassion. Now, we would remind our readers—and especially those who have leisure and artistic gifts—of the beauty they might create on the walls of hospitals and workhouses by offerings of some bright creation of their brush, especially illuminated texts, where the words of faith and comfort will stand out clearly, influencing the mind at a time when earthly attractions seem to fade, and the heart is open to holy impressions. In Tennyson's poem of "The Children's Hospital," a little patient is described as comforting another by advising her to ask Jesus to help her—

"It's all in the print over there—'Little children should come to Me.'"

Day by day, gazing at the text of love, little Annie had received the words into her heart, and thus passed them on to another. It is not always visiting-day at our public institutions, and longing eyes cannot always see a relation's face, but the words of the Lord bear with them eternal cheer and comfort, and the task will be Divinely blessed if some of those who excel in decoration and in beautifying will place such words where walls look blank and bare, as silent messages of human sympathy and heavenly remembrance.

"LOVE YE, THEREFORE, THE STRANGER."

Centuries ago these words were spoken, exhorting the people of God to hospitality not only of the hand, but of the heart; we shall do well in these latter days to bear them in mind, for some in their

congregations seem too much inclined to act on "the little garden walled around" system, and the intrusive stranger by no means realises that in this portion of the Father's House he can find a home. We are rejoiced to believe that "stand-offishness" among Christians is swiftly on the decrease, but some of us are so constituted that we nervously shrink from making any step towards cordiality or personal conversation, even while we are wishing *someone* would take notice of so-and-so. Any effort that we make for our Master's sake will assuredly be owned and blessed by Him; for His sake, let us put shyness aside, and hold out the hand of greeting to the stranger worshipping in our midst. A striking incident brought to our knowledge has deepened our sense of the importance of such notice: a young man came up to London from a Christian home, and, fulfilling his promise to his mother, he went regularly to a place of worship, despite the ridicule and opposition of his Sabbath-breaking companions. Gradually, however, their influence began to tell upon him; he felt so lonely among the congregation, and nobody noticed him. There was one old gentleman, however, who had his eye upon him, only he took charge of the juveniles during service, so was always detained at the close. He had the young countryman so strongly on his mind, that one Sunday, being unable to leave his post, he sent a boy after him, and asked him to wait; the result was a sympathetic and friendly conversation, and the youth was gathered in among the soldiers of the Cross. Strange to say, it was just at this point his courage was ebbing; he seemed to be yielding to his companions' persuasions, and he had almost promised to excursionise with them next Sunday. "Let me go once more," he said, "to worship; if nobody notices me *this* time, I'll come with you next Sunday." He had held out manfully—his strength was giving way—far be it from us to say he was justified in laying down conditions for his fidelity; but the All-Merciful, knowing the temptation, graciously moved one Christian heart to make room for the stranger, and to gird on his armour anew.

DIANA OR CHRIST?

"How shall I lose self?" asked one, zealous in good works, who yet had felt no change of heart or inward comfort. "Can I lose self by study, or prayer, or good works?"—"I think, was the reply of the clergyman thus addressed, "you will lose self when you find your Saviour." The poet tells us that when love takes up the harp of life, the chord of self passes "in music out of sight." Those who have found Christ, who love Him as the chief among ten thousand, count Him nearer and dearer than self-interest, or gain, or outward prosperity. We lately heard a very impressive sermon from one who had been much struck by the picture, "Diana or Christ?" in the recent exhibition at Manchester. Herein a beautiful maiden is represented as standing on her trial; will she purchase life by offering incense to Diana, or will she be true to the Christ in Whom, amid heathen surroundings, she has learnt to believe? *Diana or Christ*—the false or the true? it is a choice which

young and old have to make, which *Christians* are called upon to make, and on which eternal issues hang. How many believers are brought face to face with some crucial test from which they shrink bewildered, but to which, at last, in the strength of God, they go forward, nobler and stronger souls for this temptation that they have conquered for Christ's sake.

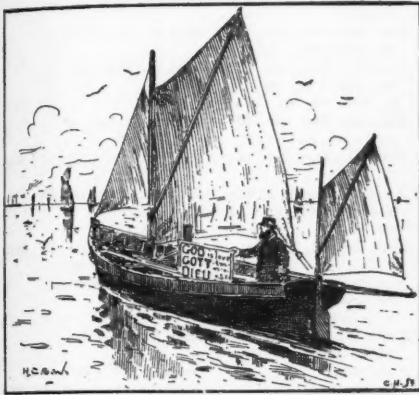
OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Charles Lamb used to say that friends borrowed his *money* to use it, but books often without any intention of use. Sometimes we wonder with what intentions the juveniles in the Sunday-school carry home their books—we cannot ascertain they have "finished" with them, and all kinds of persuasive strategy have to precede a return. The librarian's is an onerous and most important office, and every teacher should render all possible help, urging the scholars to join, assisting in selection of books, counselling care and cleanliness, and regularity in return. Some good friends are not quite clear as to the desirability of fiction, but the children clamour for story-books, and good stories will develop a growing taste for reading somewhat deeper. It is not our opinion that high-class fiction enervates the intellect as concerns deeper literature; we know children who dearly love a "story," yet who are quite capable of enjoying reading that demands more study and reflection. Our Lord assisted the dawning comprehension of His listeners by parables, and these writers are doing a noble work who produce wholesome, helpful narratives for the little ones, such as they can take home and enjoy sometimes in the midst of an entranced domestic circle. Of course we shall never get the children to join the library that offers to them only the lives of worthies of bygone centuries, or the death-bed scenes of little Mary, Jane, etc., which make them almost feel they are guilty in surviving and feeling so full of spirits. Some friends may feel they would gladly get in a stock of bright, cheery books, but they cannot afford many, and very soon all these would have been read. Some schools have a very good plan of providing library-boxes, by means of which an interesting stock passes on from school to school, so that there is no further cause for the complaint that so often puzzles librarians, "Please, sir, I've had that before."

"LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE."

IN THE QUIVER for August, 1886, an article appeared concerning the efforts put forth on behalf of the mariner; and therein we referred to the Seamen's Christian Friend Society, 255, Burdett Road, E. The year 1887 witnessed still further development of the Society's work, for we hear of a new Bethel built in the Isle of Man, the gift of a steam-launch for use on the Cornish coast, and of a contemplated Sailors' Institute for the Albert Quay, Fowey. More than a thousand boats, with about five thousand fishermen, are engaged off the coast of Cornwall all the year round; and the new steam-launch that will visit such will assuredly prove a gift of untold blessing, though of course involving about £60 a year increased expense for insurance, fuel, and labour. The work of this

Society among those who come and go must be one of faith rather than of sight; nevertheless, there are instances enough of spiritual life and growth to more than repay all that has been done for the sailors' welfare. "I want this sort of thing oftener," said a



THE MISSION BOAT AT FOWEY.

mate, to whom kind words of encouragement had been spoken; "it serves me as ballast, keeps me on 'even keel,' and makes me think in spite of myself." One, who when in port constantly attends the Seamen's Chapel, was wrecked, and all the crew understood the ship must be lost. Strong men turned pale, but this man was peaceful, feeling the presence of Christ, and those who had persecuted him now asked his pardon, which he willingly gave, and spoke to them in that hour of peril of Him who once stretched forth His saving hand to the life sinking helplessly amid the waves. And a sailor writes thus from New Zealand: "Ever since I left London the Lord has guided and blessed me; some of my shipmates laugh at me for being a Christian, but I tell them that even if threatened with death, I would die rather than deny the Lord Jesus, who has washed away my sins."

"YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS."

A mother told us once that on concluding a moral rhyme in which the hero, playing with matches, came to an untimely end, she found her little daughter in floods of tears. "Oh, why, why, why," sobbed the thoughtful child, "did his mother go out and leave the matches there?" The little mind had flown at once to the carelessness that was partly responsible for the calamity described by the poem. And it was little use scolding and punishing juvenile vice, and the wildness and frivolity of young men and maidens, when nothing was done to counteract evil influences—when the claims of young lives were treated with carelessness and neglect, save by a few. None can say nowadays that our young men and maidens are forgotten and overlooked. The Y.M.C.A. reports 3,659 societies, and looks after the young men physically as well as spiritually and intellectually. From the Exeter Hall Gymnasium teachers now go forth

who instruct more than a thousand children weekly in musical drill, etc., thus strengthening the bodies and brightening the lives of the little ones. The Y.W.C.A., besides its accustomed and tireless arrangements for classes, singing, reading, conversation, etc., sends out a visitor into Hyde Park for rescue and preventive work. This Park visitor is Miss Norris, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, W. She tells of coming across two young girls who had run away from home, and were wet and tired out; both were sheltered—one sent back to her own home, and the other well cared for. A sad-looking girl, sitting alone, proved to be a servant out of place who had spent her last penny, and had been turned out of her lodgings; her friends were in Norfolk, and she was utterly homeless. Fortunately, Christian care sought her out at this hour of extremity, and she is now doing well in a situation. These efforts are a splendid outcome of the Y.W.C.A. "At present," says the Park visitor, "we have not more than two or three subscribers in London, and funds are very low."

"ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE."

In every path and by-bath of science there are lessons to be read by the student of God's workings in the world—lessons at once telling and simple, or perhaps telling from their very simplicity. The book of nature is ever lying open before us, and one and all may read the old lesson, "If He so clothe the grass of the field;" but its pages are only too often unturned. An American naturalist, the Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., has lately come before the English public with two valuable works in which parallels are cleverly drawn from natural phenomena. To the first of these books, "Tenants of an Old Farm," Sir John Lubbock contributes an introduction, and the second is prefaced by the President of the Linnæan Society. Either of these works would be an admirable help to a preacher or teacher. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are the publishers of Dr. McCook's works, and also of a biography of the Prince Consort, by Mr. G. H. Pike, which gives a bright and interesting résumé of this busy life.

"THE QUIVER" ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

ELEVENTH LIST.—List of members enrolled from November 23rd to December 20th, 1887, inclusive.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS.		
Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
BRETT, WILLIAM	Whitton, Ipswich	70
BUCKLITSCHE, ANTHONY	Keith Hall, Aberdeenshire	62
BUCKLITSCHE, ELIZABETH	Keith Hall, Aberdeenshire	62
COX, SARAH	Ilfracombe	50
INGS, PHILIP	Salisbury	50
JOSS, WILLIAM	Keith Hall, Aberdeenshire	64
KEENAN, ROBERT	Ringdufferin, Co. Down	54
TYLER, MARY	Marlow	56

All the above have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.

The Roll of the Order is now closed to all excepting domestic servants who have served fifty years and upwards in their present families.



SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR FEBRUARY.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1. Exod. xii. 29-33; xiii. 17-22; xiv., to ver. 14.	Mark i., to ver. 35.	
2. Exod. xiv., from ver. 15; xv., from ver. 20.	Mark i., from ver. 36; ii., to ver. 17.	
3. Exod. xvi., to ver. 26.	Mark ii., from ver. 18; iii., to ver. 13.	
4. Exod. xvii.	Mark iii., from ver. 14.	
5. Exod. xix., to ver. 9; xx., to ver. 21.	Mark iv., to ver. 34.	
6. Exod. xxiv.; xxv., 1-8, 17-21.	Mark iv., from ver. 35; v., to ver. 20.	
7. Exod. xxviii., ver. 1-3, 29, 30, 36-38; xxix., from ver. 38, and chap. xxxi.	Mark v., from ver. 21.	
8. Exod. xxxii.	Mark vi., to ver. 29.	
9. Exod. xxxiii.	Mark vi., from ver. 30.	
10. Exod. xxxiv., to ver. 10, ver. 29 to end; xxxvi., 1-7.	Mark vii., to ver. 16.	

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
11. Exod. xxxix., ver. 42, 43; xl., from ver. 17.	Mark vii., from ver. 17.	
12. Lev. viii., to ver. 14; ix., ver. 22-24.	Mark viii., to ver. 21.	
13. Lev. x., to ver. 11.	Mark viii., from ver. 22.	
14. Lev. xvi., to ver. 22.	Mark ix., to ver. 29.	
15. Lev. xxiii., to ver. 11, 16-40.	Mark ix., from ver. 30.	
16. Lev. xxvi., to ver. 20, ver. 40 to end.	Mark x., to ver. 31.	
17. Num. vi., from ver. 22; vii., ver. 1-3, 10, 11; ix., from ver. 15.	Mark x., from ver. 32.	
18. Num. x., from ver. 29; xi., to ver. 23.	Mark xi., to ver. 26.	
19. Num. xi., from ver. 24; xii.	Mark xi., from ver. 27; xii., to ver. 17.	
20. Num. xiii., ver. 1, 2, and from ver. 23; xiv., to ver. 10.	Mark xii., from ver. 26.	
21. Num. xiv., 11-38.	Mark xiii., to ver. 13; from ver. 32 to end.	
22. Num. xvi., to ver. 7, from ver. 18-33, from ver. 46 to end.	Mark xiv., to ver. 21.	
23. Num. xx., to ver. 13; xxi., 4-9.	Mark xiv., 22-42.	
24. Num. xxii.	Mark xiv., 43-65.	
25. Num. xxiii.	Mark xiv., from ver. 66; xv., to ver. 15.	
26. Num. xxiv.	Mark xv., 16-28.	
27. Num. xxvii., from ver. 12; Deut. iii., from ver. 23.	Mark xv., 29-38.	
28. Deut. vi.	Mark xv., from ver. 39.	
29. Deut. viii., to ver. 14; x., from ver. 12.	Mark xvi.	

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

11. Why did not God let the children of Israel go by the nearest route from Egypt to Canaan?
12. At what part of the Red Sea did the children of Israel pass over on dry ground?
13. At what place was manna first provided by God for the children of Israel?
14. What additional information does St. Mark give concerning the temptation of our Blessed Lord?
15. What remarkable proof of faith was given by the friends of a poor man healed at Capernaum?
16. What sons of Aaron were consecrated to God as priests with their father?
17. What was fastened to the front of the mitre which Aaron wore?
18. It is said that when Moses placed the Ark in the Tabernacle "he put the testimony into the Ark." What does this mean?
19. What words of St. Mark show that Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple of Jesus before His crucifixion?
20. In what way did God provide a healing remedy for His people Israel when He had smitten them with a plague of fiery serpents?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 231.

1. At Shechem in the plain of Moreh. (Gen. xii. 6 and 7.)
2. Gen. xv. 13 and 16.
3. To an instrument called a "winnowing fan," with which corn was separated from the husk. (St. Matt. iii. 12.)
4. To the custom of the Romans, who compelled private persons to carry messages for the Roman government. (St. Matt. v. 41.)
5. St. Matt. viii. 20.
6. He argued that God's statement "in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" would not be literally fulfilled. (Gen. iii. 4.)
7. His intercession on behalf of Sodom and Gomorrah. (Gen. xviii. 23-32.)
8. Rebekah, who instigated her son Jacob to deceive his father. (Gen. xxvii. 6-13.)
9. At the beginning of His public ministry, from which time Capernaum is called "His own city." (St. Matt. iv. 13, and ix. 1.)
10. The Syro-Phœnician who came to our Blessed Lord to obtain help for her daughter. (St. Matt. xv. 21-28.)





COMPASSION.

(See p. 332.)

THE GATE OF LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE HON. KATHERINE SCOTT, AUTHOR OF "MISS BROWNE'S DISTRICT," ETC.

"Yes, my child, it *feels* true to me."—p. 324.

T was the time of roses—June roses, blowing and lovely in June sunshine; and the roses that grew in the Major's garden were more fragrant, more luxuriant, more healthy than in all the grandest gardens in the county. Some writer says that to be a successful cultivator of roses one must have a loving heart, and perhaps that was why these particular roses under the Major's special care were different from any others.

The garden was laid out on a sunny bank, at the foot of which a clear stream rippled and laughed over a stony bed. There was a seat half hidden by

Banksia roses at the top of the garden, and a sweet-briar hedge which was tended as carefully as the roses. Then the Major's field, with his cow, and in one corner his little house. The house was remarkable only for its innumerable bookshelves, stuck here, there, and everywhere, and all groaning beneath their weight of books. There was no real library, and the books were like the roses, of every sort and kind. The Major lived alone, and had not even a spare room, but all the same he entertained largely in the rose garden, where tea-parties and strawberry feasts were held, and in the sunny drawing-room which ran the whole length of the little house. When I say entertained, I think it was more that every soul connected with the Major found in him a compendium of

knowledge, a reservoir of good common sense, and a friend from whom they were always sure of a welcome.

On the other side of the rippling stream lived his widowed sister, Lady Esther Leigh, who had a household of boys and girls now growing up, and cousins, aunts, uncles, college friends, friends of all sorts coming and going.

The Major never stayed there. "What was the use of filling up a room," he said, "when his own was so near?" but he was always ready to fill up a vacant place at dinner, or to entertain a dull man; and cultivated and pleasant as he was, he was often in demand. Nellie Leigh was the eldest of the nieces, and had been Uncle John's special friend and favourite till two years before, when she had been sent abroad to learn languages, and only this June had returned.

She was leaning against the open window of the Major's room now, in a white gown, and her big straw hat in her hand. Her long, curling eyelashes were resting on soft, rosy cheeks, and there were dimpling smiles playing about her mouth. Uncle John was sitting by his writing-table, and Lady Esther, fanning herself with the newspaper, reclined in the large arm-chair.

"Well, John, we think we might have a real festivity for Nellie's eighteenth birthday on the 20th. A picnic we thought of; and then the week after we must think of London. Don't you think I ought to present Nellie, and let her see a little of the world this year?"

"Yes—I think you are right," replied Uncle John slowly; "but evidently Nellie does not think so."

"Oh! Uncle John, I did so hope you would say just the opposite." And Nellie turned her blue eyes rather reproachfully on the Major.

"But, at any rate," she continued, "let us settle to have the picnic and as much fun for the little ones and everybody as we can. There is Johnnie, and Mr. Vernon," as the brother and his friend appeared, and seating themselves on the window began to discuss the arrangements. Uncle John was looking critically at Nellie; she more than came up to his expectations externally, and there was a bewitching merriment about the face, where too, every now and then, a serious expression came. Mr. Vernon was watching too, and he looked "caught" when the Major's keen eyes met his.

"Uncle John, you'll come, won't you?" said Nellie, when the picnic and all the *etceteras* had been settled.

"Come! of course I will! Your birthday was always a festivity, and you can count on me."

They all rattled on for a while in the sweet June idleness till Lady Esther rose, and the young men and Nellie started homewards.

"I am anxious to take Nellie up to London, for fear she loses her heart to young Vernon; not that I've any objection to him—for he's a nice fellow and well off—but she ought to see someone else and know her own mind."

"Yes, yes; to be sure," replied the Major; "though I don't know that one could find a better fellow than young Vernon. I know him, and he has the making of a good man; but he's young, and she is only a child.

She's very pretty, Esther; she reminds me of—" the Major broke off as Lady Esther put up her parasol and walked out at the window much occupied with her own concerns.

Uncle John was leaning back in his chair looking at an illuminated sort of scroll over a little book-case in one corner of his room, "*Mors Janna Vitæ*" (Death the Gate of Life), when he was roused by a soft hand touching his shoulder, and looking round found Nellie's rosy face bending over him.

"You monkey! You must have given a regular monkey's jump from the grass on to my chair, or why did I not hear you?"

"You were in a brown study, Uncle John! No, you weren't," and the grave look came into the long-lashed, laughing eyes. "You were looking at that," and she pointed to the scroll. "Uncle John, you've always had that as long as I can remember. Do you think it is true? I mean, does it feel true to you?"

The Major rose quickly, and Nellie thought there was almost a flush on his clear, rather thin face, as he took her hand in his and said quietly, "Yes, my child; it *feels* true to me. It seems odd, perhaps, to have it there, but it has been a comfort to me for years and years."

Nellie lifted her face for a kiss, as she had done when she was a little girl. "Uncle John, I came back to ask you if—if you go to your roses early in the morning now—as you used to do—and if I might come to-morrow? I want to come before my birthday; and after to-morrow we shall have a lot of people."

Nellie's face was a little troubled and confused as she spoke, and the Major bent from his tall height and gave her one kiss on her forehead. "Yes, Nellie; you'll find me there from seven to eight; and, my dear, I shall be pleased to have you all to myself once again."

Nellie's only reply was a shy "Thank you, Uncle John," and she was gone. There was a little long-ago secret between her and the Major about the rose garden. She had been devoted to books all her life, and before she went abroad Uncle John had directed her reading, and long talks with him over the different books he lent her had been her great delight. When she was about fourteen she had inquired what was Uncle John's morning study in the rose-garden, and there was the secret! for the rose-garden was the Major's sanctuary, and his Bible his companion there. Nellie was shy of this, but finding that Uncle John did not probe into anybody's heart with hard fingers and harder questions, and that his reading of the Bible opened up history, poetry, beauty of all kinds, and the whole purpose of a noble life, she grew interested, and came daily. At last she suddenly refused to join him at this time any more; and as she was sent abroad soon after, Uncle John heard no more of his special "child." His last words had been, "You will sometimes think of me in the rose-garden, Nellie!" Nellie knew that meant that a daily intercession for her would rise from it.

Truth to tell, the Major felt a little anxious next morning, as he walked slowly amongst his roses, as

to whether Nellie would keep her appointment; but as he looked at his watch at half-past seven, and turned to go to the seat, quick footsteps came up the path from the river, and Nellie, fresh as the roses, appeared. With a happy, shy face she followed the Major to the seat where lay the well-worn Bible. After the reading and explanation, which was like no one else's "expounding," came—

"O Almighty God, whom truly to know is everlasting life, grant us perfectly to know Thy Son Jesus

'The King of Love thy Shepherd is.' It is the knowledge at the bottom of our hearts that we have done wrong—the best of us—that our purity is blackness beside His—that makes the fear. But *tell Him the fear, tell Him all, Nellie, and take from His hand 'the forgiveness of all your sins.'* Trust Him altogether—wholly—and you will find the fear go, and the love grow." They walked up and down in the morning stillness till Nellie found courage to say—

"Another thing, Uncle John, I want to ask you.



"Like no one else's."

Christ to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Amen;" and then one grave kiss, after which they wandered amongst the roses, and while Uncle John clipped and gathered, Nellie found courage to say: "Do you remember, when I left off coming to the rose-garden long ago, telling me not to be discouraged because I did not care as you did, but to go on reading my Bible and praying, and that He would show me more about Himself? I wanted—I wanted to tell you that I do not care now, only sometimes I feel a little afraid—afraid of Him, and I would like not to be." Uncle John was quietly picking off the dead roses, and did not look at Nellie, but she had said all she dared.

"Yes, my child, I understand; but don't stop there.

I don't know what has put it into my head, but I've wondered several times lately about dying—dying when one is young. You said you felt '*Mors Janna Vita*' was quite true. Do you think one should wish or want to die?"

Uncle John put all his bunch of red, pink, creamy, and white roses into one of Nellie's little hands, and drew the other on to his arm.

"No, my child, I do not think we should wish or want to die; it is not natural. it is not generally the wish of a healthy mind. The one happy purpose for a man or a woman's life here is to *do* His will and to *know* Him, and then whether the life is lived here or in heaven, it is all one! But it is true that death itself is an evil, and it is not God's will that it should

exist; but yet the King of Love and Life at the beginning kept the Tree of Life from being an immortality of evil to those who would have touched it, and by His own death He has unlocked the gate of heaven for us. If we are doing His will here, Nellie, this life becomes beautiful and happy, and *there* it must be an infinitely more beautiful, more happy life, because He gives us then the perfection of what we only have in part here. Long ago, Nellie, the 'desire of my eyes' was taken from me 'with a stroke,' and it seemed to me then that, but for '*Mors Janua Vitæ*,' I must have gone mad."

Uncle John's quiet face was strangely moved, and Nellie only ventured to press her hand tenderly on his arm, and said nothing till he went on—

"God is love, Nellie, and He took the one I loved most to teach me this: *she* said it would, and it did. So, Nellie, you see why I keep my scroll." Uncle John was smiling now, and Nellie ventured one tender kiss and fled, thinking now at last she knew the secret of Uncle John's life over which she had often pondered.

* * * * *

The birthday came, and was brighter than any birthday Nellie had ever had. It was all sunshine inside and out; so thought Mr. Vernon, so thought the boys—"the jolliest birthday for years;" so thought the little ones and the neighbours, and even Lady Esther, who remarked to the Major that Nellie made "the whole house different."

Then came the break-up of the party for the London season, and Uncle John only heard once from Nellie, but the little P.S.: "I am remembering the purpose of life," made him happy. She enjoyed everything—and, when the house re-filled in the autumn, was more than ever the light of the place to mother, brothers, sisters, and poor people, and very specially to Uncle John. About Christmas-time he was called from home on business abroad, and when he returned late in the spring Nellie was ill.

"As frost comes down and blights all the flowers in the fall,
A sudden ailment fell on her;
Almost she hearkened the Angels' call."

She was bright and full of fun still, but the

doctors looked grave, and very soon it was plain that Nellie was going from them.

She herself spoke to Uncle John first, as the one who would understand best.

She had asked to be carried to the rose-garden, where the roses were now again in their June beauty. When she got there she put her hand into Uncle John's: "'*Mors Janua Vitæ*,' Uncle John; it's *quite* true! I know I am going; but all I want is to make my going easy for mamma and the boys and the little ones, and, and—Mr. Vernon—and *you*. You won't mind, will you, Uncle John? for you have made it all real to me."

"Thank God!" was all Uncle John said.

"It is all so beautiful here, and there is so much to do and to learn; but it will be all the same there—only far, far better! 'The King of Love'—the King of Love: the roses and the river and the birds all seem to sing it." And Nellie lay back, smiling.

"Mother! I want you and Uncle John to promise you won't be *very* sorry when I go; for of course I know there is no sorrow there; but it would almost—*almost* make me want to come back if you wanted me very much, and I shouldn't like to think I made anybody sad!"

"I know I shall not forget you there, and you won't forget me. And you'll be sure to let the little ones have fun on my birthday each year; and, mother, you won't let the *rose* time make you sad because I came with them and went with them, will you?"

That was Nellie's last visit to the rose-garden, and when her birthday came she was with the King of Love!

It is five years now since the Gate of Life was opened for sunny, bright, smiling Nellie; but no one forgets her.

In her short life she sowed seeds of brightness and goodness which are growing and spreading now.

What life does not leave brightness behind it that has taken the King of Love for its Guide? For here, and there—

"We nothing lack if we are His,
And He is ours for ever."

"SO TIRED!"

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS"; OR, WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.—II.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.



WE are all the subjects of daily inspiration or depression from the influence exercised over us by others. It is indeed a privilege to come into contact with those who carry with them a "Benedicite," unspoken, perhaps, by word of mouth, but uttered in the uplifting influence of their character, countenance, and conversation.

We are all faint and weary at times. True, we do not confess our occasional experience of weariness to each other; but the mother who has had unwonted anxieties and intensified household cares feels just this: "I am so tired!" The young girl-governess knows it when away from the sunny warmth of the old roof-tree of home; with strenuous endeavour she does her brave best to teach, and, what is harder far,

to train the children of others. Often when the day is done, and the duty thereof discharged, she is sad and weary. The difficulties have not daunted her, but she says at eventide to herself, "I am so tired!" And MEN feel it too—earnest, busy, enterprising men, who have to meet and to master new antagonisms of competition; thoughtful and inventive men, who are overtaken with the problems of discovery; devout and holy men, who find that the battle with the world and the flesh is harder than they thought, and that the passions are like those ancient classic heroes, who seemed dead, but were only asleep—one and all of them often at heart really say simply this: "I am so tired!"

Of course there are special cases which give emphasis to the words. We feel them as we look at Millais' picture of "The Gambler's Wife"; and it is wonderfully accentuated when there is experience of betrayal, cruelty, and wrong, and eminently so when false witness has taken place in the form of slander, and the poor heart has tried to hunt down the hyenas who eat up reputations and laugh as they enjoy their savage repast. Yes, God only knows; and He, "to whom all hearts are open," understands the deep meaning of the sigh which says, "I am so tired!"

When, then, there is so much room for holy inspirations of cheer and comfort, shall not we be ourselves among the first to excite the emotion of which our motto speaks: "Lift up your hearts"?

At once comes a chorus of voices—"When? Why? How?" It is easy," they say, "to exclaim, 'Lift up your hearts!' tell us, oh! tell us, the secret of success." It is with a modest desire to expound such a secret that this paper is written. It is not restful to men to say, "Lift up your hearts," unless we can give reasons for the counsel. Holy Writ does this again and again. Take the first question, *When?* And the answer is, *Now*. Wait not for opportunity; Christ our Saviour is ever nigh unto us, waiting to cheer and comfort us. He loves to be trusted *in the time of trial*. No depth of depression is too deep for Him to come down to us and succour us. He, "the Man of Sorrows," and "acquainted with grief," was such that He might be the "Brother born for adversity" to help us. As He was tempted that He might succour them that are tempted, so He bore the burden of grief that He might comfort all the cast down and weary ones.

Concerning the next question, *Why?* we make answer: Lift up your hearts, for it is not good for you to be overcome with the weight of care; it unfits you for duty; it muffles the joy-bells that God Himself has hung in the belfry of the heart, and turns what would be chimes of gladness into funeral bells. Do not bury your hopes; do not sepulchre your purposes as if they were broken off and destroyed, for they are not. God may be giving new direction to your life, but He will take care of that life, and cause it to bring forth fruit unto His praise and glory. Lift up your hearts, also, because not only does your depression hurt your own health, happiness, and energy: it hurts your

influence: the world around you, your Church, your home, your friends, your neighbours, need the inspiration of a restful and a joyful soul.

Then comes the third question, *How?* Not by false stimulants, for in that case the measure of excitement is the measure of after-dulness and dreariness. No. You have been, perhaps, communing with your own heart: commune now a little with Him who made that heart, and who redeemed that heart—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways unto His hand."

Commit: it is a suggestive word. Not only tell your care, but leave your care with your Saviour. "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Then lay hold on the promises. You want them, and they are all Yea and Amen in Jesus Christ, to the glory of God the Father. And when you have laid hold of the promises, lean on them, lean all your weight on them, and let not the tempter seduce you into any distrust of your Father's care. It is no presumption on your part to believe that they are written for you; and for this reason—there is no exclusion. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "Come unto Me *all ye* that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"So tired!" you say. Does our Saviour enter, then, into our weariness as well as our want; our depressions as well as our dangers? I have tried to show that He does; and I certainly should like to feel that after reading these few words your countenance will brighten as upon one on whom God's face has shone. Come, friend and brother, renew your faith, renew your life, renew your joy in God.

But, you say, the writer knows not your experience. That is true: he is no magician. No introspective power is given him into any other heart than his own; but this he does know: that the Bible understands you, and is written for you, and that it reveals a Divine Lord and Saviour, who knows "the secrets of all hearts." And what man cannot do—what those dear earthly ones who love us best cannot do, the Almighty Saviour can do. He can say, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." He can give us the enjoyment of that great legacy: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you;" and He can so fill us with His Spirit as to make us inheritors of His own joy—a joy which is deep, and real, and permanent, which "no man taketh away from you."

It may be, however, that some who read this have in past times mistaken their way by the exercise of a self-repression and a manner of seriousness, which they have cultivated till habit has stereotyped all their life with something which, if it is not melancholia, is at all events morbidity and gloom. This habit may have been a protest, perhaps, at first against irreverence and frivolity in others. So far the endeavour to be "sober" and to use a corrective was honourable and good. But "poor human nature,"

as Dr. Horace Bushnell says, "can hold nothing steady;" and so "the liberal become lax, the firm become bigots, and the serious become sad." It may be that such souls need now as a stimulant to take the Apostolic counsel: "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice."

And certainly, apart from its spiritual aspect and influence, the spirit of cheerfulness has much to do with our health and strength, and the very *quality*, if not the *quantity*, of our daily work. I love to hear the music of the fields when the horses have bells on them, and when the husbandman sings at his work, and I feel sure that the lifting up of the heart helps also in the lifting up of the hands. Sometimes, in the seasons when we are "so tired," we have to learn the lesson of waiting upon the Lord that He may renew our strength—much as we shrink from hours of withdrawal from active duty and temporary seclusion from the world; yet when the occasion comes, we find that it is a compensative hour; it brings to us something of "the dew of our youth." In spiritual sorrows we are "shut in" with God, and we rest in the Everlasting Arms that are underneath all the children. Sometimes in our youthful life we knew in earlier days what it was to go home again. Away from the college, the office, or the warehouse, when we were broken down and weary, we were suffered to go "home" for a rest. Oh! that happy journey, with a vision at the end of the sweet country, the shady woods, the old gabled house, the warm welcome home! Oh! those familiar farmhouse sounds that echoed through the house, and made us sure, even in the darkness of night, that we were "at home." Oh! that sweet Sabbath morning, those

melodious bells, that grey old church, that happy cadence of voices from young men and maidens, old men and children, praising the name of the Lord! Ah! how many readers in some way or another have felt all this, yea, more than all this! It is a parable of a higher home-coming, of the soul's return in weary hours unto the rest in the living God; and after the fatigues and worries of life, so common to us all, there is nothing that "lifts up the heart" so truly as to be able to say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in every time of trouble. Yes—they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."

Finally, this is a beautiful world, and God meant us to rejoice and be glad in it. We ought to try to make our *homes* cheerful. It is astonishing what a depressing influence some houses have upon you before you enter them and after you enter them; they look so cold, so cheerless, so colourless and comfortless. It is not want of furniture or want of means, but there is an absence of that cheeriness and cosiness and brightness which says so eloquently, "Welcome to a Home." Our churches, too, ought to unite reverence with brightness and heartiness of worship. We read concerning the Temple of Jerusalem, "Upon the top of the pillars was lily-work." Yes—strength and beauty are to be in God's sanctuary; everything therein should help and not hinder the lifting up of our hearts unto the Lord. I cannot close without remarking that there can be no true lifting up of the heart where any habit of sin is dragging down the spiritual nature. We must be lifted up to God by the Holy Spirit, or there will be no true uplifting of heart at all.

WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.*

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.



SKILLED hand has just enriched the literature of the pulpit with a biography of one of the most gifted preachers of this century. The book is full of graphic sketches of the man and his work, some of which may serve as an introduction to a charming volume.

William Morley Punshon was born at Doncaster, on May 29th, 1824. His father was a mercer in Doncaster—a man of sterling principle, and active in all Church work, but not distinguished by any marked ability. His mother belonged to a good Doncaster family. Her brother, Isaac Morley, became a wealthy man, was twice elected mayor, and was knighted in 1841.

The boy's school-life ended with his fourteenth year. He received a sound education, which he perfected by a lifetime of reading. But such a mind as his deserved the highest culture. As it was, he was left too early to follow the bent of his own genius. Poetry and politics were his favourite subjects of study as a boy. His highest ambition was to win a seat in Parliament. Before he was fourteen he entered his uncle's counting-house at Hull. He was not heavily pressed with work, so that there were many leisure hours, even at the office, which he diligently used to complete his acquaintance with the best English literature. This peaceful life was rudely broken in upon by the death of his mother, in June, 1838. The sense of his loneliness almost broke the boy's heart. He wrote to a friend: "We are all buried in profound grief at our house. You can sympathise with me,

* "The Life of W. M. Punshon, LL.D." By F. W. Macdonald. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1887.)

because you have been in the same circumstances as myself. I feel that I could say with Cain, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' This great sorrow awoke him to his need of Christ. In the following October he tells his father that ever since the bereavement he has been under deep and strong conviction of sin, but cannot find peace of mind. A few weeks later, as he was walking along the dock-side at Hull, he met his friend and pastor, the Rev. S. Romilly Hall, who urged him to immediate faith in Christ. Then and there he did venture on his Saviour. He was able at once to rejoice in the peace which passeth understanding.

He was soon busily engaged in Christian work. He became a prayer-leader, a teacher in the Sunday-school, and then its secretary. Nor was mental improvement forgotten. With a few friends of kindred spirit, he formed a Menticultural Society, which did some honest work, and furnished occasion for not a little juvenile eloquence. A Biblical night was a prominent feature of their gatherings. One of the friends took the Greek Testament, young Punshon the Latin, the other friends read Hebrew and German. In this pleasant way they carefully noted variations in the text. Comments on sermons and preachers show in what direction the youth's thoughts were turning. When he was sixteen he went out into the country with his friend Lyth, who had to preach twice at Ellerby. Lyth had only one sermon. This served him well in the afternoon for his audience of twenty-four, but in the evening the beginners were thrown on their beam-ends. They agreed that each should give an address. Then they would have a prayer-meeting. The friends mounted the pulpit. Punshon was to come first with a ten minutes' address. After he had gone through the first part of the service with a *long* lesson, the boy-preacher gave out his text, "And as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." Much to his friend's delight, he spoke between half and three-quarters of an hour, leaving Lyth nothing to do but to finish the service.

Such was the first sermon of one of the most popular preachers of the century. A week or two after this service at Ellerby he left Hull to enter the office of another uncle at Sunderland. Here his second great trouble befell him, in the death of his father, who had disposed of his business at Doncaster early in the year. The orphan boy knew where to find comfort in this great sorrow. After the first fit of anguish, he told his cousin that "the predominant feelings of his heart were gratitude and praise." He engaged eagerly in Christian work, inaugurated a Menticultural Society like that at Hull, and took an active part in Sunday-school and prayer-meetings. Eighteen months thus slipped pleasantly by. At last he felt that he must become a preacher. On April 3, 1842, he delivered his second sermon. His popularity began at once. The chapels were crowded. At Doncaster, where he was invited to preach, seventeen hundred people assembled to hear their young fellow-townsmen. There could be no question as to his vocation. Such popularity and power marked him out as a born preacher. It was arranged that he should spend a year in pre-

paration for the ministry with his uncle, Mr. Clough, who was then stationed at Woolwich.

His first sermon in London was preached in the grim old Wesleyan chapel at Deptford. Soon afterwards he was at Spitalfields, with two thousand five



THE REV. W. M. PUNSHON, LL.D.

(From the Etching by MANESS, by kind permission of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.)

hundred people packed into the building. Such labours blended happily with the course of theological reading which his uncle prescribed. In July, 1844, he was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and allocated to Richmond College. When he had been in residence four months, however, he discovered that he was designated for missionary work. His friends could not consent to this arrangement, and as there were as many men in training for the home work as the Connexion required, he was sent to supply a vacancy at Marden, in Kent.

Here a chapel was built, and the young preacher drew large congregations. Next September he was sent to Whitehaven, on the Solway Firth, where he spent two years. Nervous depression often brought him very low. But whatever his personal distress, his popularity was unbounded. There were two ministers, with a staff of lay preachers, to supply the pulpit in Whitehaven and a dozen country places around. Mr. Punshon's life-long friend, the Rev. Thomas McCullagh, was then at Workington, about seven miles away. He heard Punshon's first missionary speech at the little port of Harrington, which nestles on the coast between the two circuit towns. "The rush of brilliant thoughts and burning

words, the perfect whirlwind of eloquence, almost took away my breath. I do not know that I was more enraptured with his speeches at Exeter Hall in after years, than with that first platform effort during the first few weeks of his ministry. We used to call it his 'excitement speech,' as he dwelt in it upon the excitements of novelty, opposition, and success, by which the missionary enterprise had been supported in turns, until at last it came to rest upon principle. I no longer wondered that such an orator succeeded in filling the large, half-empty chapel at Whitehaven with admiring hearers before his first month in the circuit was over."

A sermon which he preached at Carlisle led to his appointment to that circuit in 1847. The spirit of the old border city breathes in one of his early letters. His study was in sight of the Cathedral; the weather-beaten Castle lay to the right. The view from the ramparts, with the beautiful river Eden meandering through the meadows, and the northern suburb of the city lying in a pleasant knoll beyond, had already caught his fancy. Two happy years were spent here. As the hour of service drew near, the usually peaceful street in which the Methodist chapel stood was crowded by friends from both town and country, hastening to hear the young preacher. Clergymen and Dissenting ministers, Roman Catholics and Quakers, all joined the eager throng. Mr. Punshon took possession of the city. The Methodist chapel became the resort of people who had never entered such a place before. Local traditions of those palmy days still linger among the Cumberland folk. An itinerant merchant who heard him at Whitehaven first told the good Methodists of Wigton that a new light had arisen. "He will make his name in the Connexion," was the man's verdict. Mr. Punshon seems to have been in the habit of singling out one hearer in a congregation to serve as a barometer. One of these sermonometers we used often to hear of in earlier days. In the homes of the people the young minister endeared himself by his sympathy and kindness. When he found a congenial spirit it was always a pleasure to him to discuss the sermons on the stocks.

In 1849 he removed to Newcastle. Here a happy marriage gave him the home comfort and loving sympathy for which the orphaned boy had often pined. Thence he passed with ripened powers for usefulness to Sheffield. The Missionary Committee, always on the look-out for popular advocates, invited him to take part in the May Meetings of 1853. He preached at Spitalfields in the morning, at Old Hyde Street in the evening. Next morning he made his first appearance at Exeter Hall. His twenty minutes' speech produced a profound impression. Robert Newton was there—a veteran in the cause of missions. All who were present felt that the young man from the country had risen up to fill the place of that wonderful orator. After the meeting Jabez Bunting hobbled across the committee-room to express the pleasure it gave him to see and hear Mr. Punshon there. The young man from the country had told his friend McCullagh, a month before, that if he had to speak in Exeter Hall it would be "a terrible affair." But

despite his fears he had successfully stepped into the arena where some of his greatest triumphs were to be won.

Before the year was out he was trembling and mourning over his promise to lecture there on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association. On January 17, 1854, three thousand people assembled to hear his first Exeter Hall lecture. The subject was the prophet of Horeb. When he sat down the whole audience sprang to its feet and "cheered till it could cheer no more." This was a memorable triumph. One of our friends who met him before the lecture at the house where he was staying, was quite incredulous as to his powers. But the success was enormous. The performance was not less wonderful as a feat of memory than as an oratorical triumph. Until he was on the platform he did not decide whether to read or to speak *memoriter*. Before he rose he passed the manuscript to a friend on the platform, saying, "Follow me, and if I falter give me the book." There was no faltering, however. For two hours the stream of eloquence dashed on. The lecturer did not omit a passage, and scarcely varied a single phrase.

The lecturer's style is carefully analysed in Mr. Macdonald's biography. No syllable was slurred, no intonation that could lend force or beauty to the words was wanting. The sentences had a rhythm which swelled on the ear like music. The emphasis was sometimes an electric shock that condensed the scope of long paragraphs into a single word. These were the chief characteristics of his delivery. His power as a word-painter and limner of character was superb. His glorious climaxes raised enthusiasm step by step till it seemed to touch the clouds. England has perhaps seen no lecturer who for popular effect could vie with Dr. Punshon in his best days of strength.

In 1858 Mr. Punshon was appointed to Bayswater. His wife's health was failing—consumption had set in; so that it was not possible for him to live at Spitalfields, as he had engaged to do. The West of London thus gained what the East had lost. A large new chapel had been erected at Denbigh Road, of which he was the pastor. He preached one sermon every Sunday in his own pulpit; the other half of the day was given to various parts of the Hyde Street circuit. His popularity bore fruit in many financial successes. Spitalfields had suffered greatly by his failure to become its minister. He therefore undertook to raise £1,000 for its burdened trusts by lecturing. In 1862 he pledged himself to find £10,000 in five years by lectures and appeals to his friends. The fund was intended for the erection and enlargement of chapels in watering-places. This herculean task he happily accomplished.

His health broke down at last under the enormous labours of these busy years. Visits to the Continent and a measure of rest at home repaired his flagging energies. The years which he spent in Canada effectually completed his restoration. He sailed from Liverpool in April, 1868, and finally returned to the mother-country on June 3rd, 1873. For five successive years he was President of the Canadian Conference.

His home was in Toronto. Largely by his means, the Metropolitan Church was built there, at a cost of 180,000 dollars. He was practically bishop of an enormous diocese, fifteen hundred miles long, two to three hundred wide. Its population was nearly three millions. Besides this, there were the missionary districts, which needed constant oversight. Victoria University—the Methodist College of Canada—owed to him its theological faculty. He also gave valuable assistance in securing endowments to replace the grants withdrawn by the Legislature. The university recognised these services by conferring on him the degree of LL.D. in 1872. He also prepared the way for the union of the Methodist bodies in the Dominion, which has already borne such good fruit. "He pushed us on half a century," was the eulogium pronounced by Mr. John Macdonald on his work in Canada.

On his return to England in 1873, Dr. Punshon became minister of the church in Warwick Gardens, Kensington. Next year he was appointed President of the Conference. In 1875 he was elected one of the Foreign Missionary Secretaries. He was a business man of the highest order—prompt, rapid, and painstaking. In this congenial sphere the last years of his life were spent. He settled at Tranby Lodge, Brixton Hill. The serious strain of missionary administration

was happily relieved by occasional visits to the mission stations on the Continent. Friends gathered round him at Tranby, to whom he delighted to show the autographs of monarchs, statesmen, and men of letters, which it had been his life-long hobby to collect. His study was his sanctum of the house devoted to business and leisure; to occasional contributions to *THE QUIVER* and other religious works; to devotion, as well as to happy recreation.

The great preacher died at Brixton on Thursday, April 14th, 1881, at the age of fifty-six. The fatal symptoms had seized him whilst he was travelling on the Continent. He only reached home to die. Just before the end he said, with a firm and deeply reverent voice, "Christ is to me a bright reality. Jesus! Jesus!" Then he fell asleep. Brixton Hill Chapel, where he had often ministered during the closing years of his life, presented a scene at his funeral which none who were present can ever forget. Then the mournful procession passed to Norwood Cemetery, where he rests in peace. Many bereavements and sorrows chastened the great preacher, but he was able to thank God for them all. He was rooted in humility. His life, though but brief in years, was crowded with labours which still bear fruit in two continents to the glory of God.



THE UNOPENED LETTER.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



LETTERS could only write books, what wonderful stories they would tell us—the letters which were read, and what they did—and the letters which were unread, or if read, unheeded, what they did, too—and the letters which were lost, and what might have happened, or been prevented happening, if only they had arrived safely—the stories which all these could tell would make a library of themselves.

This little paper is concerning a letter which in one sense of the word was not lost, inasmuch as it reached the hands of the person for whom it was intended; but which, in another sense of the word, was lost, inasmuch as it was never opened—at least, not until it could not do any good.

There was a young man, belonging to a very good family, who took up with very bad ways, and rushed into sin of every kind. At last he was driven by sheer shame from home, and, enlisting, was sent to India. For a long time his poor parents did not know what had become of him; but at last they heard through a friend.

As soon as his father knew where a letter would find him, he wrote to him as follows:—

"MY DEAR SON,—You are breaking your mother's heart. Come home at once, and we freely forgive you for all the wrong you have done us. I send out money to a friend in Calcutta to buy you out of the ranks, and also sufficient to bring you home. Come at once. We will give you a hearty welcome home.—Your loving father."

This kind letter the young man got safely enough, but he never opened it. No doubt he knew his father's handwriting well—no doubt his conscience told him what he deserved from that father, and perhaps under the influence of such a thought he never opened the letter at all. It seems wonderful that day after day should pass, and that letter remain in that young man's possession, and that he should never look at it.

Further and further into sin did this poor fellow go; but at last he came to the end of his tether—it is a long lane that has no turning, and the longest lane of sin has its end sooner or later; and this young man found his lane's end on a bed of sickness and death.

Finding himself dying, the poor fellow asked the hospital nurse to give him the unopened letter out of his knapsack. There he found all that had been so long ready for his acceptance—waiting for it—forgiveness, provision, liberty, restoration, welcome, love—everything that a man under his circumstances, and in his condition, could want. But, alas! the time for laying

hold of these blessings had passed for him—he was dying; and soon he died.

You say, "Why, the man must have been a fool! How did he know what was in that letter? He might have looked into it, at any rate." Yes; and I add something more—even though he knew that he deserved nothing good from his father—though his conscience told him that—he might have known that there is such a thing as fatherhood. Conscience cannot and will not tell us that, though it will tell us we have sinned shamefully against it; but we know it, nevertheless; but he never let the thoughts of "fatherhood" come into his mind—"fatherhood" with its tenderness and long-suffering and love; and so he neglected opening his letter, and by that neglect missed all.

Now God's letter, good reader, to you, is the Bible, and perhaps you—certainly a great many—are treating God's letter to them in just as foolish a way as this young man treated his father's letter to him. He did not look into it, and read it, and think about it, and act upon it. I dare say if he had read it, he would have acted upon it.

But many will not look into their Bibles at all. They know well enough that they ought to find their condemnation there, and they think that they will find only that. They think they will find some check on the way in which they want to go—they think that they cannot find anything good or comfortable or pleasant for them there. It is the book of the One they have offended against; and they cannot imagine that He should be the very One to write kindly to them, to provide everything for them, to think out everything lovingly for them.

That young man knew that letter was from his father; and that was why he did not open it; he would have opened any other letter; and even so, people know that the Bible is from God, and they don't know that God can be kind to them in the Bible; and so they will open and read anything else—news-paper, novel, advertisement, anything, everything you like but the Bible.

Now see what loss came hereby. In that letter there was forgiveness: "We freely forgive you for all the wrong you have done us." There was invitation: "Come home at once." There was provision, how he was to get there: "I send out money to a friend in Calcutta to buy you out of the ranks, and also sufficient to bring you home." There was every obstacle removed at both ends—his leaving and his arriving. And there was a welcome: "We will give you a hearty welcome home." And all was wound up with a word of loving assurance: "Your loving father."

All this was in the unopened letter, and all that it could give was missed because the letter was left too long unread. And all this is in your Bible; and all for you. The forgiveness through the blood of Jesus—the help of the Holy Spirit to witness to you of the Father's love—heaven, and the way to get there—all—all for you. Read the letter—read it while it can do you good—read it now. And ask the Holy Spirit to make you feel it is all your Father's kind letter to you, saying, "Come home"—"Come home." It is your loving Father who signs the letter saying that all hindrances are removed; you are to come home.

The reason why James I. and his Parliament were not blown up in the Gunpowder Plot was that he read and attended to a letter about the matter, though it was not easy at first to make out what the letter meant. The reason another man lost his life was because he pushed aside a letter telling him of a conspiracy to murder him, and said, "Pleasure to-day, and business to-morrow," but that morrow he never saw.

You have a Bible at home—do not leave it unopened any longer. Just make the experiment to see what it really contains; and if you cannot find in it all that there was in this young man's letter, then I will not ask you to read it any more; but if you can—then "Come home"—"Come home." God has written to you—do not any longer keep by you

THE UNOPENED LETTER.

COMPASSION.

"Wisdom hath sent forth her maidens."—Prov. ix. 3.

NO bloom the woodland holds,
No leaf the thicket yields,
The snow is on the wolds,
The floods upon the fields.
Where hyacinths have waved the
head,
And violets bloomed in leafy bed,
The waters go
In icy flow,
And wintry winds blow loud and dread.

What wanderer seeks the glade
Afar from shepherd's fold?
A lamb moans in the shade,
Anear the waters cold,

But love's compassion, pure and wise,
Is beaming from a maiden's eyes.
O'er wild and waste,
In pitying haste,
She seeks and finds him ere he dies.

Lo! in the cloudy day
The lambs are scattered wide;
Amid the floods they stray,
And perish in the tide.
O Wisdom's messengers of grace,
Bring back the wanderers to His face!
With tender hands,
And love's soft bands,
Enfold them in your warm embrace.

CLARA THWAITES.

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

CHAPTER XIII.

"But the tongue is a fire, as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire."



"WE used to be such friends at one time, Hilton. Shall we never be friends again?"

These words, spoken in a low, plaintive tone, fall upon my ear, and rouse all my sleepy senses into instant activity. When last my eyes were open to the light, it came faintly and coldly through the window on my left; and the curtains that screened me from the room looked dark, dull, and heavy. Now the window is a wall of darkness, and the curtains are blazing with crimson — that

deep, rich crimson that can only be seen by transmitted light.

Early in the afternoon I ensconced myself in this comfortable chair by the drawing-room window, intending to have a long read; but I suppose the chair proved too comfortable, or the book too dull; at any rate, I must have been asleep, for Julia's low-spoken question is my first intimation that anyone has entered the room. How long the gas has been lighted, and how long she and Hilton have been talking by the fire, I do not know. I wish I did, as it might then be easier for me to come out of my hiding-place; for a hiding-place I now feel that it is, although I had not the least intention of making it one. If I had walked boldly out, without giving myself time to think, it would have been all right; but I have waited several seconds, and in that time have thought of many things likely to make my entrance into the room—awkward. Hilton's answer arrests the course of my thoughts and compels me to defer the question until he has ceased speaking.

"My dear girl," he says, "you know I have always had the greatest affection for you."

"But you have seemed so cold lately, Hilton," says Julia plaintively.

I have noticed that he has been very absent-minded and reserved lately, and I suppose this is her protest

against it. I dare not move to look at them, but I know exactly how she is gazing up at him with her great expressive eyes. When Julia likes, she is irresistibly fascinating.

"Have I?" he asks, in a tone of gratified vanity. "Well, it was quite unintentional then."

"You can't think how miserable it has made me feel," says Julia.

"Poor old girl!" he says tenderly. "I thought at one time you had left off caring about me."

Julia's answer is given in too low a tone for me to hear. And then there is a long pause—a horribly long pause; during which I fully realise all the horrors of my position, and vividly imagine all the cutting things they will be sure to say on discovering me. It is too late now for me to think of showing myself. Why don't they say something, if only a word, to break this hateful silence? A dreadful idea comes into my mind that they suspect my whereabouts, and are creeping stealthily towards the window to catch me unawares. At the thought I turn hot and trembling, and little pulses set off throbbing at the tip of my nose and under my chin. And I glance guiltily up at the curtains, expecting every instant to see them part, and Julia's scoffing face appear between them. Still there is no sound. The suspense is becoming intolerable; and, unless I satisfy myself that they are still at the other end of the room, I am certain that I shall scream, or do something foolish, and then it will be all over. I peep cautiously through a small opening between the curtains, and then fear is lost in indignation. His arm is about her waist, her head is resting on his shoulder, and he is actually kissing her.

"Dear old girl!" he says softly, "I hope the day will never come when we shall be indifferent to each other."

Again Julia's answer is inaudible; but she partly hides her face against his shoulder, and the little that I can see of it is crimson. His face is turned away from me, so that I cannot see the effect it has upon him; but when he speaks again it is in a more matter-of-fact tone: "Yes, you've always been a good little sister to me, Julia."

She looks up surprised, disengages herself from his hold, and says, in a tone full of significance: "I am not your sister, Hilton; and never can be!"

She stands in the full light of the chandelier, her face all animated and glowing, as I have never seen it before, and looks, in my eyes, like some beautiful spirit of evil luring him to his doom. He must have read the meaning of her words and tone, he must have understood the expression of her great, dark, passionate eyes. Will he fall a victim to their witchery, and say that which cannot be unsaid? Will the memory of my little love be strong enough to hold him?

He hesitates; and in that hesitation Julia, always

quick to despair, sees the failure of her hopes. I see her eyes droop, and the light fade out of her face, leaving it rigid and colourless.

"No; I know," he answers uneasily. "But I have always felt as if you were. Don't you wish me to be your brother?"

"Oh, of course!" she says coldly; and her eyes, which are looking straight towards my window, have such an expression in them, that I am frightened, and withdraw hastily behind the curtain.

"I'm sure, Julia," he resumes, half apologetically, "if you were really my sister, I could not care more for you than I do."

"You are very good," she says icily.

There is another pause, during which I can hear Hilton tapping the vases on the mantle-piece. Then Julia asks, in a constrained voice—

"Do you remember your father?"

"Of course I do!" replies Hilton. I fancy he is glad of anything to change the subject.

"Do you remember his junior partner?"

"What! the scamp who robbed him so shamefully, and then fled the country?"

"Yes."

"I don't remember the man himself; but I remember all the incidents connected with the robbery. It was the basest piece of villainy I ever heard of! What made you think of it to-night, Julia?" he goes on, irritably. "I hate to have those old grievances raked up! It only makes me mad, and it cannot do one atom of good! I like to forget such things, if I can. I daresay the scoundrel has met with his just reward before this. And as for my poor old dad—we cannot bring him back to life again."

"What would you do if you saw that man—proud and respected—holding his head high, and living in luxury on the money he had stolen from your father?"

"What would I do? Why, I'd make the country too hot to hold him!"

"I suppose you think that nothing would induce you to make friends with him—and become his son-in-law?" insinuates Julia.

"I don't understand you."

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does matter! You have no right to make a remark like that, unless you are prepared to explain it."

"I don't see that I am bound to explain every remark I may happen to make."

"You are bound to explain that one, though. You must have meant something by what you said; and, as it referred to me, I have a right to know what the meaning was."

"Well, if you will know, I must tell you. I hope you will like the explanation, that's all. The man who ruined your father is no other than the aristocratic Mr. Giffard!"

"I don't believe it!" cries Hilton emphatically.

"You can do as you please about that."

"I don't mean, of course, that you are telling a lie," he says; "I mean that you have been misinformed. The man's name was Carter; and he would be at least ten years younger than Mr. Giffard. Who told you?"

"You will not believe me if I tell you. Ask uncle. He knows all the facts of the case."

"I will. But even if it prove to be true (which I do not in the least expect), it can make no difference to me now. You must see that, after all Mr. Bloomfield has done for me, it would be an abominable piece of ingratitude to say a word to injure his brother-in-law. Besides, he is Margaret's father."

"Ah, I knew how it would be!" exclaims Julia, with intense bitterness. "Well, if you *do* marry the daughter of a thief, it will not be in ignorance. Not that she seems to care very much about you."

"Look here, Julia, I begin to think that there has been some mischief-maker at work. I am never mistaken in my reading of a person's character; and I do not believe that Margaret would have acted in the way she has if someone had not poisoned her mind against me. I like Maggie very much. She is a thoroughly good-hearted, sensible girl; and I should probably have been engaged to her months ago, if it had not been for all this nonsense. I must go to Cambridge to-morrow, as I promised, but as soon as I come back I will investigate the matter. I could not make out what it meant for a long time, but now I begin to understand it."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," remarks Julia.

"I am glad to hear it," he returns, and goes out of the room, passing so close to my hiding-place that I shrink, and cower, and hold my breath, till he closes the door behind him.

Thank goodness he is gone! I was much more afraid of him than of Julia. I feel convinced that she played the part of eaves-dropper on the day Mr. Giffard first called; and if she does find me now, I will accuse her of it, and try to silence her in that way. She is muttering to herself now, as nervous, excitable people so often do, and I listen with all my powers to hear what she says. I can make out nothing, however, but exclamations of contempt and baffled rage, and something that sounds like, "When he comes back from Cambridge," accompanied by a short, hard laugh.

The door opens, and I hear, with a feeling of intense relief, Mr. Bloomfield's cheery voice exclaim, "Hullo, Julia! all alone? Why, where's Hilton?"

"I don't know," answers Julia.

"I thought he was in here," says Mr. Bloomfield, in surprise.

"He is not, you see."

"Where is Miss Scott, too?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She is down-stairs, most likely, spying about on the servants."

"Now, Julia!" remonstrates Mr. Bloomfield, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. You don't mean anything, I know, but it sounds as if you did. And I am sure Miss Scott would never do anything so mean."

What would he think if he could see the guilty face behind these curtains? Would he ever believe in me again? Oh, that the floor would open and swallow me up! Oh, that something—natural or supernatural—would remove me from this cosy nook and place me

anywhere on the wide earth where I could hide my heated face!

"Of course *she* is perfect," says Julia sneeringly, as she goes out of the room.

Again I congratulate myself. I do not deserve to escape, but I begin to think that I shall. Mr. Bloomfield is still in the room, however, and seems likely to stay; for I hear him draw an easy-chair up to the fire and open a newspaper.

I wait for a few minutes longer, and then begin to feel terribly cramped and nervous. It is one thing to keep still while you are listening to an interesting conversation, and quite another thing to be forced to do so when there is nothing to engage your attention but the rustling of a newspaper. I begin to expect, too, that either Julia or Hilton will return, and then there will be no chance of escape for me. At last my impatience becomes intolerable; and, hastily deciding on what I am going to say, I muster all my courage and step boldly into the room.

Mr. Bloomfield drops his newspaper and stares, with his eyes—and, it must be confessed, his mouth too—wide open with astonishment.

"Don't be alarmed," I say, with a little sniggling laugh, trying to appear as if I am not ashamed of myself. "I am not a ghost, and I did not come up through the floor. I have only been asleep behind those curtains."

"Asleep?" he repeats slowly, not yet having recovered from his astonishment. "Didn't you hear me talking to Julia just now, then?"

"Well, yes," I answer, feeling very sneaky, and not daring to look at him. "I did not mean to overhear anything, Mr. Bloomfield, but when I woke up she was in the room, and—and you heard what she said just now."

"Yes, but you mustn't think anything of that. She doesn't mean anything, you know. That's only her way, when she is put out about something. So you dare not come out," he says, bursting into a hearty laugh at the absurdity of my having overheard it. "How I wish I had known that!"

"You will not say anything about it, will you?"

"Not I! I never was fond of setting people by the ears."

"Thank you," I answer gratefully, and make good my escape while there is time.

Having safely reached my own room, I sit down and think over the astonishing disclosures which I have overheard.

Is it possible that Hilton is not Mr. Bloomfield's son? Well, I suppose I must believe it, since he admitted it himself, but "I wish people would not tell such abominable falsehoods!" I ejaculate, feeling very much annoyed that they have deceived me about it. Then I find that I cannot tax any particular person with having told this particular lie. "But I must have heard it," I think. "I could not have imagined such a thing. He lives in Mr. Bloomfield's house; he addresses him as 'Pater,' and speaks of him as 'My father'; he bears the same name as Mr. Bloomfield, and everybody speaks of him as his son. Of course I concluded that he was his son." Yes, and perhaps all the rest of their friends have

come to the same conclusion in the same way. Well, on the whole, I am rather glad that I did not know the truth. I should only have had a troublesome secret to keep.

Then, again, is it possible that Mr. Giffard is the hardened wretch that Julia has described him? I do not like him, but I cannot believe that he is such a reprobate. It is too preposterous! It must be one of Julia's wild extravagances. And yet, why did he come and go so stealthily at first? and why did Mr. Bloomfield say nothing about his visit? But no—when I remember the man, I cannot believe it of him, without having some very strong proof of his guilt.

I feel rather uneasy at the recollection of that laugh of Julia's, and her muttered exclamation of "When he comes home from Cambridge." But I try to dismiss the subject from my mind; for I am aware that, from watching the progress of this miserable quarrel, I have acquired a habit of exaggerating trifles. And even if she wished to interfere between the lovers, I do not see how she could succeed, now that Hilton has determined to have an explanation with Maggie.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air!
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not where!"

THE three days of Hilton's absence seem to me to be unusually long. I am impatient to see the end of this wearisome quarrel, and I cannot help feeling an uncomfortable presentiment that something will happen to prevent the promised explanation.

Very soon after his return, I receive a message that Mr. Bloomfield wishes to speak to me in the study, and I go down feeling sure that what he has to say will refer to this particular subject.

When I enter the room Hilton is leaning against the mantle-piece, playing absently with a pen-wiper, and Mr. Bloomfield is poking the fire with most unnecessary vigour. I can see that there is a storm in the air. They exchange glances of inquiry as to who shall commence the interview, then Mr. Bloomfield turns to me, with a strangely hunted, worried look, and says—

"We want to speak to you, Miss Scott, about something very extraordinary that has happened. We thought you might be able to throw some light on the subject. The fact is that Hilton has just been round to Mr. Giffard's, and it seems that he has left the neighbourhood."

"How very sudden!" I exclaim, with a vague feeling that the *something* I have been expecting has come at last. "Where is he gone?"

"That's just it," returns Mr. Bloomfield. "Hilton has been making inquiries, and can learn nothing of his movements. The servants are all gone, and the house is shut up. They must have left yesterday, for the people at the next house saw him about only the day before. We hoped that Maggie had told you something—in confidence, you know."

"No, not a word! Why, I have not seen her since the last time she came here with her father! I never

was more surprised about anything in my life!" I say, looking in bewilderment from one to the other.

"Oh, it is sure to be explained before long," says Hilton. "But it is a very extraordinary proceeding, and my father naturally feels rather anxious about it."

"You see, it's just possible that the man may have gone out of his mind," says Mr. Bloomfield, giving another vicious poke at the fire. "And if such is the case—why, there is no telling what he may do! Of course, it may be all right, as Hilton says; but I *hate* anything like mystery."

"Have you asked Julia if she knows anything about it?" I ask, in as casual a way as I can. In my own mind I cannot help feeling that she is in some way connected with this disappearance.

"What made you think of Julia?" asks Hilton, turning suddenly round, and looking at me in a keen, scrutinising way.

"I only think it is just possible that she has heard something about it."

"I will ask her at once. As you say, it is possible!" he says, ringing the bell.

The servant is told to ask Miss Julia to come into the study; and in a few minutes we hear her coming leisurely down-stairs.

I suppose Hilton does not care to meet her alone after the way in which they parted on Friday. "Let me speak to her," he says in a low tone to Mr. Bloomfield.

As she enters the room I see the Julia of old times, with compressed lips and defiant eyes. Hilton looks at her steadily. There is a suppressed volcano under that calm exterior of his; she must take care that she does not apply a match to it.

"Mary said you wanted me," she says.

"Yes, we were just speaking about Mr. Giffard. Don't you think it was very imprudent of him to go off in this way?" asks Hilton, looking straight at her with his keen grey eyes.

This mode of attack is evidently a ruse on his part, but if he expects her to be entrapped into making the smallest admission, or showing the least confusion, he is disappointed, for her eyes meet his as unflinchingly and defiantly as ever, and she says, in the same cold, indifferent way, "I don't understand what you mean."

"I suppose you have not heard the news, then? Mr. Giffard has left home suddenly; he has dismissed his servants and shut up his house, and we don't know yet where he is gone. I thought it was just possible that you knew something about the affair."

"Indeed!" she says sneeringly. "I suppose you thought I should be sure to interest myself in his affairs, because I *admire* and *respect* him so much?"

Hilton flinches at this. "You don't seem particularly surprised at the news," he says, beginning to lose control over his temper, and speaking with more heat than prudence.

"Surprised!" she exclaims, shrugging her shoulders contemptuously. "I am surprised at nothing! Besides, I am not aware that it is an unusual thing for a man to leave home without giving his address to his friends. Perhaps his wine-merchant or his tailor will be able to enlighten you as to his reasons!"

"Thanks; I shall not apply to them," says Hilton, beginning to play with the pen-wiper again, and affecting to have lost all interest in the conversation. "I thought you could have helped us perhaps; but if that is the only suggestion you can make, I'm afraid it will not be of much use."

"That is all you wanted me for, then?"

"Yes; I am sorry to have troubled you."

"I will go and finish my letter, then," she says; and leaves us without noticing the apology.

"We never thought of that," says Mr. Bloomfield, looking up, with a greatly relieved expression, when she is gone.

"Of what?" asks Hilton.

"Why, what she hinted at just now. He has been living at a great rate, you know. It isn't such an unlikely thing."

"Pshaw! absurd!" cries Hilton. "But we can soon satisfy ourselves about that by calling on some of the tradespeople. At any rate, *she* knows nothing about the matter! I'll answer for that!"

"Perhaps Maggie will write to us," I suggest.

"I only hope she will," says Mr. Bloomfield. "But I must confess I don't like the look of the thing."

"Oh, we will not wait for them to write. We'll find them without that," says Hilton, who is rapidly recovering his spirits.

"It's all very well to *talk*, my boy!" retorts Mr. Bloomfield irritably; "but if a man chooses to lose himself in a place like London, how are you going to work to find him? You might as well look for a needle in a hay-stack! Besides, I don't know that we have any right to raise a hue-and-cry after him."

"They must be found," says Hilton, in his decisive way. "And we can do it without raising a hue-and-cry either! Don't you think so, Miss Scott? I shall begin by finding some of the servants; most likely they will be able to give us some clue; servants always know about their masters' business."

This last suggestion seems so remarkably good, that Mr. Bloomfield insists on carrying it out without a minute's loss of time; so he and Hilton set out on their search, and I return to my work up-stairs.

At least, I make an effort to go on with my work, but I find it impossible to fix my thoughts on what I am doing. I keep turning over and over in my mind the different circumstances connected with this sudden disappearance, and trying to persuade myself that it can be easily explained. If I had not heard that unfortunate secret about Mr. Giffard I should find it easier to believe that he had taken a sudden fancy to go to the seaside for a few months—or to Scotland; but with that ugly tale in my mind all kinds of horrors seem possible. Could my reason be completely convinced of the groundlessness of my fears, I believe the feeling that some evil had happened would remain as strong as ever.

In a very short time I put my work away and go and walk about in the garden, like some restless animal. Suspense is bad enough at any time, but how much worse it is when one can take no steps to relieve it!

Mr. Giffard's servants are discovered, but the only information obtained from them is that, up to the

morning of their dismissal, everything had gone on in exactly the same way as usual. They have no reason to believe that any large bills were owing to tradespeople, or that Mr. Giffard was in monetary difficulties of any kind. He had given them all a month's wages in advance, and asked them to leave the house before one o'clock, as he had been suddenly called away from town, and did not know when he should return. He had seemed very agitated at the time, and one of them

After a little while we even begin to lose faith in the post—it has disappointed us so often—and by the end of the second week a permanent gloom seems to have settled down upon us, which not even Mr. Bloomfield's persistent effort to look on the bright side of things can relieve.

During all this time Julia appears to take no interest in what is going on. She is in one of her sulky moods (probably because of her late disagreement with Hilton,



"I go and walk about in the garden."—p. 336.

had afterwards watched him lock the house and drive away in a cab with his daughter. Beyond this we can discover absolutely nothing.

For the first few days we neither think nor speak of anything else; every fresh plan is greeted with enthusiasm; every fresh failure is a heavy blow. After that, we begin to get used to the state of affairs. When the search is turned in some new direction we hope for success, but we do not *expect* it, therefore failure does not come upon us with a shock.

All our hopes are centred in the post now, for our only chance is that Maggie or her father will write to us. When the post comes in we seize on our letters eagerly, and look upon them as worthless if they prove to contain no reference to the subject that is uppermost in our thoughts. I even receive one from Charlie, telling me that a considerable increase has been made in his salary, but the news seems so unimportant that I forget to congratulate him about it.

between whom and herself a great coldness seems to exist). She goes out a great deal, and receives all the visitors who call with a too palpably forced gaiety (it is one of the characteristics of Julia's sulks that she is unusually lively when with strangers), but whenever she sits with us, is either writing letters or reading novels.

Altogether we are a very cheerful community.

CHAPTER XV.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!"

"DEAR UNCLE,—Poor papa is dead, and I am all alone. Will you not come to me?" reads Mr. Bloomfield, from a letter that has just been brought to him.

The post has at last rewarded us for our long-continued faith in it, and brought us news of the absent. But *such* news!

"Dead!" exclaims Julia, starting violently and turning very pale.

"She says he is dead! Is it possible?" cries Hilton. "And she all alone with him!"

Mr. Bloomfield stares at the letter hopelessly, and reads it again. "'Dear Uncle,—Poor papa is dead.' Yes, *dead*! there can be no mistake," he says. "Poor child! what a terrible thing for her!"

"Where does she write from?" I ask.

"Hamby; I know the place: it is a village very near F——."

"What is the time?" inquires Hilton, rising.

"It is too late to do anything to-night, my boy," says Mr. Bloomfield. "We must start by the first train in the morning."

"Will you be able to go?" asks Hilton, looking doubtfully at Mr. Bloomfield's foot, which is propped up on a chair. He managed to hurt it a day or two ago, and has not been able to walk on it since. Mr. Bloomfield's answer is a reluctant but decided negative.

"Shall I go?" I ask quickly.

"Yes, the very thing!" he says. "You and Hilton had better start by the first train in the morning. It leaves Liverpool Street—let me see—just find me a time table, will ye, Hilton?"

A piece of paper flutters into my lap. I look up to discover whence it comes, and see Julia going out at the door. It is in her writing, and contains these startling words—

"I am a murderess. Don't speak to me. Don't take any notice of me. Don't tell anyone. I am obliged to tell someone, or I shall go mad. I have told you because I think I can trust you. Tell them presently that I have a headache, and am gone to bed."

"A *murderess*!" I stare at the long, ugly word in horrified amazement; and then remembering her romantic extravagances, conclude that this is one of them. She has probably hated Mr. Giffard and longed for his death. That is all. I crumple up the little note and throw it into the fire.

"Julia, Julia! let me in," I say, an hour later, as I stand knocking at her bedroom door. There is no response. "Let me in!" I call, knocking louder than before. Still there is no response; and horrible tales begin to flit through my mind—there is no accounting for these romantic girls! I try to open the door, but find it locked; then knock again—and presently it is unlocked and opened, and Julia, her face all white and tear-stained, stands before me.

"What do you want?" she asks.

"To speak to you," I answer.

"You can speak to me here," she says coldly.

I know that, if I show the least weakness, she will be as hard to move as a rock. She always strives, with all her powers, to get her own way; but I know that she respects anyone who forces her to give it up. "You may do as you please about letting me in," I say, looking steadily at her, and speaking in a tone as cold as her own. "But bear

in mind that I know more of this matter than you are aware of, and it will be better for us both to understand each other."

"You can come in if you like," she says wearily, moving across the room to a seat at the window, where she has evidently been sitting. The window is wide open, and the night wind is blowing coldly in, and playing sad tricks with the candle I hold in my hand. I set it down out of the draught, and move to the window to close it.

"My child, you will catch your death of cold!" I exclaim, with some compassion.

"Let it alone," she says fretfully, putting out a weak hand to stop me, and beginning to cry: not savagely, as I had seen her before, but in a hopeless, dreary fashion. "Let it alone. I wish I could catch cold! I wish I could die! I know I shan't die," she sobs. "I shall live to be a hundred! It makes me ache to think of all the years I shall have to live!"

"Julia," I say firmly, "you are talking utter nonsense."

"Why do you stay and listen to it, then?" she retorts, moving from the window to the bed.

"Because I want to know exactly what you meant by calling yourself a murderess," I answer boldly. She is completely in my power to-night, and I dare say anything to her. I have come upon her in a weak moment, and her will, always remarkable for stubbornness rather than strength, has given way before mine.

"Do you know who Mr. Giffard is?" she asks, looking at me with a gleam of animation.

"Yes; some years ago he wronged Hilton's father. He was his junior partner."

"Who told you?"

"Never mind who told me; I know it, that is sufficient. The question is—what had you to do with his death?"

"I killed him! I frightened him to death!" she cries passionately. "He was always afraid of being found out, I know, and I wrote and told him that if he did not hide himself from uncle and Hilton, he should be exposed. I did not mean to harm him! Oh, dear! oh, dear! why was I ever born, to be such a misery to myself and everyone else?"

"What induced you to do such a treacherous thing?" I ask, in angry surprise.

"Why did I do it? Why, because there was only one chance of happiness for me in the world; and I could not see it snatched away without making an effort to keep it. Oh, my boy! my boy!" she moans. "She never cared for him as I do. Look at the way she has been behaving all these months, just because I told her a lie about him, and she was fool enough to believe it. I would never have believed it—or, if I had, it wouldn't have made any difference."

"Do you mean to say that *you* were the cause of all that misunderstanding?" I ask.

"Yes," she replies doggedly. "And I would do the same again if it would bring him back to me."

"How horribly treacherous!" I think, and my indignation rises against her. "I could never have

been guilty of such a thing!" and looking back over my past life, I see it stretched out clear of any such dark stain of treachery. Yes, but do I see any great temptation grappled with and overcome? I look back again, and fail to see any such temptation. But a long train of smaller ones, yielded to without resistance—repented of immediately perhaps, but yielded to again and again—duties neglected, little acts of injustice, unkindness, or ingratitude; refined cruelties, thoughtless gossip repeated, and malicious speeches made to hurt the feelings of others. These rise up before my mind's eye like an army of ugly little goblins, and each one says, in its own way, "Judge not."

I am aware that my having given way to a small temptation is no proof that I should give way to a great one; but I feel that until I have overcome a great one, I must not play the part of Pharisee.

"I wish I had never been born!" moans Julia.

It is a wrong wish; but, looking at her lying there upon the bed, worn out with remorse and grief, and remembering her strong passions and weak will, I do not wonder at the cry. A great pity for the poor, weak girl comes into my heart; and I kneel down by the side of the bed, not touching her, as I know from experience that she would be likely to resent that, and say, very earnestly, "Julia, I am a friend of Margaret's, as you know, but I am not unfriendly to you. You said in your note that you thought you could trust me. I am very sorry for you. Won't you let me try to help you in some way?"

"I wish you could," she says, with more softness than I expected; and she takes my hand and holds it against her throbbing temples. "I wish you could help me to think of some way of making my life endurable."

This is an excellent opportunity for giving her a little sermon. I know exactly what should be said under such circumstances; but, fortunately, I understand Julia's character, and I know that nothing would be more likely to harden her against me, and prevent my doing her the least good. I think a minute, and then say—

"I have never had to choose my own path in life, because it has always been so clearly marked out for me; but if I had to decide, as you are doing, I think I should try to find some kind of active employment for myself. I don't say that it is capable of making you altogether happy. But when you go to bed at night and think that you have had a miserable day, it is a great consolation to know you have, at least, accomplished something—that it has not been a wasted one. I believe few things in this world give us more satisfaction than an honest day's work."

"It's no use!" she replies fretfully. "I always hated work. I could work well enough when I wanted to get anything done, but I could never work for the sake of working. I must get away from here somehow, though."

"How long have you lived with Mr. Bloomfield?" I ask.

"Ever since my father died—when I was ten years old."

"And was Hilton living here then?"

"Not *here*, but *Le* has lived with uncle ever since he was quite a child. His father was quite ruined by that shameful robbery; so directly uncle heard of his death, he went to see what he could do to make some atonement for the evil his brother-in-law had done. And he brought Hilton home to live with him. Uncle lived in the country then. Ah, those were dear old days! What games we had! I was never a puling girl. I could climb a tree or jump a ditch as well as any of the boys. I was always in disgrace about something, though, for aunt was awfully strict with us—but what did I care?"

"And were you and Hilton fond of each other, then?"

"Yes. We quarrelled, of course. Children who are good for anything always do; but we were companions—his friends were my friends—I used to help him in all his schemes; and he always made me mind him. Then, when I was sent to bed in disgrace—aunt always tried to punish me in that way—he used to come and talk to me through the keyhole. Oh, I can't bear it!" she says, beginning to cry again, and speaking with a kind of ludicrous pathos that would make me laugh if it were not so very real. "We fought and played together all those years—and now to lose him after all!"

"That is the very reason. He thinks of you as a sister. Did not all that make you feel as though he were your brother?" I ask, wishing to bring as much common sense to bear on the subject as possible.

"Till he went to college I did. Never after that. But I never knew, till *she* came, how much he really was to me. What a fool I am to have told you all this!" she exclaims pettishly. "I keep forgetting that you are *her* friend, and have been trying all you could to get him away from me."

"Now, do be just!" I say. "Whatever I may have wished, you must acknowledge that I have never done or said anything to injure you. I want to help you if I can."

"Well, you can't," she says, turning over her pillow to find a cooler place. "And I don't want to be helped. I only want to be left alone. I wish you would go."

"I am going," I reply curtly. "But there is one thing I must say, and that is, that as you were the cause of the misunderstanding between Margaret and Hilton, it would be only right and just of you to undeceive Margaret." She makes an impatient movement, but takes no further notice of my speech. "I am sure you would be happier if you did," I continue; "and I'm sure you could trust Margaret not to—"

"How you worry!" she interrupts angrily. "I have done it."

"I beg your pardon!" I say, with a return of my friendly feelings towards her. Who that has sinned can do more than repent and make restitution? I begin to think that I shall never quite understand this strange girl, who is so eager for love and



"A great pity for the poor, weak girl comes into my heart."—p. 339.

admiration, yet who exaggerates her faults, carefully conceals her better qualities, and disdains so scornfully to take any pains to win the love of those she cares for most.

"Good-night," I say. "I am glad you have written to Margaret. It was the right thing to do, and I am sure you will never repent of having done it."

"Stop!" she cries, as I am moving towards the door. "You need not think that I did it from any good motive. I knew that as soon as they met there would be an explanation, and then it would all come out. Do you think I want him to despise me?"

"Good-night," I repeat, and leave her, without making any comment on what she has said. This love for Hilton, which seems so deep and strong—what

would it do for her if she married him? Would it be strong enough to make her a good wife to him? To induce her keep his house in order, and train his children up in the path of duty? Or would it lead to dissatisfaction at every fancied coldness? Julia will never be contented! She has yet to learn that perfect happiness can never be our lot on earth. She is not happy; she feels that she has a right to be so, and fancies that if she had this or that she would be. Now, the thing desired is Hilton's love, and if she obtained that, the craving for happiness would (in all probability) be still unsatisfied, and—But what need to look further into the subject—children have cried for the moon before now!

(To be continued.)

ASPIRATIONS.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

IN opening years youth dares like flame,
And beats its wings 'gainst duty's cage;
Nor ever doubts that world-wide fame
Its glorious thirst will soon assuage;
Alas! time's onward-rolling stream
Rudely breaks up the glitt'ring dream.

When twinned hearts stir 'neath love's full tide
We fain would wear the poet's wreath,
Unthinking that ne'er satisfied

With man's applause confront we death—
Poetic souls, too, sometimes miss,
Spite of renown, the highest bliss.

With halting feet at length we learn
Thankful to tread the daily round,
Grown simply wise, and ne'er to yearn
For goods outside the allotted bound
Thus, loving God and man, we find
Well-being in well-doing shrined.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

No. 16. THE RETURN OF THE EXILES.

To read—*Ezra i.*

THE PROCLAMATION.

(1-4.) Have been reading stories of Jewish exiles in Babylon. The seventy years' captivity now come to an end. Sad time of gloom and banishment and living as slaves in heathen land to be changed for bright days—return home—free citizens once more in their own land—all religious privileges restored. How did all this come about?

(a) God had ordained it. Cyrus foretold by name—

called God's Shepherd, to lead His people, and His Messiah, or Anointed One. (See Isa. xlv. 28; xlv. 1-4.)

(b) God now put it into Cyrus's heart, and he followed God's guiding. He issues a proclamation to Jews to return home.

(c) He acknowledges God as Lord of all the earth who has given him his kingdom.

(d) He commands Jews to rebuild the Temple.

(e) He orders all to help them.

What a wonderful day for the Jews!

LESSONS. 1.—*God's faithfulness.* All came to pass as foretold. God's promises are sure. (2 Cor. i. 20.) All events ordered for us. We may trust Him.

2.—*God's guidance.* He puts good thoughts into our hearts. His Spirit guides, teaches. (Ps. xliii. 3.) We must follow His guidance.

II. THE RETURN. (5-11; ii. 1, 2.) Can imagine the excitement amongst the Jews in Babylon—preparation for long journey of four months—hasty buying of asses, camels, etc. Notice—

(a) *The leader.* Sheshbazzar—prince of royal family of Judah, usually called by Jewish name, Zerubbabel. (ii. 2.)

(b) *The numbers.* The chief of the fathers, i.e., elders of the tribes. Some of these would remember Jerusalem, left in their youth. Priests and Levites naturally most eager to rebuild Temple. All whose spirit God had stirred to return to Jerusalem—in all 42,360 (ii. 64), besides 7,337 servants and 200 singers (ii. 65).

(c) *The help.* Cyrus gives them the vessels of the Temple. (Remind how Belshazzar had been punished for his impious use of these.)

Their friends in Babylon give them money and precious stones. So all things made ready for their return.

Nothing told of journey. Can picture the long caravan—Priests, Levites, and singers chanting daily

Psalms, such as lxxxiv., cxii., cxxxvi., etc.—men leading camels joining in chorus, women and children riding. The encampment at night—the nearing Jerusalem—the holy and beautiful city at last visible. (Ps. xlviii.) The shouts of joy and praise as they enter—the long pilgrimage over.

LESSON. *Jerusalem our home.* This life's journey a pilgrimage. Sin's bondage left—the ransomed of the Lord come with singing to their Zion. (Isa. xxxv. 10.)

No. 17. THE TEMPLE BEGUN.

To read—*Ezra ii. 68-70 and iii.*

I. OFFERINGS. (ii. 68-70.) Jerusalem reached—people settled down in cities round about. Then begin to arrange for work of rebuilding Temple. Great meeting held to collect offerings. Notice—

(a) *The elders* take the lead—set good example.

(b) *Offerings* made freely—not of constraint.

(c) *All* gave according to means.

Three good examples for all time.

II. WORSHIP. (iii. 1-6.) Offerings incomplete without worship. Now things getting into order—regular worship re-established.

(a) *Right time.* Seventh month full of holy days.

First day—a holy convocation. (Num. xxix. 1.)

Tenth day—great fast, or Day of Atonement. (Num. xxix. 7.)

Fifteenth day—Feast of Tabernacles kept for seven days. (Lev. xxiii. 34.)

(b) *Right place.* People gathered at Jerusalem—place chosen by God for solemn worship. Site of Temple carefully traced out—exact position of altar ascertained. Cannot build whole Temple at once—plans must be drawn—builders chosen—materials collected—so do what they can at once.

(c) *Right services.* Daily sacrifices begun at once. Feast of Tabernacles, etc., held as appointed. Freewill offerings accepted.

LESSONS. 1. *All things done in order*, as God appoints, then may expect His blessing.

2. *Duty of worship.* In our homes—in God's House. All who offer praise and prayer honour God. (Ps. l. 23.)

III. DEDICATION. (7-13.) Preparations for rebuilding begun in earnest. Workmen of all kinds assembled at Jerusalem—cedar trees sent for from mountains of Lebanon—now at last comes the day for laying foundations of Temple. Notice—

(a) *Jeshua*, a man of Judah—the royal tribe—takes the lead.

(b) *Levites*—i.e., priestly tribe—take prominent part.

(c) *Builders* lay the stone well and truly.

(d) *Priests* in robes of office conduct religious service.

(e) *Singers* lead service of song, prayer, and praise.

(f) *People* all join in chorus. (Ps. cxxxvi.)



Now comes a strange scene. People shout with joy and excitement—but old people weep. Why?—

(a) They remember glory of last Temple, so grand and beautiful—this one looks so mean and poor.

(b) They know what is lacking in this one—viz., the Ark with its contents (Heb. ix. 4.)—the glory of the Lord over the Mercy-seat—etc.

Yet this Temple was to have greater glory (Hag. ii. 10), for Christ was to come and teach in it and give peace.

LESSON. *Joy in God's House.* "I have thought of Thy loving-kindness in the midst of Thy Temple."

NO. 18. THE TEMPLE HINDERED.

To read—*Ezra iv., v. (parts).*

I. ADVERSARIES. (iv. 1—8.) Building of Temple begun prosperously—now difficulties begin. Adversaries come forward. Who are they?

(a) *Their race.* Mixed people—sprung from settlers brought into Palestine by Assyrians after ten tribes taken captive. (2 Kings xvii. 24.) Commonly called Samaritans.

(b) *Their religion*—mixed—partly Jewish, partly heathen.

Desire to help the Jews in rebuilding Temple. Why were they refused?

Because did not worship God truly, therefore could not be allowed to join in building His House. They might beguile Jews into idolatry—the sin for which they had been taken captive to Babylon.

Samaritans not allowed to help—determined to hinder.

What did they do?

Discouraged the people—hindered them in building—hired counsellors against them—wrote accusations against them to the Kings of Persia. What did they say? (12—16.)

(a) Jerusalem always been rebellious city.

(b) Jews will refuse to pay taxes.

(c) The king will suffer great loss.

What did all this opposition show?

(a) *Envy* at growing success of Jews.

(b) *Hatred* leading to malice.

(c) *Revenge* for not being allowed to help.

Result—the work stopped for many years.

LESSON. *Patience.* Must expect difficulties—in opposition—in doing God's work. Trial of patience—but because it is God's work all will come right at last. (James i. 3, 4.)

II. HELPERS. (v. 1—5.) Sad time in Jerusalem. Building of Temple stopped—probably daily sacrifices also—people grow careless. But always darkest before dawn. Notice—

(a) God's eye upon them all the while (verse 5).

(b) Two prophets sent to encourage them.

Will notice two things in Haggai's prophecy—

(a) *Blame* for building fine houses while Temple in ruins. (Hag. i. 4.)

(b) *Encouragement*—glory of this Temple shall be greater than that of former. (Hag. ii. 10.)

Result—princes, prophets, people, all begin the work once more. Tatnai, the governor, inquires into the matter—writes to Darius for information—was such a decree as that of Cyrus really made? The decree is searched for—found (vi. 1—3), and fresh orders are given for carrying on the work. Help of all sorts sent (vi. 9) for sacrifices, etc. All who hinder the work to be destroyed. So all ends well.

LESSON. *The wrath of man shall turn to His praise.*

NO. 19. THE TEMPLE FINISHED.

To read—*Ezra vi. 13—22.*

I. TEMPLE DEDICATED. At last all complete—Temple had taken twenty years to build—must now be solemnly dedicated or set apart for service of God. Remind of similar scenes—

(a) *Jacob* dedicated altar at Bethel. (Gen. xxviii. 18.)

(b) *Tabernacle* dedicated in wilderness. (Ex. xl. 10, etc.)

(c) *David* re-dedicated the Ark. (2 Sam. vi. 17.)

(d) *Solomon's* Temple dedicated. (2 Chron. vii. 5.)

(e) *Christ* attended Feast of Dedication. (St. John x. 22.)

Can imagine the gathering and service at Jerusalem. Great joy at completed work.

Large offerings for the service of the Temple.

Burnt offerings for past sins (verse 17).

Sin offerings for thanksgiving.

Psalms of praise sung, such as cxvii., cxlvi., cl.

Arrangement made for regular worship—Priests and Levites to take regular turns.

All things set duly in order.

LESSON. *I was glad when they said, Let us go into the House of the Lord.*

II. PASSOVER KEPT. (19—22.) Remind of the three great yearly feasts—Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles.

Passover instituted the night Israelites came out of Egypt. (Ex. xii. 3.)

Passover looked back to deliverance from Egypt.

Passover looked forward to Christ's death—the Lamb of God. (1 Pet. i. 18.)

Passover revived by Hezekiah. (2 Chron. xxxi. 2.)

" kept by Christ. (St. Luke ii. 41.)

" only to be kept by Jews. (Ex. xii. 43.)

" observed with rejoicings for seven days.

What were their special grounds for joy?—

(a) God had turned the king's heart towards them.

(b) They were settled at peace in their own land.

(c) The Temple was finished.

Notice how they prepared for the Festival—

(a) The people were solemnly purified. (See 2 Chron. xxx. 15—17.)

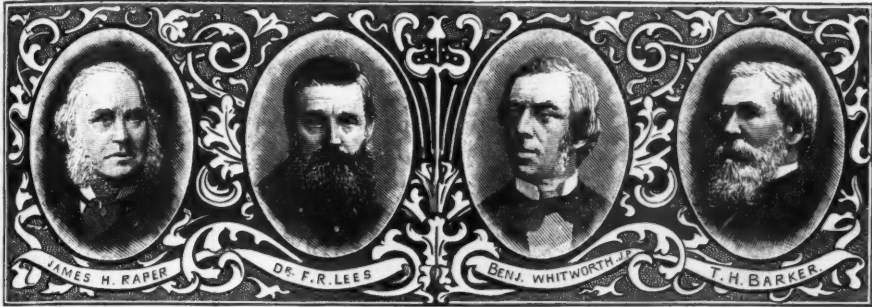
(b) They separated themselves from the heathen around. All this taught them many lessons—

1. God is holy—cannot look upon sin.

2. Need for personal holiness.

3. God must be worshipped with holy worship.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.



THE United Kingdom Alliance is probably the best known of all the organisations which teetotalism has raised and moulded in this land. It embodies, announces, and enforces much of the sentiment not only of the total abstainer, but of others who are interested in the promotion of sobriety. And, without expressing opinion on the merits of the measures it advocates, we may well find in its story and in its leaders, past and present, much to admire and interest. It is more than thirty-four years since the formation of the Alliance, and many of its early friends have passed away. It has known some change in the popular appreciation of its views, and it has had in recent years a reception very different from that it met with in its early days; but constantly and tenaciously it has promulgated its opinions, and has certainly aided greatly in the diffusion of more correct views as to some of the functions, and exercises of the functions, of government.

The United Kingdom Alliance for procuring the legislative suppression of the traffic in intoxicating beverages was formed June 1st, 1853. Its founder and first treasurer was Nathaniel Card, "a guileless Quaker," and amongst his friends were found many of the early members of the Alliance. The first report was presented to the General Council in October, 1853, and since that time the Manchester meeting in that month has been one of the events of each year in Cottonopolis. In the list of the first subscribers, the number of "Friends" is a rather remarkable one. It includes the names of Card, Alexander, Richard Allen, Samuel Bowley, the Clarks of Street, Backhouse, Binns, and other well-known Quaker names. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan headed the list; but he, Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, and most of those we have named, have passed away, and of fifty-five subscribers who are named, the chief survivors are Mr. S. Pope, Mr.

Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, and Mr. Charles Thompson, then of Manchester. The first president was Sir W. C. Trevelyan; and amongst the seventeen vice-presidents was the well-known temperance name of Mr. James Silk Buckingham; the honorary secretary was Mr. Samuel Pope; and the secretaries, William Gawthorpe and Thomas H. Barker. There were on the General Council 293 names—ninety-seven being those of clergymen and ministers. That Council formulated what would in America be called the "platform" of the Alliance, and an aggregate meeting "in the Corn Exchange, Manchester," endorsed it. The growth was comparatively slow in public appreciation in the early years, but the agitation



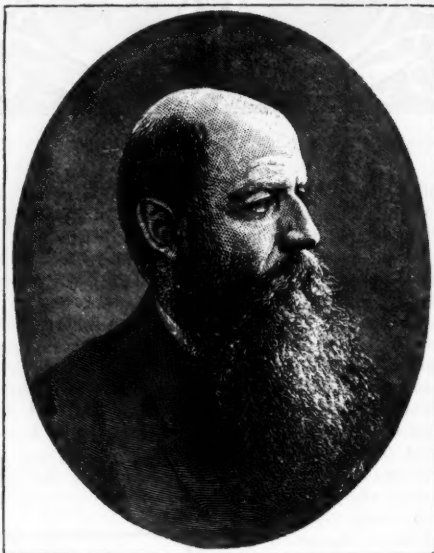
SAMUEL POPE, ESQ., Q.C.
(From a Photograph by Lombardi, Pall Mall.)

was conducted on the platform and in the press with unflagging energy and with unwavering courage. There was, in some quarters, indifference; there was some opposition which was fair, and a little which was abusive. Meetings were broken up at Birmingham, at Exeter, Southampton, Dudley, and other places; but these were found to be most effectual advertisements of the cause and of its advocates, and gradually the public ear was won at least to quiet listening.

In the endeavour to win the public ear, the Alliance enlisted the sympathies of the Hon. Neal Dow, who visited this country in 1857 and addressed enormous gatherings—one on Parshaw Crag, at which it was computed that 14,000 persons were present. A conference of ministers had its effect on the views of the clergymen and ministers of many denominations; a newspaper organ for the Alliance was begun, bearing its name; and finally, propositions on which the Permissive Bill was afterwards based were formulated. The Social Science Congress and the British Association formed battle-fields on which the doctrine of prohibition was fought over. In 1860 there were also a series of measures which brought the Alliance into a fame it had not previously known: in that year the Budget provided for lower duties for French wines, and a new system of wine and beer licences. The Alliance raised the alarm, and before the end of February Mr. Gladstone abandoned the project as far as the beer licence was concerned. The second reading of the Licence Bill, so shorn, was moved on March 20th; and then, until May 7th, the famous battle was waged. In the end there were 305 voted and paired for the Bill, and 231 against it—a narrow majority under the circumstances. The debates so ended occupy over 100 pages of *Hansard*. That fight, moreover, brought to the front, as Parliamentary agent of the United Kingdom Alliance, Mr. James H. Raper, one of the veterans of the movement, and one of its ablest advocates. In the following year the battle between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Alliance was renewed over a proposal to repeal part of the "Tippling Act," and in this instance the supporters of the organisation in the House of Commons, led by Mr. A. S. Ayton, won. In 1863, Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's "resolution" was introduced by him in the House,

but he carried only 21 members with him into the lobby; but the year 1864 was made memorable by the introduction of the Intoxicating Liquors Bill—of which "Permissive Bill" 2,549 petitions desired the passing. Supported by Mr. Henry Pease, and with a half-condemnation from Mr. John Bright, the Bill found 37 supporters in the House, and 294 opponents. That defeat was followed by the defeat of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson; but that was a defeat for one Parliament only, and at the general election of 1868 the Parliamentary chief of the Alliance was returned

for his old constituency of Carlisle, but under the title of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. His reappearance betokened the introduction again of the Permissive Bill; and the division showed increased support and diminished opposition—the numbers being, with tellers and pairs, 94 for the Bill, and 200 against. In 1870 there were 115 for, and 146 against; and in the following year 136 were for, and 208 against. It is needless to follow further the Parliamentary action, either in the promotion of the Bill or the less definite "local option" resolutions which followed, and which were supported by increasing majorities. The organisation has used its efforts to support many a measure in both branches of the Legislature, and to op-



SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.

pose others, and gradually its force has become one of the powers in Parliament.

Not alone in legislative action has the Alliance been prominent for a score of years. It has provided much literature on temperance questions; it has convened the citizens of many a city to express opinion on such questions; it has for years kept up streams of petitions to Parliament; and by its deputations and members the need for reform in licensing, and the need for prohibition, have been urged on Convocation and Church assembly and association. And its work in constant vigilant watch over legislative action in many lands has not been one of the least of the benefits it has conferred on the public.

The first subscription list had attached to it the names of 55 subscribers of £5 each and upwards, its total income being £900; in less than a score of years its subscription list rose to £10,000; and for its last financial year the receipts were, from subscriptions, £11,838; whilst receipts for literature, etc., brought up the total for the year to £16,339.

Year by year the early friends of the Alliance who survive are fewer; the annual reports over thirty years tell the tale of the loss of men like Silk Buckingham, Nathaniel Card, Robert Charleton, Washington Wilks, Canon Stowell, General Perronet Thompson, Sir Wilfrid Lawson (father of the present baronet), James Teare, Lord Brougham, William Hoyle, and Hugh Mason—men whose varied views in politics and religion, as well as teetotalism, tell well the story of the catholicity of the Alliance.

Though the adherents of the Alliance are in many lands, Manchester is its centre. It is there a power, and almost a personality. It does not now do as it did thirty years ago there—hold its Grand Bazaars for a week, and sell the contributions of adherents in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Man, to raise its funds. It calls for a guarantee of subscriptions over a series of years, and its friends promise sums that range from a shilling to £1,000 yearly, and thus its funds are furnished. Manchester helps to fill its purse, and it gives it year by year enthusiastic audiences. When the General Council meets in the Friends' Meeting House in that city, the enthusiasm might arouse any of the staid descendants of George Fox who are near. But the gathering in the noble Free Trade Hall at night is one of the sights of the year in Cottonopolis. There are usually on the platform more members of Parliament of both parties than are to be found at any other non-political meeting; there is a Queen's Counsel who for over thirty years has been honorary secretary; there are canons, and clergymen, and ministers many; doctors of fame are there, and a representative gathering of temperance men and thoughtful citizens come from every quarter. from Land's End to John o' Groat's. And in tier after tier the audience rises to the sight, so vast in numbers, so influential in appearance, and so enthusiastic in approval of the resolutions, that the wonder is why the Bill of the humorous and bearded baronet, of Pope and Lees, of Raper and Barker, and their colleagues, is not an Act, but still in the chrysalis state of a Bill only. If the head-quarters of the Alliance are in Manchester, its branches are widespread, its agents and superintendents are located in many a



THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, D.D..

LONDON SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ALLIANCE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

county, and its literature permeates the land. It has entered on the second stage in its history; its founders have mainly passed away; it has had not to change its policy, but its front, yet it unweariedly pursues the same object, has the same end in view, and none can tell how near or how far off is its goal.

J. W. S.

* * * We are indebted to the following photographers for permission to engrave the portraits illustrating this article:—Messrs. Burt and Sharp, Brighton, for the portrait of Mr. Raper; Messrs. Boning and Small, Baker Street, W., for the portrait of Dr. Lees; Mr. Sarony, New York, for the portrait of Mr. Whitworth; and Mr. J. D. Hilton, Savoy Street, for the portrait of Mr. Barker.

SOME BIBLE PLANTS.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.



ABOUT a hundred plants and vegetable products are referred to in the Bible, most of which, but not quite all, have been identified. These allusions, with few exceptions, are confined to Palestine, for the native flora of Egypt is a poor one, its only important plants being the papyrus of the Nile and some of the cereals; while the Arabian desert is

exceedingly barren, furnishing hardly anything but an occasional palm, the terebinth, the juniper, the caper or hyssop, and the desert acacia.

It is not to be wondered at that a few of the names of plants in our Authorised Version have turned out to be incorrectly given. It was impossible for the translators of King James' reign to be so accurately acquainted with the flora of the East as to be able to give the exact English equivalent of the Hebrew or Greek name in every case. Hence it is that a few

of the plants mentioned in that version—tares, lily of the valley, balm, myrrh, apple-tree, and one or two others—are not the same as those known by these names amongst ourselves.

The fact that there are comparatively so few references to vegetable productions in the Bible is sufficiently accounted for by the consideration that it is only those plants which, from their abundance, or special beauty, or great utility, possessed exceptional importance, that we should expect to be alluded to in a book whose primary purposes were historical and religious. The vine, the fig, the olive, the cereals, so luxuriant and valuable; the palm, cedar, and bay, the fit emblems of constancy and dignity; and the thorn and briar, the vivid images of evil and pain: these are the plants most frequently named.

It must not be supposed, however, that the flora of the Holy Land is meagre. On the contrary, it is strikingly rich and diversified. There are twice as many species of plants native to Palestine as there are in the very much wider area of the British Islands. But it is only on account of their economic utility, or because of their suitability for moral and spiritual illustrations, that they are mentioned by the inspired writers. The geographical conditions of Palestine are so varied, and its climate is so favourable to vegetable growth, that no botanist will feel astonished at the richness of its flora. Of Oriental types there are the splendid acacias, and their brightly coloured parasite, the loranthus; the denizens of the mountain include the oak, the maple, the magnificent cedar, and the pretty oxyria; among the trees are the carob, the terebinth, the olive, and the pistachio, the bay, the myrtle, and the oleander; crowds of orchids and anemones, lilies and pinks, cyclamens and echiums, and many other showy flowers, occur in such profusion as to lead Canon Tristram to compare the scene with the Garden of Eden; while everywhere are seen most of the blossoms that ornament the English wayside and hedgerow—the buttercup and daisy, the campion and corn-poppy, the dog-rose and bryony, the willow-herb and germander speedwell, the herb-robert and stitchwort, the wild mint and selfheal, the groundsel and dandelion, and others familiar to us.

The chief attraction, however, of the Palestinian flora does not lie in its profusion, nor even in its beauty, but in its hallowed associations. We cannot help feeling impressed even by the simple daisy and buttercup of those pastures over which Abraham walked when, by Divine direction, he pitched his tent in the Land of Promise. The beautiful tulips and orchids shine with added charms when we reflect that it was flowers like these, and growing where they now flourish, that David, the ruddy-faced shepherd lad, plucked while guarding his father's

flocks. These charming anemones and tinted or spotted lilies that transfigure the plains and ponds of Judæa seem to speak to our very soul as they re-echo the sweet and oft-needed lessons of trust and contentment which the Saviour drew from them.

Plants are arranged by botanists in certain groups for the purposes of study and comparison. The older classification of Linnaeus, useful as it was when little was known of the nature and affinities of plants, or of their mode of development, has been quite superseded by the natural system of Jussieu and De Candolle. In regard to most plants, the blossom and the seed are the essential parts concerned in reproduction, while in the remainder a modified form of seed, called a spore, is developed without the mediation of a flower. This distinction supplies the principle of the first division of the vegetable kingdom into Cryptogams or flowerless plants, and Phenogams or flowering plants. The young plant, which germinates from the seed, puts out either one or two seed-leaves, or nursing-leaves, called cotyledons: hence flowering plants are further divided into monocotyledons, or those having one seed-leaf, and dicotyledons, which have two seed-leaves. Further sub-divisions into what are called natural orders are based upon the characteristics of the plants, and their affinities with one another.

The only approach to classification of plants in the Bible is the arrangement which is met with in the Mosaic account of the Creation. But it need hardly be said that in referring to grass, herb, and tree, Moses merely aimed at giving a brief and general enumeration, such as should appeal at once to the popular mind. In any effort that may be made to study the plants mentioned in the Bible, it is the most convenient, whilst it is also the most instructive method, to follow the system now universally adopted by botanists.

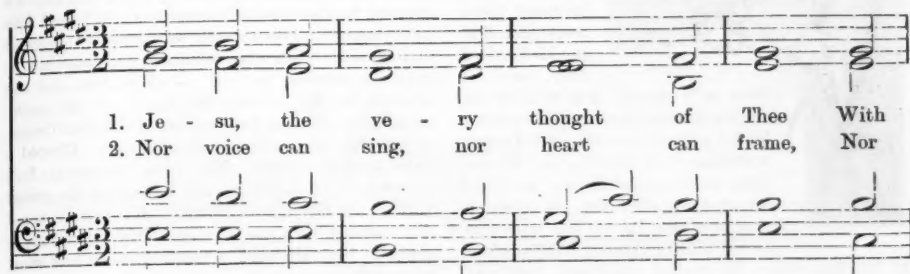
In regard to the Cryptogams, or flowerless plants—in which group are included lichens, fungi, mosses, ferns, etc.—nothing need be stated save that there is no clear reference in Scripture to any member of this group. It has, indeed, been suggested that the manna of the wilderness was a kind of lichen, and that the hyssop, used for sprinkling sacrificial blood, was a moss; but the difficulties which beset these suppositions are such as have led to their rejection by practically all whose judgment is of value in botanical questions. We have to deal, therefore, only with Phenogams, or flowering plants, the largest and by far the more important of the two great groups into which the vegetable kingdom is divided; and we shall in future papers take up the natural orders as they come in the arrangement most generally adopted by English botanists.



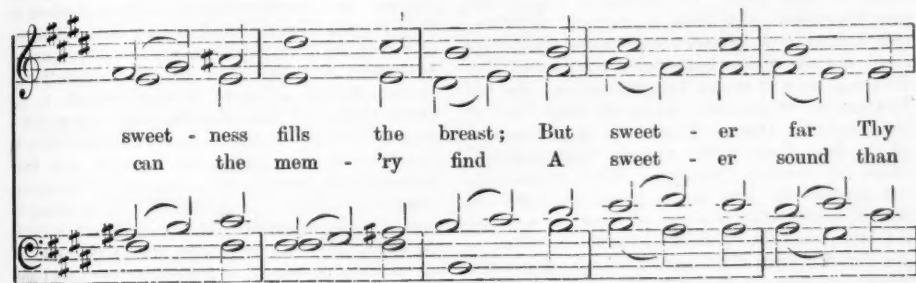
"Jesus, the very thought of Thee."

Words by BERNARD, 1091—1153.

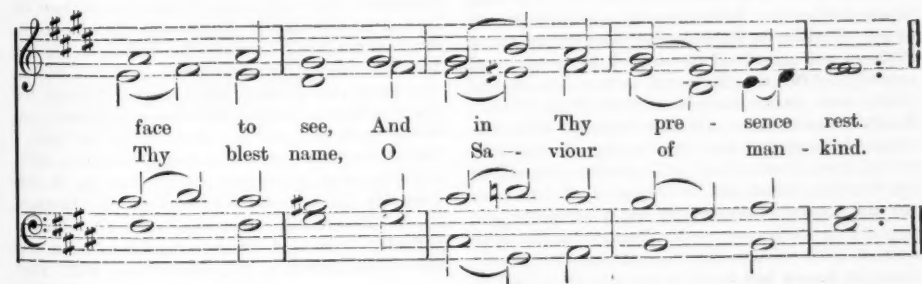
Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.,
Vicar of Heslington, York.



1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor



sweet - ness fills the breast; But sweet - er far Thy
can the mem - 'ry find A sweet - er sound than



face to see, And in Thy pre - sence rest.
Thy blest name, O Sa - viour of man - kind.

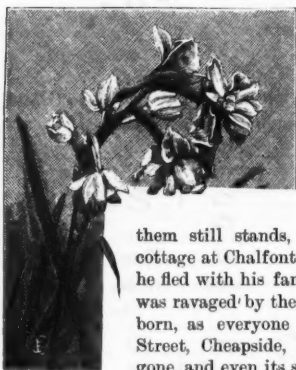
3.

Oh, hope of every contrite heart;
Oh, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How kind to those who seek!

4.

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES.



IT is a very curious fact that though the poet Milton is known to have occupied more houses than most men during his lifetime, only one of

them still stands, and that is the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, to which he fled with his family when London was ravaged by the Plague. He was born, as everyone knows, in Bread Street, Cheapside, but the house is gone, and even its site can no longer be identified. The St. Paul's School

of his day, where he studied the "new learning," was burnt down in the Great Fire of 1696. The lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard and the house where he took pupils in Aldersgate Street have also disappeared, and those he occupied in Whitehall and near St. James's Park have been swept away, the site of the latter being now occupied by the green lawn of Queen Anne's Mansions; the Old Vicarage at Stowmarket, where he used to visit his friend Dr. Thomas Young, has been improved off the face of the earth; and the three houses in which his brother Christopher lived at Ipswich, and received the poet as his guest, are unknown, though it is possible that one of them was a quaint old house near St. Clement's Church, in which to this day the front door opens into a long passage, which runs down to an octagonal space occupied by the staircase and a gallery, while behind there is quite a lovely old garden.

He also lived in Barbican, Holborn, and Red Lion Square, and at the Restoration he concealed himself in an old edifice in Bartholomew Close, till an Act of Oblivion was passed which secured his person and property. After this, he moved to Jewin Street, and finally took up his abode in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where he died. All have vanished before the besom of change, but the small cottage to which he retired from Jewin Street still stands at one end of the Chalfont street, and in honour to his memory this has recently been bought for a committee got together for the purpose by Mr. Gurney, for the small sum of £150, though that, considering the present value of houses and land in the neighbourhood, is quite as much as it is worth. An enterprising American offered £900 for it, and proposed carrying away every brick, stone, and rafter, and setting them up again on the other side of the Atlantic. So, at least, the story goes.

Buckinghamshire was by no means fresh ground to John Milton, for his parents had lived at Horton, on the little river Colne, not very far from Stoke

Pogis, where his mother's tomb in St. Michael's parish church is still pointed out; and while at home, after he left Cambridge, he wrote "Comus" and "Arcades" for the grandchildren of the Countess of Derby, who lived at Harefield, in Middlesex, some ten or twelve miles across country from Horton. His interest in that beautiful county of hills and dales and clustering beech-woods was probably quickened considerably when, after blindness fell upon him, he required someone to read aloud to him, and was advised by his friend Dr. Paget, on the recommendation of Isaac Pennington, of Chalfont Grange, to try that gentleman's *protégé*, Thomas Ellwood, a well-known Quaker, who came originally from Crowell, in Oxfordshire, and had spent the greater part of his life in South Bucks. His own account of his readings with the poet is rather interesting, as given in his "History," a volume that is now somewhat rare:—

"He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect. And having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies. I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house—which was then in Jewin Street—as conveniently I could; and from thenceforward went every day in the afternoon, except on the first-days in the week; and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read. At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, who speak *Anglice* their Latin, that (with some few other variations in sounding some consonants in particular cases, as *e* before *e* or *i*, like *ch*; *ae* before *i*, like *sh*, etc.) the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it were another language. . . . This change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read than it was before to understand when read. But

"Incessant pains
The end obtains,"

and so did I. Which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could. For having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I

read and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me.

"Thus went I on for about six weeks' time; reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself with my own books in my chamber in the forenoons, I was sensible of an improvement. But, alas! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health; my lungs, I suppose, were too tender to bear the sulphurous air of that city, so that I soon began to droop; and in less than two months' time I was fain to leave both my studies and the city,

summer Milton wrote and desired him to take a house in that neighbourhood, "that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London." The cottage



MILTON'S COTTAGE AS IT NOW STANDS.

and return into the country to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither."

Ellwood went down to High Wycombe, and stayed there for some time. When he recovered he returned to Milton, and began reading and studying again, but was speedily arrested on pretence of being concerned in one of the many plots of the day, and imprisoned for several weeks. On being released, he walked down to Chalfont, where Isaac Pennington asked him to remain as tutor to his children; and during the ensuing

Ellwood took was about a mile from the Grange, and he called it a "pretty box." The end of it is now in the village street; but it seems probable that there was then either a bit more

garden ground or a grass plot on that side, with a tiny arch, under which flowed a streamlet tributary to the river Misbourn, which runs up the valley from Missenden. Ellwood hoped to help his blind friend and master in settling into the cottage, but going with Pennington to the funeral of a Quaker at Amersham, there was a *fracas* with the justices, and they were both confined in Aylesbury gaol for a month. As soon as he was once more free he called to welcome the blind poet to the country, and renew the pleasant intercourse he had so much enjoyed in London.

"After some common discourses had passed between us," says Ellwood, "he called for a manuscript of his; which being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return him, with my judgment thereupon.

"When I came home and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which is entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and

returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly, but freely, told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him 'Thou hast said much here of "Paradise Lost," but what hast thou to say about "Paradise Found?"' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city, well cleansed, had become safely habitable again, he returned thither, and when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'

It is probable that during Milton's stay in Chalfont his family consisted of his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and his daughter Deborah, the one who acted as her father's amanuensis. Whether the other two daughters, Mary and Anne, were there is uncertain; they did not get on well with their stepmother, and left home to learn the art of embroidery in tinsel or gold and silver, so as to be able to earn their own living.

Our illustration shows Milton's cottage precisely as it now stands, and is taken from the garden front. The well is at least as old as the dwelling, and the borders were very gay during the latter part of last summer with sunflowers and asters of every hue. The room on the right of the doorway, low-ceilinged and oak-raftered, and not very brilliantly lighted by the casement window, is supposed to be the one in which the poet wrote "Paradise Regained," and added the finishing touches to "Paradise Lost." It is thought that an open cupboard and the chimney-piece may be the originals, and the committee think of taking out the modern stove, and replacing it by a hearth and dogs of the seventeenth century. They would also like to make it a little museum of Milton portraits and relics, if they had the funds. A curious old "Flora," by John Rea, published in 1665, with Milton's name in it, has been presented, and it is a great pity that they had not the opportunity of securing the Bible used by him and his wife, and

annotated by his own hand, which, only a few months since, became one of the treasures of the British Museum.

After Milton's time a porch was built over the cottage door, but it dropped to pieces from sheer old age some years ago. When William Howitt paid a visit to Chalfont the front was covered with a vine, which partially hid the old coat-of-arms of the Fleetwood family, who owned a residence and estate called the Vache, and whose property the cottage may have been in the first instance. The name of John Milton underneath it was probably added by some later hand. What is now a second cottage facing the street was doubtless part of Milton's abode in his day, and behind there is a brick wall, which bears unmistakable signs of age. Both dwellings are now white-washed outside, but that is a modern innovation, as they were originally red brick, with cross timbers.

The church in which Milton may, perhaps, have worshipped, unless he went with the Penningtons over to Jordans, or three miles down the turnpike road to the meeting-house at Amersham, is extremely ancient, dedicated to St. Giles, and has the remains of some curious frescoes on its massive walls. The font is Saxon, and on a closed door are fixed six old pikes, discovered in the ringing-chamber of the tower.

The principal inn in the village is called the "Merlin's Cave." It is said that from time immemorial there was a cave in the orchard behind it, and as John Milton is known to have been particularly conversant with the works of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who is the authority for the little we know about that Celtic prophet and seer, it has been conjectured that he might have applied that name to the cave.

No railway touches Chalfont St. Giles, but it is within an easy drive of Uxbridge, and about the same distance from Rickmansworth. The country round, with its miles of beech-wood, its clumps and avenues of lime-trees, and its general old-world air, is as peaceful as if it were a couple of hundred miles from London. There are many picturesque "bits" within half an hour's walk of the village, and the region is so rich in wild flowers that we can imagine the poet buying eagerly the very latest "Flora" that had issued from the press as soon as he found himself on the eve of spending a few months in it.

E. CLARKE.

BABY'S FIRST SPRING.

WHAT do you think of the spring-flowers that waken,
 Little white snowdrop, late drifted to earth?
 Meadows the bands of the winter have shaken—
 Now shall you pass where the violets have birth.

What will they whisper, 'mid grasses entwining,
 Mother's own blossom, so softly to you?
 Wondrous and strange are the beams that are shining
 Golden and bright from the cloudlets of blue.

All things are fair and a marvel of glory
 Unto my baby, with heaven-sweet face;
 Sunbeams and flowerets are weaving a story
 Full of enchantment and beauty and grace.

Ah! when at last sunny spring shall be fading,
 When, in the gloaming, earth's visions shall cease,
 Then, gentle Jesus! be tenderly aiding—
 Stretch forth Thine arms—be Thou Sunlight and
 Peace.

MARGARET HATCRAFT.

NOT LOST; OR, THE RESURRECTION AND THE BETTER LIFE.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.



YEARS ago, I met with a beautiful German apologue, bearing on the resurrection and the future life, so suggestive, and so full of instruction and interest, that I have often searched for it, but in vain, and finally have thought I would try to reproduce it, in outline at least, though it may be but imperfectly, as it is only from memory.

We have all seen the *Dragon Fly*, with its long slender body and its silvery gauze-like wings. There are many varieties of them, comprising an extensive and beautiful group of insects, rivalling the butterflies in gracefulness of form and beauty of colouring, while they greatly surpass them in the swiftness of their flight. Various names have been given them in different countries. The French call them "Démouelles"; the Germans, "Gauze Flies," and "Virgins of the Water"; while among the English they are known as "Dragon Flies," "Horse Stingers," and "Devil's Darning Needles," though they neither sting, nor bite, nor poison, and are not only perfectly harmless to man, but devour swarms of mosquitoes, flies, gnats, and other annoying and baneful insects, and also destroy multitudes of the moths and millers whose larvæ are injurious to vegetation, while they themselves never injure any product of the agriculturist.

This beautiful insect may often be noticed flitting over the surface of the pool or the shallow lake, and at last fixing on some one spot, where it will remain for minutes together as if immovable, its wings moving so swiftly as to be utterly invisible, or looking rather like stationary iridescent membranes, giving a beautiful metallic reflection, while its body seems like a permanent fixture in the air itself.

Now this Dragon Fly deposits its eggs on the stems of the reeds and rushes and water-grasses below the surface of the water. And when the larvæ are hatched out, they are for a while only water-insects, living and feeding in the dark waters of their birth, till, in the progress of their growth, they are in due time prompted by instinct to crawl up the water plants to the air, and then their backs open, as is the case with the larvæ of the locust, and the beautiful Dragon Fly comes forth to a new element, and a new and higher life. Tennyson, in his "Two Voices," well describes these changes:—

"To-day I saw the Dragon Fly
Come from the depths where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew:
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew!"

Now, the apologue referred to says that all these imperfect insects, down in their watery habitations, had, floating among themselves, the tradition of a brighter and better world above them; and as one after another of their number, from time to time, crawled up the rushes and disappeared, it was said they had gone to a new and higher life in a brighter and better world. Many of them, however, were doubtful on the subject, and some few denied and even scouted the idea altogether. They said they were entirely satisfied where they were; that all their wants were continually supplied; and that they doubted very much whether there was a better world, and whether their departed companions could have gone to it. One, especially, was loud in his denial, for he said that, to test the matter for himself, he had crawled up the rushes (as he *had*, before the proper time), and that the moment he got above the water, and came to the air, he had fainted, and fallen back to his native element, and so he was ready to declare, from his own experience, that all these notions as to a brighter and better world were but idle dreams and fables.

Still the old rumour continued, and was generally believed, for one after another of their number was now and then crawling up the rushes and disappearing, and coming back to them no more. So, finally, they all agreed among themselves that the first one, and so all that went up, should, if possible, come back and tell them whether the rumour was true or false, and whether the brighter and better world was a reality, or only a fable and a dream.

And so, says the apologue, the Dragon Flies, as they remember their pledge and promise, are for ever flying over the surface of the water, close to the old haunts they have left, hoping to be able to hold converse with their former companions, and to tell them of the blessed realities which they, in their own experience, have found—to tell them that there *is* a brighter and better world, and, if possible, to hasten their old associates and friends to come and share it with themselves.

The apologue is one of exquisite beauty, and full of suggestive thought. Does it not prefigure the reality of the resurrection, and of the glorified body of the believer, as taught in God's Word? Does it not vividly suggest the certainty of a brighter and better state beyond the present, on which we may soon enter as we pass from this, if we are but faithful to the end? Does it not whisper that our departed friends may often be near us, and that, if they could, they would gladly tell us of their own blessed experience in the glorious world on which they have entered? And, if possible, would they not speak in audible accents,

and urge us to be expecting and preparing for that world, that we may soon join them in its blessedness! How many a cheering thought, how many a valuable lesson, how many a confirmation of revealed truth, may be found in an apologue like this! Too often, says another, "we think of the close of our life here as ending; we should rather think of it as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let

us rather think of gaining. We think of parting; let us rather think of meeting. We think of going away; let us rather think of arriving." We think of leaving, at death, the attractions of earth; let us rather think of the glories and blessedness of that better world, where all that love and serve Christ shall be gathered to the mansions He has gone to prepare for them in heaven!

NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER XV.

HAWTHORNE WHYTE SEEKS A COMPANION SOUL.



"Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper."
GOETHE.

THE disappearance of Stephen Wray made very little apparent difference to anyone. His friends and acquaintances commented on it a little at first, languidly won-

dered where he had gone, and why, and at the end of a month or so forgot what manner of man he was. The very saintliest is not missed for long. Some of us can hardly picture to ourselves how our small world would go on, deprived of the light of our presence! We feel inclined to shudder at the desolation our absence must spread around. And yet, did we go to-day or to-morrow, a year hence if we could return, the place that had known us would know us no more.

The domestic life of the Wray family was much as it had ever been—a constant succession of petty bickerings and dissensions. Annette and her husband had been living in the south of France for some time past, and Miss Wray was left alone to carry on the warfare single-handed. Mrs. Wray mourned, as of old, over a penny too much in the weekly account of baker or of butcher, apparently never sending a thought to the absent son, who, for aught she knew to the contrary, had neither bread nor meat to put in his mouth. Louise continued on her way tranquilly. It would do Stephen a lot of good to rough it a little. When he had run through all his money he would be certain to return. Meanwhile, there was no use in her fretting about him, or wondering where he had hidden himself, since he had not chosen to tell. She planned new costumes for every ecclesiastical season and function, bringing the art of making dress a matter of religion, and *vice versa*, to very high

perfection. When home got unbearable, she escaped to the south of France, and stayed awhile with the Frasers.

Mr. Wray was, if possible, more severely unapproachable than ever since Stephen went away. He rose up early and late took rest in his pursuit of money. It seemed to make no difference to him that he no longer had a son to whom to bequeath his wealth. In his family he was gloomy and taciturn. No one ever mentioned Stephen. He was ignored as completely as though he had never had a visible existence—only the servants, now and again, whispered among themselves, longing for his return, and missing his bright, handsome presence, and courteous, winning ways.

His name never crossed Mary Owens' lips either. Mr. Davenant came out from the East End whenever a letter from Stephen arrived. He had his own private suspicions as to the relations between Mary and Stephen. Like all unmarried people, he liked to see other people marry. But he respected Mary's silence.

Mrs. Clare, too, still continued to weave the plot of her romance. She had now come to the conclusion that the lovers had quarrelled, and that Stephen had gone away in a rage. And when she saw Miss Owens' pale face and heavy eyes after one of Stephen's infrequent letters arrived, she wished he would come back and "make up friends." She sometimes pondered if it would be justifiable in her to recall the recreant youth herself.

Not so much as a postmark was there on Stephen's letters to guide Mary as to his whereabouts. Mr. Davenant, of course, could have told her, but she would not ask. His letters, though kind and affectionate, were short and infrequent. The tone of them proclaimed them the letters of a man disappointed, and for whom life holds little, if any, interest. Naturally he gave no details of his outer daily existence and surroundings, and of himself he never spoke. So the letters, on the whole, were rather flat and uninteresting—scarce worth the postage, he said himself. But she who received them loved and treasured them—every word and line. Dearer to her than pearls of the ocean or gold from the mine were they, as they lay treasured in the cedar-wood casket, to be read and re-read lovingly.

The relations between Mary and the Portman Square people had become very strained. They refused to believe her when she professed ignorance of Stephen's place of refuge, and the young woman had

of family matters might thus be rendered impossible, in her house at least.

One evening, somewhere about two years after Stephen's departure into unknown space, one of these



"You hear from him?"—p. 357.

a vein of pride in her character which made it intensely difficult to her to pardon doubt being cast upon her word. Besides, she could not forgive their injustice to Stephen, and their callous indifference about his absence. So the intercourse between them had narrowed to an occasional formal dinner-party on either side, Mary always taking good care to invite other guests to meet the Wrays, so that any discussion

lifeless entertainments was taking place, Mary being the hostess on the occasion.

After the long dinner had dragged its slow length along, and the guests had returned to the drawing-room, the Rev. Hawthorne Whyte was announced, much to Mary's joy, she having specially invited him, for the benefit of Miss Wray.

Mary was engaged in conversation with an elderly

officer when he appeared; the elderly officer's daughter was at the piano, playing an intricate piece by Chopin; Mrs. Wray was conversing more or less amicably with Mrs. Clare; the hearthrug was occupied by Mr. Wray, in pompous converse with an important-looking personage with a bald head and flashing diamond studs; and Miss Wray was endeavouring to stifle her yawns behind her fan; while a cadaverous youth of nineteen—the elderly officer's son and heir—did his very limited best to please and entertain the young lady.

Mr. Whyte was as faultlessly attired as usual, dressed to within an inch of his existence, with a white flower in his evening coat. He entered the room in his usual deprecating style, as though craving pardon of the company for intruding.

He made his salutations to his hostess; then, as she continued her animated conversation with General Fleming, he looked about him for refuge.

Louise flashed him a look of invitation over the top of her fan, which he affected not to see. He had not come to this house just to be chained to her side for the evening, paying her compliments, and talking vapid nonsense upon "Church" matters they both knew next to nothing about.

He liked very young girls; they were apt to be impressed by his dark eyes, and gentle, melancholy manner. So he steered straight for the piano.

Louise inwardly wondered what he could see in that gawky girl, raw from the school-room, and dressed in the worst possible taste. When the piece was over he rapturously complimented the player, and sat down beside her, to breathe soft nothings in her ear. But it was impossible to get altogether out of range of Miss Wray's inviting smile and telling eyes. He knew he must go and speak to her sooner or later, and when Miss Fleming was asked to play again, he began to make his way across the room to where Miss Wray was sitting.

But there was a slip between the cup and the lip. Half-way to Louise he saw the seat beside Mary Owens for the moment vacant, and, seizing the opportunity, slipped into it, and entered into conversation with his hostess.

Mary was looking very well this evening. She wore a dress golden brown in hue, and silken soft in texture, with rich lace softly massed about her throat and arms.

Mr. Whyte looked at her sentimentally over the top of his stiff collar. He seemed nervous this evening, and his white face, in its setting of black hair, looked whiter than ever.

"I am so unfortunate, Miss Owens," he began, and stopped.

"Are you? I am so sorry," she replied briskly. "In what respect, Mr. Whyte?"

"With regard to seeing you, Miss Owens. You are always out when I call, and I do not care to come on your 'at-home' day."

"That implies you do not care to see me," she said, smiling at him, without a touch of coquetry in voice or manner.

"That is cruel," he said, glancing at her reproachfully. Mary laughed.

"I want so often to speak to you," he went on plaintively; "and I cannot do that when you are surrounded by others."

Miss Owens drew herself up somewhat haughtily. She could look haughty when she liked, and she did now.

"You cannot have anything to say to me," she said—and her voice was icy—"that may not be said in the presence of my friends."

"That only shows how far you are from understanding me," he said.

Mary thought she would not care how much farther she was from understanding him. He continued, in a lachrymose style, bending towards her—

"So few people really understand me, Miss Owens. I often feel, if only I were differently situated, I might be quite otherwise from what I am."

"Don't you think that might be said of most of us?" Mary asked briskly. She was not going to foster sentimentality in this silly young man.

"Perhaps so, but very specially of me. There is no one who really understands me. I feel the world so cold, so forbidding at times. I long for some friend responsive to me, to whom my nature might unfold itself; but such an one I do not find. People who know me, little dream how hollow and empty my heart is."

Mary did not feel called upon to reply, so she remained silent, awaiting further developments of the situation.

"I have sometimes thought," he continued, taking his courage in both hands, and making a bold plunge, "that you possessed the requisite capabilities of making a real friend. There is a height and breadth in your nature, Miss Owens, far removed from the petty trivialities of ordinary feminine nature. You are formed to be the companion and helpmeet of a man, to share in his aspirations, to understand his thoughts, to glean by his side in the domain of learning: in a word, to mount upward with him, not to drag him down to the dead level of narrow womanish ideas, as too many women do the men they associate with."

"You are extremely flattering, Mr. Whyte," Mary replied, in a tone which meant he was extremely insolent. "But do you—"

"Permit me to interrupt you," he said eagerly. "I had not finished what I was about to say."

"Perhaps it would be better to leave it unfinished," Mary said coldly. She had had too many similar experiences in her life not to know pretty well what was coming. It was for Louise Wray's sake, too, she had invited him to her house, so that to have him outpouring nonsense of this description was all the more annoying. "I am not in the very least the kind of person you describe. There is nothing in the least large or lofty about me. Suppose we talk of other things? or shall I introduce you to anyone?"

Mr. Whyte looked rather sulky.

"Please do not dismiss me just yet," he said. "I want to ask you about Stephen Wray. Where is he?"

The red blood rushed to Mary's face at this sudden mention of the man she loved. She opened her eyes wide in surprise as she turned to Mr. Whyte.

"You are acquainted with his father and mother and sister," she replied icily. "Had you not better ask them that question?"

"They do not know."

"And they commissioned you to find out from me?" Miss Owens said quietly, hitting the truth by hazard. It was now Mr. Whyte's turn to look awkward and confused.

"Miss Wray told me you are engaged to her brother," he stammered. "Are you?"

Miss Owens became pale. For a moment she looked at him, her eyes dark with anger. Then scorn of him coming uppermost, she conquered the rising wrath, and replied calmly—

"Miss Wray made a mistake, or you misunderstood her, Mr. Whyte."

"I did not misunderstand her," he replied eagerly.

"The subject was of far too vivid interest to me for it to be in the least likely I should misunderstand her. She told me in so many words that you and Stephen Wray were engaged—and naturally, I thought then that you knew where he is."

"It is kind of you to take an interest so deep in Mr. Stephen Wray," she said.

The young man accepted the amendment.

"I do not take the least interest in Mr. Stephen Wray," he replied. "It is because of my interest in *you* that I want to know anything of *him*. You are rather hard on me, Miss Owens. You seem to forget that I may have other than an idle, gossiping interest in Mr. Wray. You are proud and angry with me because I put to you questions which you consider impertinent. You do not choose to remember that I may have something at stake in the matter."

This first cropping-up of manliness and real feeling through the surface crust of conceit and imbecility which overlaid the Rev. Hawthorne Whyte's character, touched Mary a little. Something also in the ring of his voice made her a little regretful of having crushed and snubbed him so remorselessly all the evening.

"I am sorry if I have been rude," she said, more gently. "But you unfortunately chose a subject of conversation that is especially distasteful to me."

"Then I shall leave it. What I really wanted to say to you was not about the Wrays at all. I have been long seriously contemplating a matter of great importance to myself—one on which, if I dare ask it, I should venture to crave your advice, Miss Owens."

Mary graciously signified her willingness to listen, believing he had got the barque of conversation at length off the quicksands.

"The celibacy of the clergy of the Anglican Church"—Mary started visibly: was there going to be a shipwreck after all?—"has been a subject that has long exercised my thoughts. At first I believed thoroughly in its being the correct thing. But of

late I find that after all we are but men, like others, and that it is not good for a man to be alone. I need a companion soul, a sympathising friend, as much as any other man. I have human sympathies and longings, even though I wear a black coat. There is a heart beating beneath. I cannot stand aloof from all the rightful joys and pleasures of human life, just because my profession follows loftier lines and ideals than the professions and callings of other men. Now I ask your opinion on this momentous question."

"I think a man should marry if he wants to," Mary replied promptly, a gleam of amusement in her eyes.

"Whether he is in orders or not?" said Mr. Whyte.

"Yes, certainly. I don't see that that makes any difference," she said, laughing. It was impossible to avoid laughing: he looked so important and so lugubrious.

"Then you counsel me to marry?" he said.

"Oh, I did not understand it was personal advice you asked me for," said Mary Owens. "I thought you only wanted my opinion generally on the question of clerical celibacy."

"I fear I only view the question in a personal light," he admitted. "I had certainly made up my mind to celibacy before I met with one who, I felt, might become to me the companion I needed in my lonely life. Shall I now, for a mere abstract tenet, render my life unhappy?"

"I should certainly advise you not to," Mary replied carelessly.

"Then, Miss Owens, you encourage me to speak. In you, then, I have found this other self. Do not proudly turn away from me. I know it is presumptuous in me to lift my eyes to one so wealthy as you; but in the eyes of love, what is gold but dross? A minor consideration—not worthy to be taken into account."

"You are talking the greatest nonsense man ever uttered!" Mary interrupted, impatiently. "Excuse me if I am rude; but I cannot help it."

Mr. Whyte's black eyes flashed an instant, but he lowered them, and resumed his ordinary mild deportment ere he spoke again.

"I never knew that it was nonsense to express love and admiration of another," he said deprecatingly.

"For *you* to express love and admiration of *me* is utter nonsense. And I beg you will never do so again," said Mary. She felt too angry to speak with a dignity suited to the occasion of discarding a suitor for her hand.

Mr. Whyte plainly perceived there was no use in pressing the matter. He accepted his quietus in the most decorous manner he could, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

A week later his engagement with Louise Wray was announced. Mary smiled to think he had so quickly found a second companion soul. Louise had not so much "dross" as Miss Owens could have endowed him with, but then perhaps she was of a more sympathetic nature. Mary met him one day



"'Mary,' he said suddenly, 'why is it that you have never married?'"—p. 360.

shortly afterwards at Charing Cross, where she had driven to say farewell to Louise, who was going to join the Frasers abroad, and spend Easter with them in Rome. He looked rather awkward, but Mary shook hands with him, and congratulated him in a frank, pleasant way that set him at ease.

"Don't go over to Rome literally," he remarked playfully to his beloved, as she sat in the corner seat of a first-class carriage, while Miss Owens and he waited on the platform to see her off. Mary thought the warning perhaps not inappropriate, seeing he had been of late almost a sign-post to show the way thither. "Remember, ours is 'the more excellent way.' Don't you agree with me, Miss Owens?"

"I don't know," Mary replied gently. She could not exactly see the connection between his quotation and any special form of Church government. "Sometimes I have felt puzzled over the ways: they are so varied and so different. But I asked Mr. Davenent, and he said that he thinks though men compose many ways to God, God has only the one Way to Himself, and none of us are too ignorant or too wicked to learn to follow that."

Mr. Whyte pricked up his ears at this heresy, and would apparently have liked to rush into a polemical argument, regardless of time and place; but when Mary Owens quoted Mr. Davenent it was final, so he held his peace.

CHAPTER XVI.

WORLDLINESS.

"Never rail at the world—it is just as we make it."—SWAIN.

LOUISE WRAY did not go over to Rome in the sense Mr. Whyte warned her against doing. She spent Easter there, rushing from function to function, and in the interim writing glowing descriptions of the splendour of the outward trappings of gorgeous ceremonials, at which she assisted, to her betrothed in England. Then, in early summer, she returned, and shortly after married the youthful clergyman. Her father shrugged his shoulders when the question was broached to him; said he supposed she was old enough to know her own mind and please herself; said he would just give her the portion that fell to her, and if she liked to throw it and herself away on a penniless parson, that was her affair; said the only one of his children who had not thwarted and disappointed him was Annette, and that he meant to remember her in his will, over and above the fortune already given her on her marriage. Annette had married a broken-down old *roué*, with one foot in the grave; but he was a wealthy man, while Hawthorne Whyte had nothing. However, Louise Wray was not a young lady to pine away for want of parental approbation and consent. She had long since come to the age—so she confided to her sister—when she must marry anyone that offered. Hawthorne Whyte offered, and she joyfully accepted him.

It was a gorgeous wedding. Most of the society papers devoted at least half a column to a description of its glories, the wedding-dress and *trousseau*, the guests and high dignitaries of the Church who assisted; the bridegroom, as was most justly fit, apparently being the most insignificant item in the whole affair. The wedding-gown was of white velvet and Brussels lace, with real orange-flowers and costly jewels. There were six bridesmaids in pale pink silk, and two Vandyck pages in royal blue satin to carry the bride's train. None of the papers were cruel enough to hint that the bride was years older than the bridegroom, and looked every hour of her age. The travelling attire was fittingly described, and the destination for the wedding tour indicated; and then followed a long list of the wedding gifts and donors. So Louise was satisfied, at least. Her ambition was crowned. She was married, and had had one of the smartest weddings of the season.

One morning, some weeks after Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne Whyte had returned to town from their bridal tour, Mary Owens was informed that Mrs. Wray was down-stairs in the drawing-room, and desired particularly to see her. It was very early in the morning—about nine o'clock—and Mary ran down-stairs in her dressing-gown, fearing some ill news of Stephen—though she might have known that in that case his mother would be the last person in the world to trouble herself, or put herself about. Mrs. Wray was seated on the edge of a chair in the middle of the room, with her eyes on the carpet, looking more cheerlessly mortified than usual. She looked up when Mary entered the room, and accorded the heiress a brief greeting.

"I want my son's address," she said curtly, as Mary sat down near her.

"I do not know it, Mrs. Wray," said Mary, with a heightened colour. "I have told you that very often. If you desire to communicate with Stephen, you need not apply to me."

"My husband is ill," said Mrs. Wray, in the same hard, even tone, "and I want my son's address."

"Oh! I am sorry," said Mary, quickly contrite for having spoken harshly to anyone in affliction. "What is the matter with Mr. Wray?"

"He is dying," the wife replied, with a fortitude really admirable under the circumstances. "Like me, poor man, he has been the victim of the basest ingratitude. He got a fit last night, and the doctor says he cannot recover. Unless Stephen will do his duty, and return to the home which he abandoned so heartlessly, I do not know what is to become of the business. The girls have secured their money at their marriages, but my jointure is payable out of the business yearly; and Stephen owes it to the mother who bore him, and toiled for him through many years, to come home at once."

"I think he would come if you asked him," said Mary, trying to veil her disgust.

"I cannot ask him when he hides from me where he is. Such abandoned ingratitude! A thankless son is as the poison of asps to his mother's heart." Mrs. Wray was great at inventing proverbs. "You, a stranger, know more about him than his kith and kin."

"I am afraid his kith and kin have, up to this, taken very little interest in him, Mrs. Wray," said Mary, somewhat unsteadily.

"Doubtless you encourage him in his wicked career of disobedience. The froward man never lacketh evil counsellors. Your influence has always been to separate him from his home and his family—for many years you have come between him and us. It is not much now that I ask you—to tell me where he is, so that I may make one more appeal to him to return to the paths of filial duty."

"I have told you I cannot give you Stephen's address, because I do not know it myself," replied Miss Owens haughtily.

"You hear from him?"

"Yes."

"I knew it! And still you persist in denying all knowledge of where my son has hidden himself."

"I do not know," Mary replied, making a strong effort to control her temper; for, after all, this hard-faced, stony-hearted woman was Stephen's mother. "My letters from him come under cover to Mr. Davenant."

"Mr. Davenant!" cried Mrs. Wray, with a small stage shriek, and throwing up her hands. "This is nice work! A clergyman acting as a go-between!"

"There is no need of a go-between, as you put it," said Miss Owens coldly. "Stephen did not give me his address, simply because he did not choose that I should be annoyed by questions about it."

"How sweetly considerate of your comfort!" Mrs.

Wray retorted bitterly. "A little of this remarkable amiability and thoughtfulness shown in his own home would have been more fitting. I wonder Mr. Davenent would not be ashamed to foster and encourage a young man in his pride of heart and disobedience. I do not know what the world is coming to. Look at my children, how worldly they are! Look at Annette marrying for money, and fawning on her poor father so that she might gain more at his death. Look at Louise—she did not marry money, to be sure, but she drove the hardest bargain she could with my husband, and took her fortune, every penny of it, with her, out of the concern where it was made. Look at Stephen quarrelling with his father about money."

"I do not think Stephen's quarrel with Mr. Wray argues intense worldliness on his part," Mary interposed coldly.

"I don't know what the quarrel was about," said Mrs. Wray. "I never was told by either of them, and I never asked. It appears, as usual, Miss Owens, that you are more intimate with my son's affairs than I am."

"Stephen left his father in anger," Mary replied, speaking very distinctly and calmly, "because Mr. Wray wished to force him into a marriage with a rich woman he did not love."

"You mean yourself," said Mrs. Wray quickly, looking at the girl's quiet, set face with cold, narrowing eyes. "I wonder you are not too proud, after that, to take his part openly, as you do."

"That is a point of view which concerns no one but myself," replied the heiress haughtily. "But I think Stephen's unworldliness has been proved by the part he has acted. I think that if he knew his father was ill, and that you wished his return, he would come back."

"Will you write and ask him?"

"No," Miss Owens said quietly. "His father sent him away. It is for his father to ask him to return."

"His father will never speak a word on earth again. His father does not want him back. He vowed he would never forgive him, and he does not ever go back from his word. I should not think his father wants him back. But I do. I am only a poor old woman, forsaken of those who should have been my earthly prop and stay, and I want him to return, and carry on his father's business."

This was not worldliness at all, of course.

"If his father has disinherited him, I do not see how that will be possible for Stephen to do."

"Who told you his father would disinherit him?"

"Stephen told me."

"He never told me that," said Mrs. Wray, in injured tones. "If that is the case, I do not know what will become of me. Where is my money to come from?"

"I suppose Mr. Wray has made all due provision for you," Mary said coldly. "But do you not think this is very profitless conversation on our part? If you would like to return to your husband's sick-room, I have no objection—if you wish—to drive to the City at once, and procure your son's address from Mr.

Davenent. I should think, under these circumstances, he will not refuse to give it."

"And do you mean to tell me you have never asked Mr. Davenent to tell it to you before now?"

"If Stephen had wished me to know, he would have told it me himself," replied Mary, ringing to order her carriage. Mrs. Wray laughed scornfully.

"When you get the address, will you write for him to come home at once?" she demanded, as she rose to go.

"No," said Mary. "I shall bring the address to you. You or Mrs. Whyte can write to recall him, if his father is unable to do so. I certainly cannot."

When she returned from the East End with Stephen's address—he was in Australia, she discovered, so there was absolutely no probability of his ever seeing his father again—the blinds were drawn in the big house at Portman Square, and crape adorned the knocker. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, saith the preacher."

CHAPTER XVII.

WESTMINSTER CLOISTERS.

"Life hath a load
Which must be carried on; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part."

VAUGHAN.

A LONDON sky is sometimes bright and blue, and London streets are sometimes filled with sunshine. This afternoon in early May the very air was full of fresh vitality and hopefulness. The people in the streets looked happier as they pursued their way, and the sunshine was everywhere, clothing the grey old abbey walls, and lying softly on the smooth green cloister-girt sward. Within the cloister the shade was deep and calm, and along its stillness rolled the organ's hum in rising and ebbing waves of sound; and laughter of schoolboys at play came faintly from the distance now and again. Otherwise, the cloisters were silent with the silence of death. A woman sat alone in one of the stone embrasures, looking upwards to where the abbey outlined itself against the blue summer sky. There was something very solitary about this motionless figure in the silent cloisters; something pathetic in the attitude, and the pose of the hands lightly crossed upon her lap. There is surely no expression upon the human face so sad to see as disappointment, and disappointment was in every line and lineament of this woman's face. If it is only the momentary clouding of some bright child-face at some transient sorrow, one knows that that will pass away; but infinitely sad is it when it is the settled, uncomplaining, accepted expression on a middle-aged face. There is a rush of pity to the heart when one meets one of these disappointed faces: something inexpressibly touching to note in the weariness of the mouth beneath the placid smile, the withering features unlit by hope or happiness, the unexpected eyes, which mutely tell the secret that life's chalice is empty, and no fresh fair spring-time any longer possible. The smile on such a face as this is more pathetic than many tears. God, in His mercy, bring these poor unsatisfied ones to the fulness of His Kingdom!

Such a face had Mary Owens, now past thirty years

of age—thirty, that most cruel of all ages, when a woman wakes with a gasp to the realisation that she is *old*, that her youth is a thing gone for ever. At forty she has grown used to this wofully unpleasant conviction, and has perhaps begun to construct a second era of simulated juvenility for herself; but at thirty she is simply crushed by the awfulness of the thing. Not that Mary Owens cared much what age she was. All hope in her life died the day when Stephen Wray confided to her his love for Hilda Romney. Her heart had suddenly grown old then, with but the one small consolation that no one knew her secret. Her dress was as well-chosen and suitable as it had always been. To-day she wore a dark blue dress of fine cloth, and a neat little hat—not in the least dejected or dowdy—with a white wing in it. She did not wear her heart on her sleeve for all to note how empty it was, neither would she proclaim to the world by a carelessness of attire that at thirty years of age life was a simple weariness to her—a weight which must be borne somehow.

A tall, well-built man turned in from the noisy street to the cloisters, and came briskly towards her. She turned slightly, and watched him coming. He carried himself with a certain dignity and manly grace. His face was deeply sun-browned, and he walked with the easy, elastic step of a man who had led a life of out-of-door freedom.

Mary watched him coming, and more than ever it struck her how manly he had become. The gawkiness of the overgrown boy was gone, and the broad-shouldered man, firm, compact, and strong, was in his place. To be sure, Stephen Wray was eight-and-twenty now, and these past years of colonial life had aged and bronzed him.

He greeted her quietly, holding her gloved hand an instant in his broad palm. Then he seated himself near her, and leaned one elbow on the ledge of the embrasure, he too looking across to where the sunshine lay warm on the abbey walls.

"Well, Mary," he said, after a long silence, "you asked me to meet you here to-day, and now that I am here, what have you to say to me?"

"What should I have to say to you, Stephen?" she asked softly.

"That you will be my wife," he replied, bringing his eyes in from the outer sunshine to rest upon her face. There was neither ecstasy nor elated expectancy in his face or voice. The lines about his mouth were steadily sweet, but in his deep eyes there was nothing expressed but sorrowful regret. The life and fire of them had gone, perhaps for ever.

"I had a reason for asking you to meet me here, Stephen," she began, speaking very soft and low. "It may have been a foolish, sentimental reason, but still it was a real one. Somehow or other, it always seems to me that here in this quiet place, among the silent dead, the things which concern this life, and the life which is to come, take on their true proportions. We so often lose sight of what is right, in the fever and fret of the daily life. We so often think only of what we wish to do, instead of what we ought to do, of what we wish to gain instead of what we should renounce. Last night you came to me and asked me

to be your wife. And to-day I asked you to meet me here, that I might answer you."

"And you will say 'Yes?'" he asked.

"I shall say 'No,' Stephen."

They were both silent for a long, long time. Stephen absently watched a thrush hopping about in the green, soft grass, while he seemed pondering something deeply in his mind. And Mary turned a little from him—calm suitor that he was—and her eyes went upwards to the graceful outlines of arch and pillar, and she wondered at herself. The dream, the passionate longing of her youth, given to her now, laid at her feet for her to accept or reject—and she had quietly put it from her! She thought, as she gazed on the abbey walls, of those who had planned and built it; they, too, had had human hearts like ours, had laughed and wept, and loved and prayed, and agonised even as we do now, and what was left of them? Not even a handful of dust, not so much as a name. What they were had gone for ever, only what they had done remaining—a mute lesson to each one coming after along the thorny way of the world, since life is labour, to take good heed to work as "wise master-builders"—honest work, that will remain when the hand that wrought it is dust. A vague sense, deep down in her heart, had, of late, been making itself felt more and more as the days went on, and gathered themselves into weeks and months and years—a feeling that it is not to be happy that we live—that it is not to lounge through life we are set upon earth—that for each one there is an allotted task—and that mayhap there are purer joys and higher happinesses than the sweet sanctity of "a love-lit hearth." Perhaps—for she loved him with all her heart—had Stephen come to her with a little more warmth and eagerness in his voice and manner, she had yielded to his request. But now her heart was divided between him and this other life which she had of late been planning for herself.

"I know I do not offer you much, Mary," Stephen said presently, drawing a little nearer to her as he spoke—"not so much as you deserve. But I did not deceive you in any way. I tell you plainly what you know already: that the best love of my heart was given to another. It was foolish of me to hope that you would marry me: But I did hope it. You have been the one true friend I have ever had. You have stood by me when others forsook me. And some way, during this past winter, since I came home, I have come to know you better, and knowing you better, to love you better than I ever did before. I don't know when the thought came to me; but it was not the sudden inspiration you pooh-poohed it as last night, that prompted me to speak. It was the settled conviction that I love you very dearly and well, and a half-hope that since you, like myself, are among the solitary ones on earth, you would take pity on my loneliness. Selfish, as usual, you see, Mary! But, indeed, I would do my very best to make your life bright and happy too."

"It can never be, Stephen. I am too old now to reconstruct my life on a basis of happiness. I

have never been happy, all my life. It is too late to begin now. I should be only a drag and a shadow upon your life. You are young."

"We are pretty much the same age," he said, with a short laugh.

"A woman at my age is old. A man at yours is young," said Mary quietly.

"I feel old enough for anything," Stephen said, a little bitterly. "One great advantage is that we know each other thoroughly, and each other's antecedents. There would be no necessity for disillusionments on either side."

Mary did not reply. The low, deep tones of the organ swelled along the cloisters, and the clear treble voices of the choir came to them fitfully. A service had begun, the sunlight was stealing higher and higher up the abbey walls, and the shade in the cloisters lay deeper.

Stephen had been living at home since his father's sudden death last summer. The great house in Portman Square had been given up, and Stephen had taken a small villa for himself and his mother out beyond Regent's Park. When his father's affairs were looked into, it was found that after all he had not left his money to an "asylum for incapable idiots," as he had threatened Stephen he would. Draft after draft of projected wills were found amongst his papers, each one ignoring Stephen steadfastly, but the old will had never been destroyed, and by it Stephen inherited nearly everything his father died possessed of, his sisters' fortunes and his mother's annuity excepted. So, by the irony of things, this was the will that stood. The rest were so much waste paper, and the furious old man had gone to his rest without wreaking the revenge he had so long threatened upon his son.

"When I went away from home, three years ago," he went on, as Mary made no reply, "I did not care what became of me. But your affection followed me even in my exile. I felt, no matter how desolate I was, that you cared what became of me. You wrote to me; you took an unflinching, a sisterly interest in me. Then I came home again, and I have got to know you better, your worth, your goodness, than I ever did before. And it was deliberately, not impulsively, that last night I went to you, and asked you to think if you could not be my wife—if together we might not start afresh. We are old friends; we know each other well; I love you dearly, and that you have some affection for me you have proved by your kindness to me. Why should we not then join our lives together, Mary? I know it is not exactly a path of roses I offer you. Life with my mother never could be that; but after a time she may perhaps go to Annette or Louise, and we should be together and alone. It is not from mercenary motives I ask you, either. I am not the penniless beggar I was when I ran away to Australia. So do not think that of me."

"I do not think it of you, Stephen," said Mary. Her face had grown very pale, as she sat quietly listening to him, and the bright light of the summer afternoon relentlessly showed up the lines and shadows that time and sorrow had left on it. "I do not think anything of you so unworthy, so unkind. I know you

are sincere in what you say to me—that you mean it, every word; and that were I to yield to your request, you would be everything that was most faithful and true and tender to me. But I cannot content myself with embers instead of fire, nor with husks for bread. Better that we should remain apart and friends than wed and be unhappy. I should be unhappy, Stephen, for I have a heart, if you have not."

"Mary," he said suddenly, "why is it that you have never married?"

A great wave of colour surged up in her face, and then ebbed again, leaving her cheeks more thin and wan than before. The tears stood in her eyes as she answered him.

"I loved someone, unhappily. He did not care for me," she replied, with hardly a tremble in the low, even voice.

"Dear Mary! I am sorry!" spoke the young man gently, coming nearer to her, and laying his strong brown hand on her gloved one.

"It is no matter now," she said, with a brave, sweet smile; "I have got over it—and nearly forgotten it."

Stephen stood up abruptly, and began pacing up and down the cloister in front of her—just as he had often paced to and fro in her drawing-room in the old days. He was not in the least in love with Mary Owens, but for all that he felt a little nameless jealousy of this unknown rival, whose existence he had never suspected till this moment. Mentally he reviewed the past, endeavouring to recall Mary's friends and acquaintances. Who could it have been?

Mary sat very still, with her face turned away from him. The water that had stood in her eyes when she made her confession had now resolved itself to tears, which slowly trickled down her cheek. She dared not wipe them away, lest Stephen should perceive she was weeping, so she looked steadfastly out over the grass, with eyes that saw nothing of the objects upon which they rested.

"Both of us with spoiled lives," Stephen said musingly. "It seems hard lines that we two should have made shipwreck. Mary, I knew nothing of your story when I asked you to be my wife; I did not dream that you had ever cared for anyone—you, who always have seemed to me so still, calm, and self-contained. Does it not seem a pity that we should both be lonely? Could you not give to me the same deep, true affection I offer you? Why should both of us go on our solitary, dreary way? We are old enough not to require rhapsodies and love romances. Do, Mary, think of it. Do not dismiss me just like this."

"I cannot give you the same love you offer me," she said. "That is one reason I shall never marry you."

"You care for me a little, surely?" he asked, in rather aggrieved tones.

"Yes, with all sisterly affection; but I will not marry you. I shall never marry anyone. Believe me, Stephen, you yourself would be sorry very soon. I am a faded old woman; you are a young man, in the very prime of your youth. I would not do you the injustice of marrying you. I love you too well."

"That is all nonsense!" he said, stopping short



BABY'S FIRST SPRING.

(See p. 350.)

before her, with folded arms. "I suppose I know what I am doing when I ask you to marry me! I think it most improbable that I should ever be sorry—or ever be anything but most humbly grateful to you if you marry me. I know my own mind surely, now."

"And some day, after you were tied to me, and you met Miss Romney, what then?"

Stephen flushed up hotly, and his eyes gleamed as they had used to do in impetuous youth.

"What then?" he replied. "I hope I am an honourable man, and a gentleman. Is it possible that you do not trust me, Mary?"

"I trust you, Stephen, fully," said Mary, speaking very slowly, but not raising her eyes to his face. "But I know very well how terrible it would be for you to meet her when it was all too late. And it would break my heart."

"Hilda refused me twice," he said, half angry with her for bringing up the subject. "She is nothing to me now; I am nothing to her. I never was. But I loved her, and of that love and its disastrous course you were all along perfectly aware. Now it is all over and done with, I do not think it is exactly generous in you to reopen the old wound. It only shows you neither trust nor believe me now when I ask you to marry me. Hilda Romney is nothing to me. The fact that I once loved her, that I can never again love anyone, not even you, as I loved her, remains a fact. If it is disloyal to you, I can't help that. I have told you frankly just how things are with me, and I think it wrong of you, and foolish of you, to condemn me because I have told you this. I would be true and loyal to you in all the future to come, if only you would forget the past, and let me be."

"I am sitting here now, close to you, within your reach," said Mary Owens thoughtfully, a far-away look in her face, and with hands nervously clasped together on the window-ledge. "And you stand there close and near to me. Someone comes and says to you, 'Stephen, the girl you once loved, Hilda Romney, has just passed along the street, there where the cloister ends;' Stephen, what would you do? Would you stay here with me, or would you hasten after her?"

"Mary—you are cruel! You are unlike yourself today," he stammered. "I do not understand you."

"I am not cruel," she said wearily; "or if I am, it is better to be cruel now than to make an irrevocable mistake, and cause an irretrievable injury to both you and me. Stephen, you must answer me. Would you go, or would you stay?"

Stephen paced up and down again. He looked angry and baffled now, and his mouth had hardened from its usual sweetness.

"I suppose you are talking figuratively, Mary," he said, at length. "I shall answer you with another question. Do you think if I were your husband that any other woman should have power to influence me one way or another?"

"Not your conduct—you are too honourable for that. Not your demeanour to me, perhaps—your nature is too chivalrous for that. But your heart, Stephen! Would that stay with me, or would it follow her!"

"I cannot answer," he said, coming close up to her, and seizing both her hands in his. "I tell you the truth, Mary—I cannot answer. God help me! I believe I have never really ceased to love her."

"And you ask me to be your wife!"

"I do—I am most unworthy of you—but I do. And solemnly I vow to you that a thought which is not all loyal and loving to you shall never cross my mind, Mary, believe me when I tell you this."

"I believe you would try your very best, Stephen, but you could not help what you would feel."

"But it is so unlikely that she and I should ever meet again."

"There is still the chance that it might happen—and that I should have to look on at your agony, knowing that it was impossible for me to set you free. Think, Stephen, what a hopeless pain that would be."

"Then, on the remote chance of my meeting Hilda Romney once again, you refuse to marry me?"

"Yes, I refuse. It is better so. Or, stay, Stephen; I have thought of a way out of the difficulty. Suppose we leave the matter undecided for the present, and that you go down again to Flashford-on-Sea, and see Miss Romney."

"I do not know that she is there," said Stephen, breathing a little fast and hard, while the mere suggestion of going forth to seek his old love again made his blood race through his veins and his heart throb fiercely.

"Can you not go and see?" said Mary, her heart sinking at the eager tremor in his voice. "If she has left, someone can tell you where to find her. People do not vanish like smoke."

"And if I find her, what then?" asked Stephen, in the tone of a man who wants to be convinced against his will, or at least his reason.

"If she still persists in refusing to marry you, then we might see—"

"But why should I ask her again, Mary? Very, very plainly, without reserve, she refused me."

"She had some reason which perhaps no longer exists. Perhaps she did not like to marry, and leave those old people she lived with."

"But I asked her that last day I saw her, when her uncle was dead, and her father lay dying up-stairs,

'Would there be any hope for me if I came back again?' and she said 'No.' Very distinctly she said it. I think she had no other reason than the very simple one that she never cared for me. I never touched her heart. If I go back now, 't will be but to rekindle the old pangs of hopeless love, and to cut myself off from you for ever. I cannot come back to you, and say, 'Since the woman I love will not have me, will you reign in my heart?' I am not quite so base. No, Mary, do not send me from you thus."

"Go and see her, and if she will still reject you, or if you find her married"—Stephen winced—"then come back to me. I shall not call you base; I shall not deem you dishonourable; and then together we may plan out a new life. But until you have seen the woman you loved once more, do not speak to me of marriage."

"It would be better, better far, for me to learn to forget her. It seems like walking into the fire deliberately, to go and see her again. If you knew how I used to love her! How the slightest touch of her little hand had power to thrill me, her lightest word to move me, you would hesitate ere you would send me back to her: now that the years have brought me calm and forgetfulness and peace; now that I can think quietly of her, remembering only that once I loved her, but that I am free of her this day. Mary, dear Mary! do not send me away on a mission so hopeless. Can you not put your hand in mine—you need not be jealous of the shadow of a poor vanished love—and let me spend my life with you?"

"Only on this condition," said Mary firmly: "that you see her once again."

"I suppose, then, I must yield. To-morrow I shall go. You have set me a task hard enough, in all conscience."

"Stephen," said Mary firmly, "you love this girl still. It is all nonsense your pretending to me, or to yourself, that all is over between you and her. You would not be so afraid of meeting her again were you quite sure of yourself."

"Perhaps you are right," he answered quietly. "But I feel as though you are sending me away from you for ever."

"And suppose you find your old love again, and that she has learned to love you—you will thank Heaven on your knees that I did send you away."

"And suppose not? Suppose I come back without having gained her—what then?"

"Then, if you still think me necessary to your happiness, I will be your wife, Stephen."

Years ago, had anyone whispered in her ear that the day should come when those words would cross her lips, "I will be your wife, Stephen," what delirium of happiness would have seized her heart, and made glad melody of her life. Now she speaks them soberly, sadly, inexultantly—almost with pain.

Stephen took her hand reverently, and held it for a few seconds in his own.

"I remember once before saying to you, Mary, that if only you and I had loved each other in the olden time, how happy life might have been for both. We each have buried hopes and sorrowful memories to carry about with us now, but I pray God that we may be happy yet, and that I may serve and love you in all truth and honour, and as you deserve to be."

Mary withdrew her hand from his with a slow, faint smile.

"It is too soon to talk in this way, Stephen," she said softly. "We are not engaged yet."

"When do you wish me to go?" he asked.

"To-morrow. At once—as soon as you can."

"I suppose you are right," he said again, while sore and hard he struggled not to feel glad that he was going. "You generally are right, Mary. Now, is not that a great admission for the noble masculine mind to make to a woman? I hope you feel properly awe-struck at my condescension. When I get back to town I shall come to you at once—"

"With good news, I hope," she said faintly. "You

will never be more happy than I wish you to be, Stephen."

"I believe, in your secret soul, Mary," he said, looking keenly at her averted face, "that you are praying to be delivered from me. You are longing that I may come back engaged, so that you may be spared the affliction of having anything to do with me."

She made no answer—only laughed a little, a puny, mirthless laugh.

Stephen looked at his watch.

"How are you going to get home?" he asked her.

"I shall drive. I ordered the carriage to meet me at the Abbey door at five."

"It is just five now. Shall we be going?"

"I want to stay here a little alone," she began, and hesitating, stopped.

"To brood over things, and make yourself unhappy. 'Meditations Among the Tombs' in a second edition. No, Mary, if I am to have the care of you henceforth, I forbid this kind of thing peremptorily. It is not good for you, and I don't like it."

"But you have not the care of me yet," she said, smiling up into his handsome, manly face. "At present I am my own mistress. So good-bye, Stephen. I shall not stay here long after you. I am too much afraid of Bateman to keep his beloved horses standing too long. So good-bye, and go."

Stephen shrugged his shoulders and laughed, then held her hand an instant and went. She sat quite still, and watched the tall, strong figure go striding along the gloomy cloister. At the end he stopped, his figure outlined against the brightness of the street, and raised his hat to her. Then he vanished. Mary sat still in her place, leaning her cheek against the cold stone, which soon was wet with her tears, oblivious of the lordly Bateman and his horses waiting for her at the Abbey door outside. She was one of those who rarely weep, but when they do, whose every tear is an agony.

Stephen had stirred her nature to its very depths. She had almost learned the hard lesson to possess her soul in patience, to live her life quietly, calmly, without thought or wish of an earthly happiness not hers to mar her peace. Now he had come, and, after these long years of faithful, silent love, had asked her to be his wife—the prize she had all her life longed for within her reach at last! She loved him so dearly! To her it would be happiness beyond expression to be with him always, to live within reach of the sound of his pleasant voice, within sight of his handsome face, to serve him, to tend him, to love him. But she feared herself too much. She doubted her own fortitude and strength. Could she go on, year in, year out, loving him as she did, and receiving in exchange affection, honour, reverence, kindness, all that he had to give, except his heart? That was no longer his. Had she courage for this lifelong martyrdom? Could she have felt she was necessary to his happiness, that he wanted her, that his life would be maimed without her, then she could meekly accept her fate, and merge her life in his. But his life was already broken in two and embittered

by the loss of the woman he had loved so deeply and well. He would never love again, she knew; and would not any other woman do just as well to help him reconstruct his life?—some other woman who did not love him as Mary did, and who could accept his tepid kindliness without a pang or a heart-cry for bread, not stones.

"But I am not necessary to his happiness," she said to herself, in bitterness of soul. "He just asks me to marry him because I come nearest to his hand. He has not heart left to go out into the world to seek a new love, and so he turns to me, now when it is all too late. Thank God, he does not know I love him, nor just why it is I refuse to be his wife. I said because I could not give him the same love he offers me, and that is true, though not in the way he thinks. How hard it is to do what is right! If I could only plainly see that it would be for his good and his happiness, I would take him, and suffer in silence, as I have done so long. But to be an unloved wife is a trial too bitter, a furnace that would consume my very soul within me. How hard it is to know what to do! People talk as if life were just a choice between two roads: one a flowery path, a straight slide down, the other a ladder in the other direction—as though

there are not thousands of intersecting bye-paths, inextricably mixed and tangled, or if not inextricably, at best complex and involved almost beyond our poor power to find a clue. And then that other better life which I have been planning for myself—is it all to go for nothing? Am I not taking my hand from the plough and turning back? Am I not seeking out again the broken cisterns which I have prayed to learn to forsake? One moment I think I have neither strength nor courage to marry Stephen and be his wife—the next, my heart cries out for him, and tells me long, slow martyrdom at his side is better far than life without him. Oh, if only I knew the way!—if only a voice from heaven would speak, and tell me how to go! I think, at last, I shall one day tell all to Mr. Davenent, and he will help me. He is so wise, and calm, and good, and sees things from a standpoint so noble and high. It is well I have at least one true friend upon whom I can rely."

"One true friend," but not for long. William Davenent, the servant of God, has almost run his course; his warfare is accomplished, his rest nearly gained. The shadow of death is upon him even now.

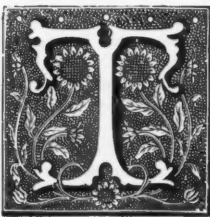
(To be continued.)



AMONG SOUTH-SEA SAVAGES.

("IN PERILS OFF."—II.)

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIRIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC.



THE natives of the South Sea Islands had got such a character for ferocity in general, and for savage treatment of strangers in particular, that it needed no little courage in that first group of missionaries that left England in the *Duff* in 1796 to offer themselves for a service of

which these islands were to be the scene.

Ten of the missionaries were instructed to endeavour to settle on Tongatabu (Sacred Tonga), the principal island of the Friendly group. If the name of the group gave them any encouragement, their reception by the natives must have dismally belied their hopes. The chiefs and their people were anything but friendly; but the missionaries fared far worse at the hands of two British sailors who had been some time on the island, and of seven other men who were left behind soon after by an American vessel. The people did not seem to have the faintest desire for the lessons of religion and civilisation which became so popular at a future time. When a calamity happened, the missionaries were held to have brought it on by their prayers, and were ordered to pray no more. Robbers would sometimes attack their dwellings, and plunder them right and left,

robbing them especially of their clothing, leaving them a scanty covering of native cloth, and threatening to murder them if they made the faintest noise.

But far more serious troubles occurred when a civil war broke out in consequence of the assassination of a principal chief by his own brother. The missionaries refused to take part in the strife, and were in consequence deprived of all protection, and exposed to all the indignities, privations, and sufferings that anyone chose to inflict on them. Mostly young men, they all met for prayer on April 29th, 1799, but it was the last meeting they had together. Foreign war broke out, and they were all required to join the army. The barbarities they witnessed were awful. They saw the first prisoner taken, cut up, and devoured on the wayside, while women dipped their hands in his blood, and licked them, as they passed along. The missionaries, unable to endure the army, returned to their settlements to find all dismantled and pillaged. They were obliged to hide among the rocks, or in woods, or in the wilderness; their very Bibles were lost; their only comfort lay in the assurance that God was ever their Friend, and that nothing could ever sever them from the love of Christ.

They had originally scattered themselves in various places, and as the troubles went on, the different groups began to be thinned. A group of three who had settled at Ardeo, having gone out to meet the

chief and the tribe returning victorious from battle, were ferociously assaulted and cruelly slain. Their names were Bowell, Harper, and Gaulton, and a seaman who shared their fate was named Burnham. Little is known of their early life, and the only

landing at Tonga. The storm had driven his ship to leeward, but a strong current brought it back. The surviving missionaries were carried to Port Jackson, in Australia. The chief Vaaji brought them a present of cocoa-nuts as they were leaving,



"They all met for prayer."—364.

service they ever rendered to the missionary cause was the bright evidence they gave of the power of Christian love—devoting their lives to a people who treated them as the Jews treated the Saviour, returning the deepest love with the most savage hatred. When the war ended, some of their brethren made a pilgrimage to the place to recover their bodies. They found them bare and naked, after a month's exposure to the elements and to the brutal treatment of merciless savages; they buried them without a rag to cover them, or even a few boards to enclose them. A chief named Vaaji, touched with a better feeling, afterwards had the bodies re-interred, and erected a tomb to mark the spot where they lay. He took some of the surviving missionaries to his house, showed them some of the things that had been taken, and offered them whatever they wished. A Bible and some writing materials, thus recovered, were like treasures from heaven to the impoverished missionaries.

A moment of repose from the fury of man was marked by what appeared to be the tokens of an angry Providence. In the beginning of 1800 the island was several times shaken by earthquakes, while a great tidal wave swept over the north of it, devastating everything, and bringing the miseries of famine.

Three days after the storm, a vessel touched at the island. The captain had had no intention of

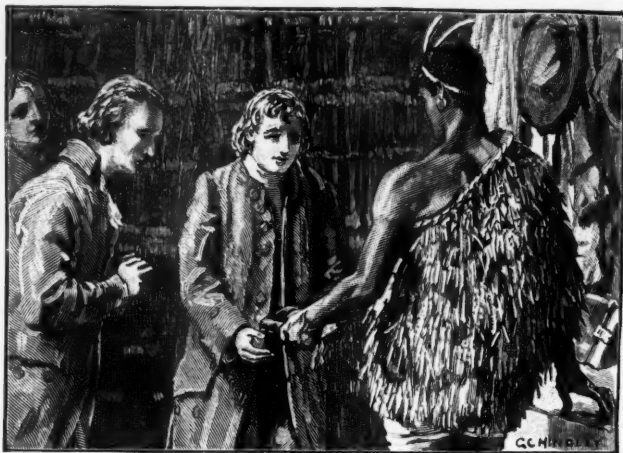
but notwithstanding this token of friendliness, they did not deem it possible to remain. For many years Tonga remained without a visit from a missionary. It was not till 1823 that the mission at Tahiti sent three native missionaries to Tonga. A Wesleyan missionary arrived some time after. The result has been a memorable triumph of the Gospel in Tonga. Heathenism has long been extinct, and now, with a population of some 25,000, there are 126 chapels, with an average attendance of 19,000, 5,354 Sabbath-school scholars, and 774 teachers. It would be difficult to tell how many labourers Tonga has furnished for the foreign field, or in how many directions the Gospel rays that have spread from it have brought joy and peace to neighbouring isles.

Twenty years after the despatch of the first body of missionaries to the South Seas in the *Duff*, in 1796, another party was sent to reinforce them. The most conspicuous of this group was John Williams. It had been proposed that his friend and fellow-student Robert Moffat should accompany him, but someone seems to have detected the kingly quality of the two young men, and as two kings would have been too many for the same region, Moffat was sent to South Africa.

Few missionaries have spent twenty such years in mission work as Williams. Undeterred by the experience of his predecessors in Tonga, he went

cheerfully to Tahiti, to enjoy there an experience as unlike as light to darkness to what his brethren had passed through in their night of toil. Other missionaries had already done a blessed work in the "Queen of the Pacific." They had had their trials and perils at the beginning, and their perils from false brethren had been worse than their perils from the heathen. But after a long night of weeping a blessed change had set in. And when Williams arrived, and heard the song of praise to God and His Son rising from seven or eight hundred worshippers, who had but a few years ago been bowing to idols, and saw them bending the knee in honour of the true God and

him away. He performed the marvellous feat of building a vessel of sixty or seventy tons without tools! In this craft he embarked on a voyage of from seven to eight hundred miles. The risks were serious, but through the fineness of the weather the voyage was effected in safety. Another time, at Rarotonga, a terrific storm swept over the island, and the waves dashed on it as if they would sweep everything away. A house from which Mrs. Williams had but just escaped fell with a fearful crash, and their ship was borne inland several hundred yards, and lay imbedded in a bog. On the whole, however, Mr. Williams might have chronicled all these years of mission life



"Showed them some of the things that had been taken."—p. 365.

Saviour, it seemed as if the work was done, and that there was no need of him. But the work had yet to be done at Raiatea, and thither Mr. Williams and Mr. Threlkeld proceeded. Their welcome from the people was enthusiastic. Everything prospered, but the sphere was narrow. A chief of an island, Rurutu, flying from pestilence, had landed at Raiatea, heartily embraced the Gospel, and when about to return, begged that teachers might be sent to instruct his people. In little more than a month word came back that the idols of Rurutu were abolished, and Jesus Christ exalted among the people. A new destiny seemed to open to Mr. Williams. Like Abraham, he seemed to be taken to a hill-top, and told to look east and west, and north and south, and hear God saying, "All this will I give thee." He began to travel from island to island, and from group to group, planting and watering everywhere. His success in the magnificent island of Rarotonga was wonderful. Not that he was altogether without perils. At one time it seemed as if he was imprisoned on the island. He had intended to stay three months, but for a whole twelvemonth no ship called to take

him away. He performed the marvellous feat of building a vessel of sixty or seventy tons without tools! In this craft he embarked on a voyage of from seven to eight hundred miles. The risks were serious, but through the fineness of the weather the voyage was effected in safety. Another time, at Rarotonga, a terrific storm swept over the island, and the waves dashed on it as if they would sweep everything away. A house from which Mrs. Williams had but just escaped fell with a fearful crash, and their ship was borne inland several hundred yards, and lay imbedded in a bog. On the whole, however, Mr. Williams might have chronicled all these years of mission life

in the words of St. Paul—"Now thanks be to God, Who always causeth us to triumph in every place." It was on Mr. Williams's return, after a visit to England, that the day of terrible peril came. He had come back in a new missionary ship, the *Camden*, and he had determined that for the future his head-quarters should be in the Samoan group. But there were yet dark regions of heathendom in these seas, and Mr. Williams was bent on trying to dispel their darkness. Before he set out for the New Hebrides, he held a farewell service at Samoa, and under a sort of foreboding of what was coming, he preached from Acts xx. 36-38—St. Paul's farewell at Miletus. As he approached the New Hebrides his anxiety deepened. "How much," he wrote, "depends on the efforts of to-morrow! Will the savages receive us or not? The approaching week is to me the most important of my life." At two of the islands, Fotuna and Tanna, the teachers were well received, and this encouraged the belief that Erromanga would not play a different part. For some reason, Mrs. Williams had a dread of Erromanga, and before parting with her husband had besought him not to land there. Mr.

Williams was agitated too, for on the morning of Wednesday, November 20th, 1839, he told one of his companions that he had passed a sleepless night. But he proceeded without hesitation in his course. Landing with Mr. Harris and Mr. Cunningham in the boat of the *Camden*, he distributed some presents, and seemed to be gaining the favour of the natives. Then a yell was heard; Mr. Harris rushed from some bushes, and fell in the water under the clubs of the natives. Mr. Cunningham hastened to the boat, and reached it, calling to Mr. Williams to run. But it was too late. A native felled him by the blows of his club; other natives assailed him with clubs and arrows. The boat was close to him, but those in it could neither avert his murder nor secure his body. Mr. Harris was a young man who had dedicated his life to foreign missions, but had not yet broken ground in missionary service. Mr. Williams, too, was young, only forty-three, but with a splendid record behind him, and what appeared an equally glorious experience before him. Both fell victims to rude barbarians, who had neither skill to read in their faces the message of love with which they came, nor faith to believe that any such feeling could dwell in the bosoms of men.

It is inexpressibly painful to think that both the wreck of the early Tonga mission, and the murder of Williams and Harris, with the discomfiture of the great enterprise of mercy on which they went to Erromanga, were due (as seemed most probable) to the conduct of men nominally Christian. If the white men in Tonga had supported the cause of the missionaries, the result might have been altogether different. And now it turned out that a murderous encounter had taken place between the natives and some white men a little time before, just where Mr. Williams landed at Erromanga. The chief, who afterwards confessed that he had killed him, said that his own son had been shot on that occasion by foreigners, and that he did not know that Mr. Williams was a missionary. What would not consistency and forbearance on the part of foreign traders and visitors have effected in these parts? It is not only the blood of natives needlessly attacked and slain that lies on unscrupulous foreigners, but often the defeat of noble plans for the good of the people and the glory of the Saviour.

We have no space to dwell on the subsequent history of Erromanga. It was many years before foreign missionaries settled on the island. A brave Nova Scotian, the Rev. G. N. Gordon, originally a farmer, but after his conversion filled with an irrepressible missionary zeal, along with his English wife settled at Erromanga in 1857. At first it seemed as if their work was going to be greatly blessed, but soon the tide went back. Among other calamities, the island suffered from a very fatal attack of measles. The missionaries were accused of bringing the disease. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon could not realise the danger in which they stood. It was solemnly resolved that they should be slain. And slain they were most brutally on the same day, May 20th, 1861. While walking with a native who asked him to visit a sick man, a blow was levelled at Mr. Gordon which broke

his spine. Another savage hastened to the house, and with a couple of blows from a hatchet despatched Mrs. Gordon. The fury of savages gave the two the privilege so seldom enjoyed, to cross the stream together, and receive a united welcome into the joy of their Lord.

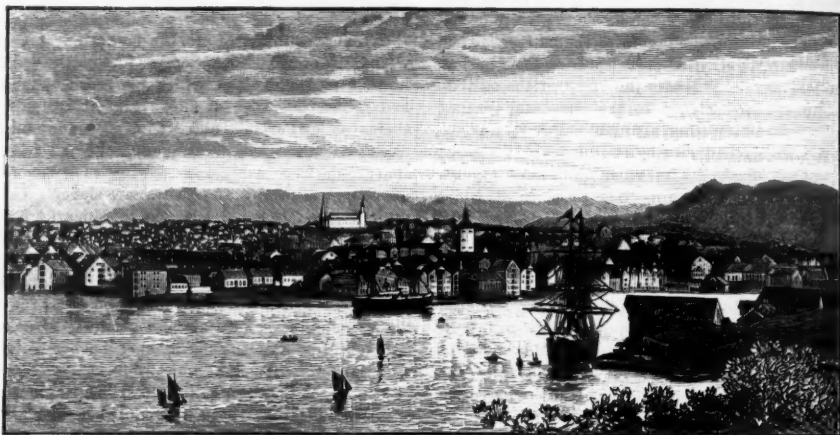
A younger brother of Mr. Gordon, James D. Gordon, who in far-away Nova Scotia forthwith dedicated himself to the work at which his brother and sister had fallen, laboured all alone, first at Dillon's Bay, thereafter at Portinia, and was a successful missionary, who succeeded in attaching the natives. But the people were exasperated owing to a recent case of man-stealing by an Australian slaver. The old prejudice, too, lingered, that the missionaries brought disease. Mr. Gordon was translating the Scriptures, and had just done the history of the martyrdom of Stephen. A man called, asking for an empty bottle. A child of his had died, and he blamed Mr. Gordon. As Mr. Gordon handed him the bottle, he struck him a fearful blow with his hatchet between the ear and the eye, which laid him lifeless on the ground. His aged mother was still alive, but did not long survive the tidings that a second of her sons had met the martyr's death. Mr. Gordon was killed on March 7th, 1872.

There were more South-Sea martyrs, but perhaps the most lamented of all was John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia. Few men have made greater sacrifices in the mission cause, or left brighter prospects in England to labour among savages. Alas! it was the same horrible conduct of English traders, deceiving and kidnapping the natives, that led to the murder of Patteson. The "thievish ships" had been at Nukapu, a small island of the Swallow Group in the Santa Cruz Archipelago. Bishop Patteson wished to obtain an interpreter for Santa Cruz, and observing some canoes near his ship, and believing that trusting himself to them was a good way of securing the confidence of the natives, he entered one of the canoes and was taken ashore, while the boat remained at a distance. Suddenly a murderous attack was made on the boat by natives in neighbouring canoes, wounding several of the men, and it was obliged to draw off. Unable to cross the coral reef, owing to the state of the tide, the boat was detained awhile. By-and-bye a canoe drifted towards it, apparently empty. As it neared, the bishop's shoes were recognised, and in the bottom of the boat was found his dead body, pierced by five wounds—indicating that vengeance had been taken for the lives of five natives recently kidnapped or slain by an English "kill-kill" ship. This tragedy took place on September 20th, 1871. Bishop Patteson had been a kind friend of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Gordon; it was only a few months after the bishop's murder when Mr. Gordon's brother was borne away in the fiery chariot.

Of all these South-Sea martyrs we believe it may be said that they did not grudge their lives in the cause in which they fell. The grace of God is very wonderful in many of its effects; in none more so, than in the sense it gives of the value of human souls, and in the love it inspires for them, and the intense desire to save even the worst.

THE FRIENDS' COLONY IN THE FAR NORTH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.



STAVANGER.

ONE of the characteristics of the "Pennsylvania Pilgrim" was that he felt through the "common sequence of events" the guiding hand of Providence "reach out of space." And, gazing as spectators at events distant, we see how true it is what Whittier has so said, and what a greater poet has put into other words—a Providence "doth shape our ends," however we may rough-hew them. That the running away of a boy to sea would be the means of the growth of a religious body in the land he went from seemed

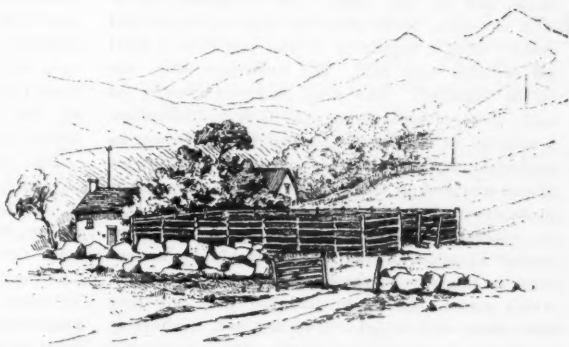
unlikely, and still more unlikely it seemed that that lad and others, prisoners of war, should introduce Quakerism into Norway. But so it was; and the story of how it came about is worth telling.

Enoch Jacobsen, son of a Stavanger carpenter, was apprenticed to an apothecary, but in 1808, when about eighteen years old, he "ran away to sea," going on board the privateer *Harnerven*. When only a few days at sea, a British frigate, the *Ariadne*, took the privateer and carried her crew captive to Leith. Jacobsen was imprisoned about three years in Scotland, and then removed to the *Bahama* prison-ship at Chatham. In his own simple language, the Almighty was pleased to convince him that "a man must witness repentance and become a new creature in order to witness salvation and eternal peace in Jesus Christ." He obtained a Testament; he saw on board another prison-ship "one of Robert Barclay's books" (believed to have been the "Apology" in Danish), placed there by a Plymouth Friend. He met in the ship one Andersen, of Stavanger, one of the "Hougeians" or "Saints," and the two had religious conversation. They were removed to the *Fyen*, where were many prisoners, and two others were added whose religious views seemed to develop like theirs. By inquiry they heard that there were people in Rochester whose opinions were like theirs, and to one of these, William Rickman, an aged minister of the Society of Friends, Jacobsen wrote a letter with the aid of a dictionary, asking that "you will send me some of your books." This was in 1812. Rickman visited the little company, and so did Frederick Smith, of Croydon, and other ministers. By



THE CASTLE AT BERGEN, WHERE FRIENDS HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED.

permission, they held a little meeting, at which twelve Danish and Norwegian prisoners were present; and they were at times favoured with visits from English Friends and visitors like Stephen Grellet, the Quaker missionary. Their little meeting grew; they held it at last thrice a week, "but there was seldom any instrumental [vocal] ministry amongst us." In 1814 the time of their release came, and they were scattered. Some of the Chatham Friends gave "certificates" to the returning prisoners; the executive of the Society granted a number of books for their use; and so to Norway and Denmark most of them went. They met in some cases with the "Saints"—the followers of Hans Neilson Houge; but gradually—weeded in one part, added to in others—they drifted into little communities, and then they had to meet the persecution which early Quakers have often had to endure in many parts. They had adopted olden peculiarities of the sect—they refused to doff the hat; they objected to pay the school-tax, because the catechisms were so largely read in the schools; they objected to the imprisonment of young people amongst felons for the sole reason that they were not able to say their catechism; and they desired liberty to marry and bury in the method they deemed best. Refusal to take an oath caused the refuser to be deprived of property, or involved imprisonment; and thus for thirty years the little struggling company of Friends in Norway had to meet the difficulties that persecution, poverty, and emigration brought upon them. Stephen Grellet and William Allen visited the country in 1818, and the executive of the Society in England sent an address to the King of Sweden and Norway on the subject of the persecution, but it was years before there was liberty granted to



BURIAL GROUND NEAR STAVANGER, WHERE ELIAS TASTED'S CHILDREN WERE INTERRED.

them to "meet under their own vine," or its representative in Norway. Meantime, it may be added that in 1818 the first marriage "after the manner of the Society of Friends" in Norway took place at Stavanger. Thomas Shillitoe, an eminent Quaker minister, visited Christiania in 1821, when Elias Tasted was fined five dollars daily till "he dug up the bodies of children of his whom he had buried in unconsecrated ground"—a sentence which, when reviewed by the king, was not allowed to be enforced. Shillitoe's visit was of value in proving to many of the authorities that it was for conscience' sake the Quakers declined to adopt many forms. In 1830, however, for a time the Norwegian Friends were forbidden to hold their religious meetings. In 1840 Elias Tasted enumerates the members at Stavanger and district as only nine in number, with four or six others attending the meetings. Two of these were "Endre Jacobsen Dahl" and his intended wife. They were married in the Quaker



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE AT STAVANGER.

mode, and for this cause were "sentenced to be sent to prison, to be kept ten days on bread and water," with a repetition of the punishment until all expenses were paid. The "marriage, also, was to be annulled." The king, however, finally set aside this sentence on appeal. George Richardson, a minister in Newcastle, appealed to the Norwegian authorities as to this persecution, and a copy of his appeal was sent to the Swedish Ambassador, and it probably reached the King of Sweden. In 1845 an address to the "Representatives of the Norwegian Kingdom in Storthing Assembled" was sent from the executive of the English Society of Friends, which stated their views, and the privileges they have here, and added, "Our brethren in Norway are few in number, and mostly poor as respects this world's goods. They are principally resident in and about Stavanger." The address recited some of the sufferings they had to endure in Norway, and asked that they might have freedom to worship, to marry, to affirm, and that they might be relieved from harassing and oppressive proceedings. And in that year "greater liberty of conscience" was given to "those who profess themselves of the Christian religion" whilst dissenting from the Lutheran Church in Norway. This was gratefully acknowledged by an address from the "Society of Friends in and near Stavanger." From that date the path of the Norwegian Friends has been easier. Some of their number have been imprisoned for refusing to work in men-of-war, and for refusing to be trained for military service; emigration has continually thinned their numbers, but they have had such help as their English brethren could give them; and visits of British and American ministers have been many.

It is two years now since the death of the last-living of these early Friends in Norway—Endre Dahl, of Stavanger. Endre Dahl's ability and integrity had

raised him to a position almost of affluence. He was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens of many religious persuasions, and his interment was attended by a larger number of mourners than at any previous funeral remembered in Stavanger—priest, consul, and people thus honouring one who had been hooted in his native streets for being a Quaker.

The temperance movement in Norway, it may be added, owes much to another Friend—the late A. Kloster. The successors remain in Stavanger (where they maintain a school of their own, with some forty scholars, children of Friends in Norway and their associates), at Bergen, at Christiania, and in other parts. They are still few in number in Scandinavia; some are fishermen and farmers, as were the disciples of old; but the root which had its origin in the prison-ship at Chatham seems still to have vigorous life, though the transplanting of shoots to America appears often to threaten it with extinction in some of the parts where it has thriven. The introduction in so romantic a method of this peculiar form of faith, and its maintenance for seventy years in what could scarcely be called fit soil for its propagation, is not the least notable in the stories of religious growth. There was little instrumental aid in the sowing of the seed; the reading of a Testament led to the gradual development of spiritual life, and the reading of "Barclay's unrefuted page" gave it a tendency towards Quakerism in its ancient type. The fostering care of English Friends led to the gathering of very small communities, and to the gradual recognition of these by the law: and thus, in the land of the Vikings, there linger a few followers of this most peaceful faith—that of Fox and Barclay, Penn and Woolman, Grellet and Allen. And, in the words of one of the latest denominational utterances from Norway, "may these few be faithful and preserved untouched by this world and its many snares."

MAGGIE'S WATCH.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "ANYHOW STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

AUNTIE VEE had gone back to England, and mother and Maggie had taken possession of the flat. It really was the prettiest flat in Montreux, up two flights of snow-white stairs, with balconies to all the windows, and flowers in every one of them. From all the windows you could see the lake, or the mountains with the fir-trees high up and the vineyards lower down, and the nestling villages dotted about. It was very beautiful, Maggie thought, and she should never want to live anywhere

else. She was never tired of walking through the rooms, and wondering what Janet would say to them, and whether she would be astonished at all the things that were different from England. How glad she was that at last all was ready, and there was only till the morning to wait, and then Janet would arrive! Very early indeed in the morning mother was going to Lausanne, to meet Janet and nurse, and bring them back. They would arrive at Montreux at eleven o'clock, and at the station there would be Maggie waiting for them, looking very grand in her watch and chain. Yes, watch and chain: for on'y two days after Auntie Vee went home, who should come to

Montreux but an old friend of dear papa's, and he gave Maggie a chain; and pockets had been made to her dresses, and in all the canton there was not a grander little girl than Maggie.

It had been a very happy day, but a very long one, for she longed to see Janet so much that she was glad when even the happiest hours without her had gone. She went once more through the rooms, then looked at her watch; it was not yet seven o'clock, but she felt that she could not sit up any longer. Perhaps the morning would come quicker, she thought, if she went to bed to show that she was in a hurry and waiting for it.

"Mother dear," she said, "I think I will go to bed, if you don't mind;" and then she added, with a long sigh, "Won't Janet be glad when the morning comes, mother darling, and she knows she is nearly here!" For Janet was to travel in the train all night on her way to Switzerland.

"Yes, my sweet," the mother answered, understanding all that was in the little longing heart; "and so will you, I think." Then Maggie burst out—

"I want her to come so much, mother, that I feel as if I can't wait till the morning—as if it would never be here."

The watch was wound up and put under her pillow, but she pulled it out once or twice to look at it, and to see if it was any later, and once she gave it a kiss, and said, "You shall see Janet in the morning, you little dear." After that she settled down on her pillow and shut her eyes tightly, but though she tried and tried, she couldn't go to sleep. She tossed and turned, and thought of all manner of things, and yet all the time of one thing. She looked towards the window at the mountains, wondering how they felt with their great heads so near the beautiful sky; but while she wondered and tried to get sleepy, her little heart was aching sorely, as it had done many a time lately. At last, she could not help it—she called out, "Mother!" There was no answer, so she sat up in bed and called a little louder, "Mother!" That time mother heard, and went to her. "Don't be angry, mother dear," she said; "I did so want you!"

"I am not angry," mother answered, wondering at the distress on her little one's face. "What is it, my Dickie-bird!"

"Mother, I do so wish Janet had a watch! I can't bear Janet not to have a watch."

"She will have one some day, dear," mother said, stroking the golden head.

"But I want her to have one now, mammy. I would give her mine if I could," she cried passionately; "but I can't: I love it so; besides, Auntie Vee did give it to me."

"Of course she did, my darling, and it would never do to give it away, even to Janet."

"Mother, you know I have threepence a week for pocket-money. Do you think if I saved it all up till Christmas, and Janet saved hers too, she could have a watch like mine?"

"I am afraid not, dear child, for it is now September, and it takes a great deal of money to buy a watch. But go to sleep, dear. Janet shall have one some day." And gradually the mother soothed her, till at last she

closed her eyes and felt soft sleep coming to seal them; but just before she dropped off she opened them drowsily for one moment, and said once more—"I do so wish Janet had a watch!" Then she sailed slowly away into the land of dreams, and stayed there till the morning.

Maggie put on her hat before ten o'clock the next morning, and thought eleven o'clock never would come at all. She felt certain that the world was standing still, that all the clocks were wrong, that something had happened, and that she never, never could wait another hour. She had been up since six.

She had seen mother start for Lausanne, she had watered all the flowers, she had looked a dozen times at the tray with the plate of cakes and glass of milk put ready for Janet; she stopped once on her way in and out of the dining-room and took a tiny sip of the milk, knowing that Janet would not mind. She had done everything that mother had told her to do by nine o'clock, and now a long time afterwards there was still another hour to wait. She wondered if anything was the matter with eleven o'clock, so that it would never come at all. Perhaps it was going to be a day without any eleven o'clock in it, and then what would become of mother and Janet, and the train, and everything! She pulled out her watch a dozen times; she listened to its ticking; it was a good thing that it was really going. She had wound it up as far as possible, thinking vaguely, as she did so, that she might come upon eleven o'clock all in a minute; but she did not. Oh! it seemed as if she could not wait any longer. She went down to the station, and waited inside and outside; she looked at the line along which the train would come with Janet in it, and then at the line along which the train would go when it had left Janet behind at Montreux. She wondered if the engine knew that it was bringing Janet, and that presently it would go on towards the mountains and the Rhone valley without her.

At last all things come to an end; so did the waiting-time for Janet, and Maggie, watching outside, saw the man close the gates over the carriage-road, that the train might pass safely along the rails and into the station. It was a good sign; a smile spread over her face, her heart beat quicker, and for a moment she waited almost patiently. Suddenly, while she waited, dear children, she lifted her sweet eyes, and looked at the lake with the sunshine sparkling on it, at the great mountains round, and at a little fleecy cloud that clung to one of them, looking as though it had journeyed from heaven, and being tired, stayed there to rest. She looked at the old castle of Chillon standing farther off, low down on the water's edge, at the houses scattered here and there high on the hills, at the brightness over everything. And Maggie gave a long sigh in the midst of her happiness, for though she was only just a little girl, she felt, as many older folk have done, that it was all so very beautiful. It made her heart full of thankfulness that she was there, and somehow she longed to feel that she belonged to the beauty of the world about her—to be, somehow, a part of it. She did not know why she felt this; perhaps she did not even know that she felt



"She listened to its ticking."—p. 371.

it at all. In thinking of it afterwards, she only remembered how much she had loved mother and Janet, as she stood there looking at the mountains and the lake. But there was no more time to think of anything, for she heard a rumble in the distance that grew louder and louder, then a whistle, and then the train was in sight. It came slowly and steadily along, between the gates, over the crossing, into the station, and stopped. With a cry of joy Maggie recognised Janet's curly brown head leaning out of window. She gave a little tug to her watch, just to feel if it was all right; she almost danced on the platform, right before the porters and the omnibus men, who could see her quite well; and then Janet was out of the carriage, and Maggie threw her arms round her sister, exclaiming—

"Oh, Janet, you little darling! I am so glad you have come—look at my watch and chain!"

Janet was a quaint little thing, and had the greatest love and admiration for Maggie, whom she thought the most wonderful person in the world—dear Maggie, who patronised, and scolded, and petted,

and took care of her, just as her humour went, but who she knew always loved her. So with much gravity and delight she looked at the watch, a little overawed at Maggie's having anything so grand for her very own. When she had seen it inside and outside, and the place where it was wound up, and had heard it tick, and had wished it would make haste and run down, so that she might see it wound up, then she gave a long sigh of gratification.

"Oh, Maggie, I am glad you have it! You are grand now!" she said, without one thought of self; for it seemed only right and proper that Maggie should have the best of everything.

"You little darling!" Maggie said, as they went along the upper road towards the flat; "you shall have one too, soon; we'll save up all our money to buy one."

"But I am not nine years old yet, and you are," urged unselfish little Janet, "so you ought to have one first. I am so glad Auntie Vee gave it you, Maggie dear."

(To be concluded.)

WHY DID ST. PETER DENY CHRIST?



THE denial of Our Lord by St. Peter is one of the saddest and strangest events recorded in the Gospels—an event which, had it not been foretold by Christ, would have seemed the most unlikely to occur, and which, having occurred, fills one with amazement—amazement that he who stood so high in the estimation of his Master, one of the first who forsook all and followed Him, who was ever the foremost and the most demonstrative in His service, whom his Lord declared to be blessed because the Father had revealed to him that Christ was the Son of the living God—should thrice deny that Master whose Divine origin he had proclaimed.

It would, no doubt, be sufficient for us to know that he did so because He that was the Truth, and knew all things, declared that he would so act. Yet we may surely (without irreverence) inquire if there be anything to suggest to us a reason for this great and lamentable defection. I think a careful consideration of all the attendant circumstances may guide us in discovering one—may show us, as a matter of *causation*, that God, who designed a result apparently so unlikely, and designed also the cause, has been pleased to give us some indication of that cause—to reveal to us, as He so often does, not only *what* He does, but also *how* He does it.

In our investigation, then, let us consider, first, the character of St. Peter, and next, how he acted on that night of Christ's betrayal.

The character of St. Peter, as we collect it from the narratives of the Evangelists, from little more than occasional traits incidentally recorded, presents a sketch or outline so life-like, so truthful, so natural, that one is forced to accept it as a portrait, real, though incomplete—no fancy sketch, or ideal composition; thus adding one more to the many proofs that the Gospel narratives are no invention, and that the actors mentioned, and the events recorded in it, are no fictions, but sober, unexaggerated realities. The great Apostle is presented to us as a man "consistently inconsistent," impulsive yet unstable, impetuous yet timid, courageous at the outset, yet cowardly and readily overcome by danger, with a "thoroughly human, but most lovable disposition."

Now let us see how this man, with a character so noble yet marred with such blemishes, acted after the betrayal of Christ. We are told by St. Matthew (xxvi. 50, 51) that when they laid hands on Christ, "one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear." The same account, substantially, is given by St. Mark

and St. Luke, though the latter (characteristically as a physician) adds that Jesus "touched his ear and healed him." St. John (xviii. 10) alone records the name of the striker and the servant stricken. Dean Plumptre, while noting the fact of the reticence on this point of the other Evangelists, adds, "it is not easy to conjecture its motive." With the greatest respect for this eminent divine, I think that it is not difficult to conjecture the motive of this reticence, which will appear when we consider the reason of Peter's denial of Christ. From a collating of the accounts of the four Evangelists, it appears that Peter with another disciple (John, no doubt) followed Jesus; that the other disciple was known to the high priest, and "went in with Jesus into the court of the high priest" (St. John xviii. 15), leaving Peter outside at the door. The other disciple, which was known unto the high priest, went out and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter. Then the damsel said to him, "Art not thou also?" (as well as John) "one of this man's disciples?" (v. 17.) Peter, fearing that he might be recognised as the man who smote the servant of the high priest, was surprised, in a moment of weakness, into denying the charge, and said, "I am not." Peter then sat, or stood, by the fire in the hall, with the servants and officers who had come in with Jesus, warming himself. And as the light, or blaze, fell upon him, one of the maids of the high priest, looking earnestly upon him, said, "And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth?" (St. Mark xiv. 67; St. Luke xxii. 56). "But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest." Some time after, others (one of them being a servant of the high priest, and a kinsman of him whose ear Peter had cut off) "confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this fellow also was with him, for he is a Galilean;" or, as it is stated by St. John, who may have been present, "Did I not see thee in the garden with Him?" Peter's fears were now naturally increased, and his denial became more emphatic, and was attested by his cursing and swearing: "I know not the man of whom ye speak," thus for the third time denying his Master. This narrative will, I think, leave no doubt upon the mind of anyone who reflects upon it, what the motive was that led to the crime of this great treason; and none but a motive so strong as that—the fear of his being detected of having committed the outrage on the high priest's servant, and of suffering a terrible punishment for it—can adequately account therefor. That those fears were well founded receives further confirmation from the fact that neither of the first three Evangelists, who wrote their Gospels during the lifetime of Peter, disclosed the name of either the wounder or the wounded, though I think it not unlikely that they were aware of both. Peter, according to the early tradition, which there is no reason to doubt, was put

to death during the persecution under Nero, A.D. 68. John wrote his Gospel, at the earliest, A.D. 78; probably not before A.D. 80. There was then no need of reticence in this matter, and he accordingly discloses the names of both persons, Peter and Malchus.

And now that we have told of Peter's sin and fall, let us tell of his repentance and his reinstatement. When the cock had crowed the second time, Peter remembered—what terror may have driven from his mind—the words of his Divine Master. Though the shrill cry of the cock smote upon his ear with a sound more awakening than a clap of thunder, something there was that smote his heart with an anguish keener than the voice of reproach or anger could have inflicted—a look from the Lord and Master whom he had denied: “And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter”—looked upon him “in the agony of His humiliation, in the majesty of His silence,” when He heard the Apostle who once boldly confessed Him now denying Him with oaths. What pencil could depict, what pen describe, what tongue of human eloquence could utter in adequate words all which that look must have conveyed! the anguish of Christ's tender heart, of His outraged love at that favoured disciple's denial—pity, grief, love, forgiveness, but no anger, no reproach! That look recalled him to his better self, brought all his baseness and sin more vividly before him, than the crow of the cock brought the fact of his denial. “The flood-gates of penitence were opened”—“he went out and wept bitterly”—wept as he thought

“That One so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick and trouble thee,
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself . . .

And will desire
To slink away and hide thee from His sight.”*

Two Apostles there were who were unfaithful to their Divine Master: the one a traitor whose sin brought not repentance, but despair—a godless sorrow that worked death, the death of the suicide; the other a renegade whose sin led to a godly sorrow that worked repentance. “Sternly yet tenderly,” says Dr. Farrar, “the spirit of grace led up this broken-hearted penitent before the tribunal of his own conscience. And there his old life, his old shame, his old weakness, his old self, was doomed to that death of godly sorrow which was to issue in a new

and nobler birth.” The anguish of that sorrow none can tell, for no one witnessed it. That it obtained the pardon of his Master we cannot doubt. On the resurrection morn the angels desired the devoted women to tell the Apostles, and especially Peter (as if to comfort and reassure him) that the Lord was risen. Peter is the first to enter the tomb, while John ventures but to look in. To Peter, too, of all the Apostles, did Christ first appear. “What passed at that meeting,” says Dean Plumptre, “we can only reverently imagine; we may believe that He met this repentant, eager disciple with full assurance of pardon.” When Jesus stands on the shore of the Galilean Sea, Peter plunges into the water from the boat “to swim across the hundred yards which separated him from Jesus, and cast himself all wet from the waves before His feet.” Then it was that Christ singled out Peter to test his love, and give him that great commission to feed His sheep, and signified to him by what death he should glorify Him whom he had once dishonoured. Thenceforth a marvellous change has come over him. The fallen sinner has risen up a saint. Timidity gives place to courage. He is the first to proclaim the Divinity of his Master, and work a miracle in His name; the first to convert a Gentile; ever ready to declare, as he did on the Day of Pentecost, that God had raised from the dead that Jesus whom the Jews had crucified, and made Him both Lord and Christ.

We need not follow this forgiven penitent through his life of devotion, of labour and of suffering, to his martyr's death, thus showing how earnestly he sought to atone for his faithlessness by his fidelity, for his weakness by his strength, for his denials of Christ by his confessions of Him: as one who loved much because much was forgiven him.

Let us conclude with an observation, strikingly just, of a profound and original thinker and eminent theologian of our own day* :—“It is, I believe, usual to think of the Apostle who denied his Lord as if he were an exception to the others. In truth St. Peter was an exception to all but St. John; but he was so by being, in spite of his denial, more faithful than the rest. Under a very strong temptation *he* had given way. *They* had yielded to a much less pressure, and, at the first approach of danger, abandoned their Master altogether.”

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

* The Rev. John H. Jellett, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

* “Dream of Gerontius.”



THE OLD LADY'S LEADING-STRINGS.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.



"He must now assert his manhood."

WE smile at the quaint appearance of our great-grandmothers apparelled in huge bonnets, needing and possessing huge strings; bonnets which made sailing against the wind, or meeting a neighbour in a narrow lane, alike a serious business. We smile also at that capricious fashion which, a few years ago, imposed upon our sisters a bonnet which the wearer might lose without missing, and which any person might find without becoming enriched—a bonnet quite innocent of a string. We smile, but have we not also ostracised strings? Not bonnet-strings, perhaps, but leading-strings.

A young man desecrates upon his upper lip an adumbration, symptomatic of a moustache, and imagines himself somebody. He must now assert his manhood, and repudiate all childish things in general, and leading-strings in particular. The old folk are too jog-a-trot for him. His motto is "Progress," and no tether must restrain his pace, or circumscribe the sphere of his enterprises. Some poor noodles may require looking after, but as for him, he is quite capable of taking care of himself. He is a full-blown MAN, has cut all his wisdom teeth, and so can no longer do with "sop." The old folk forewarn him of young men's dangers, but he ridicules the bare idea of his being caught napping.

"Saying prayers, church-going, and goody-goody talk about angels, are all very well for 'kids,' or old women in their dotage, but not for a young man with a moustache." So he argues, and votes all parental displays of anxiety in a religious direction as mistaken kindnesses, than which a Christmas hamper would be much more acceptable.

You remember the day you left home? It was hard work for the old lady to say "good-bye," wasn't it? Tears trickled down her face as she pressed you to her bosom, gave you a true mother's kiss, and tried to say, "God bless you, my boy!" but couldn't. As the first step outside the old home has often proved the first step to ruin, that night she, with a love second only to the Great Father's, commended you to the care of the Almighty; and each returning night saw her pleading at the Throne of Grace on behalf of her absent boy. How impatiently she awaited the arrival of your first letter! What a thrill of joy she experienced when she heard the postman's knock! How eagerly she tore open the letter and devoured its contents! That was some compensation for your absence; but by-and-by correspondence became intermittent. You wrote in a formal and perfunctory manner, just to keep up appearances, or perhaps ceased writing altogether.

The money sent from home was always welcome:

but the old lady's letters! Tedious, unsophisticated in style, and so full of anxious inquiries and entreaties, that you stuck them in the fire in disgust. Oh, 'tis the same old story!

Why did you not write to the poor soul? Surely your experiences at music-halls, theatres, dancing-saloons, and gin-palaces, in company with your flash companions, would have furnished ample materials for a letter! But you did not write. That silence meant for her torture day and night, brooding over apprehensions, alas! too well grounded. Don't tell me of your polished refinement and gentlemanly deportment in female society. You will not allow your so-called lady friend to carry a light parcel, nor will you knowingly trample on her dress; but you will take good care that your poor mother shall carry a very, very heavy heart, and you will trample on her tenderest feelings without compunction.

I am heartily ashamed of you! Fie on the creature who can wantonly grieve a mother's heart!

He who can play ducks and drakes with a love stronger than life, the most sacred thing under heaven, who can pile up sorrow for a mother's old age—such a wretch is on the high road to rascaldom. If a man can despise the woman who gave him birth, and make his nature proof against all right and tender feeling, there is no brutality of which he will not ultimately become capable. Give him just a little time, and one of these fine mornings the newspapers will announce a successful experiment performed



"The world abounds with hindrances."—p. 377.



"MOTHER!"

by the common hangman upon an abandoned and leather-hearted villain, who went to his doom after sleeping soundly and eating a hearty breakfast.

Look at your hands! you pride yourself on their delicate whiteness. By all means keep them white! But, remember, if you break your mother's heart, they will be stained with her blood.

In the natural order of things she can't be here long to be a nuisance to you. Let her end be peace; prize her whilst you have her. Soon she will write her last obnoxious letter, utter her last prayer for her poor boy, speak her last word of love; and then you will be ushered into her room, and you will kiss her poor wrinkled face, to find it cold!

Oh! those priceless leading-strings! I never knew their value when in actual possession. Deprivation has been my tutor. When quite a child I stood beside a dying mother's bed, and, in my simplicity, chuckled with glee at my first ride in a carriage, although it bore me to her funeral. I remember the last kiss she gave me; I see her poor thin face; I hear her last "Good-bye," whispered, alas! how faintly! She was a praying mother, and, although I am a matter-of-fact man of rough exterior, accustomed to the stern realities of every-day life, I here, in justice to her blessed memory, record my testimony that, amid many and varied experiences, I have found my life consciously influenced by that bedside scene, and the little priceless tokens left behind, testifying, as they do most eloquently, of her concern for my highest good. Thank God for a praying mother!

Now, don't despise leading-strings. We can't keep on our legs without them.

Some time since a young spark undertook to demonstrate to the world the possibility of walking alone; and a pretty hash he made of it!

He toddled away from home, sang a kind of "Britons never shall be slaves," but soon became giddy, lost his equilibrium and his cash, and fell. Meeting a farmer, this young hopeful obsequiously touched his hat, and said, "Beg your pardon, sir, but can you give me a job?" after which he took to studying pork, and dieted himself on husks to keep his brain clear. Well, it dearly served him right; he should have known when he was well off. Such upstarts generally furnish rods for their own backs. Happily, he had a grain of common sense left. He was a fool, but he knew it.

For the second time on record an animal preached a sermon.

The grunt of a hog brought him up; and then those blessed leading-strings! He felt drawings homeward. He recalled the tear-bedewed faces of the old folk at parting; and when he came to himself it appeared to him very evident that walking alone did not pay. He bade the swine adieu, turned homewards, and a good thing it was for him that when he reached it the old gentleman did not give him tit for tat

and say, "Look here, young scapegrace! you went away for your own pleasure, now you can keep away for mine." But no, nothing of the kind; there was love at home.

My good friend, if in the circle in which you revolve it is considered the correct thing to despise home influences, don't follow such a senseless fashion, but get out of the society which eyes it with favour.

We cannot walk alone yet. Uprightness of character is, by Divine arrangement, contingent upon many auxiliaries; the fabric is supported by buttresses, pillars, and stays, and no stays stronger than parental influence. Don't ostracise that. Perchance you may not make old bones. Disease and death are pretty busy. They will give you a look some day—perhaps sooner than you imagine. You will then whimper for some kind hand to smooth your pillow; to wipe the beaded sweat from off your brow. You will want to hear something about a Better Land. You will be glad of your mother then. Will she turn her back on you? Never!

A man may deliberately take the high road to ruin; he may squander his fortune; he may sell his soul; he may become the veriest loathsome beggar alive; he may be emaciated in body, and so repulsive physically and morally—so foul a rag of humanity—that few would care to pick him from the gutter with a pair of tongs—the whole world shall have turned its back upon him; and then—THEN, when he, a squeezed orange, betakes himself to his wretched bed to die, an outcast, a

trophy of the devil, a good angel comes to claim him as her darling—her precious treasure! She mounts guard at his bedside; anticipates his every wish; keeps sleepless vigil through the solemn midnight watches, and, ever and anon, when the dying one shows signs of consciousness, discourses music sweet and soft on Heavenly mercy, and Love beyond a mother's. That angel is his mother. And when all is over, and the poor body, for decency's sake, hides its shame beneath the sod, a sorrowing woman in black will, in all weathers, tend his grave, and strew it with forget-me-nots.

The world abounds with hindrances for that young man who is animated by high aims and noble purposes.

Welcome, then, the helps which come from Home. Earthly voices mystify; to heed them is risky, oftentimes ruinous; but messages from home are winged by love. Letters thence are written in the golden ink of disinterested affection.

Never let it be said that you have dishonoured your

parents. Do not play so cowardly a part as to strike a woman, and that woman, forsooth, your mother; not with the clumsy fist, perchance, but with weapons of keen edge, forged illicitly upon the anvil of your heartless neglect and recklessness.

Rather, the while she stays, seize every opportunity to do her homage. Become her valiant and loyal body-guard, to ward off every care-forged dart, and account it privilege indeed. So shall she pass by, her sacred head enshrined within its own aureole, her native glory as Queen of God's creation; her placid face (unmarred by wrinkle of your fixing) betokening both mind and heart at rest.

Thus, undisfigured and undishonoured, let her pass.

Back, then, to the bonnet argument. If your character is worth protecting, take every precaution to secure it. Let those who sneer at leading-strings as antiquated and behind the times pursue their folly. For your part, be *wise*; leave it to others who *can* walk alone to be *clever*.

SAM TWINKLE.

WHO WAS SENECA?



ONE of the most brilliant and gifted men of his time, Seneca could not fail to influence the spirit of the age in which he lived. And yet it must ever be a matter of lasting regret that, having lived at so eventful a period in the world's history, his teaching lacked

the purifying light of the Gospel. Born probably about seven years before the birth of Christ, an interest and value have always centred round his life from the very fact of his having been a prominent leader of thought during the years when our Lord sojourned on earth. Hence, as might be imagined, much has been written, at different times, by theologians of all schools, to solve the long-discussed problem as to how far he was biassed in his views by the example and character of Christ. Anyhow, some of the Fathers, charmed and fascinated by his writings, did not hesitate to reckon him among the Christians; although it is generally admitted this was a position to which he is by no means entitled, and one, indeed, to which he would himself have laid no claim. At the same time, there can be no doubt that he was conversant with the sacred writings, as many of his ideas and sentiments are distinctly gathered therefrom—a circumstance which makes it all the more surprising that his feelings were not in complete sympathy and harmony with the grand principles of revealed truth contained in them. In short, it is impossible to over-estimate the religious influence he must have exerted over his fellow-

creatures, if, added to his genius, his intellectual powers had been guided by the sanctifying spirit of Christianity.

Turning to his early life and education, it is somewhat astonishing that he should have been the patient and laborious worker he was, when we recollect how from infancy he was of a delicate and languid constitution, and unfitted to combat with and endure the struggles and opposition which inevitably fall to the lot of all great thinkers. But even his ill-health on one occasion served him well; for when his fame and ability excited the jealousy of Caligula, this Emperor was assured that so sickly a subject could not last long. Fortunately, too, his family were wealthy—a piece of good fortune which happily exempted him from those mental worries and bodily deprivations which would have been so prejudicial to his health. In spite of his luxurious surroundings, he was in his mode of life temperate, drinking but little wine, and "whatever may have been the value or splendour of his five hundred cedar and ivory footed tables, they were rarely spread with entertainment more sumptuous than water, vegetables, and fruit." His abstemious mode of life—which was in strong contrast with the profligate and extravagant habits of the period—secured for him a respect from all classes of society that materially enhanced his reputation as a philosopher. Thrown, also, by reason of his intellectual attainments, into the closest relationship with the most distinguished literary men of the day, he not only enjoyed their refined and cultured friendship, but earned an esteem at their hands of which any man, however great his

genius, might be justly proud. But it was, alas! when in the prime of life, and in the full zenith of prosperity, that a sudden and terrible check was put to his splendid career; for, through the calumny of his jealous opponents, his conduct was impugned, and he was banished to the island of Corsica for eight years. Few can understand what a crushing and well-nigh overwhelming blow this must have been to a highly sensitive mind, and especially to a man who through life had been physically weak. Cut off from intercourse with those whose tastes and pursuits were completely in harmony with his own, he had to experience the heavy trial of not only living in an uncongenial atmosphere of a rude and primitive people, but on an island famed for its bleak and uninviting rocks. Thus, to quote our sage's own words when speaking of it—

"Barbarous land, which rugged rocks surround,
Whose horrent cliffs with idle wastes are crowned;
No autumn fruit, no tilth the summer yields,
No olive cheers the winter-silvered fields,
No joyous spring her tender foliage lends,
No genial herb the luckless soil befriends,
No bread, nor sacred fire, nor freshing wave;—
Nought here—save exile, and the exile's grave."

This eight years' banishment, however, despite its bitter experience, was, as it has been pointed out in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" (1850, xx. 46), to him an unmixt blessing, and was the period of his life on which we can dwell with the most pleasure. It mollified the virulence of the envious, and excited the compassion of the good: it increased his real reputation, while it diminished his obvious dangers. Above all, it gave him a season of calm and safety for the growth and nurture of his character and genius. In the intoxication of prosperity and power, he never forgot the sobering lessons of humiliation and misfortune; and perhaps while the seas and stars were supplying food for his philosophic contemplation, he was nearer happiness than while he was the prey of anxiety and suspicion in the midst of gardens and villas that an emperor might have envied. At length these weary years came to an end, and once more Seneca was recalled home, and entrusted with the education of the young Nero—an appointment which transformed him from the philosopher into the courtier, henceforth making him a leading figure in public life. Without entering minutely into this epoch of Seneca's eventful life, it is sufficient to say that the duties of his new position exposed him to the fiercest temptations, perilous alike to his rectitude and his peace. He could not, too, escape the just charge of inconsistency, for he lived in the height of splendour and power, at the very time when he did not cease to lay claim to credit for a social contempt for all the extravagances of life; nevertheless, as Dr. Ritter says, "he did not escape the sanguinary cruelty of his Imperial scholar; and having received a command to prepare for death, he contemplated its approach with calmness and fortitude, and

sought by his last moments to attest the truth of the doctrines which he had avowed in life."

In reviewing his stormy and eventful history, one can only deduce this conclusion: that the grand mistake of his life was the unhappy and fruitless compromise he endeavoured to make between stoicism and worldliness. By acting, so to speak, a double part, he failed in both; whereas if he had only resolutely adhered to his early resolution to embrace the study of philosophy, and after the precepts of the Stoics to exercise moderation and self-denial in all things, he would undoubtedly have gained for himself a brilliant reputation. One cannot but regret that an intellect of such a high order, and capable of attaining so great an ascendancy over men, should have been tarnished by a want of force of character.

As a teacher he must be regarded as far more a moralist than a philosopher, and it has been asserted that the essence of all his maxims is how to live and how to die. But, however sincere his intentions, they were of the earth, earthy; and, as reviewed in the light of Christianity, were a miserable and worthless substitute for the words of Him who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." It is noticeable, however, that Seneca displays a moderation which shows how conscious he was of his own weakness. Thus he declares it to be just, in judging the transgressor, to call to mind one's own faults, thereby encouraging a leniency and forgiving spirit which otherwise one might not be so ready to display. Furthermore, as a warning to men of the difficulty of acquiring innocence of life, he argues that "virtue is difficult, and not to be attained without the aid of education, while vice is learned without a master." Precepts of this kind, taking into consideration the laxity of the age in which he lived, must have produced a startling and convincing proof of the high standard of his ethical conceptions, and inspired his fellow-creatures with a consciousness of the loose condition of society at this period. In promulgating, also, his views, he took special care to offend no sect in particular; refusing, as Dr. Ritter says, "to swear after the words of any master, he will use the good wherever he may find it, either with a Zeno or an Epicurus; he belongs to no one, but is common to all; the earlier teachers had investigated, not exhausted philosophy; he, too, will inquire, and perhaps will be bold enough to confide a little in his own judgment." Hence, as far as possible, he took an independent stand, appealing from time to time to the conduct and example of great and exalted men, whom he considered "as the best proof of the presence of a Divine mind in the world." So convinced, also, was he of the value of true ethics, that he almost disregarded the study of natural science, except so far as it had influence on the improvement of manners. Indeed, as Dr. Ritter observes, "his zeal to establish a science which shall be simple and merely adapted for the practical purpose of purity of morals, carries him so far, that he declares even the liberal sciences and philosophical physics to be useless

so far as they are not capable of application to ethics." It will be seen, therefore, that our sage, instead of devoting his intellectual powers to solving those abstruse questions which had occupied the attention of previous philosophers, considered it a loftier ambition to elevate his fellow-men. It is true that many of his opponents have sneered at the inconsistencies of his life, arguing how sadly his moral attainments fell short of his professed views; but then it must be remembered that he had not the elevating principles of the Gospel to raise him above the weaknesses and temptations of human life.

It has been truly remarked that if he had only accepted Christianity, many of the defects of his character would have disappeared, and he would have lived a nobler and a better life, with loftier aims and still more self-denying resolutions. At any rate, in reviewing the leading features of his life it must not be forgotten that even the best of men now-a-days would equally fail to achieve any real good unless constrained by the influence of the Holy Spirit—a guiding and motive power which he unfortunately lacked.

But, as we have already noticed, throughout his teaching we find expressions which prove that he was not altogether ignorant of the spiritual doctrines of Christianity, but made use of religious truths to embellish and illustrate his own writings. From incidental allusions of this kind, some have maintained that our sage had a secret admiration for the Gospel, yet had not the moral courage to confess his convictions. But, whatever conjectures may be raised on this point, we know that he never accepted the Christian faith, and that, as far as his religious belief was concerned, he only inculcated the duty of human conduct being so framed as to coincide with the character of the Deity.

On the other hand, it is curious that there are some who have made Seneca a Christian, and to have been acquainted with St. Paul—an assertion, however, for which there is little or no foundation. It is true that a correspondence between the Apostle and Seneca—and which was known to Jerome—at one time gave a plausibility to this supposition, but this has long been known to be a forgery. Anyhow, the matter has given rise to an interesting historical problem, which has been ably and thoroughly discussed by the present Bishop of Durham in his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians*. Referring, again, to the similarity of expressions which are of constant occurrence in his writings and those of the sacred pages, no impartial critic can recognise these as mere chance, although some authorities regard them as such. Hence Mr. Long writes: "The resemblance between many passages in Seneca and passages in the New Testament is merely an accidental circumstance." This conclusion

might be undoubtedly true if such parallels were only rarely to be met with, but their repetition seems an incontestable proof that Seneca was acquainted with the Divine Word. Thus, among a few of the very many passages in his writings which have a striking similarity to the inspired Word, may



SENECA.

be noticed his remark on the duty of kindness: "You must live for another if you wish to live for yourself," reminding us forcibly of St. Paul's familiar words (Rom. xii. 10), "Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love," a passage wherein the beautiful virtue of unselfishness is set down as a feature of the Christian character. Once more, that all men are conceived and born in sin—a maxim to which the Apostle St. John alludes in those well-known words, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us"—is thus expressed by our sage in his treatise on "Anger," which he addressed to Novatus: "If we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this—that there is none of us without fault." Without giving further illustrations on this point, it is clearly evident that Seneca, whatever be the estimate formed of his character, gathered gleams of light from the illuminating atmosphere of the Gospel: a circumstance which, it has been remarked, was intended in the Divine wisdom of Providence to be a means of preparing men's hearts for the reception of the grand and sublime truths of the Gospel as taught by our Saviour Himself.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.



PEARLS OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "HYMNS WITH A HISTORY," ETC.

II.—ON THE CRUCIFIXION.



THE Cross of Christ is the "Power of God, and the Wisdom of God." The preaching of the Cross is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe; for He died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. 'Christ crucified is therefore the Christian's glory. It is his chief song in the "house of his pilgrimage," and it will be his everlasting song amid the splendours of the eternal state. Some of the grandest compositions which human thought has conceived and human words have framed have the Cross for their theme. All Christians, differ however they may, are at one in this—

"Christ and His Cross is all their theme."

A sonnet is not the best form of poetry for such a theme, but it has been employed to good effect by the late Dr. Ray Palmer, of New York—

"Wonder of wonders! On the cross He dies!
Man of the ages, David's mighty Son,
The Eternal Word, who spake and it was done,
What time, of old, He formed the earth and skies.



"Sank into profound thought."

Abashed be all the wisdom of the wise!
Let the wide earth through all her kingdoms know
The promised Lamb of God, whose blood should flow,
For human guilt the grand sole sacrifice:
No more need altar smoke, nor victim bleed;
'Tis finished! the great mystery of love;
Ye sin-condemned, by this blood 'tis decreed
Ye stand absolved; behold the curse remove!
O Christ! Thy deadly wounds, Thy mortal strife,
Crush death and hell, and give immortal life!"

The hymn by which the name of Ray Palmer has become known the world over, and will be remembered till time shall end, is not strictly a hymn on the Crucifixion, but it illustrates the power of the Cross. A merchant residing in the State of New York was accustomed to visit the city of New York on business. A troublesome swelling occasioned him anxiety. On one of his visits he submitted the case to an eminent surgeon. He frankly told him it would prove a malignant tumour, and would probably end his life in six months. The blow almost stunned him. He had a belief in the historical facts of Christianity, but no personal faith in Christ, and consequently no hope. Before leaving the city, he called on a Christian lady, and told her

what the surgeon had said. On parting, she placed in his hand a printed leaflet, which he put in his pocket. Seated in a car on his way home, he sank into profound thought on his condition. He recalled his past life, so filled with Divine goodness; his neglect to love and obey God, and to receive the Saviour into his heart, weighed down his spirit. Some hours passed in this way, and his heart became filled with tender feelings, when he remembered the leaflet, and took it from his pocket. At once his eye caught the words—

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!"

He read the hymn through slowly, and many times over. He felt he could adopt the language. A new-born faith found full and delightful expression in it, and from that time he found peace in believing, and a tranquil rest in God. The prediction of the surgeon proved correct. In a few months he died—joyfully, having the hymn on "The Lamb of Calvary" sung to him to the very last.

One of the brightest hymn-pearls on the Crucifixion is the hymn of Paul Gerhardt: that is, the hymn in its complete form. What is given in the different hymn-books consists of portions only. The hymn, indeed, has been ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux, but Gerhardt's hymn is not so much a translation as an imitation,

"Ah! wounded Head, that bearest
Such bitter shame and scorn."

This is the version in the "Chorale Book," extending to nine verses. A Romanist from Bohemia was led to read the Bible, and to inquire into Evangelical truth. The first time he entered a Protestant Church he heard this hymn sung, and he was overpowered with sorrow and joy. He saw more clearly than before his own sin and the Saviour's grace, and was enabled to receive the great truth of justification by faith. Henceforth he followed Christ, walking in newness of life.

General Dyhorn was mortally wounded in a battle near Bergen, and was conveyed to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Dr. Fresenius visited him. Up to that time the general had been an infidel, but in his last days he turned to Christ for salvation. Dr. Fresenius, in one of his visits, repeated a portion of this hymn. The dying general was so affected that he asked several times to have the verses repeated to him, saying that they expressed his strong hold of faith, and that "Jesus, whose divinity he had so long denied, had now become his all."

The missionary Swartz, who laboured in Southern India from 1750 to 1798, greatly prized this hymn, which had been translated into Tamil by the missionaries from Halle. In his last moments his native assistants sang the concluding verse to him—

"Appear, then, my Defender, my Comfort, ere I die;
This life I can surrender if but I see Thee nigh;
My dim eyes shall behold Thee, before Thy Cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee; who dieth thus dies well!"

The good pastor Kiesling, in Nuremberg, died on the 27th of February, 1825, while a number of children, who had come to see their old friend, were singing the last two verses. Many others, too, have had it as their dying hymn.

The number of very good hymns on the Crucifixion is large. Joseph Hart has perhaps written more than any other. His, however, demand a separate paper. Isaac Watts holds a conspicuous place.

"When I survey the wondrous cross"

has never been excelled. It contains almost everything a hymn on the subject should contain. He has a number of others that will long hold their place, as—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"
"He dies, the Friend of sinners dies;"
"I sing my Saviour's wondrous death;"
"Nature with open volume stands;"
"Not all the blood of beasts," etc.

Miss Steele's hymn—

"And did the Holy and the Just?"

is full of tender, elevating thought. The third verse will ever be a favourite—

"He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour bled."



"He wrote above the door of his room."—p. 382.

Cowper's well-known and ever popular hymn—

"There is a Fountain,"

is a precious pearl, though some have tried to reset it in their own brass and tin, by interposing some doggerel lines as a chorus. It will outlive all such mangle-mangle.

A very choice pearl is the hymn by F. W. Faber—

"O come and mourn with me awhile."

The sweet ending of each verse—

"Jesus, our Love, is crucified,"

is very much after the manner of John Scheffler, or Angelus, in his hymns, soft, sweet, and beautiful. His hymn beginning—

"O Love, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here,

is a pearl indeed, each verse ending—

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be."

Schulze, one of the first German missionaries in Madras, was so impressed by the singing of this hymn, that he sat down one evening to translate it for his Tamil pupils. He finished the translation by two o'clock the next morning. It gave such joy to the converts, that he made a hymn-book in Tamil, which is still in use. A man in a Prussian village, hearing this hymn sung for the first time, was so impressed that it led him to repentance and to a new

life. He died while, at his request, its beautiful words were being read to him.

"Him on yonder cross I love"

is another hymn in the same strain, by John Ernest Greding, a Lutheran pastor. It was suggested by the beautiful words of Ignatius, "I have great desire to die for Christ Jesus; my love is crucified, and there is no other love in me besides His." Greding chose for his funeral text, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." On Good Friday, April 11th, 1748, he had preached on "Him on yonder cross," and on the evening of the following Sabbath he went Home.

A Prussian officer while staying at a country inn tried in vain to speak to the landlord on spiritual things. Resolved, however, to leave some testimony for God, he wrote over the door of his room—

"Him on yonder cross I love."

As soon as he was gone, the man noticed the words, and called his wife. She began to weep, and to say to her husband, "Oh, we are not as we ought to be: we do not love Him who was crucified for us!" This led to a thorough change in them both, and when, a year after, the officer called at the inn, they received him with the greatest joy and gratitude, and they all rejoiced together in a crucified Saviour. The one hymn of good John Blakewell, a Wesleyan local preacher, is a worthy contribution to songs on the

Crucifixion. It is a triumphant outburst of praise to "the once despised Jesus"—

"Hail! Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!"

He was converted by the reading of an almost forgotten book—Thomas Boston on the "Fourfold State."

The manly, earnest, and devoted Dr. Monsell has left a fine hymn on "Good Friday." Deep, yet sublime, it deals with the mystery rather than with the history of the Crucifixion, a "day of loss and day of gain."

"Hell, whose deadly hate and pride
Heaven its very self defied,
Bows before the Crucified." (Verse 8.)

"O Lamb of God, most stainless!"

is a choice pearl, by Von Hofe, otherwise Nicholas Decius, a friend and contemporary of Luther. So, also, is that by Homburg—

"Christ, the Life of all the living."

Out of many, we can name only one more, the ancient hymn on the "Seven Words"—

"When on the cross the Saviour hung."

Its closing words may well be our prayer—

"Lord Jesus Christ, who diedst for us,
This one thing grant us evermore,
To ponder o'er Thy passion thus,
Till truer, deeper than before,
We learn to love Thee and adore."

BEGINNING WITH NOTHING.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY CHRISTIAN REDFORD.

CHAPTER I.



SUSIE was coming! Strange to say, the thought filled George Taylor with consternation.

There sat his young wife, with her baby in her arms, and the silent tears running down her pale face; and there lay the letter on the floor of the one bare, miserable room which they called home; and that letter said that Susie was coming to Oakbridge to be housemaid to Mrs. Waller at the Lodge, as her sister had been a year and a half ago, before George Taylor had married her.

But what innocent news! And Susie Grey was a pretty, innocent girl; yet her simple letter to his wife had struck and awakened George as perhaps nothing else in the world could have done.

He had only just come indoors; but he took his old battered hat from the rickety table on to which he had thrown it, and thrust it savagely on his head again, and pulled it down over his eyes.

"Ah, Annie, my girl," he muttered, as he went out, slamming the door after him, without thinking of his

poor little sleeping child, "it was a bad day for you when you agreed to be my wife."

Where was he going? He did not know himself—except that he felt like walking away from everybody, himself included.

It was a May morning; but there was no sunshine. A good deal of rain had fallen in the night, and trees and flowers looked fresh, and the ground was soft; but the sky was still of a dull uniform grey, and a light veil of fog hung over the distant landscape.

With bent head, George trudged slowly on along the middle of the muddy road, instead of walking on the clean and almost dry side-path. His clothes were ragged, his old boots bemired, and his heart was as heavy as lead. Nature could not charm him this morning. The trees were in their May dress, and, in spite of the fog, the birds were fluttering playfully from bough to bough, and singing as though they would burst their little throats. Delicious little trills and snatches of song broke out from among the old elms, the lovely pale-green limes, and the great horse-chestnuts, with their bloomy spires just ready to burst into flower. Everything seemed to say that the sun would appear presently; but George did not heed,

He walked a mile or two, and then sat down on a broken bench by the lonely roadside, and gazed vacantly at a tall poplar standing up straight and still against the grey sky.

Should he, like a coward, pursue his way again, walking on and on, without a thought of returning, caring little what became of him, and leaving his wife and baby son to do without him as they could? Or should he, like a man, return at once, bravely face all the difficulties he had brought upon himself, and, by the help of Heaven, conquer them?

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a pony-carriage on its way towards him, but George neither saw nor heard it. And in the pony-carriage sat an old lady—a very old lady, judging from her bent shoulders and wrinkled face. She wore a big black bonnet, and she was ably driving her pony herself, while a servant in livery sat by her side.

Suddenly the pony was reined-in, with a sharp ejaculation, as of angry surprise. And George Taylor brought his eyes quickly down from the unconscious consideration of that tall, still poplar, and then, in an instant, the hot colour of shame and confusion mounted to his very brow, and he rose from the broken bench, and moved towards the pony-carriage, mechanically touching his shabby hat, and then standing still, with his eyes on the ground.

For the old lady was none other than Mrs. Waller, of the Lodge; and George had worked at her house many and many a time in the days gone by, and she knew him well. She had been absent from Oak-bridge, however, for nearly a year now, staying with one and another of her numerous family of children and grandchildren. She was returning to the Lodge this morning quite unexpectedly, and had come upon George as she was driving from the station.

"Well, George Taylor!" she exclaimed, in harsh, guttural tones; and then, with emphasis:—"But are you George Taylor, young man? Or are you a common tramp?"

But George stood as though bereft of the power of speech. And the old lady irascibly continued, "Oh, yes! You're yourself, I can see! More shame for you! And what have you done with Annie and the baby, I should like to know? A pretty sort of husband you must have proved yourself, truly, judging from the look of you!"—Here she turned suddenly upon the servant.—"John Matthews, you can get out, and walk to the house. It won't hurt you. And what I have to say to this good-for-nothing young man cannot have the slightest interest for you. And tell cook"—as the man was obeying her—"that she is to have my soup ready in five minutes from the time you get into the house. And don't you forget it, mind. I want to call and see Mr. Norris as I pass, and so I do not suppose that I shall overtake you."

John stood respectfully waiting till his mistress had finished speaking, then, with a furtive glance at George, of whom he knew very little, but with

otherwise imperturbable face, he touched his hat, and walked quickly away.

And now the old lady lectured George soundly and long. And there he stood, hanging his head, with eyes still fixed upon the ground at his feet, and a hurt and shamed look on his face. And not a single word did he venture in reply to all the taunts and reproaches that the irate old lady heaped upon him. His whole bearing said, "I deserve it all." And presently the womanly heart within her began to repent of the harshness she had used. But she would not show it yet.

"I suppose you know that Susan Grey is coming to me in about a fortnight?" she continued, to all outward appearance as remorselessly as ever. "A nice thing for her, poor girl, to have to own *you* as her brother-in-law! And a very lucky thing for her that she has *not* to own you as a husband!"

George looked up at this, and there was mute reproach in his moist eyes.

"You have no work, as a matter of course?"

"No, ma'am. Mr. Norris turned me off last Saturday week." And George brought out the words with difficulty.

"You don't blame him for that, I hope?" And the old lady spoke as sharply as ever.

"No, ma'am," with a heavy sigh.

"Well, I am glad to find you have a *little* sense!" Then, shaking her head crossly, "But I *thought* you were going to the bad! Folks that find their best friends in public-houses almost always do, whether they begin by drinking too much themselves or not. I always told Annie so, a young simpleton! But she wouldn't listen to me. Of course she knew better—it stood to reason—than an old woman who was sixty years old when she was born! But what have you done with her, I asked you just now? Can't you open your mouth, man?"

In a low, pained tone, George explained to her where and how they were now living; upon which the old lady screamed out harshly—

"Friar's Court! *one room!* Well, I hope you are as ashamed of yourself as you look, George Taylor! and such a pretty cottage as you had, too! But you are like all the rest. You would rather spend your time and your money upon your own miserable, selfish pleasures than upon your wife and child. I suppose the truth is that you could not pay your rent? That is to say, that what with your betting or your gambling, or whatever it is you do with your money, you had none to pay? And I suppose that your furniture and everything else went the way of the rent?"

And then, in reply to still closer questioning, George at length confessed how much rent he actually owed. And the old lady held up her hands, reins, whip, and all, in angry dismay.

"Dearie me! dearie me!" she exclaimed, "what is the world coming to? And now I daresay you haven't a penny in the world, you foolish fellow!"

And in a low voice George owned that he had not.

Mrs. Waller gave her head a toss that seemed to say, "Oh, well, it is no concern of mine!" Next she flicked a fly from her pony's right ear; and finally

she sat still, looking straight before her. Then, all at once, turning sharply upon George, she rejoined—

"Very well. Begin afresh with nothing, then! Better men than you have done it. In the first place, go to your master, and make a clean breast of your faults. Tell him that you are altogether ashamed of yourself, and that you wish to turn over a new leaf. Tell him that you don't like the idea of your old sweetheart coming to see her sister in such a plight, with scarcely a gown to wear, I'll be bound, or a crust to eat; and only a year and a half married!"

Here the old lady interrupted herself with some angry ejaculation under her breath, which George did not catch; then went on in her harshest tone—

"But it isn't for me to tell you what you are to tell your master. If what you say doesn't come from your heart, it won't be worth much. However, I've wasted time enough talking to you. I must be getting on. You help yourself, George Taylor! And when I see you doing that, I may help you, but not before!"

The pony-carriage had started as abruptly as it had stopped, and its occupant had not given George so much as a single word or glance of farewell. And there he stood, motionless, in the middle of the road, looking vacantly after the pretty little vehicle for at least five minutes after it had got out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

At last he returned home. His resolution was taken.

He found his wife where he had left her, sitting in deep despondency, with the baby in her arms, and the letter on the floor still. And, with eyes red and swollen with weeping, Annie rose as her husband entered, laid the little one on a miserable bed that had its place in a corner of the room, and then sat down again.

And George sat down beside her, and, taking her hand, said quietly—

"Cheer up, Annie. I am going to turn over a new leaf, Heaven helping me. And when Susie comes, she shan't find us like this! You'll forgive me, dear, I know, for all that's gone by? And we'll begin again, and work our way up to prosperity together."

Before Annie could reply, and while her eyes were still lifted to her husband's face in glad surprise, a step was heard on the stairs.

"It is Fred Miles," said George; and there was something in the very tone of his voice that encouraged Annie still further: a ring of firmness and decision that she doubted whether her husband's voice had ever taken before.

The young man who entered now did so without the ceremony of knocking. He was a good-looking young fellow, and not *quite* so shabby in his attire as his friend George; but there was something disreputable and ill-doing about him in his very air and manner, Annie thought, and there was no welcome for him in *her* face.

But he did not appear to notice this.

"Are you coming with us, old boy?" he asked of

George. "Just for an hour or two," persuasively, "if you've nothing better to do?"

But George raised his hand.

"I *have* something better to do!" said he, and he was about to bring his clenched fist down upon the poor rickety table, with an emphatic and unqualified refusal of his friend's invitation: in which he would, without a doubt, have broken the table, and at least startled the baby. But he bethought himself in time, unclenched his hand, and allowed it to fall harmlessly by his side, and rising, said more quietly, "I'll walk down-stairs with you."

And now Annie showed herself a wise woman. She did not, as many young wives would have done in like circumstances, begin at once to beseech her husband, with tears, not to accompany the friend with whom, to his own hurt, he had so often gone before. Remembering what George had just said to her, she glanced at him with a smile (even though it was a faint one) of renewed trust and hope. And her husband returned her glance with one of affectionate reassurance. And then he accompanied Fred Miles down-stairs, and, without leaving the house, in a few words explained his intentions, the younger man listening in quiet and, at first, almost amused surprise.

George even told of Susie's expected arrival at the Lodge as housemaid, as well as of the lecture which the lady of the Lodge herself had given him less than an hour before.

And Fred Miles went away, but he appeared again in the evening, and then learned that George had been to see his former master, Mr. Norris, and that he was to go to work again on the following morning.

And Fred Miles perseveringly came again the next evening. He did not intend to lose his former friend and companion so summarily (or at all, indeed) if he could help it.

But George was out; Mrs. Waller had sent for him, to tell him that she had found employment for his evenings. The old lady had a cottage which had been standing empty for some time, and was a good deal out of repair; the garden, too, needed attention, and George gladly agreed to do his best to put all in apple-pie order.

And the next piece of news that especially concerned George and his wife was that the cook at the Lodge wished to go to her far-off northern home, to attend the wedding of her only sister; and, possibly, after that she might be required to remain for some time with her widowed mother. Her return was therefore a matter of uncertainty; and Mrs. Waller, who knew that Annie was by no means ignorant of cooking, sent for her at once, and met her with the request that she would, on the day of the cook's departure, come, husband, baby, and all, and take up her abode at the Lodge for the present. This would give George Taylor "time," as the old lady expressed it, "to turn himself round a little."

And having once given up that one miserable room in Friar's Court, George had not the slightest intention of returning to it. He was one evening thinking the matter over, as, after his tea, he was leaving the Lodge for his now accustomed work at the cottage,

when Mrs. Waller met him just outside her own gates, and leaning on her silver-knobbed stick, informed him in her usual brusque way that she "wanted a tenant for the cottage," and that "he might take it, if he liked."

Finally came the evening of Susie's arrival. Little she knew the changes that her short and simply expressed letter had been the means of bringing about.

At which Susie blushed brightly. And as Fred Miles' rather anxious eyes rested upon her pretty, gentle face, he thought sorrowfully—

"Ah, she's too good for me!"

But all this was only the beginning of the end.

Seven years passed away, and Fred Miles was once again leaning over the cottage gate in the sweet June twilight. But he did not look disconsolate this evening.



"The young man who entered now did so without the ceremony of knocking."—p. 384.

Instead of finding her sister tearful and ashamed, in her wretched lodging in Friar's Court, Susie caught sight of her on the platform, as soon as the train ran into Oakbridge station—respectably and nicely dressed, and carrying her little crowing baby in her arms. And, a little later, Susie heard all the news, as she sat at tea with her sister and brother-in-law in the comfortable kitchen at the Lodge. And after tea the three went to look over the pretty cottage which was to be George and Annie's home as soon as the latter's services at the Lodge could be dispensed with. And in the early mornings, before even the birds were astir, George had already begun making more furniture.

As they were leaving the cottage, they saw a disconsolate figure leaning over the little gate.

"It is Fred Miles," said George, amusedly. "He wanted to see Susie."

"I don't see them, Susie," he was saying, with a smile.

For Susie was mistress of the cottage now, and she had been Mrs. Miles for just two years; and it was not her sister Annie's baby, but her own, that she held in her arms.

"I can hear them, though!" she answered; upon which her husband stepped back into the lane again, and looked along it.

Yes, there they were—all in the pretty little pony-carriage together, George and Annie, and their three little ones. And Susie went down to the gate to welcome them. And presently Fred got into the pony-carriage, and drove away with George, on a business errand into the next town; and Annie and Susie were left to spend an hour or two together.

The two sisters found plenty to talk about. Annie

had never told Susie before, but, for some reason or other, she felt inclined to tell her this evening of the effect of her letter of a little more than seven years ago.

But though Susie listened attentively, she did not appear surprised, only pleased. And then it came out that Fred had told her long since that it had been the effect of that very letter upon George which had inclined *him* to consider the propriety of "turning over a new leaf" along with his friend.

Success wonderfully covers past failures. There were few persons more respected in Oakbridge now than George Taylor. He had paid all his debts long ago, and was at this time a prosperous master-builder; and Fred was his foreman and right-hand

man. George had striven in a new-born faith and constant prayer to *conquer himself* first, and that important conquest had been the key to his success.

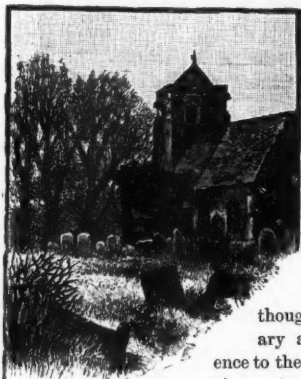
Years before old Mrs. Waller's death, he had stood high in her favour—principally, and in the first place, perhaps, because he had taken her severe lecture in what the old lady called "such a proper spirit." And on her will being read (only a few weeks previously), it was found that she had left him a handsome legacy, and also the little pony-carriage which she had used so constantly.

"It seems to me," rejoined Susie sententiously, as she dangled her little one in her arms, "that it is sometimes better to 'begin with nothing!'"

THE LORD WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.—I.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

"And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you."—ISAIAH XXX. 18.



THE dealings of God with the Jewish nation represent, as it were in a parable, His dealings with the individual man. Passage after passage might be quoted from this book of Isaiah, which,

though having a primary and surface reference to the local and political circumstances of the Jews,

fit in so exactly with the accidents and experiences of our personal life, that we could almost fancy we were listening to counsels coming directly to us from St. Peter or St. Paul.

Take the case of the Jews, in this chapter. Sore judgments had been pronounced against them. They were expecting them daily; and that in such terrible severity, as to leave them, like a warning beacon upon the top of a mountain, an ensign to rebellious peoples standing on a hill. But there is a mysterious arrest upon the course of these threatened judgments. "The High and Mighty One" is still. There is a pause. He is waiting for something. What is it? Why, He is waiting for an opportunity to recall His threatenings; waiting for such signs of a penitential spirit in the people, as may justify Him in recalling them; waiting for the fitting time when He may reveal His purposes of mercy from behind the cloud. "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and therefore will He be exalted,

that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for Him."

Limiting our attention to the first clause of this verse, we take as our general subject, THE LORD WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS; considering some of those pauses or silences in the Divine procedure, whether in the way of judgment or of mercy, by means of which He accomplishes His Fatherly designs towards us. The goodness of God is always "leading us to repentance." His rest is the activity of love; and His waiting the accelerated speed of a benefit sure to be accomplished.

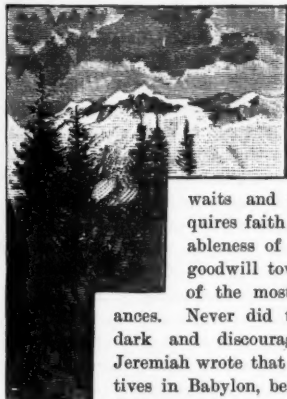
I.—CONSIDER WHAT IS MEANT BY THE LORD WAITING.

THE words of the prophet bring before us a noteworthy feature of the Divine government, namely, that, in the ordering of His procedure, God sometimes waits, suspends all outward action; to our human seeming is absolutely quiescent and still. "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you." We have a like expression in the book of Zephaniah, where we read, "He will rest in His love," or, as it is there given in the margin, "He will be silent in His love." In both cases the sense is the same, namely, that there is a pause or lull in the carrying out of a fixed order of events; the vision tarries, the blessing lingers, the Lord is slack concerning His promise, at least "as some men count slackness."

Instances of this occur frequently in sacred story. Abraham receives a promise that he shall be the father of many nations. Yet old age has come upon him, and upon Sarah, and they are still childless. Simeon has a promise that he shall see the Lord's Christ; yet he has come to a full age, and is about

to die "as a shock of corn cometh in his season," before his anticipations come to pass. And it is often so with us. We have been praying for lawful things, for promised things, for things which we cannot but feel would conduce to our spiritual happiness and proficiency; and, as we verily believe, to God's glory too. But, for a long time, they do not come. God is waiting for something. What is it? Enough for us should it be to know that He is waiting for His season. All promises of good to us are made in the terms of that vision to the prophet Habakkuk, "the vision is for an appointed time;" and, therefore, however long it may tarry, we may be sure it would only do us harm if it were to come before. In the kingdom of grace, as in the kingdom of nature, "God has made everything beautiful in its season," and as snow in harvest, or as a thick covering on a sultry day, might the most desired of our good things prove, if the time for their coming were left to us to choose. No: as our times are in God's hands, so God's times should have the first place in our wishes and thoughts. We must not seek to displace the Divine arrangements—a result which could only be to our hurt. If our God waits, we are sure there is some sufficient reason for His waiting; and one such reason there will always be—that He will exercise our faith in the promise, "therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you."

II.—THE BENEFIT OF THIS WAITING TO OURSELVES.



THIS is seen chiefly in the strengthening of our faith. This, we may not doubt, is one purpose for which God often

waits and is still. He requires faith in the unchangeableness of His purpose and goodwill towards us, in spite of the most adverse appearances.

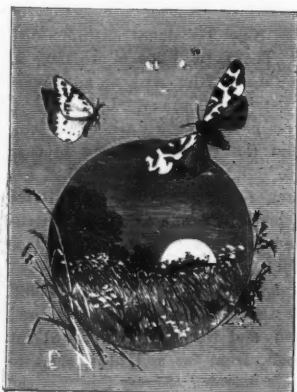
Never did things look more dark and discouraging than when Jeremiah wrote that letter to the captives in Babylon, beset, as they were, by false prophets and diviners, who had cast scorn on the assurance of Jeremiah, that they should be released at the end of seventy years. Will the good Lord hurry His purposes to put an end to all their fears and doubtings? No: He will have them exercise faith in those most precious words—how many a perplexed and troubled heart have they soothed and comforted!—"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Hardly could we cite a passage in Scripture which explains the whole

philosophy of God's "waiting" better than this. It reveals the Almighty heart resting in its love; silent in the certain issues of its own slowly evolving plans, "waiting to be gracious," when the fitting time shall come, and knowing that when "the expected end" is come, the graciousness will be more conspicuous for the delay. See an illustration of this in a memorable New Testament example—the raising of Lazarus. The Lord Jesus is walking in Peræa. A messenger meets Him with an announcement from the two sisters at Bethany, "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." Yet, when we look that He should bend His course instantly to that house of sorrow, to bind up the hearts that are broken, and to snatch from death his prey, all we are told is, that "when He had heard that Lazarus was sick, He abode two days 'in the same place where He was.'" Oh! to what end was this delay? Wherefore, when a word from those Divine lips would have sufficed, must the lamp of life go out, and loving sisters mourn, and the grave be opened for its victim, and friends, from far and near, come to share in the lone one's sorrow? Surely this was the Lord, according to His promise, "giving the expected end"—making known the thoughts that, amidst all His silences and delays, He is ever thinking towards us—in a word, God waiting His fitting time to be gracious.

And this is to be the form of comfort we should take to ourselves, under all the Divine silences; under delayed answers to prayer, delayed succours in difficulty, delayed interferences in our behalf, even when the sore cross, the secret bitterness, the daily stumbling-block, the bewailed infirmity, the harassing thorn in the flesh, all remain untaken away—hindering, as we think, God's work in the world, and in our own hearts too. But God is waiting, and He will have us wait too. Mercies waited for are mercies twice blessed. God's resting time is man's working time; the time when the sufferer is to gather in his harvest-fruit of faith, and patience, and trust, and resistance to hard thoughts, and victory over the suggestions of carnal expediency, until his spirit, rising like a thing majestic, above earthly discouragements, is bold to exclaim, with the patriarch of old, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." We should remember that the compassions of God are never more profound and tender than when He answers us "not a word;" when with gracious thoughts of heart He is waiting in silence. He may be silent to Job, weeping, in sackcloth and ashes, over the ruin of every earthly hope; silent to Daniel, mourning for three full weeks over the calamities of his country; silent to the Canaanitish mother, pursuing Him on the high road with her piercing and unresting cries; silent to Paul, humbled and afflicted under the continuance of the sharp and bitter thorn; but in all these cases, it is but the reticence and reserve of the Divine heart, yearning, struggling, debating with itself as to when it shall interfere to

show mercy. Relief that comes too soon is no relief. "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you."

III.—THE WAITING OF GOD—A LONG-SUFFERING WAITING.



THIS brings out another aspect of the waiting spoken of by the prophet, namely, that it is the waiting of a merciful forbearance—a gracious God staying His hand from a deserved condemnation, in order that He may bring us to a better mind.

"Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you, and therefore will He be exalted, that He may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment." A God of judgment, but still a waiting God; ay, to our limited powers of vision, almost a hesitating God. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel?" Anyhow, before the judgment takes effect, there is a waiting, a merciful postponement of an intended purpose: "For my name's sake will I defer mine anger, and for my praise will I refrain for thee, that I cut thee not off." And examples abound in Scripture of the manner in which God suspends or keeps back a deserved correction, in the hope that love may do the work instead. "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," it had been said. The forty days expire, and Nineveh lives on: mercy rejoicing against judgment, and the touching spectacle of a whole population on its knees before God seeming to disarm the wrath of Heaven. After the numbering of the people, in the time of David, the angel of the pestilence is proceeding to flap his dark wings over Jerusalem to destroy it. But there is an arrest. A voice from the throne proclaims, "It is enough: stay now thine hand." Judgment waits; waits, that God may show mercy.

And the same thing takes place, though it be not ours to know it, in regard to deferred sentences and judgments against ourselves. We none of us know how many of us are, at this moment, living upon reprieves, upon respites, obtained for us through the all-prevailing intercessions of the Lord Jesus. "Lord, let it alone this year also," was the prayer which, as this year began, went up for many an unfruitful tree in the Lord's vineyard; many whom neither light, nor love, nor grace vouchsafed, nor abounding privileges,

had availed to stir up to serious thoughts about their souls. But still the Lord waits, defers the cutting down. Better the experiment be tried, with this barren professor, of giving him more light, more grace, more strivings of the Spirit, more warnings to flee from the wrath to come, and see what the fruit of this extended forbearance will be. The Lord, who is "not slack concerning His promises," is slow concerning His judgments; and, on observing in us the smallest desire to humble ourselves, will put them off again and again. "Therefore doth the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you."

IV.—GOD'S LOVE THE SOURCE OF THIS WAITING.



THIS is a view of these comfortable words of the prophet which we shall be glad not to overlook. We have seen what it is God waits FOR; let us never forget what it is He waits IN—that is, on what He relies, in order that His working may be effectual. This is on nothing in us—we are sure of that. He waits in the conscious strength of His own attracting love. God is working while He is waiting. "He will rest in His love," it is said in that passage in

Zephaniah; and again in the prophet Hosea we read, "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." True it is, as we know, God could draw us to Himself in many ways. He could awe us into submission, or coerce us into obedience, or crush and bow us down by chastisements, until we had not spirit to oppose Him left. But He will not employ these means. He will work by love. He will rely on the effects of that wonder-working power. He knows what is in man, and that it must be a sight of God, if anything, that will draw men unto Him. He may use other arguments with us also—may urge the honour of His law, the holiness of His nature, the unalterable requirements of a pure and perfect administration: but that in which He rests, for effectually turning the hearts of the sons of men, is a display of "the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Jesus Christ."

At sight of these, applied by the power of the enlightening and converting Spirit, the sinner, even the most far gone, weeps, wonders, bows down, adores. His soul is melted, not by the thought of "hell from beneath being moved" for him, nor of the dead "stirred up to meet him," but by the amazing fact that God should so love the world, and especially should so love *him*. The awakened and grateful soul begins to see from what it has escaped. And the spared life, and the lengthened opportunity, and the revived hope, and the sight of heaven open, and of a gracious God waiting—all these affect the heart more powerfully than any displays of the Divine anger could do. For we ask ourselves,

Why have I been spared until now? Why was I left, for so many years, without ever feeling my need of a Saviour, and then, it may be, for so many more before I felt that Christ was the Saviour for my need? But I see it now. I owe it all to the Divine patience; the heart of God holding itself still in its own kind thoughts. My sins had cried aloud for judgment.

But rod, scourge, furnace, vials, all had it in charge to tarry the Lord's leisure. For a time, and times, and half a time, the chastisements of God lingered. Whence this pause, and wherefore all this merciful delay? It was that that Scripture might be fulfilled: "Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you."

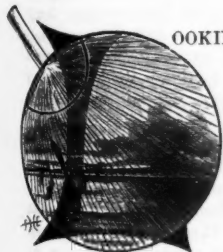
THE RISE OF SPECIAL MISSIONS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



MR. AITKEN'S STUDY.



LOOKING over the pleasant houses and gardens of a newly built suburb on to the levels and low-lying hills round the thriving town of Bedford, stands a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, whose face must be familiar to many thousands of Britons as that of the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken,

the well-known mission preacher.

On his right hand, as he stands at his wide study window, is a large writing-table with numbers of pigeon-holes and drawers; behind him a sweet-toned American organ; near by, a couch; and on his left hand a book-case, one ledge of which is denominated the "heresy shelf." Yet more books—metaphysical, philosophical, religious, etc.—are ranged opposite the

window; while portraits of old and well-loved friends, such as the late Rev. W. Pennefather and Mrs. Pennefather, of Mildmay, the late Lord Cairns and Lady Cairns, among other pictures, look down from the walls or from photograph stands.

Here is Mr. Aitken at home. Yet we are not sure that he does not accomplish quite as much of his thought-work when he is pacing his large garden and tennis-ground behind the house, or when in his "Hermitage"—a little "box" built in the garden, and very quiet and comfortable. It is here, we suspect, even more than indoors, that he has thought out or written most of his stirring sermons and addresses since 1880, before which time he resided at a charming spot in Derbyshire. For if the truth must be told, the study in the house is below the nursery, and though "the patter of little feet" and the sound of childish voices are very sweet in a father's ears, yet quiet is at times essential for the man who has

constantly to address large numbers of his fellows on the momentous subjects of true religion.

Furthermore, this work in the open air is, we take it, characteristic of Mr. Aitken. He rejoices in it, and possibly it colours his addresses, which are for mission work, usually earnest practical appeals both to head and heart, rather than critical or theological essays savouring of the lamp. Moreover, in the summer he loves to take a turn at tennis with his elder sons, one of whom, by-the-bye, has in this year of 1888 just completed his first term at Oxford.

Now if we are permitted to enter the dining-room we may notice a large portrait there which gives some indication, and possibly some explanation also, of Mr. Aitken's position. The portrait reveals the figure of a preacher; a strange light striking out of the gloom above and falling on his upturned face. It represents Mr. Aitken's father, the late Rev. Robert Aitken, preaching to drovers in Liverpool in the early morning. And to him, with one or two others, belongs the credit of starting or establishing the movement for holding "Special Missions" in the Church of England.

On the other wall, facing the French windows opening on to the garden, is a fine painting of Mr. Hay Aitken himself—upon whom, indeed, his father's mantle may be said to have fallen—presented to his wife a few years since from many persons who had derived benefit from his preaching.

His father, he tells us, was a Church of England clergyman at Pendeen, in Cornwall. When at one period of his life in the Isle of Man, he derived much spiritual benefit from the preaching of some Methodists, and naturally he liked to work with them and make use of some of their methods. So it came about that when at Pendeen he was at times in the habit of sallying forth from his retired Cornish home, and holding special services in different places. In fact, he was called by some persons a High Church Methodist.

To use Mr. Aitken's own words, "Mission services held with after-meetings distinctly designed to induce immediate decision for Christ, were introduced to the Church of England by the Rev. Robert Aitken, who took the idea to a great extent from his work among the Wesleyans. I have hardly gone to any large town in England without seeing results of his work."

"Mark Guy Pearse said to me yesterday, 'In Wesley's "Questions and Answers for a Sensible Man" he asks the question, What is a reason for Wesleyan Methodism? and the answer is, To provoke to emulation the clergy of the Church of England!'"

When a youth of seventeen Mr. Hay Aitken went on a visit to his maternal uncle, Hay Macdowall Grant, of Arndilly, a most excellent and godly man, who was at that time just about to start on a mission to the North of Scotland. Brownlow North was to accompany him, but at the last moment was unable to do so. Mr. Aitken went and took some part in the work.

The mission proved very successful, and long afterwards a man came up to him at the close of a meeting and spoke of the benefit he had received from the preaching of Mr. Aitken when a youth, on that

occasion, at Thurso. Such instances are among the happy rewards of such a life.

Returning from that mission, however, he soon went to Oxford, entering Wadham College. But while there he engaged much in evangelistic work in a little mission-room placed at his disposal by a lady; and at the close of his college course he had offers of no fewer than eighteen curacies, and also an application to sit for a fellowship!

"That was a time of some perplexity, but," said Mr. Aitken, "after much prayer the way seemed open." Now among those who had heard of his evangelistic gifts was the Rev. W. Pennefather, of St. Jude's, Mildmay, and he went to the Rev. Robert Aitken in Cornwall before offering his curacy. The ultimate result was acceptance of the post. "My father said to me," Mr. Aitken tells us, "I think if I were you I should go. Your views may not quite coincide, but he is a holy man, and you will have full spiritual sympathy with him."

So Mr. Aitken entered on his ministerial career as Mr. Pennefather's curate, and his evangelistic gifts had there full scope. He was placed in charge of a large iron hall, where evangelistic meetings and after-meetings were constantly held. The service on the Sunday morning was liturgical, and ultimately it was so in the evening, but not at first. But Mr. Aitken had here a large class of working men, and there can be little doubt that the constant communication he had with them has helped to give him the aptitude he has in dealing with men.

He went to Mildmay in 1865, and four years after, while he was still with Mr. Pennefather, the celebrated Twelve Days' London Mission of 1869—the first of the kind in the metropolis—took place. Its story may be briefly told. It forms another step in the history of that mission movement in the Church of England with which the Revs. Robert and Hay Aitken have been so closely identified. The work of the first-mentioned had excited much attention in more than one section of the Church. Some men had obtained benefit, and, says Mr. Aitken, they began to see the necessity of this sort of work in order to infuse vitality into their Church principles. Men like Bishop Wilkinson, of Truro—then vicar of St. Peter's, Windmill Street—and Bishop MacLagan, of Lichfield, took it up warmly. That was before Messrs. Moody and Sankey's work, and no doubt it helped to pave the way and prepare the minds of many people for their visit.

Well, Mr. Aitken took a great part in that first London Mission. Afterwards he found his services as a mission preacher more and more called for. The first mission he conducted entirely was at Stroud, in Gloucestershire. Then, towards the close of the year 1869, came a very remarkable mission at Swansea, when business was almost suspended, the interest was so great; and his father, brother, and himself were the three principal missionaries. That mission seemed to decide his career, and since then he has had no lack of invitations to conduct special missions, though it was not until some years afterwards that he gave up a stated pastorate in order to devote himself entirely to the work.

Meanwhile, however, Mr. Aitken had left St. Jude's. In January, 1871, he accepted the incumbency of Christ Church, Everton, Liverpool, offered him by the Messrs. Horsfall Brothers, and he remained there four and a half years.

This experience at Liverpool was of much the same kind as at Mildmay. The district was densely populated. There, 13,000 people were packed into thirty-six acres of ground, and his work was all mission work. Well supported by some of the wealthy men of the city, among them the late Mr. Alexander Balfour, he raised a large new mission hall at a cost of about £5,000, from which has since sprung a new church.

All this time the applications to conduct missions had been frequent, and the thought at length came to be seriously considered whether he should give up the work of a stated pastorate and devote himself entirely to the work of conducting special missions.

Mr. Moody suggested that he should enter upon such a course. But it was the state of Mrs. Aitken's health which finally decided him. She became ill, and physicians said she could not hope to regain strength at Liverpool. This, together with other considerations, seemed to decide the matter, and in the autumn of 1875 he resigned the incumbency of Christ Church, and went to reside at Homeside, Hazelwood, in Derbyshire, which had been placed at his disposal. Since then he has devoted himself to mission work in connection with the Church of England.

The views of such a clergyman—one with such long and varied experience—must be of great value on this subject; and concerning the influence of mission work upon conduct, he said—

"I always insist upon the necessity of repentance, especially during the opening sermons of a mission. During the first few days I devote myself to this point, endeavouring to speak about sin in its specific form, and impressing the necessity of a definite decision to forsake sin as the primary condition of the acceptance of any spiritual benefit. Of course it is to the power of God in Christ Jesus that I look for the power to overcome sin, but this can only be obtained by those who are willing to be delivered from it."

"I remember," he said again, "an incident which will illustrate this. On one occasion I was conducting a mission in a northern town, and, as I heard afterwards, a man was much affected. He had been leading an immoral life—there was scarcely a racecourse in the North on which he had not betted and gambled." He had, "drifted" into this church "somehow," or—may we not say?—Providence had led him there, and as he sat and heard Mr. Aitken his past life seemed to rise before him. He was broken down, yet he tried to leave the church. Someone, however, seeing his red eyes, said—

"Friend, you ought not to leave yet;" and led him to a seat and talked and prayed with him. He became converted, and led quite a changed life; now he is the superintendent of a Sunday-school in that town.

As to the best means of conducting missions: "I

attach," said Mr. Aitken, "great importance to the after-meeting. My theory is, 'Strike the iron while it is hot.' My dear father used to say, 'In the parable of the sower the devil cometh *immediately*, and we must endeavour to anticipate him.' The impression made by a powerful sermon runs a risk of being neutralised before the man impressed reaches his home, by half a dozen chance circumstances; but if it is no sooner made than an opportunity is made for acting upon it, the impression may deepen into a true conversion."

"The satisfactoriness of a mission will largely depend upon the preparation before, and the following-up of the work afterwards. At least two months before, the preparations should begin, and should take the form of special meetings for prayer, special allusions from the pulpit, and special house-to-house visitation, accompanied with the distribution of suitable papers. The great point is to get the communicants to feel it is their mission, and to get them to throw themselves into it. It often happens that a mission is half over before they take an interest in it."

"Are the results of missions permanent?" we asked.

"A great deal must depend upon the character of the local ministry. Much good may be done that is not apparent in connection with it. The work is quite as permanent as ordinary parochial work when of an evangelistic character. The local clergy should, however, take means to retain those who may be influenced. Now, I remember on one occasion, when some clergymen were discussing the question of having a mission, one rose and said—

"My dear brethren, I should advise you not to have a mission. I had one not very long ago, and seventeen professed to have been converted. What was the result? At the end of a few months they all left me!"

"Now," said Mr. Aitken, "that was because he had not done anything to retain them, and they went to other churches." Mr. Aitken is strongly of opinion that after a mission it is very important to obtain the names and addresses of those influenced by the mission, and form them into a communicants' union, having meetings once a month and a definite roll-call, so that the clergyman may know how they are keeping together. Bible-readings should also be arranged, that persons of different education, etc., should be classified together. In one of the most effective missions, he said, no less than twenty-eight different Bible-classes were formed as the result. And when the vicar resigned, a few years later, he was able to say that he did not think one person had fallen away. But when the clergyman does not follow up the mission, or is unsympathetic and takes no means of attracting or keeping to the church those who have been benefited, we cannot be surprised if the result seems to be unsatisfactory.

"What is the necessity for a mission?"

"In all human work," he answered, "there is a tendency to get into a rut. There is danger of losing our lives for lack of a crisis. Everything in a mission is done to arouse attention and fix the decision."

Speaking further of the results of mission work, and also of the true and the false emotionalism in such work, he said:—"My experience leads me to the conclusion that the permanent results of a mission will usually be in an inverse ratio to the amount of what I should call the physical excitement induced. I draw a distinction between physical excitement and the legitimate and natural stirring of human emotions by the presentation of great truths. Some evangelists seem to me to depend too much upon the sentimental and emotional elements. The strength of our work must always lie in the reaching of the conscience, in the enlightening of the understanding, and thus in the exposing of the will to the full force of the influence of God the Holy Ghost.

"My own sermons are usually addressed to the head, to begin with. I generally endeavour to support by a process of reasoning any truth which I wish to impress upon the minds of the hearers; and then, when I think I have their minds on my side, I use all the power that God gives me to move their hearts.

"Nothing can be more absurd, to my thinking, than the parrot-cry against emotionalism. All true religion must be emotional.

"The thing to aim at is to see that emotions are caused by the acceptance of truth, not merely created by histrionic influence. It is possible by a touching story to bring tears into the eyes of the audience, and people may mistake such feelings for religious impressions. The unskilful evangelist will be content with such results. People are moved, and there is an end of it. Real wisdom is shown in taking advantage of any such passing feeling in order to press home the truth illustrated. The wax needs to be melted in order to receive the impress of the seal, but we melt it, not for the sake of melting it, but in order to prepare it for the stamp."

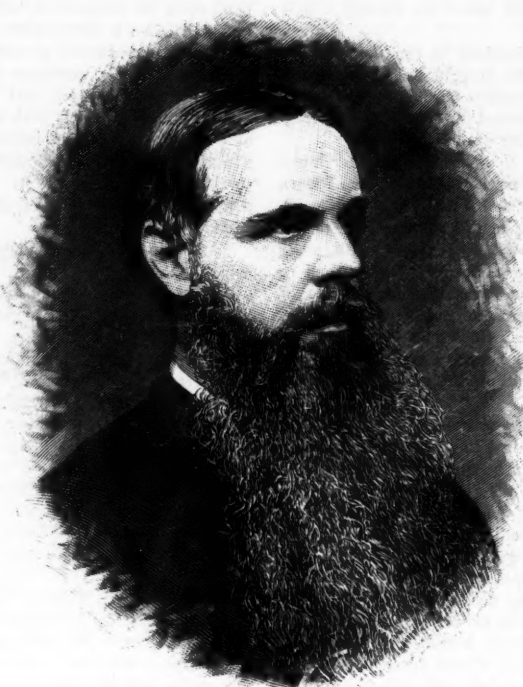
During the many years that Mr. Aitken has been engaged in this work, he has, of course, conducted missions in numerous towns, particularly in the old

parish churches of our country, and in the cathedrals also. He is, we believe, the only mission-preacher who has conducted services in Canterbury Cathedral, in York Minster, and in the cathedrals of Manchester and Bristol. In the summer of 1886, too, he went on a long evangelistic tour in America.

He also enjoys the distinction of being the only clergyman who has preached in the Guildhall of London. He did so on two occasions, on the 18th and 22nd of October, 1878. He was at that time giving addresses for five consecutive weeks at Exeter Hall in

the evening, and preaching to business men in the mornings at St. Margaret's, Lothbury. Some friends waited on the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Scambler Owden, and asked if he could have the Guildhall!

The Lord Mayor replied that he had no reason against it; the Hall was for meetings—among others, to promote the morality of the people; and he supposed Mr. Aitken could do that! But if the meeting was held, he should be obliged to be present; and come he did, in his robes of state. Mr. Aitken preached there, however, and in his note-book he penned the following entry: "A very solemn feeling aroused, and a great impression

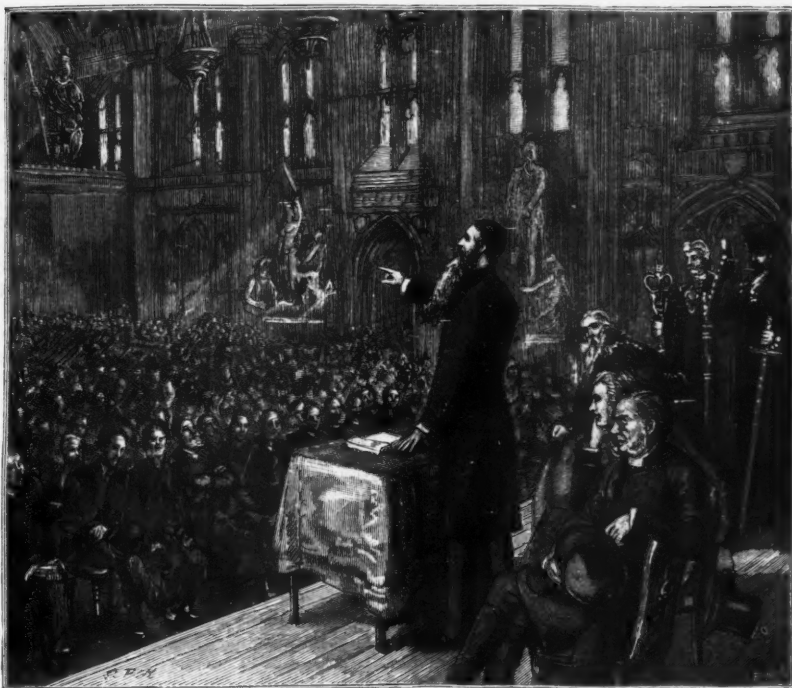


THE REV. W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.
(From a Photograph by Russell and Son.)

seemed made; crowded with people, mostly men."

Mr. Aitken has often been permitted to see or hear of many happy fruits of his labour, some of which, indeed, might be said to belong to the romance of special-mission work. When preaching one evening, he told us, in a large manufacturing town in Yorkshire, a young lady seemed much broken down; one of the lady-workers spoke to her, and after a time she admitted that she wished to decide for Christ, but she was warmly attached to a young man, who, she feared, would not marry her if she became pious. But at length she determined to conquer even this temptation, and she then left the church.

In another part of the building a young man was also much affected, and after one of the workers had been speaking to him he admitted that he would become



MR. AITKEN ADDRESSING A MEETING IN THE GUILDHALL, LONDON.

converted, but he was much attached to a young lady, who, he feared, would throw him over if he became religious. At length he too decided for Christ, no matter what it cost! Then he too left the church.

These two met outside. They had each, unknown to the other, been to the mission the same evening, and

had been through a similar experience. "They are to-day," said Mr. Aitken, "happily married, and both devoted Christians. Such a story is enough to make the angels sing!" And we doubt not he himself has often sung in his heart for very joy over those he has been enabled to win over to truth and righteousness of life.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

LIST of Contributions received from December 20th, 1887, up to and including January 17th, 1888:—
Ellen, Blackheath, 4s.; Miss Pryce, Shifnal, 3s. 6d.; Miss Jones, Horsham, 5s.; Eddie, North Walsham, 1s.; E. Mason, Brixton Rise, 1s.; Anon., Edinburgh, 2s.; E. P., Dundee, 2s. 6d.; A Rescued Wanderer, Bolton, 6d.; A. Reece, Old Kent Road, 2s. 6d.; Blanche, Whitehall, 3s.; Nellie L., Huntley, 2s.; A. McKay, Glasgow, 2s. 6d.; Jean, 1s. 6d.; G. and G. Lewis, Hornsey, 6d.; One who loves little children, Bridgend, 8s.; H. E. Butterworth, Sheffield, 1s.; Mother, Manchester, 1s.; Two little Hillmans, Birkenhead, 2s.; Florence L., 1s.; A. S. L., Brondesbury, 1s.; Nellie, 1s.; Mrs. Shaw, Richmond, 5s.; J. Blaikie, Lower Norwood, 10s.; A Friend, Singlewell, 3s. 6d.; M. K. Parbold, Southport, 3s. 6d.; Ip, Dundee, 2s. 6d.; A Reader in Cullen, N.B., 2s.; A Reader of QUIVER, London, W., 10s.; James, Frank, and Percy, Sevenoaks, 1s.; Gertie R., Driffeld, 1s.; J. Fleming, Edinburgh, 1s. 6d.; Mabel, Jane, and Mitch, Bedford, 2s. 6d.; Fourth Class, St. James' School, Poole, 3s. 6d.; Three J's, Deptford, 2s. 6d.; Children of Garrison Chapel Sunday School, Halifax, N.S., £1; M. A. W., Worthing, 5s.; Alison, Jane, and Marion, Glasgow, 3s.; Reader of THE QUIVER, Crawley, 1s.; M. and C. Palmer, Lockerbie, 2s.; A. Borrett, Hastings, 2s.; M. E. S., Bonn, 4s. 10d.; I. I. E., Govan, 5s.; M. L., Notting Hill, 1s.

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge, on behalf of the Secretary of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Bloomsbury, the receipt of £1 from "E. M."; also 10s. from "S. C. H." (Peterborough), for Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

21. What proof of the fertility of the land of Canaan was brought back by the men sent by Moses to spy out the land?
22. What punishment was inflicted upon Miriam for rebelling against the authority of Moses?
23. What words were used by Moses at the commencement of the journeyings of the Israelites, and with what words did he bid them rest?
24. Where was the country of the Gadarenes, and what miracle was performed there?
25. On what occasion did Jesus use the words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?"
26. In what way did the children of Israel observe the Dedication of the Tabernacle?
27. In what way did God show His acceptance of Aaron as the High Priest?
28. What was the daily sacrifice offered in the Tabernacle?
29. What heathen woman is mentioned as an illustration of great faith?
30. With what blessing did God command Aaron to dismiss the children of Israel to their tents?

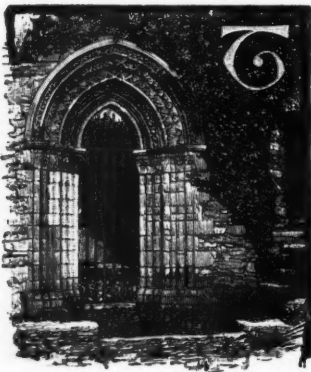
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

11. Because they would have had to pass through the land of the Philistines, and have been discouraged by the warfare in which they would have been engaged. (Ex. xiii. 17.)
12. Near to Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon. (Ex. xiv. 9.)
13. In the wilderness of Sin, between Elim and Sinai. (Ex. xvi. 1-4.)
14. He states that Jesus was "with the wild beasts" in the wilderness, thus setting forth the solitude of the place. (St. Mark i. 13.)
15. St. Mark ii. 4.
16. Nadab, Abihu, Eleazar, Ithamar. (Ex. xxviii. 1.)
17. Ex. xxviii. 36-38.
18. "The testimony" was the two tables of stone upon which the ten commandments were written. (Ex. xl. 20.)
19. St. Mark says of him, "which also himself waited for the Kingdom of God." (St. Mark iv. 43.)
20. He told Moses to make a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and whosoever looked thereon was healed. (Numb. xxi. 8, 9.)

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

THE SMUGGLER'S CARGO.



HE Rev. Mark Guy Pearse told in a sermon of a boatman with whom he went fishing, and who joined him in greeting the daylight with the Morning Hymn. "Ah," said the man, "I could not have done that in the past; I did not feel

like singing hymns when the day was breaking." And he told how in the past he had belonged to a smuggling crew, and how one day they saw the Government boat giving chase, and their one hope was in throwing all the cargo overboard, lest that which would convict them should be discovered; they preferred to surrender the cargo rather than run the risk of imprisonment. At last, just as they were thinking that nothing that could lead to trouble would now be found on board, the hopeless cry was raised, "It's floating—it won't sink!" And there, in

the wake of their vessel, and in sight of the Government officials, floated the incriminating cargo that the waves would not engulf! But it is not so with the evil that the heart abandons as it looks up to Christ. The tempter sometimes whispers to us that our sins are unpardonable, and such as must drive us to despair—we have known cases in which, in an hour of physical weakness, those who love the Master have been assailed with the conviction that He will not forgive them, and they are lost. But, whatever the tempter or our own depressed natures may suggest, let us understand that there is *nothing* between the seeking soul and the Redeemer—let us believe the words of Scripture—"Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." "He will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

CHRISTIAN WORK ALONG THE LINE.

It is well known that railway men have peculiar temptations to intemperance. So many are willing to "stand treat," and think to warm and strengthen them for a coming journey by alcoholic liquor. This mistaken kindness is dangerous alike to the passengers and the men themselves, who, as a rule, would much prefer that the "treating" took some other form. Why, we heard the other day of a young sailor who, sensibly deciding he could not possibly stand the "glasses" circulating among friends when on shore,

made a practice of sipping cold water, those around being satisfied he was able to take spirits like the rest. It is a pity the boy was not brave enough to own what was in his glass, and it is a pity that all our railway employees cannot say "No" when the offer of "treating" is made by some thoughtless passenger. We remember a stalwart, fine-looking guard, for many years in the service of a company, who gradually sank in the esteem of his employers solely owing to strong drink, and who was heart-broken at last at having to give up the place he had held so long. But how could an intemperate guard be trusted? The *Railway Mission* has now become a great movement, and we are thankful to note that it works on evangelistic and temperance lines, circulating pure literature, establishing libraries, coffee-rooms, etc. Railway servants are often prevented from attending ordinary places of worship; hence the need of spiritual and moral effort to be put forth specially on their behalf. The various mission branches are nurseries to the churches, and are working hard to counteract atheism and other harmful influences. Scotch and Irish lines report good progress, and India and Africa now ask help for their railway men likewise.



"Have you got a bunch left?"—p. 396.

CHURCH HISTORY.

Mr. Tozer's "Church and the Eastern Empire" (Longmans) fitly follows Mr. Carr's able work on the "Church and the Roman Empire." The story of the "Great Schism" between the Eastern and Western Churches is related by Mr. Tozer in clear and concise language. He explains the question with sufficient fulness, and yet without overburdening the mind of the ordinary reader with non-essential details or side-issues. Mr. Wakeman's "Church and the Puritans," in the same excellent series, although marred by a few passing expressions of private opinion with which many of our readers will hardly agree, is nevertheless a very valuable and interesting manual, and deserves to be widely read.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

A pastor related of a little child that, pondering in her heart concerning the Lord to whom she prayed, she came to her mother with the question, "Is Jesus like anybody I know?" And, in all reverence, we,

who move amid Christian surroundings, should be able to answer "Yes" to a question like this from little lips. Are there not those helping and praying for the children who in some degree picture Him whose arms were stretched out to bless and comfort them? A more vital question is this—Am I myself mirroring Jesus, if only to some little child? or is His light in me obscured, so that the fact that I name His name hinders, rather than promotes, His glory? We know the tale of the little one who objected to entering heaven because mamma said that grandpapa, who was always so irritable, would,

of course, go there. Would that everyone who stands out upon the Lord's side would carry His spirit into the home circle, the little things of daily life, the lesser domestic worries, in which the eyes of children and servants, and perchance many others, are upon us—influenced by our example, and helped or hindered by our bearing. A child should see God mirrored in its mother's face; our Sunday-schools should get some glimpse of the Eternal Love from the teacher's heart and looks. This can come only as we tarry at the mercy-seat, as we keep our own gaze Christward.

A BIBLE FLOWER MISSION.

In connection with Miss MacPherson's Home of Industry, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, there is a flower and text mission, of which Miss C. R. Stock is hon. secretary. Many hospitals, unions, etc., are regularly visited, and City Missionaries and Bible-women are supplied with these sweet messages for distribution among the courts and lodging-houses of the East End. The visitors tell of many interesting cases where the flowers and Scripture comfort have brought help and hope. We hear of an invalid widow, left with a young family, in whose lap was placed a bunch of snowdrops, for her hands were too weak to hold them; she is most grateful for the gift and word of sympathy, and loves to hear of Jesus. A lovely rose is given to a paralytic, who drinks in the messages of God's Word; a little bouquet of sweet carnations is borne to another sufferer, who, listening to the texts of comfort repeated by her side, cries out, "What a God-send! what a God-send! These sweet flowers make me think of my little garden

at home. Will you pray for me?" The visitor did so, and left her calmed and quieted. This suffering wife and mother afterwards made a good recovery. A visitor relates that as she left the infirmary, wearied out, one hot day a man came up in the corridor, asking, "Have you got a bunch left?"—"Yes, here are sweet peas and mignonette for you."—"Don't you remember me?" he said. "I used to be in the front ward, and you gave me a Testament." With a bright smile, he told how he had found the Saviour, and the glad news chased away all the visitor's fatigue. Country friends with flower-gardens can greatly help this ministry of love, and Christian ladies in town can assist by tying up nosegays, etc. Patterns of text-cards and further information will be gladly furnished by the Secretary of the Mission.

AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

Although "Grace Abounding" was written some twelve or fourteen years before "The Pilgrim's Progress," its fame has been eclipsed by it and its companion work, "The Holy War." But it is a useful book, and we are glad to welcome a new edition (Hodder and Stoughton) of it, edited by Dr. John Brown, of Bedford—Bunyan's own town. Of the unillustrated editions of Bunyan's works, that of which this is the third volume is undoubtedly the best we have seen. A much cheaper and less ambitious edition of "Grace Abounding" is issued in "Cassell's National Library," among whose latest volumes we are glad to see Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," and the wittily-wise "Table Talk"

to be popular with the little ones, and deservedly so, for the children she pictures for us are always genuine children, in thought and word and deed. The same publishers send us two other stories by writers whose work needs no recommendation to readers of *THE QUIVER*—"Daddy's Boy," by L. T. Meade, and "Rider's Leap," by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge. These are both admirable stories. Longfellow's "Prose Works" have never been so popular as his verse, but, now that Messrs. Cassell have given them a place in the "Red Library," we trust many of our readers will learn their true value and interest. The Books of Joshua and Judges are full of valuable and suggestive lessons, and we are glad to see that the Rev. J. Gurney Hoare has collected a series of very useful lesson-notes on these two books for Messrs. Nisbet. His work is invaluable to teachers. Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher of a thoughtful study of the poet Wordsworth's life and work, from the pen of Mr. J. M. Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland is evidently a warm admirer of the poet; and we heartily commend his work to those who are entering on this fruitful field of literary study.

"FRESH SPRING AIR!"

We would fain join our protest to the appeal that of late has risen afresh against the careless ventilation of schools, places of worship, etc. Often the gas is lighted early to impart warmth, and, while the devotional meeting is in progress, a sense of depression steals over our senses, and our energies become enfeebled and stupefied. "Please give me air!" cried



"In whose lap was placed a bunch of snowdrops."—p. 395.

of John Selden. Of children's books there are few more charming writers than Mrs. Molesworth. Her latest story, "The Palace in the Garden," which appeared originally in *Little Folks*, is now issued in a pretty volume by Messrs. Ha'chards, and is sure

a preacher once in our hearing, finding his position in the pulpit unbearably tropical; eager friends rushed to do his bidding, and windows on both sides were flung open, thus placing everybody in a most effective draught at once. Because we are spiritually minded,

there is no need for us to be ignorant or negligent as to the matters of heating, ventilation, etc. We do not want to improve people morally at the expense of their health, and they cannot get much good from discourses to which they listen in a sleepy, languid condition. Anybody coming in fresh from the pure air feels acutely the condition of a thronged, ill-

Christlike summons this from such as have parks, and farms, and fields, and pleasant gardens! Some were tired out with toil, and could only sleep, but all wondered at the gentleness of the ladies who waited upon them, contrasting their quiet ways with their own scolding tones. *Some of them had never seen a lady before, but had struggled up anyhow from baby-*



"We never expected to have been so happy in our lives."

ventilated hall, where poison is being gradually inhaled; and because those present have become used to the atmosphere, it is not really less harmful to them. We all love and appreciate the blessing of fresh air. Some of the children in our schools get little of it at home; let us introduce them to its benefits when under our charge. Of course a draught must be avoided, but there are many simple plans of providing both for inlet and outlet of air, and it is our duty, as stewards of the health God has given us, to see that our mission-halls, etc., provide for the supply of the oxygen continuously needed.

A WORK-GIRL'S PLEASURE.

"Oh! gift of God, oh! perfect day,
Wherein shall no man work, but play!"

So sings the poet, and all of us have felt at times, beneath a blue canopy of smiling sky, with nature awaking to music and sunshine, that we must put by the "daily round, the common task," and go out amid the meadows and the woods. A holiday snatched like this is very sweet, only we feel, looking round on sunlit hedges, that we want all London—the London of factory and work-room and garret—to share the fresh air with us, and to realise what spring and summer mean. The Y.W.C.A. (16, Old Cavendish Street, W.) tells of a party of girls from city factories invited to spend a day in the country—a

hood. "It was like heaven," they said next day; "we never expected to have been so happy in our lives." Well may the Y.W.C.A. workers ask, Is not such pleasure *worth* giving and enjoying! for surely those London girls gained an upward step in the pure country air. It has often been said, "Such girls are a difficult class to deal with. Many of them are haughty, conceited, vain, impatient of control, and inclined to titter at words of advice." But one who thoroughly understands the class said once to a novice in such work, "Get to *love* them first, and then let the girls see you *do* love them; this is the magic key to their hearts." And the words proved true of those factory-girls referred to above. Afterwards they were heard to say, "The love of those ladies made us think that *Jesus* cares for us."

"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

A mission-hall movement in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Park has resulted now in an institute for working-lads, comprising class-rooms, library, club-room, etc., and accommodating about a hundred and twenty boys. There is wide need of the multiplication of such buildings, for, as Mr. Hill (of the Whitechapel Institute) remarked, "It is better to have boys Christianised as youngsters than to allow years of sin to intervene before the good work." Great is the rejoicing in heaven when a hardened sinner sees the error of his ways; but what must that rejoicing be

when young lives are won for God and good in the blossom of their days, and with all the promise of energetic service before them? In no sense does it pay to leave young lives alone. We read once of a gentleman who objected to the idea of "prejudicing the young towards religion;" he would fain that they grew up naturally, and chose or rejected religious ideas for themselves in years of ripe experience. A friend once brought this gentleman into his garden, which was disfigured by weeds, and was in a wild, neglected state. "Why have you done nothing to this plot of ground?" asked the visitor, in surprise.—"Oh, I left it to nature: why should I prejudice my garden towards flowers? I just left it alone—these weeds are the result." Our friends at Finsbury Park do not mean to leave the boys alone, but to care for their leisure alike as regards their bodies and their minds. Mr. Hill said he had been told that Sunday-schools met the want of such institutes, and his own place at Whitechapel had been confounded with Dr. Barnardo's work: now he thought the institute was something between Dr. Barnardo and the Y.M.C.A., and represented a great want of the age. It is a pity that some of our fine Sunday-school buildings are not used more largely on week-evenings; the week-day association of teachers and taught in recreative and instructive communion here would do much to retain elder scholars, and to deepen attachment to the school. It is the custom with certain people, who object to boys, to speak as though boyhood were the incarnation of mischief and evil. We have personally dealt with boys for many a long year, and we vouch for it that they are not hopeless or fruitless, if only we have managed to reach their hearts.

ON THE STUDY TABLE.

A series of addresses on "Elijah, and the Secret of his Power," recently delivered by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., at Leicester, has been re-published in a handy volume by Messrs. Morgan and Scott. Eloquent and earnest, as is all Mr. Meyer's work, this volume of addresses will be found useful by all teachers, whether of old or young. "The Knowledge of the Holy" is the title of an admirable work by the Rev. Frederick Whitfield, containing many suggestive chapters—perhaps none more so than that on "Spiritual Expansion." Messrs. Nisbet are the publishers of Mr. Whitfield's volume, and also of "The Songs of the Apocalypse," a pretty series of thoughtful meditations on the seven songs. Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a poetical version of "The Story of the Cross," by Mr. Charles Nash. We do not think there is any overwhelming demand for such a version, but, in any case, we regret that Mr. Nash was not better advised than to go to the expense of paper and print for such very ordinary verse. "Christ the Key of the Psalter" (Elliot Stock) is a striking work, dealing largely with a neglected portion of Scripture study—the titles of the Psalms. There is food for much meditation in this useful book, which we regret we cannot refer to at greater length. An ingenious idea is at the root of Dr. Pierson's little work on "The Key-Words of the Bible" (Hodder and Stoughton), in

which key-words are pointed out for each of the books of the Bible. These key-words strike most effectually the notes of the various books, and should be very valuable and rich in suggestion to teachers.

SEEMING FAILURE.

It is not given to all of us to behold at once the expected fruits of Christian service. We do right to pray, and wait, and look for such; but we must remember that our all-wise Father sometimes "moves in a mysterious way," and performs His miracles of grace in a manner and at a time different from our own expectations. Our human ideas too often write *failure* where God sees fruit. Praying parents, perhaps, are taken hence while their children seem still estranged from the Saviour; and, in later years, those children cry out in their hearts, "Oh, could my mother have only known!" as they return like wanderers to the fold. Surely the believing father and mother *do* know and understand, amid cloudless ways, that no cry has ever yet gone heavenward in vain. Even the prayers that seem utterly *lost* are treasured in the presence of the King; for do we not read that in the Heavenly City there are "golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints"? Sometimes, where we should imagine it most unlikely, good is wrought in unexpected quarters. A young student preached a grandiloquent sermon—depressing to the listeners—on "The Lord Jesus Christ in relation to the metaphysics of the soul;" and these words he repeated with emphasis. That effort must have seemed a failure to most; but one poor old woman went home quite rejoiced and comforted, for the preacher had reminded her, she said, that Jesus is meat and physic to the soul. And so He is—and even the poor young preacher's mistaken pomposity did not preach His name without fruit. The case is on record of a lad, aged fifteen, who heard a solemn and impressive address, and who was spared to a very advanced age. At the age of a *hundred* he was still hale enough to work on his farm in America: and, musing there, one day, of the past, the preacher's earnest manner and the truth he uttered flashed back upon him, and proved the means of guiding the old man's feet into the ways of peace. Let us not be discouraged if we seem to fail where others succeed; let us rejoice in their joy, doing faithfully, trustfully, lovingly, the little we can do for our Master, and leaving the rest to Him. *Results* are under His control: still do we seem to hear His voice above our impatient questionings: "What is that to thee? Follow thou, Me."

"What though we seem to stumble?

He will not let us fall:

And learning to be humble

Is not lost time at all."

WHAT THEY DO AT GIFFORD HALL.

In the densely populated neighbourhood of the Caledonian Road, Islington, there is a mission at work that is ceaselessly striving to brighten and uplift the lives of those around. Money and workers alike are needed here. One of the most active spirits in connection with the operations of Gifford Hall is

Mr. Benjamin Clarke, well known as the friend of children, and foremost in the interests of Sunday-school work. Of late he has been laid by through illness: but may he soon be strengthened to return to the post he has held so long—that of superintendent of the Gifford Hall school. This mission has many and varied ways of imparting blessing to the neighbourhood; besides the religious services, there are temperance societies, a penny bank, sick club, gymnasium, infants' play-room, soup kitchen, swimming association, etc.—in fact, a sort of "People's Palace," on the highest foundation of all, would appear to us to have been flourishing here long before the East-End structure was an accomplished fact. Free breakfasts of bread-and-milk have been given four mornings a week to about one hundred of the poorest children in a neighbouring Board-school, and penny dinners were started here first of all, and have been made to pay. Many thousands of dinners have also been supplied gratis in cases where the magic penny could not possibly be produced.

STORM-WHISPERS.

When "no small tempest" lay around the Apostle Paul and his companions, an angel of God stood by him in the night and said, "*Fear not*;" when another ship was covered with the stormy waves, the Master's voice was heard above the winds, and there was a great calm. How often in the darkness, when the floods seem ready to overwhelm, and the light of human wisdom seems unavailing, there reaches us a voice that seems to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." If, in the midst of the storm, God be there, it can only break in blessing, however threatening it may appear. Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "We probably make the greatest progress through what we suffer; soft gales may be pleasant for haven-bound vessels, but rough winds are better." It is not only that we learn courage, endurance, patience, sympathy, by means of the trials our Father sends us, but, failing life's sorrows, how should we know Him as He is? Which of us, who has learnt how God can comfort, would have lacked the trouble that led us to the depths of His love?

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS.

We have received the following intelligence from Dr. Barnardo, which we think will interest our readers: "Little Willie' Rush, the *protégé* of your readers, is, according to the last accounts I heard, quite well. He is one of the cases we have boarded out in the village of Denmead, Hants. You probably have his address; it is 'Care of Mr. David Tilbury, Anthill, Denmead, Cosham, Hants.' A visitor who saw him on the 22nd of December says of him—'The child appears to have a very good, happy home; he is in Standard I. at the school, and attends both church and Sunday-school regularly.'" The latest list of subscriptions to THE QUIVER Waifs Fund will be found on page 393, and we would remind our friends that the list is still open.

"EYES TO THE BLIND."

The prophet foretold of our Lord that He should "open the blind eyes," and bring those that sit in darkness out of prison. Still is this word fulfilled, for His followers have taken up the gracious work of caring for the sightless, providing guides and helpers, and visiting their own homes to read to them



"Visiting their homes to read to them."

and cause them to forget awhile their affliction, and conveying them out now and then amid the singing of birds and the fragrance of the flowers. The Rev. Oswald Dykes is president of the Somers Town Blind Aid Society, which was instituted in 1864, and which from day to day cheers and aids those dwelling amid the shadows. The visitors ever keep the "one thing needful" above all else, but the range of reading is wide and varied, and the comfort this must be to the blind can be judged only by those who have lived with friends thus situated, and whose craving has ever been to listen to reading aloud. Pleasant entertainments are given weekly to the *protégés* of this society, who thoroughly enjoy the music, readings, etc., and some in enfeebled health have been sent away for rest and change by the sea; some have been assisted to employment, some saved from the workhouse, and all strengthened and lifted up by those who, in the Master's name, become eyes to the blind, and express their longing thus: "Our first aim is to lead our blind to Jesus, the Light of the world; our mission is begun and continued in Him." We note that this society's yearly working expenses are under £16, and all else goes immediately to the aid of the blind.

"BRING AN OFFERING."

We have read of a poor widow who, bringing a rouble to a Russian Bible Society, was asked if her subscription were not too much. "Love is not afraid

of giving too much," was her beautiful reply. We all know that it is not always the largest purse that opens for God's work. The poor too love to spare somewhat for His service, to lay part of their hard earnings upon the Master's altar. Indeed, we heard once of a laundress who gave from a full heart to missionary work, but who, coming into a fortune, pleaded the multitude of her expenses, and would give but a meagre sum to the once-loved work; so dangerous, save for God's mercy, is the abundance of riches to the human heart! There is doubtless some justification for the complaint, "One cannot give to everything." While we are thankful to know the channels of benevolence are innumerable, some grow discouraged because they can make no response to such claims, for they are too poor to subscribe. Well, God knows the emptiness of the purse as well as its abundance; but *money* is not the only offering worth having! A thoughtful essayist has lately said, "We all cry, 'Great is money, and it shall prevail!' Do we miss the *true* force? Money is a thing moved, not the motor-force. Our fulcrum lies among things unseen, eternal." Our true strength to help on God's work is not our *purse*, but the force of *prayer*; greater things are done by the heart and hands uplifted to the King of earth and heaven, than by the gold piece carelessly cast into the treasury, which sometimes we eye so wistfully. And we are reminded of what a little lad said once in a Bible-class we were leading. Our talk had been of the manger, of the shepherds, of the wise men's offerings, and we asked the boys if they had learnt any lessons from the subject we had taken. The child looked up and said, "Those shepherds hadn't *anything* to bring to Jesus—but they brought *themselves*."

"GOD IS AWAKE."

"Let me pass on to you," said a sympathetic correspondent to one in trouble and perplexity, "the words of a great writer that have often helped me: 'God is awake, and utterly loving!'" Some of our poorer brethren and sisters have learnt to understand this truth by means that at first seem commonplace, but which to them have been life and hope. Work grew scarce, the tools and furniture went, the room grew bare, the children asked for bread: what wonder if now and then the doubt arose as to the love, the very existence of Him who seemed to have forsaken them? Some uttered no word of their need, and made no sound of complaint; but "*God is awake*," and it came to pass that visitors sought them out in their despair, gave the children breakfast and dinner tickets, released the tools, bought garments, and filled the shadowed place with the spirit of praise. In face of need and poverty sectarian differences are forgotten; all must joy in the noble work accomplished by the London Congregational Union, a work for which the Rev. Andrew Mearns, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, will thankfully receive added help. Bread and milk, and porridge, and warm dinners, better than hospital medicine, have overflowed from the channels thus supplied; pastors and district visitors have been

furnished with grocery tickets for the deserving; the unemployed have been set to work; tens of thousands of garments have been distributed, and many have been sent out to Canadian homes. It is sorry work to comfort the hungry with a tract alone, to preach to those whose one conscious need is bread. Let us learn from Him whose cry across the waters to wearied, heart-sick ones was, "Have ye any meat?" and who prepared food for them over the fire of coal, and bade them "Come and dine." Let our brotherly uplifting, our seeking of the poor, our prompt, overflowing help, reveal to many a doubting one the Master's care—

"Far and near, as one Thou sendest,
I would publish what Thou art,
That the weary world might hear it,
And return unto Thy heart."



SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR MARCH.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	Deut. xi. 18-28; xviii. 15-19; xxvii., to ver. 8.	Luke i., to ver. 38.
2.	Deut. xxviii., to ver. 29.	Luke i., from ver. 39.
3.	Deut. xxx.	Luke ii., to ver. 32.
4.	Deut. xxxi., to ver. 23.	Luke ii., from ver. 33.
5.	Deut. xxxi. 30; xxxii., to ver. 20.	Luke iii., to ver. 22.
6.	Deut. xxxiii.	Luke iv., to ver. 20.
7.	Deut. xxxiv.; Josh. i., to ver. 11.	Luke iv., from ver. 21.
8.	Josh. iii.; iv., to ver. 9.	Luke v., to ver. 17.
9.	Josh. v., from ver. 12; vi.	Luke v., from ver. 18.
10.	Josh. vii.	Luke vi., to ver. 26.
11.	Josh. x., to ver. 14; xi., from ver. 15.	Luke vi., from ver. 27.
12.	Josh. xxi., from ver. 43; xxiii.	Luke vii., to ver. 23.
13.	Josh. xxiv.	Luke vii., from ver. 24.
14.	Judges ii.	Luke viii., to ver. 32.
15.	Judges iv.	Luke viii., from ver. 37.
16.	Judges v.	Luke ix., to ver. 22.
17.	Judges vi., from ver. 7.	Luke ix., 23-50.
18.	Judges vii.	Luke ix., from ver. 51; x., to ver. 16.
19.	Judges viii., from ver. 32; ix., to ver. 24, and from ver. 47 to end.	Luke x., from ver. 17.
20.	Judges x., from ver. 19; xi., from ver. 29.	Luke xi., to ver. 23.
21.	Judges xiii.	Luke xi., from ver. 29.
22.	Judges xiv.	Luke xii., to ver. 21.
23.	Judges xv.	Luke xii., 22-48.
24.	Judges xvi., from ver. 4.	Luke xiii., to ver. 24.
25.	Judges xvii.; xviii., 14-20; xxi. 25.	Luke xiv., from ver. 12.
26.	Ruth i.	Luke xv.
27.	Ruth ii.	Luke xvi.
28.	Ruth iii.	Luke xvii., 11-27; xviii. to ver. 17.
29.	Ruth iv.	Luke xviii., from ver. 13.
30.	1 Samuel i.	Luke xix., to ver. 27.
31.	1 Samuel ii., to ver. 21.	Luke xix., from ver. 28.

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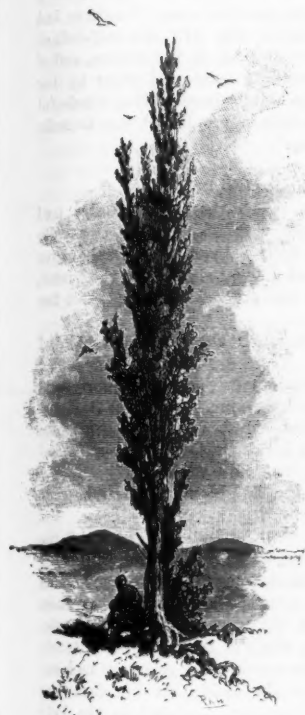
"They made a pretty picture just at that moment."

"PAIN AND GAIN."—p. 405.

PAIN AND GAIN.

A NEW STORY WITH AN OLD ENDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," ETC. ETC.



"VILETS, fine v'lets! 'Ave a bunch of v'lets, sir! On'y a penny a bunch."

The little flower vendor, who had been standing patiently at the corner of the dull East London street, ran eagerly forward as he spoke, and held up his broken basket with an expectant twinkle in his shrewd black eyes. He had long ago settled in his small mind that "the Parson was a good sort," and with the keen business instinct that the poor soon develop, he knew that the biting east wind would tell in his favour.

"Violets? All right, my lad, I'll take a bunch. How has business been getting on lately?"

"On'y middlin' well," said the boy, shaking his head. "Yer see, the other fellers they swells out their bunches with stalks as 'as no 'eads, an' it tells agin yer when ye'r trying to sell fair."

His listener nodded. He was a tall, gaunt young man, with a thin, earnest face which people were apt to call rather hard, and his nod was emphatic, as though his own experience endorsed the lad's words.

"It is hard lines sometimes, Tom," he agreed.

"Precious 'ard!" said the boy heartily. "But ye'r allus telling as 'ow we ought ter be honest, an' as 'ow honesty pays in the long run if we peg away long enough, an' I 'm goin' to give it a fair chance. A'ter-noon, sir!" and shouldering his basket, he trudged sturdily away.

Left to himself, William Leighton turned into one of the gloomy, poverty-stricken houses, and entering his own little sitting-room, flung himself down into the depths of an old arm-chair, which was standing by the fire. His tea stood ready on the table, and the kettle was singing merrily, but he felt tired and

moody to-night, and was in no hurry to begin his solitary meal.

"Honesty pays in the long run if we only peg away long enough," he repeated. "That little chap makes a better preacher than I, for upon my word I am beginning to doubt it."

He glanced round the cheerless room, with its bare, drab-coloured walls and scanty furniture, and then thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and shivered. He was usually courageous enough, and far too busy for self-analysis, but the death of a fellow-worker whom he had loved and honoured had depressed him to-day; and if he chose to waste his tea-hour, why, it was no business but his own. So he went on thinking.

"Let us see what honesty has done for me. On the one hand, there is a snug country living amidst the blessed fields and lanes, with my father's approbation, eight hundred a year, and the sweetest girl in Christendom for my wife. And all to be had by dropping the eternal question of right and wrong, by 'packing a few stalks into the bunch,' as Tom would say. On the other hand, there is slaving my life out in this detestable East-End, with eighty pounds a year, and . . . Kitty, is that you?"

The sudden question dispelled the moody silence like a cheery burst of music, and the young curate sat up and pulled himself together.

"Yes, it is Kitty," said an aggrieved little voice, coming from the other side of the door, and sounding somewhere on a level with the keyhole. "An' I've knocked three times, an' you didn't hear me."

"I am sure I am very sorry," said Leighton, laughing. He opened the door, and picking up a child who stood upon the threshold, he carried her back into the room. "So you have come to have tea with me, have you, little one! How has the cough been to-day?"

"Pretty well, thank you," she answered gravely, and then, still held in his arms, she looked eagerly round the room and back into his face. "Mr. Leighton, I didn't open the window once," she added impressively; and sliding down on to the ground, she looked up at him with happy glistening eyes.

"Bless me, yes!" cried the curate, with a sudden recollection; "and you were to have some violets if you kept it shut."

"Violets all for my very own self," cried the child delightedly; and then, when he had taken Tom's little bunch from the vase over her head, and had given it into her eager upstretched hands, she clambered into the big arm-chair, and curled herself up contentedly in its seat. She was a pretty little thing, but looked terribly delicate, Leighton thought, with her large eyes preternaturally bright, and too vividly red spots on her thin white cheeks.

"What makes you like to have the window open?" he asked abruptly.

"If you lean right far out and look up," explained the little girl, "you can see the top window the other side of the street, and they've got, oh! such a pretty pot of min—min—minette there!"

"A pot of mignonette, have they?" said Leighton kindly; but there was a little frown on his face as he busied himself with cutting the bread. "What does aunt say to you when you make your cough worse by putting your silly little head out of window, just to look at a flower-pot?"

"She doesn't mind," said the little one; "she gets as tired of the streets as I do, and we both love a bit of country."

"You poor little thing!" Leighton came back to the fireside, and taking her on his knee, began coaxing her to eat. "You have never seen the real country, have you, Kitty?"

"Only scraps of it in pots," said the child quaintly.

"And how old are you?"

"Nearly seven."

It sounded a sad little answer enough in the ears of this country-bred, stalwart young fellow, whose own passionate love for his native lanes amounted almost to worship. He had never quite lost that cramped, confined feeling which London had first given him, and being in a broken, impressionable mood to-night, this sick child's eager longing to look up from her own home in the basement to the pot of mignonette in the opposite window struck him as curiously pathetic. How languid she was to-night, and what a mere feather-weight to hold as she lay back in his arms, with her hot little head pillowed against his shoulder! And certainly the cough was more frequent than it used to be.

"Kitty, how would you like to go to the country for a month?" he asked suddenly.

The baby-face crimsoned with delight. "Into—the—country?" she stammered.

"Now, don't you jump up like that," remonstrated the curate; "you'll only make yourself cough. Yes, I think I know a dear little old woman in a dear little old village who'd be very glad to have you for a time, and then you would have to get fat and strong and rosy, and come back and tell me all about it."

"Won't you come too?" asked Kitty wistfully.

"No, dear, I can't."

He did not tell her that to send her away would necessitate losing his own hard-earned holiday; but he went on instead to talk of the sunshine, which was so golden and so hot that it did not seem in the least to belong to the pale, faint sunbeams which came straggling down into the dark, narrow streets. And then he talked to her of the fields which were so wide that no man jostled against his fellow, and where the violets and the other poor dusty flowers that little Tom hawked about the streets grew fresh and pure and beautiful: a place, in fact, where one had breathing time, and where there was room for everybody.

"That sounds like heaven," said the little child dreamily; and that was the main idea she carried away with her when, a week later, she went down into Hampshire under the care of a kindly guard. One other thought she took with her to her new home. One of the curate's few possessions was an ivory

miniature of a brown-haired, sweet-faced girl, and little Kitty—who, like all solitary children, was full of untaught fancies—had fallen into the habit of imprinting a morning and evening kiss upon the smiling, upturned face. "Mr. Leighton's pretty lady," she called her, and one day she asked her friend "why the pretty lady didn't come to live there?"—"I wanted her to, but she wouldn't come," Leighton had answered grimly; and it was with the half-defined notion of meeting the original of the picture, and of asking her point blank to come and cheer up her aunt's lodger, that the child started on that wonderful journey which, as Leighton prophesied, was to make her "rosy and strong."

"So this is the child, Mrs. Dobbs?"

"Yes, Miss Olive, that's the child. Deary me! whatever have I done with Mr. Will's letter? He tells me her name is Kitty Selwyn, and that she never quite got the better of a fever she had in the winter, and that the doctor has ordered fresh air to set her up again."

"Is she quite a common child—a street child, I mean?"

"Oh no, Miss Olive; she speaks quite pretty, and Mr. Will says—that letter must have got tumbled behind the press—that her father was a gentleman who quarrelled with his friends. He ran away and 'listed, and then he married a work-girl."

"Well, I'm glad Mr. Leighton has the money to spend on such matters."

This conversation was the first thing of which the new arrival was conscious on the morning following the day when she had bidden good-bye to her London home. Opening her eyes, she found that the speakers were a rosy-cheeked old woman and an energetic-looking young lady, who was frowning portentously as she uttered the last words. For one hazy moment it almost seemed to the child that her face was familiar, but the impression vanished as the lady turned and came towards the bed.

"Well, you small child, so you are awake at last!" she was beginning briskly, when old Mrs. Dobbs interposed.

"And as hungry as a hunter, I'll be bound," cried the good dame. "You just lie still, there's a dear lamb, and I'll get your breakfast. You were too tired and sleepy to do aught but go to bed last night. You will wait here, Miss Olive, until I come back!"

"Make haste, then," responded "Miss Olive" carelessly. "I never have the faintest idea what to say to children."

She glanced again at Kitty as she spoke, and that glance probably influenced the future of several lives, for from an artistic point of view it suddenly occurred to her that the little girl might be worth cultivating.

"I wish you would sit to me," she began impulsively; and as Kitty opened her eyes in blank amazement, she added hastily, "I mean I want you to let me paint your face and put you in a picture."

"That will make two Kitties," said the child, with a laugh. She sat up in bed and clapped her hands, pleased with the idea.

"No, not two Kitties," said Miss Olive, with a smile. "I shall paint you as Boy Cupid."

"But I'm not a boy; I'm a girl," objected Kitty; and her visitor laughed outright.

"You precise little mortal!" she exclaimed. "Well, then, 'The Envoy of Love.' How does that suit you? Envoy means something sent."

"Sent to you by Love?" echoed the child. "Why, I was sent to you by Mr. Leighton," and the next moment she was wondering why the face of this young lady should have turned a deep burning red.

But these few words had quite settled the question as to whether Miss Olive Fenroy would choose to interest herself in the ailing little Londoner. That very first day she took her out with her for a long, happy morning in the beautiful spring-lighted fields; and this first ramble was the forerunner of many another they took together, Olive on foot, and her little charge on the broad back of a sedate old pony.

The delight and wonderment with which the little child welcomed the commonest every-day things of country life awoke a keener perception of their beauty in the more jaded eyes of her companion. When Kitty, slipping from the old pony's back, would point to the flickering balls of light which, slanting through the trees, fell softly upon the moss below, and whispering that these were the kisses of the angels, would run to press her baby lips upon their brightness, Olive Fenroy thought it only a pretty conceit the child would outgrow in time; but when, after listening to the carolling of the birds, Kitty knelt reverently in the long waving grass, and thanked the Christ who had made their music so lovely, Olive grasped dimly something of the deeper meaning of these sights and sounds to which she had been accustomed since childhood.

"Mr. Leighton says this," and "Mr. Leighton thinks that," formed the staple of Kitty's talk, and her innocent confidences served to bring Miss Fenroy's lover very vividly before her. For he was her lover, she was sure of that, although it was six long months since she had heard of him; for Will was too staunch to change. Had anyone tried to recall in so many words the suspense and the worry, and finally the decision of last autumn, Olive would have fiercely resented it; but this little child was too young to understand, and the girl let her chatter as she would. Kitty had told her of "the pretty lady" in the massive gilt frame whom Mr. Leighton had tried to bring into his solitary rooms, but who "wouldn't come," and instead of combating the scorn with which the little narrator filled her story, Olive had only kissed the flushed, indignant face.

So he still kept that ivory miniature! How well she remembered the birthday—why, it was three years ago by now—when she had given it to him. The old Squire, who had long set his heart on the marriage of his only boy with the adopted daughter who was about the only person who had any influence over the imperious old man, had met them at the door as they came in together from their ramble in the lanes, and then and there had definitely promised the lad the family living as soon as he should be qualified to hold it. Will's answer was the forerunner of the

storm which was afterwards to descend upon his devoted head.

"I shall be delighted if it can only be made possible," he had answered; "but I am sorely afraid there is a greater call for workers in town."

And last autumn he had stuck to his decision. The autocratic old Squire had threatened and raved to no purpose, and Olive (in those days she was his promised wife) had pleaded and coaxed in vain. "I hate going away, but it seems to me right, and I mean to do it," he had answered, and he had kept to his point. Then the Squire played his trump card.

"Your poor mother expected me to hand you over her own little property when you entered the Church," he told his son with ominous quietness, "but I will not, sir! not a penny of it will you see until I die! If you choose to go and grind yourself to a shadow, of course you can do it, but you don't have the money, and you don't have Olive."

How often during these last few months the girl had regretted her own share in the matter no one would ever know. She had been piqued by his apparent indifference to her wishes, and had been overruled by the Squire's impetuosity, but in the quiet, lonely winter that followed she had grown to realise not only her own love, but also some of the motives which had placed a stranger in the pleasant country rectory, and "the young master" in the midst of the London turmoil. But it was Kitty herself who finally won the girl into listening to the dictates of her own heart rather than to the Squire's invectives, and it happened in this wise.

Kitty's month in the country was almost over when one glorious morning the two set out for a long walk across the sun-lighted fields, in quest of a certain blackbird's nest which rumour had located in a lovely little nook which bore the name of the Fairy's Dell.

"You don't want the pony to-day, do you, pet?" she asked as they started; "there are a number of stiles which poor old Dobbin could not get over, and you are so strong now that it will not tire you."

"Yes, I am strong and rosy," quoted Kitty gleefully; and indeed she looked the embodiment of health. The pink gingham frock left the dimpled arms bare, and both they and the bright, laughing face which was framed by the old sun-bonnet were browned by exposure. She ran along by Olive's side, swinging the big basket she had brought in search of flowers, and talking merrily.

"Do you know," she said, as they left the fields and clambered down into the dell, "when I first saw you I thought you was somebody else."

"Did you, Kitty? Who? Mind that stone, dear."

"I thought you was somebody else, and then you was yourself," answered the child in her curious old-fashioned way, and then she broke into a little cry of rapture. "Oh! Miss Olive, isn't it beautiful!"

As the girl hastily stopped, the blackbird, upon whose nest they had come unawares, broke into song.

They made a pretty picture just at that moment—so pretty, indeed, that others than Leighton might have cared to gaze. The little child was standing on higher ground than Olive, with one chubby hand clutching the big wicker basket, and the other holding up one

small finger to enforce a reverent silence. Some steps below her stood Olive, with a humbled, wistful expression on her face. The baby thanks which had been rendered by her little companion when first she had listened to the song of the birds seemed to find an echo in some words that Will had spoken years ago, when as children they had played together in this same Fairy's Dell.

"I should like all the poor people in big towns to come and listen to the birds and *what their song means*," he had said in his boyish way; "and if they can't come, I'd like to go and tell them."

Olive's eyes filled with tears. Yes, Will's dream had come true, and she, who had been his fellow-dreamer, had been the one to try and hold him back!

She turned to the child, who was watching her intently. "We must be going—" she began, when she was interrupted by a bright, exultant laugh.

"I know who you are! I know 'xactly who you are!" cried Kitty excitedly. "You're Mr. Leighton's pretty lady, the lady he wanted, and—oh! you wouldn't come!"

The sorrowful break in her voice as she spoke the last words went to Olive's heart. She lifted the child off the bank, and began kissing her soft cheeks. Dropping the basket, Kitty flung both her warm little arms around the other's neck.

"You are crying," she announced triumphantly. "I sce you. You want to come home with me."

"I don't think— Perhaps Mr. Leighton does not want me now."

"But he does. Oh! do come. Please do come." She waited a moment, and then added slowly, with a touch of very like pathos in the baby voice, "He is so lonely. It feels bad to be lonely, you know. It hurts.

It was being lonely that made me go out into the cold to look up at the flowers, because they seemed nearer my daddy. And Mr. Leighton is lonely, and he wants you."

The brown eyes were very misty, but the look upon her face was still the one which little Kitty had recognised as that of "the pretty lady," and she ventured to give a soft kiss to the lips which were so near her own.

"You do want to come home with me, don't you?" she said persuasively.

There was a pause, and then Olive answered her. There was only the sunlit silence and the pleading child to listen; but I think that had the tremulous leaves been changed to a waiting audience, the words would have been uttered just as bravely and lovingly.

"Yes, I do want to come," she said.

People argued in after days as to the whys and wherefores of the Squire's sudden change in his behaviour to his son. That the summer found Olive and Will married surely pointed to the fact, gossiped the wiseacres, that after all the old man had a soft corner in his heart for his only child, and that he had been secretly rejoiced to find he could not turn him from a set purpose. And so the matter was discussed over sundry tea-tables; but not one of these clever people thought of connecting the happily-ended love-story with a little picture which hangs in a certain East End house, and which the owner prizes only less than an ivory miniature which is also in his possession. It is the picture of a little child, with her blue eyes full of sunshine and beauty, and her red mouth breaking into smiles, and it bears this fanciful title: "The Envoy of Love." M. E. W.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS."

III.—THE LONELY.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.



WE can never understand any kind of experience till we are *in it*. We may write poetry in youth full of beautiful sentiments about autumn, but we must come ourselves to the time of fading leaves—to the season of Millais' "Chill October," fully to realise the pensiveness of life's autumnal experiences. One by one our dear friends and associates depart from us, and we are to a certain extent left alone. New generations have *their own* special fellowships and friendships, and they cannot understand the feelings which we have when we revisit the old school benches, the old college quadrangles, the old village homes, the old country churches, the old centres of early duties, and the old trysting-places of bygone days. I do not wish to suggest, however, that loneliness is peculiar to the

evening of life, for many, to use the words of Holy Scripture, "sit solitary in families;" and this, too, in early days, when the bread-winning takes them from home to such experiences as the governess-life! Some, too, by very solemn providences are widowed and otherwise bereaved at life's mid-day.

A talk, therefore, to the lonely about "lifting up the heart" will perhaps be one of those counsels which are angels of help and comfort to many—a word, indeed, as Holy Scripture says, in season to the weary. First of all, let us remember that in our own special experiences we should look first to our blessed Lord Himself, who was "acquainted with grief." For does not His life teach us, as the Brother born for adversity, that He *felt* loneliness? Yes. He says to His disciples, "Ye shall leave Me alone;" but He adds, in words of matchless beauty and marvellous consolation, "And yet I am not alone, for the Father is with Me."

Surely He who as our Divine Saviour has taken our manhood up into God, can now fill us with the same holy rest; for has He not said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you"? We can never then really be alone, for our blessed Lord has taken us into a spiritual unity of life, into fellowship with the ever-blessed Trinity; for "our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord;" and we may have the holy prayer of our Great Intercessor fulfilled in us, "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."

In the deepest and divinest sense, then, we are never alone.

"Lift up your hearts," then; for although change, and separation, and death can destroy for the time being all human fellowships, yet we are one with our blessed Lord. He says, "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." What, indeed, can separate us from the love, and care, and pity, and guardianship of the Lord Jesus Christ? Nothing save sin wilfully indulged—unrepented of—unforsaken sin! Lift up your heart; Christ is with you wherever travel may take you, or bereavement leave you destitute, or sickness confine you to your quiet chamber, or privation distress you with its painful struggles. The first point, therefore, in this paper to be well pondered is this, that the devout Christian, the true disciple, the faithful follower, is never really alone, because the Saviour is with us always, even unto the end of the world.

Lift up your heart too, because even loneliness may help instead of hindering your true joy. If "sorrow shows us truth as night shows us stars," so loneliness in life's devout experiences makes the Good Shepherd's voice more clear and distinct to our souls. No confusing voices of the world come to us in our solitude; we are alone, perhaps that we may be led to hear more distinctly the voice of God calling us to self-denial, and to sympathy with others who are "distressed in mind, body, or estate." Lift up your hearts; God is turning your seasons of solitude into audience-hours for your soul, so that you too may say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." What an honour for us to enter the secret pavilion of God: and what condescension on the part of the Most High and the Most Awful to speak alone with our souls!

"Lift up your hearts," for loneliness is even in a human sense capable of being relieved. The district visitor seldom feels lonely—there are city ministries, and village ministries too, open to us all, and to have the blessing of the fatherless and the widow, and those that have no helper, breathing over us, is a joyful benediction. We may each live so as to go "out of ourselves," and if we cannot visit the sick we may fill up spare time with some ministries of love to others. I am not forgetful of the fact that there is a loneliness which must sit or lie at home, in a weakness which cannot be relieved in the active way of which I have spoken. In such experiences we can at all

events lift up our hearts, and thank God for power to think, to read, and to have fellowship with other minds, more especially to ponder devoutly the Holy Book, that Word which is a tried Word, full of promises—promises on which the weary and heavy-laden hearts of a thousand generations have learned to lean as on the true and faithful Word which cannot be broken.

We have all heard of the great traveller, Karsten Niebuhr, who in his old age became blind. In these dark hours his countenance was said to be often lustrous with delight. He told his friends that the majestic scenes he had so often beheld in far-away Eastern lands, scenes flooded with the golden sunshine of day, and with the clear, blue-black, starry vault of night—filled his memory with unfading pictures; so that though he could not see the Holstein round and about him, he could see the heavens and the sunny Eastern lands, and delight in the mental panorama. What a lesson for us all! If we treasure up the glories of the sacred Scriptures—if, as our blessed Lord says, "My words abide in you," we shall have much to cheer and inspire us when we miss the busy scenes of earth and time, and are curtailed in amidst the solitudes of our own homes.

Lift up your hearts, and then there will be light in your faces. None are so lonely that they are quite shut out from others. Electricians have told us—to our surprise—how much electricity is contained in one drop of water. Who can tell us what amount of inspiration there often is in one smile, quickening in others, as it does, hope, comfort, and holy energy! God created every one of us for our own good, it has been said; yes, and for the good of others, and God would have our whole life, not only a sacrifice, but a song. "Rejoice in the Lord always," says the holy Apostle St. Paul, "and again I say rejoice." Nothing will better save us from being cynical critics of the faults and failings of others than the habit of making them the objects of our affection and of our interest. Then there is the reflex influence from others of thus lifting up our hearts. If "like cures like," how true it also is that "like creates like." A lonely spirit will quicken loneliness in others, just as a cheerful man will create cheer in others. Never let us forget that Christians should be as anxious to be saintly as to be "safe." If we are cheerful, hopeful, and thankful, others will gather the grapes of charity from our lives, and will be gladdened and refreshed by us, and—

"What in a world where cries for help
Must ever sound till sins shall cease,
Can be a goodlier work than this,
Griefs to assuage, and joys increase?"

We are all so apt to seek sympathy rather than to give sympathy, that many lonely people think of the world's relation to them, rather than of their relation to the world. This is a miserable mistake, for this reason, amongst others—that we can get joy only by giving joy. Some have discovered the great secret,

which is only saying that they have begun at last to understand the Old Testament Beatitude, "Blessed are ye" (not that *reap*, but) "that *sow* beside all waters."

There is the special means of heart-uplifting which must not be forgotten—it is prayer. The power and peace of true devotion can be only attested by its experiences. It is on the Mount of Olives that we gather not only calm but comfort. All sense of loneliness is lost when we realise the fulness of the promise, "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you." Loneliness of course brings with it much *introspection*. Then it is that—filled with the consciousness of fault and sin—we draw near through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate; then it is that we realise the deep meaning of the words, "He is the propitiation for our sin;" then it is that the hindrance to all peace and gladness of heart is removed, for it is ours to feel the consolation of the inspired words, "blotting out the handwriting of trespasses against us, nailing them to His Cross." Yes, true Christian prayer leads on to the conscious consolation, "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee; go in peace." Perhaps we have tried many other methods for lifting up our hearts—such as choice music, quaint stories, quickening friendship, pleasant imaginations, or change of scene and clime, but all in vain! Would it not be wiser to remember always that peace and gladness come only through the Cross and Passion of our blessed Lord?

Lift up your hearts, ye lonely ones, as ye meditate on the loved ones who have gone before. The Resurrection of our Lord left an open grave behind and an open heaven before. "If Christ be not risen, then they also which have fallen asleep in Christ have perished." This is part of an apostolic argument which St. Paul accentuated in such startling ways because it led up to such a glorious climax: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the *First-fruits of them that sleep*." First-fruits! And what a harvest there is to come! We can understand the sad

melancholy which underlay the superficial gladness of light-hearted Greece, of which Luthardt speaks in his volume of evidences—because there was no great hope of immortality filling men's hearts and lives. We could scarcely comfort the lonely with any real cheer, if we could not say to them, "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." The golden age of Greece and Rome lies in the *past*, and so do the golden ages of all sad and lonely ones who have endured separation and bereavement when the light of immortality has gone out. "Without Christ," men are still "without hope;" "but we know in Whom we have believed, and that concerning our own souls He is able to keep that which we have committed to Him until the day of His appearing." And we know that however lonely we may be—left, perhaps, in the solitary home without our beloved ones—that "God has provided some better thing for them;" and that in a few short years we shall see them again, and be "together" with the Saviour; when we shall "no more go out," and the beautiful words will be fulfilled that we once sang with them in the Church of our fathers on earth—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen! so let it be."

For all these reasons, then, let all the lonely lift up their hearts, and be well assured that as they take a brother's counsel, it will be no easy thing to realise this ideal, and to walk in the high places of holy fellowship with a sunlit countenance, and a saintly soul, reflecting on others the light of the countenance of God.

If, however, we ask, we shall receive, and if we seek we shall find. Our quest after God may indeed be associated with the old self-query, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" but the same source of consolation is open to us as to the Psalmist in the old times before us: "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and My God."

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "EQUAL TO THE OCCASION," "THE MAGIC FLOWER-POT," ETC.

THIRD PAPER.



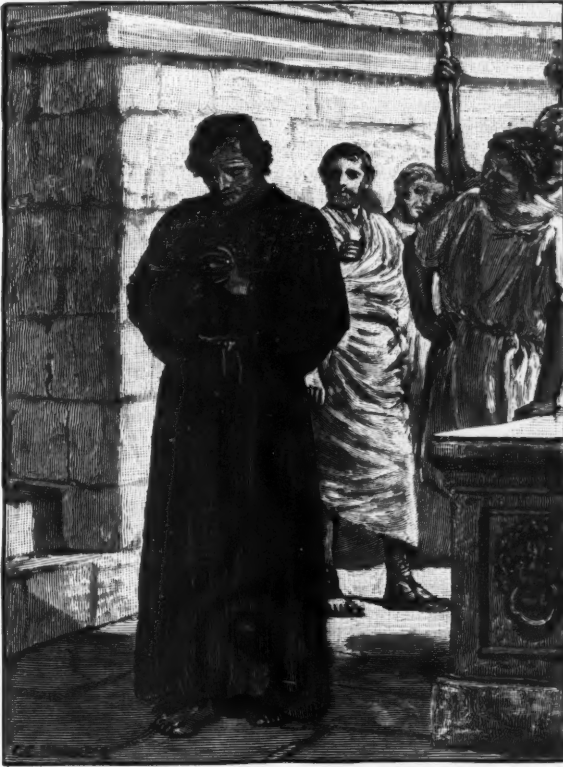
HAVING, in the previous papers, already considered what may be the outcome of the influence of truly godly people living quietly in obscurity, and also to what large ends may grow the small beginnings of their active work for their Father who is in heaven, we will now pass on to a consideration of at least equal importance—to wit, the power of unknown and solitary individuals, against evils which have so wrought themselves into

the very constitution of society as to appear to careless eyes so inevitable that they almost lose their character of evil.

Let us begin with one heroic figure looming far back in the mists of ecclesiastical history. It stands amid the crowds breathlessly watching a fierce gladiatorial combat in the Colosseum of Rome. This figure is in the crowd, but not of it, and bystanders jostle each other to remark him, for he is a Christian. Has he come from Nitria or from Phrygia? they ask. Nobody knows. Nobody will ever know. He stands

mute and motionless. We cannot doubt that he was rapt in that fervent prayer which gives a man a share in the Divine Omnipotence. Suddenly, with a cry upon God, he sprang into the arena, and with his own hands parted the infuriated combatants, in the name of Christ. The mob, maddened by this check of their cruel pleasure, fell upon him then and there,

which had nothing to do with voluble protests and noisy censures. His action is the "testimony," evidence, or proof of his inward conviction. Such a "testimony" did John Woolman give, when it was suddenly "borne in upon him" that as slavery was an evil, so he must not, in his capacity of a man of business, draw up any document respecting property



"He was rapt in that fervent prayer."

and stoned him to death. But his daring deed brought to sudden fruition the prayers of thousands, the preachings of hundreds. It was as the sudden blossoming of an aloe after a century's growth. That was the last of the gladiatorial sports. By an edict of the Emperor they were forbidden for ever. "The Colosseum, henceforth useless, crumbled slowly away into that vast ruin, which remains unto this day, purified, as men well said, from the blood of tens of thousands by the blood of one true and noble martyr."

Anybody, however lowly, who honestly withdraws himself and his life from any share in the complicated circumstances which further, even remotely, any cause which he sees to be evil, deals that cause a deadly blow. He "bears his testimony" against it, in the true, old-fashioned meaning of the phrase,

of which slaves were a part, since if he did so he was himself consenting to make a gain steeped in human tears and blood, and was thus receiving his daily bread not from God, of Whom he asked it, but from the power of evil, from whom he prayed to be delivered!

But only humble and patient minds, content to "wait upon God," can hope to receive such blessings of self-revelation for their guidance in action--

"The restless will
That hurries to and fro
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know,"

is in the end often but idly busy, only cutting off, as it were, the tops of the tares instead of wrestling with the enemy who is sowing them; or at best, as has been

wisely said, "waiting as a servant upon human misery, when it might be possible to anticipate and avert it."

Too many of us have "got to regard mere bustle as an integral element of human life." We crave rather to be doing something, than to be careful that the right thing is done. We become busybodies under the delusion that we are philanthropists. There is a habit, growing more common every day, of inquiring concerning any Christian men or women of whom we hear, "What is their work?" "What are they doing for Christ?" meaning, are they Sunday or ragged-school teachers or temperance lecturers, or on what Boards or Committees do they sit? Now these are excellent works, but their sole value lies in their being discharged by those who are already Christian servants, Christian mistresses, Christian shopkeepers, Christian doctors and lawyers and landlords. Many of those who are the foremost to own that salvation is of faith, and not of works, seem the first to forget that the works which truly evidence faith, are not the voluntary tasks we undertake, but first the conscientious discharge of those duties which are laid upon us. I remember being struck by the immense stress which a certain Christian lady laid upon her son's offer to give some help in a Sunday class of poor lads. She called it "his first desire to labour for His Master." Yet the youth had passed through the whole of a professional curriculum at a great University, devotedly doing his work, daily resisting temptations which his mother could perhaps scarcely understand, rebuking coarseness and frivolity by his steadfast abstinence from them, purifying the very atmosphere round him by his own purity. Was that *life* no work for the Master? Was that "testimony" nothing? Are not such examples impressed upon those who witness them as no mere "teaching" can be? Who that has had any wide experience has not noted how their remembrance rises with a softening and enlightening influence upon hardened hearts or sceptical minds? Are they not the Master's own living letters seen and read of all men?—the vivid illustrations in real life which give sermons all their point?

It has been truly said that "it is the bustle and hurry of our modern life which causes shallow thought, unstable purpose, and wasted energy, in many who would be wiser and better, stronger and happier, if they would devote more time to silence and meditation; if they would commune with their own heart in their chamber, and be still. . . and that without solitude, without contemplation, without habitual collection and re-collection of our own selves from time to time, no great purpose is carried out, and no great work can be done." "To speak heart to heart with God, you must love to be with Him alone," said a saint of olden times. It is so that we gain—

"That deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all.

"And strength the evil to forsake,
The Cross of truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer."

We need a great deal of detachment from the world before we can dare to join in the ancient prayer: "My Lord and God, take from me all that may keep me from Thee. My Lord and God, give me all that may take me to Thee. My Lord and God, take from myself and give me to Thee."

It is hard to say how much must be lost from life because we are restless under the "Still Hour," which is sometimes prolonged for years before God calls us. We will not cultivate talents whose ultimate purposes we cannot foresee. We fill our hearts with the chaff of unprofitable acquaintances, because we are too impatient to await that true friendship which is often a soul's best inspiration. We fritter away our time and our energies in mere frivolities and petty dissipations, because there seems nothing else for us to do! Can wine be poured into a vessel already filled with muddy water? Before God can occupy a heart the world must be cast out. It is the hungry soul which He fills with good things.

Let us see how God led one life from the day of small things to a great and glorious sacrifice in His service. She of whom we tell was one of a class who are often restlessly longing "to do" when they should be meekly learning "to be," and who are sorely tempted to fill the fields of their lives with swiftly growing, showy weeds, rather than to endure the bare look of the furrows in which good seed is quietly working towards the light. For the heroine of our true story was a wealthy young girl belonging to the superior middle class.

Her name was Margaret Mercer, and she was a native of Maryland, in the United States. The daughter of a wise and cultivated father, she enjoyed intellectual opportunities which may have been somewhat advanced for that place and time (the close of last century). These opportunities she diligently improved. She did not think that exact study and careful execution were surely not needed by one whose beauty and grace gave her sufficient social attraction, and whose fortune placed her beyond all practical necessities. Let this be noted. For if she had failed to keep step with duty in this early stage of her life's progress, she must have grievously confused the music of its close.

Yet this fulfilment of her appointed tasks was not done in any phlegmatic or mechanical spirit. She had all the aspirations and yearnings natural to warm and noble young souls—

"Early did life's mighty question
Thrill within her heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching!—
What and where is Truth?
Deeper than the gilded surface
Had her wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Had her journeyings been."

Margaret Mercer frankly owned: "I, like every little mole toiling in his own dark passage, have been given to murmuring, and my great complaint for some time past has been, that I was cut off from every means of usefulness, and could not find anything on earth to do that might not as well remain undone."

Circumstances presently placed her, in the full bloom of her beautiful and accomplished womanhood, amid a vortex of fashionable society. She mingled with it, only to be speedily convinced that its interests and entertainments were absolutely incompatible with her own highest and truest spiritual and intellectual life. With her, to realise this meant instant renunciation. She found that when her soul asked food the world gave her a stone, and not for an instant would she pretend to think it bread. She wrote, with her candid directness—

"I acknowledge that there are many persons around me vastly better than I am; but I am speaking of society, not people; and I confess that the un-idealized chatter of females is beyond my endurance. They are very capable of better things, but what of that? is it not yet more annoying that they will do nothing better? . . . When I go into gay scenes, the illusion is gone, and I fancy the illuminated hall to resemble the castle of enchantment, where Armida kept all who were capable of virtue bound in the lap of pleasure. . . ." And there was no faltering, no uncertainty in her own determination. By this time she had looked out upon the wide world, and had seen that its many fields were white unto harvest; and though she had not yet found her appointed vineyard, of one thing she was quite clear: "If I cannot do good where there is so much to do, I never was and never will be a votary of pleasure."

So, again, Margaret Mercer chose "the good part," though she could not dream to what large issues her renunciation was tending. For society generally proves but an enervating school for the mind, where we are apt to lose the power of sacrifice and to acquire the trick of admiring "ideals," without the least endeavour to make them realities.

The death of her father, Dr. Mercer, while Margaret was still a young woman, not only put her in full possession of her fortune, but brought her face to face with that question of slavery which was already profoundly agitating American life, both political and social. In 1816, the American statesman, Henry Clay, had established the Colonisation Society, with the object of assisting freed negroes to return to their own country. This resulted, a few years later, in the purchase of a tract of land in Upper Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, where, before the year 1853, nearly 11,000 freed men of colour from the United States were to be found, in the enjoyment of every right and liberty—except indulgence in ardent spirits, and trading in materials of war!

Margaret Mercer found that her wealth was mainly in slaves. She did not therefore close her ears to the pleadings of the abolitionists and open them to the arguments of the champions of slavery, who were then to be found not only in political circles, but in literature and in the Church. She did not feel that it was not for her to inquire deeply concerning what found favour in so many good people's eyes, and was certainly so profitable to herself. Rather she realised that, being a slaveholder, it was her immediate duty to look fully into the matter. The result of her investigations was the conviction that slavery was a crying wrong—an outrage on our common humanity.

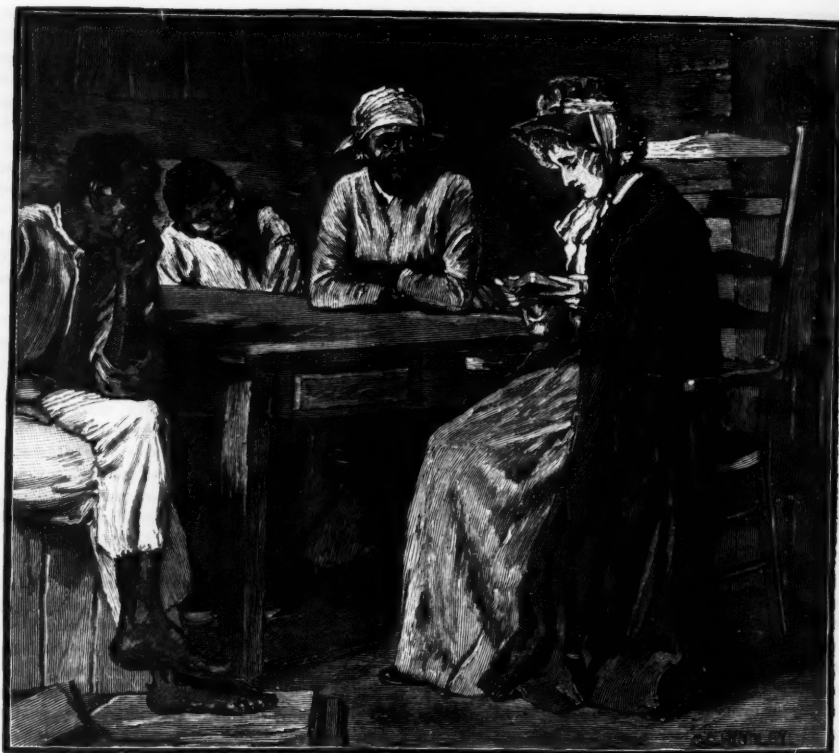
What then?

She resolved at once to set all her slaves free, to assist them to Liberia, and to give them as good a start there as her remaining means would allow. This would exhaust the whole of her fortune and leave her penniless.

One can imagine the outcry that must have risen about her when her determination was announced. Was she setting herself above her good and beloved father, who had seen no harm in his wealth in human flesh? Margaret would surely answer, with a quivering lip, that her father had sought to do right as far as he saw it, and that doubtless the insight he had now gained was far beyond any that had yet come to her. She would be told that Liberia was but an experiment—nobody knew how it would end—only no dreams ever came true without much disappointment and disillusion. She would say that we can but feel our way along in this world's maze—doing "the next thing," and passing through disappointment to ultimate satisfaction, perhaps of a kind we do not expect, and would not be prepared for yet. And some would tell her that her courage was very grand and her determination very beautiful, but what would it amount to? She would become a poor woman deprived of powers of doing good, and a few hundreds of well-treated and well-trained slaves would be set free to grow into real manhood by struggling for themselves. But American slavery would not be touched. Down in the rice-swamps the driver's lash would still be red with blood, and human love and goodness would still be outraged and cheapened in the slave market. Perhaps Margaret would say nothing then, and her heart might even sink to feel what truth was in these words. Or she might take courage remembering that the emancipation of Israel from the Persian yoke began on the day when one humble old Jew refused to bow down before Ahasuerus' haughty favourite. But at any rate she remembered that "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Her path was clear again. Her determination did not falter.

But how could she have carried it out, had she not been so diligent in her early days that she was now a soundly informed and accomplished woman, whose own labours could secure her independence? And could such a vision of duty have arisen before her eyes had she allowed them to be blinded by the glare of pleasure or the dust of worldliness? "Unless a man be at liberty from all things created, he cannot attend to things divine," says A'Kempis in his "Imitation of Christ."

Margaret Mercer lived for twenty-six years wholly dependent upon her successful labours as a teacher. She had a happy and wholesome life; for, says the Wise Man, "Health of the soul in holiness of justice is better than all gold and silver." Then she went home to the heavenly habitations wherein she had laid up such wonderful treasure. She died in the year 1846, long before her nation, in its great war between North and South, abolished slavery for ever. But it was a doomed institution from the hour that such heroic lives as hers were pitted against it. As St. Philip Neri said, "Give me but ten men wholly



"She reads to them at eventide Of One Who came to save."

detached from the world, and with them I will convert the world."

About four years before her death, Longfellow issued his poem, "The Good Part"—

"She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

"She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave;

"And, following her beloved Lord
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

"For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall
And laboured in her lands.

"Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outward sails have sped,
While she in meek humility
Now earns her daily bread.

"It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face."

Let nobody imagine that the present day gives no opportunity for such renunciations. There is not a difficult problem that perplexes statesmen and philanthropists, whose solution could not be immensely furthered by the unselfish consideration and self-sacrifice of individuals, and this paper may serve a practical purpose if it tries to indicate a few.

Who will refuse to follow any fashion which gives labour that is unwholesome to the labourer by compelling him to work in poisonous substances or detrimental atmospheres?

Who will study to get all their work done under their own eyes, in their own provincial cities or villages, instead of sending it up, under some erroneous ideas as to economy or "style," to the great capitals, thereby lessening the workman's wage by the cost of transit, and by the profits of sundry unnecessary middlemen; and also compelling the working classes to crowd into the great cities, where the conditions of life are unhealthy both for mind and body, since the necessities of fresh air, sunlight, and pure food become impossible; the result being a state of social congestion leading to evils which drive thoughtful people almost to despair?

Who will look carefully into the sources of their own income, prepared to return to honest labour

rather than to live in idleness on dividends of ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent., distributed to shareholders by Limited Liability concerns which pay their workers about tenpence for twelve hours' work! Are such workers "free to carry their labour to a better market"? Are not Hunger and Ignorance terrible taskmasters which hold such bound in a bondage as bad as the worst slavery under the abolished "domestic institution"?

And after "thinking on these things" candidly, as did Margaret Mercer, and coming, like her, to a conclusion, who will proceed to emulate her courage in carrying it out, in spite of all disheartening sense of its seeming futility as directed against such a power

of evil on the side of the oppressors? Let any such cast their bread on the water: it shall not fail to return after many days.

"A hundred years of preaching
Cannot proclaim the creed
Of love and power and pity
So well as one brave deed!

"A glorious gift is prudence,
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Till they have seen the ends;
But give us, now and then, a man
That we may make him king,
Just to scorn the consequence
AND JUST TO DO THE THING."



NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEEKING.

"But I am tied to very thee,
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave,"
SEDLAY.

"PEOPLE do not vanish
like smoke," said
Mary Owens in the cloisters
at Westminster. But
Stephen, during his weary
search for his old love,
was inclined to think
people did sometimes per-

form that feat. On his arrival at Flashford early in the morning, he put up, as he had done once before so long ago, at the "Royal Alexandra Marine Hotel." The same unctuous waiter was there still, only a wee bit balder and a trifle greasier than of old, and not remembering Stephen in the very least. This big, bronzed man, with grave, quiet eyes and close, firm mouth, did not recall the bright, gay-faced, boyish youth of five years ago. Some strange sense of shyness held Stephen's tongue from questioning him with regard to Hilda. He wanted to find her himself unaided. It proved to be not an easy task. First, in his quest, he presented himself at the gate of the Parsonage. The brass plate which had borne Dr. Romney's name when he, Stephen, had been wont to go in and out familiarly through that gate was now replaced by one signifying to all whom it might concern that within was the residence of one Rev. J. B. North Bird. Stephen smiled at the double-barrelled absurdity of the name: it reminded him of his revered brother-in-law, Hawthorne Whyte, and he wondered absently did all clergymen have names like these. A slatternly maid-of-all-work, with shuffling slippers and ragged, dirty gown, answered his ring. She was not sure if Mr. North Bird were at home. At least, he was at home, but she did not know

if master could see anyone so early. This hint drew forth Stephen's watch, and he found, to his shame and confusion of face, that it was not yet nine o'clock. Modestly he apologised, and was about to withdraw, when a lanky girl of about fourteen presented herself behind the maid-of-all-work, and remarked in an abrupt manner that if the gentleman would come in "Pa" would see him. Evidently from the vantage of the hall-door she had been listening to the colloquy between Stephen and the servant.

Stephen stepped inside. What a rush of feeling came over him as he beheld the wreck of the garden which Master Drury had loved and tended with such fatherly care! A few flowers struggled for existence by the walls of the house, although half-choked with weeds, but in the centre beds not a vestige of cultivation remained. The grass was long and tangled, the creepers hung forward into space from the walls, the gravel walks were almost obliterated with weeds. Could he come back from his long rest in the churchyard close by, it would break the old man's heart, thought Stephen. Well for him that he cannot, that his lot is cast in the pleasant gardens where the four rivers flow. On the doorstep sate a small child of about two years of age, with yellow hair, and large, round, wondering eyes. He gazed up at Stephen, and gravely remarked, as the strange gentleman passed him into the hall, "Pap in house." Stephen wondered if this youngest nestling was of German extraction, but he speedily discovered, by the volume of roars that met him on entering, that there was a little bird younger still than the solemn young gentleman on the doorstep. He was shown into the drawing-room, untidy, unclean, and unkempt as the rest of the house. Two big, sullen-looking lads uprose at his arrival, and shuffled from the room. On the lawn outside the window, two girls, of the same pattern as she who had given him admittance, but smaller, were arguing shrilly with a small, sturdy boy in knickerbockers—having the best of the argument too, Mr. Wray observed, as the girls went away in triumph towards



the garden, leaving the male sex wailing woefully. The baby up-stairs was screaming fit to rupture every blood-vessel in its body, when the Rev. J. B. North Bird entered the drawing-room where Stephen waited for him. He was a small, light-coloured man, with a look of extreme perplexity on his insignificant face. Seeing how many nestlings there were in the nest, Stephen could pardon this expression. Mr. North Bird rubbed his little hands together nervously, and prayed Stephen to be seated.

"Thank you. It is rather early, and I shall not detain you," replied Stephen courteously. "I hope you will pardon my intrusion."

"Do not mention it," murmured Mr. North Bird sweetly.

"I have come down here, after an absence of some years from England, to look for some old friends of mine. They lived here when I last saw them, and the hope that perhaps you know whither they went on leaving this is my excuse for troubling you."

"Do you mean Dr. Romney, my predecessor in this parish? He is dead."

The poor little man's countenance had visibly fallen during Stephen's speech. He had inwardly hoped this imposing-looking stranger had come about pupils—for he added to the other pleasures of existence the joy of taking pupils. Mr. Wray was too young a man to have sons old enough to place out with a tutor, but a younger brother or a nephew would have been most acceptable in the present ebb of finances at the overstocked Parsonage.

"Yes, I am aware of his death," replied Stephen, with a slight cough, compelled now to drop the convenient plural personal pronouns, behind which he had been shielding himself. "But he had a daughter."

"Yes—a Miss Romney. I had a letter from her. She was an old lady."

"No; she was very young," said Stephen.

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. North Bird. "I wrote to her, when I was presented to the living, not to hurry herself, or put herself about in vacating the Parsonage-house. And the letter I had in reply led me to form the opinion she was an elderly person. In fact, I concluded she was the sister rather than the daughter of the late Dr. Romney."

"Did she say in her letter whither she was going?" Stephen asked, feeling his pulses beat fast and his head swim.

"I do not think she did," replied Mr. North Bird, tapping his slightly bald head with one thin finger, as though to recall his fugitive thoughts. "I have her letter in my desk. I shall let you see it."

"Thank you very much," murmured Stephen, and the little parson glided from the room.

In a few moments he returned, and put in Stephen's hand an open letter. Stephen could hardly look at it at first, this piece of inanimate paper on which his darling's eyes had rested—her hand traced words. When he did look at it, he received rather a shock. He had never seen any of Hilda Romney's handwriting, but he had naturally imagined it delicate, graceful, and refined—dainty as herself. This was an untidy, blotted scrawl, with fine, sharp, slanting letters,

and the stiff angularity of an old and ignorant hand, while the spelling made his blood run cold. The letter was simple and short, and so far as the wording of it went, just what he could imagine Hilda writing. She thanked the incoming clergyman for his courtesy, and mentioned the date on which she would vacate the Parsonage, in which she expressed a pretty little wish that he might spend many happy days. That was all. No smallest hint as to whither she was setting her face when she left her old home.

"I have eleven children," said Mr. North Bird pathetically, as Stephen rose to go, "so I fear my days here are more likely to be anxious rather than happy. I am deeply grieved, Mr. Wray, that I cannot assist you to find your friend."

"Excuse me for troubling you, Mr. North Bird, and allow me to thank you for the courtesy shown by you to Miss Romney."

The clergyman would have liked to ask the patronage of this lordly-looking stranger—it might easily be that he could procure him pupils if only the idea were suggested to him—but, after all, poverty had not yet quite ground the instincts of a gentleman out of his breast, so he let his visitor depart in peace.

The small child on the doorstep was weeping as Stephen passed out—weeping with a quiet, hopeless patience that went straight to Stephen's heart. He never could bear the sight of misery in others, but specially the grief of a little child struck home to his heart.

"What is the matter, my little man?" he asked kindly, bending over the child.

"Me bwroke me tart," sobbed the boy plaintively, evidently neither hoping nor looking for redress.

Stephen, unlearned in baby talk, looked about him, and beholding the shipwrecked fragments of a toy-cart, once gorgeous in green and scarlet paint, comprehended the matter.

The young man smiled. This little heart was full of sorrow just as keen and overwhelming as that surging in his breast over *his* broken toy.

"Don't cry, my man," he said cheerily. "What is your small name?"

"Tom," replied the infant, with great deliberation, looking up at him.

"Well then, Tom, I shall tell you a secret. If you watch that gate there into the lane well—mind, I say *well*, otherwise you might miss it—I am quite sure some time to-day a beautiful cart will come to that door for you. There might be a lovely horse with it, but of that I am not quite so certain. But remember, you must watch the gate *well*."

"Who tolded you?" asked the child, drinking in his words as though an angel spoke.

"That's a secret. But you just, believe me and watch the gate."

At this moment Mr. North Bird reappeared, wondering rather to find his visitor still there.

"I have been asking my wife about Miss Romney," he said, deprecatingly blinking his watery eyes in the outer sunshine. "Ladies so often pick up and retain little portions of gossip which escape us. She remembers hearing that Miss Romney went to live with friends, and she suggests that you should inquire

for her at the post-office. Probably the young lady left her address there."

"That is an excellent idea," replied Stephen, who had not a vestige of the amateur detective in his composition, and would never, left to his own unassisted genius, have thought of this expedient. "Please convey my best thanks to Mrs. North Bird for her kindness. I shall certainly inquire at the post-office. I should have thought of doing so before troubling you."

The post-mistress at Flashford-on-Sea was a lady who made confectionery in her leisure moments. Half-way down the main street of Flashford stood the little shop. The letter-box under the window was flanked by a background of hard-looking tarts and buns, veiled beneath thin green gauze; while within the shop to the right was the screened desk where you might procure stamps, telegraph forms, postal orders; and to the left a long counter, piled with cakes, sweets, and soda-water bottles, ran along the wall. Miss Hartson, a thin, meagre-faced lady, of middle age and juvenile aspirations, with shiny black curls laid flatly against her cheeks, presided impartially over these two departments.

When Stephen entered the shop, she was attending to her Governmental duties, having issued two penny stamps to a young rosy-cheeked fisher-girl through the small semi-Gothic aperture set apart for that purpose. The girl stopped open-mouthed to stare at the handsome gentleman, while Miss Hartson inwardly hoped her curls were smooth and her collar straight.

"Can you give me the address of Miss Hilda Romney?" asked Stephen, boldly going to the point, and trying to speak in a masterful yet uninterested tone, as though he were the brother or guardian of the young lady in question. "When leaving Flashford, some three years since, I believe she left her address here."

"No, sir, she did not," replied the post-mistress. "I remember the young lady well, but I never knew her to either write or receive any letters while she lived here."

"Can you tell me, then, where she has gone? I have been abroad some years, and have lost sight of the family." And Stephen cleared his throat, which had grown suddenly husky.

"I never knew much of Miss Romney," said Miss Hartson primly; "she never patronised my humble shop."

A glance at the indigestible dainties beneath the green gauze, and a backward remembrance of a pair of small white hands kneading flour in the Parsonage kitchen long ago, was enough to convince Stephen of the truth of this statement. A sudden inspiration seized Stephen. He walked over to the counter where the cakes were laid out, and stood contemplating them. Miss Hartson glided from behind the postal window, and stood meekly awaiting his commands with folded hands.

"I want a few dozen of these things," said Stephen, pointing an ignorant masculine finger at the pink and white sugary abominations beneath his gaze. "And some jam tarts, and some apples and oranges, two or three dozen—I think the poor man said there were eleven children—and send them, please, to the children

at the Parsonage—wait, I shall give you my card to enclose."

Miss Hartson slyly glanced at the name on the card, but it conveyed no idea to her limited intelligence. The royalty of this unlooked-for order did, however, loosen her tongue. Trying to look as if she had not been both surly and disobliging before, she remarked in a deprecating manner that she *had* heard that Miss Romney had gone to live in the country somewhere—not very far from Flashford, she believed, but could not exactly say where. She had left the Parsonage immediately after the death of her father and her affliction.

Stephen thought these were synonymous terms, but he said nothing, only paid for his "esteemed order," and marched out of the shop.

Wearily wore on the long, bright day. He could not walk into every shop and private house in the town to inquire where Miss Romney had gone. "Gone to live in the country somewhere" was pretty vague, but it was all the clue he had. He even descended from his lofty heights of ambitious self-help to make inquiries of the waiter at the hotel, but the man knew nothing more than Miss Hartson had already told him. He, too, had heard "Miss Romney had gone to live in the country somewhere." No more than that. Stephen sat in the hotel gardens perplexed in mind, weary in body, looking out over the blue, unwrinkled expanse of sea which stretched before him. "Out in the country." He might have guessed such would be Hilda's refuge. Not amidst the trampling crowds of city streets, so long as in the country somewhere near at hand young chestnut buds were opening in the sunshine, and daffodils were shaking their yellow heads to the breezes, and birds were chanting the praises of the God who made them. There, where the long, cool shadows fell across the grass, would Hilda be, with the free, full anthem of nature going up around her from grove and verdant field. But where? Where should he turn next to seek her? A nursery-maid passing towards the town at the foot of the garden, and roughly dragging a small child by the arm, under the mistaken impression that the infant's limbs were of cast iron, aroused him from his meditations. The child's wails recalled to him the promise made to little yellow-haired Tom North Bird that morning. Wearily he rose up and went to the town to fulfil his promise, somewhat ashamed to think of the little man watching the gate for the toy that did not come. He was long in finding a shop where they kept toys; but at last he lit on one, a small, shabby place, in the most insignificant part of the town. There, amidst a battered collection of tin trumpets, tops, and marbles, he succeeded in unearthing a cart, and with some further difficulty a mottled horse, with reins and blinkers complete. The old woman who kept the shop promised to have the things sent to the Parsonage immediately, and Stephen addressed the parcel in his firm, bold hand to "Master Tom North Bird." As he was about to leave the shop, a little girl came in.

"Mother wants to know if you want any butter to-day, ma'am," she asked, with a quaint courtesied courtsey.

"Tell Mrs. Peters I don't want it to-day, my dear—my lodger has gone away. And how is your mother, my dear, and the young lady?"

"We are all well, and poor Miss Hilda keeps as bright as she can."

Hilda! The way Stephen pounced on the little girl almost took her breath away. "Whom did you say, my girl? Speak up; do not be frightened."

"Miss Hilda, sir," stammered the child; "she has lived with us since her papa died. Our grandma was her nurse."

Stephen remembered the old woman as though her face reappeared before him by a flash of light through the lapse of years.

"Gran'ma is dead now, but Miss Hilda lives with us, and mother says as how we are to be kind to her, and help her, and do everything we can for her," went on the child, gaining courage as she looked up into the big man's kind face.

"Let me make no mistake," said Stephen, whose face had gone white as ashes underneath the sun-brown. "This is an important thing to me, my little girl. What is this young lady's other name?"

"Romney—Miss Romney," said the little maid, wondering that he should ask what it seemed to her everyone in the world should know.

Found at last! Stephen's brain reeled, and it was some time before he could speak.

"You live still," he said, with his breath coming hard and fast, "in the little cottage out near the hills?"

"Yes," said the child. "We call it Woodbine Cottage, but anyone along the road will know it better if you ask for Peters's house."

An hour later Stephen dismissed his driver at a short distance from the cottage. He remembered every inch of the breezy road along the common, within sight and sound of the sea. The little cottage was just the same, except that spring flowers bloomed in the garden borders, scarlet anemones, dusty auriculas, and heavy-headed violets nestling under their flat green leaves.

Mrs. Peters, comely as ever, opened the door. That she did not recognise him was evident by her face.

"I am a friend of Miss Romney's," he said, frantically endeavouring to calm his voice and demeanour. There was no use in appearing to these people like an escaped lunatic! "Can I see her?"

"She is in her own little parlour, sir—the room we built for her when she came to us. Step this way."

"Perhaps you had better ask her if she will see me," Stephen said, hesitating. "My name is Wray."

A sudden gleam of remembrance, of partial recognition, crossed the young woman's face. She took the card he gave her, and went back into the house.

When she returned, she looked grave and troubled.

"Follow me, sir," she said quietly. "Miss Romney wishes you to come in."

Along a narrow dark passage, through an open door, which was closed gently behind him, and Stephen stood once more in the presence of the woman he loved so deeply, so faithfully, so well.

She stood near the flower-framed window, with her pale, pathetic face turned towards him, no smile, no glance of recognition, of pleasure at again seeing him,

upon her countenance. The little room, though spotlessly neat and clean, was plain even to ugliness in its arrangements. She had evidently not heart enough to make it pretty, nor to greatly care what her surroundings were, lost to the world in this lonely little cottage by the hills.

Stephen felt a great tide of emotion rising up in his throat, choking him, as he went forward and clasped her slight hand in his. She was trembling from head to foot.

"So you have come home again," she said. "I am glad!"

"I would give my life to hear you say those words, Hilda. Thank you for them. Yes, I am home again. My father is dead, and there was no longer any reason why I should not come back to England. And having come back to England, I have come back to you."

Then a feeling of remorse overtook him. Was this exactly true?

"Mary Owens, my friend, counselled me to do so," he stammered, "otherwise I should not have dared to do so."

Long ago, whenever he mentioned Mary Owens' name, a coldness used to come between them. So it was now, as she withdrew her hands from his clasp, and motioned him to a seat.

"It was kind of Miss Owens," she said quietly, "only I wonder you have found me. I did not think anyone could have told you where I live."

"It was hard enough to find you. Hilda, why do you bury yourself like this? It is not right; it cannot be good for you, or healthful for you, either body or soul. You are too young——"

"I have peace here, and friends, and they bear with my sorrow," she said.

"Would it not be better to come out in the world, and forget your sorrow, Hilda? It cannot be right that you should allow it to overmaster you thus."

She turned her face towards him with a startled expression on it.

"Then you do not know?" she said.

"What should I know?" he asked, a sudden dread coming upon him. "I know nothing about you except that I love you, and that you have always put me from you."

"I could not help it," she said, wincing where she sat as though he had struck her.

"Long ago you refused me, Hilda," he began; but she sprang to her feet, and stood facing him.

"Listen," she said, holding up her hand. "Listen, and I shall tell you why. It is true long ago I said 'No' to you over and over again, because I knew what the years were bringing, and would surely bring. The years have come, and they have brought their sorrow with them. Oh, Stephen, do you not know? Is it possible that you do not know? I am blind!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING!"

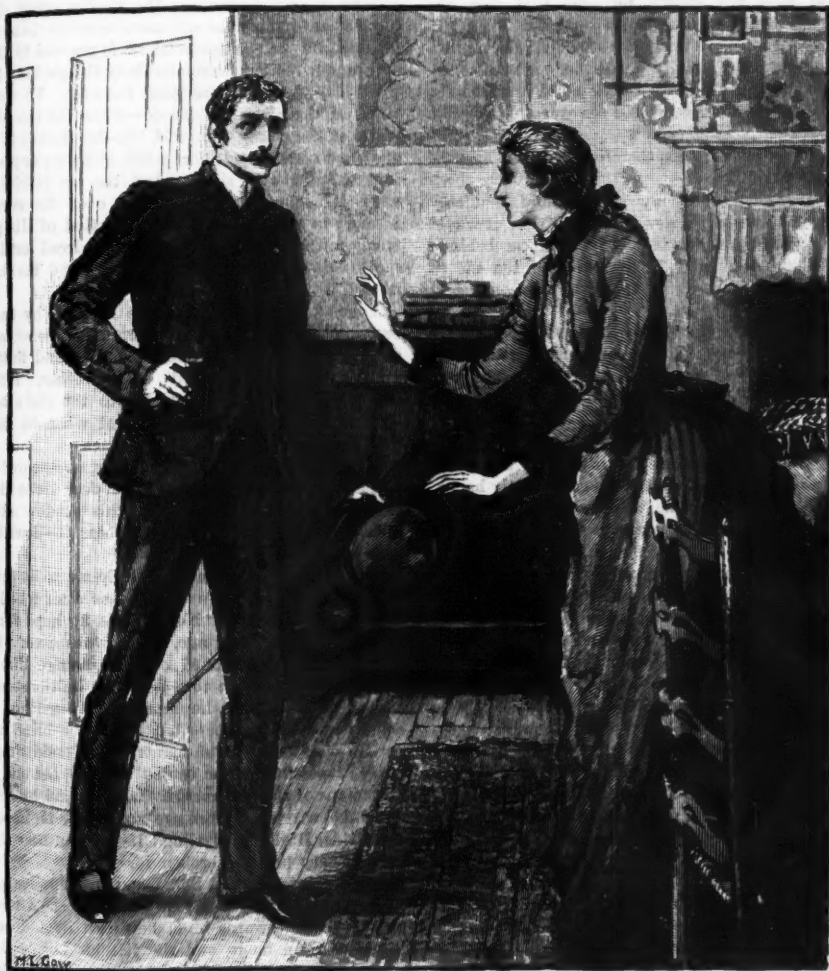
"I claim you still, for my own love's sake!"

R. BROWNING.

On the cliff overlooking the sea they sat—Stephen and Hilda. He had led her out here in the bright

morning sunshine. Far below at their feet the sea lay calm and brilliantly blue. Every crevice of the cliff was filled with primroses, down to the very edge of the soft mossy grass; away behind them on the hill-slope a slanting sheet of bluebells waved their heads in the

wards, reading the past in the light of the present, thinking of her whose welfare he would gladly have purchased with his life, until dawn came, and gathered itself to daylight, and left him free to go to her once more.



"'So you have come home again,' she said."—p. 416.

sun-warmed atmosphere. The fields around were golden with armies of cowslips and fleets of buttercups. A lark carolled high up in the air above their heads.

Stephen's face was very white, and his eyes had the unrefreshed look left by a wakeful night. In his agony of sorrow he had not slept—had only paced forward in his room, to and fro, backwards and for-

Then he had led her unresisting out into the sunshine by the seashore. Now for words to tell her what he felt! He looked at the girl's sad white face in a sort of rapture of pity. What had his life been in comparison of hers? It broke his heart when he considered the silence, the sweet patience, the drear darkness, the weight of sorrow crushing that young heart, uncheered by one smallest ray of hope.

"When did it come to you, my darling?" he asked her brokenly. In his great grief he lavished tenderest names upon her, as we do to a dear little pet child who is hurt. She did not reprove him.

"The last thing I saw was my father's open grave," she said, in low, awestruck tones. "They led me home blind."

"And have you known for long that this was coming to you?" he questioned tenderly.

"I have grown up under its shadow," she replied, passing her hand wearily across her sightless face. "I have known since I was a little child it must be so with me. My mother was blind for over a year before she died."

"But why should you, therefore, think it must be your fate also?"

"Because at times my sight would suddenly fade—sometimes only grow dim, but of late it would go out altogether, leaving only darkness behind: often it has been so. It used to frighten me at first; then I got used to it—now I am completely blind."

"Then that was the shadow I have seen upon your face, dear, long ago. I have often wondered at the sudden clouding of your face, which was usually so bright, so clear," he cried impetuously.

"Yes; often when I have been with you it has come," she said. "Once, I recollect, it was that lovely evening you had taken me out in a boat, and there was an exquisite sunset, and I was so perfectly happy, when all at once it came, and shut out everything from me—your face, the sea, the sky, all went in a moment."

"And you did not tell me!" he murmured.

"Why should I?" she asked simply. "You could not have helped me: no one could. They said the sorrow about dear Uncle Drury, and the watching by my father, brought it on sooner than it would otherwise have come. I do not know."

"How good you are, Hilda! how patient!" he exclaimed.

"No, I am not patient," she said; "my heart is too full of pain to let me be patient. You must not say that of me, because it is not true. If you could only look into my heart, you would see how wicked I am—how far, how very far, from being patient and submissive."

She threw up her hands with a little despairing gesture, then meekly bowed her head, while great sorrowful tears rolled down her thin white cheeks. Stephen sat looking at her, all his love a thousand-fold intensified in his dark true eyes. He looked at the pale hand lying in her lap, and thought of the untold wealth he would gladly give might he but hold it in his, or even touch it.

"It comforts me to know you are sorry for me," she went on presently, forlornly wiping the tears as they thickly gathered and fell. "It is like a cup of water in a thirsty land. Sitting in the dark for ever, doing nothing, has been hard, guessing at the things about me by their feel and form. It is always night with me—a night without stars. Sometimes I passionately long for one moment of sight. I crave to see the blue shimmering of the sea, or a fruit-tree white with

blossom, or the stars shining high up in a deep grey summer sky, or the children gather a flower and give it me, and I long to see its colour. All these common sights, that others think so little of, gone from me for ever! I loved them so well. To me it was such joy to see a glorious sunrise, or look out over the sea, so wide and fresh and fair—or to note a golden laburnum growing amidst the tender green of the larches, or to watch the soft morning mists rising from off the hills. It was not much: it is granted to almost everyone to see these common daily things, but I loved them all. And they are gone for ever. To sit and think of them is all I can do—when the sun shines warm on me, to say to myself, 'To-day the sky is blue, and great white clouds float softly along it; or perhaps it is dappled with silver. And the sea is blue too, with the cloud-shadows racing over its surface.' Memory is all I have left. I pray God of His great mercy to leave me that. I sometimes dread lest it too shall fade out into darkness, and leave me bereft indeed."

A great white butterfly came floating by on the breeze, rested an instant on a branch of gorse where the first spring flowers were opening, and fluttered away. Stephen watched it hovering, flitting, going, while his soul answered to the girl's heart-sick, bitter cry, and he knew not what to say to her.

"But there must be some remedy, some cure!" he exclaimed passionately. "My own dear little girl, it is not just, it is not fair that this shadow should always rest upon you. I cannot bear it—I will not bear it!"

"Hush!" she said gently. "Help me to be patient and submissive to God's will, rather than rebellious. Teach me to be good. No, there is no hope for me, Stephen, none. Long ago, when I was a very little girl, and first complained of this strange dimness, Uncle Drury took me to a doctor in Bullionston for advice, and he, when he heard of my mother, said that there was no hope—that I must be blind also."

"He was some stupid country fool," said Stephen hotly; "possibly not an oculist at all. Let me take you to one of the best men in London, and let us see what he will say before we pronounce it hopeless. Oh, Hilda, Hilda, my darling! if you can bear this, I cannot. My heart is broken for you."

His voice failed and broke, and in the silence she knew that he was weeping. Mutely she stretched out her hand towards him; he seized it, and bowed his face down on it, and she felt his hot, scalding tears, and heard the long, fierce sobs that shook his manhood to its depths.

Awhile she let him weep—she that had no longer tears for her own sorrow. Then she laid her other hand softly on the bowed head, and gently stroked his hair.

"Do not, Stephen, do not! It hurts me to hear you grieve like this for me. See, I do not grieve any longer for myself. That is all over and gone now. I have wept, but I smile now. Look in my face, and see if I am not contented—I do not say happy—I do not think even God expects me to be that—but contented. Cannot you be contented too? I should not have this

to suffer except it were God's will. He has given me this cross to bear, and shall I refuse to carry it? I have you to be sorry for me. Christ had no one in His dark hour. Stephen, dear Stephen! do not weep: it breaks my heart."

The touch of the small hand on his hair, the sound of her quiet voice—though he scarce knew what she said, only that she called him by his name—soothed him.

"I feel the warm sunshine, I smell the flowers, and the fresh breezes of the sea come to me," she went on presently. "I can hear the birds singing in that wood close by, and in the mornings early they come and perch about the branches near my window and sing to me. For this shall I not thank God?" and she stretched out her hands to clasp the warm, fragrant air.

He sat looking at her in silence—silent because he dared not trust himself to speak—tears of great pity and utter love in his eyes, and yearning pain at his heart.

That great, simple, manly heart of his was nigh to breaking this bright, balmy morning in May, because that for all his love he could not ease her suffering. She held his very life in that little fragile hand of hers; all that he had was hers—his heart, and strength, and youth. And yet he could not help her.

Then she talked calmly of outside, indifferent things, gave him a little sketch of her life since her father died and Master Drury's kind old smile was laid beneath the churchyard sod. She spoke of the kindness she had met with, told him of the little interests she strove to make for herself in her darkened life, so that she might not be altogether useless—not altogether a burden; of the sorrow, deeper than loss or bereavement, which lay upon her, she scarce spoke at all. Her desire was rather to lead his thoughts away from that.

But Stephen's thoughts could not be turned from this one awful dominant fact—that her life was spoiled, and he could in nowise help her.

He stood up abruptly, and left her sitting on the mossy sward alone.

He stooped, and gathered a little posy of the pale, sweet primroses, and bringing them back to her, laid them in her lap.

"How fresh! how sweet!" she said, laying their soft petals to her pale cheek. "There is nothing so spring-like as the smell of primroses. I love them!"

"There is a schooner far out," he said abruptly. "She has all sail set, and in the sunshine she looks like a great butterfly poised above the sea. Far in the distance I see a fleet of brown-sailed fishing-boats. The sea fades into sky, and half of them seem sailing in the air."

Hilda's head droops lower over the primroses in her hand.

"Can you imagine," he went on, "how golden yellow is the gorse, just freshly bursting into bloom? and how vivid is the green of those young larch firs in the plantation to our left? Away inland among the trees I see the faint blue smoke above the hidden farms."

"You are cruel!" she cried passionately, throwing his flowers from her. "Cruel, cruel! unkind! Will you not let me forget?"

"I am cruel, my darling, that I may be kind," he said tenderly, while the tears stood in his eyes, and he gathered her hands into his strong, close clasp. "I want to make you discontented. I cannot bear to see you accept your fate so quietly, and sit down under the cloud that has overtaken you. I want to make you feel such a longing to see these things around you that you will come with me to London. I want to have the best advice for you. I am persuaded that you might be cured. So many people are cured in these days of maladies that our fathers and mothers sat down under as hopeless. I want you to consent to try, at least, what may be done."

"Is it wise, is it kind," she faltered, "to raise hopes within me that may be doomed to fresh disappointment? Is it not better now, after these long days of darkness, when I have almost learnt to submit in patience—is it not better to leave me so?"

"No, no! a thousand times no!" he cried impatiently. "Think what it would be to you—a successful operation, your sight restored—your life again bright as a young girl's life should be."

She covered her face in her hands.

He went on tenderly, his voice deep and husky with emotion—

"Think what it would be to me."

She raised her head, and turned her sweet, sightless eyes towards him. He interpreted the meaning quickly enough.

"Do not misunderstand me, darling," he said. "I do not mean what I said selfishly. I have no hope of ever being more to you than I am now—your friend. But your friend I will be. You surely do not mean to take that poor privilege from me? It is because I love you so dearly, so entirely, that I ask you to make this one effort—because your sorrow is my sorrow, your joy my greatest happiness, your blindness, darkness, is misery of soul to me. I want you to be happy. I would give wealth and health, yes, life itself to make you happy, to lift this burden from you, to clear this shadow from your path. To know you bright and happy once more would be lifelong happiness to me. I could then step aside, and if you so willed it, never ask to see your face again."

"What love is this!" she cried bitterly. But a deep crimson flush rose and burned in her cheeks, while her lips trembled—almost it seemed with happiness. "To think that after all these years you love me still! What have I done to win a heart so true, so utterly faithful as yours? Oh, Stephen! forgive me—it was not all my fault. I never dreamt you would love me so. I have hoped, yes, I have prayed that you might forget me. I have of late pictured you as the husband of Miss Owens. I have thanked God that you had forgotten me."

"I have never ceased to love you, Hilda," he said simply. "If I thought I had succeeded in stifling my love for you—I honestly tried to do so—now this morning I find I made a mistake. But when I spoke



"The children gather round me, and I tell them stories."—p. 421.

of love to you long ago, dear, it always vexed your little heart because you could not return it. It was an offering that found no response in you. That was in nowise your fault. Love is free to come and free to go; and you never loved me, and frankly told me so. That is over and done with now, and there is no one to blame. Most assuredly I do not blame myself for loving you; for, knowing you, I *must* love you, and Heaven knows I am not coxcomb enough to blame you for not loving me. There is little in me to love. But it is not of love I want to speak this morning. It is of you, dear, always of you—it is only to plan how you may be helped—how you may, under God's grace, be cured. I shall never more vex you with speech of love; only believe always my heart is yours, my

service is yours, and my happiness is yours, inasmuch as I shall never know a happy hour again until this shadow is lifted from your life."

"And if I go to London, and if I try what can be done, and if it fails?" she asked, in low, awe-struck tones.

"It will not fail," he said passionately.

"I feel that it will," she said, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I *know* I am hopelessly blind. The doctors can do no more than make conviction certainty—what then?"

"What then?" he said hoarsely. "Why, you will have done all within your power, and if the case is pronounced hopeless—but it won't, it can't be: that would be too cruel—why, then you are no worse

off than you are now this morning, sitting here with me on this green hillside."

"No worse off! Ah, Stephen! how can you say so? To come back here to my little cottage home, where they are kind and faithful to me, because they have always known and loved me, the only friends I have, save you——"

"I am glad you recognise my friendship," he said quietly.

"Come back here to pass my life in the certainty of darkness for evermore. To have a most painful hope raised in my heart, only to have it stifled for ever. To go forth, longing, yearning, reaching towards light, to return with the sentence pronounced, 'No hope.'"

"But why come back here?"

"Where else have I to go?"

Stephen glanced below him to where the little ivy-clad cottage was outlined against the green cowslip-besprinkled meadow beyond, with its casements opened to the light and air, and a tendril of white smoke curling above its thatched roof. No other house but that—no other friends than the humble hearts within it.

"It must be dreary for you. They are good and kind, I am sure," he said deprecatingly, as half in doubt what he was going to say. "But they cannot be proper society for you. If you *must* be blind, all around you should be as bright, as cheerful, as congenial as possible; someone to read for you, to tell you what is going on in the world you cannot see, to bring you a breath from the living world where men live, and move, and work. Life here must be perfect stagnation."

"They are kind to me," she said forlornly. "And they are all I have. Do not try to make me discontented; I do not stagnate. I can sit and think of the places I have seen; I can remember, for instance, that autumn day I went up the hills with you, and how soft the heat-haze lay upon the sea, and dimmed the outline of the hills, and how pink the heather was, and the gorse how golden and fragrant. I can picture dear Uncle Drury's face, and see him in the night watches—night or morning I know not which, all is night to me now—or I can think I am in church, listening to my father's voice as he reads the service. And in the dusk the children gather round me, and I tell them stories; or when it is bright and sunny, as to-day, Kate Peters takes my hand, and leads me to the little garden, where I can sit in the comfortable chair her husband made specially for me, and dream that I am in the garden at home, and that I have only my eyes closed, and that presently the bell will ring and rouse me, and I shall go down to the house to dinner; or when Kate is busy I sometimes mind her little baby for her, and the gentle touches of its small, soft hands upon my blind eyes seem some way to bring me nearer to God."

"But it is a sad, sad life for you, my darling," he urged. "Even your own showing of it wrings my very heart with its pathos. Think of a life like this stretching out before you for years and years!"

"I dare not think," she said.

"It need not be like this," he pleaded. "Can

you not let me try and make a happier life for you?"

"I do not see how you could."

"Oh! if I could only show you what is in my heart! If only you could believe me, dear, when I speak; if only you could believe it is not selfishness which prompts me! I will never speak to you one word of love; but will you not even now trust me, put your hand in mine, and let me make your life a little more like what it should be? The world would not understand a mere friendship between us—the world never does trouble itself to think the right thing; otherwise, I should ask you just to let me be your friend, your brother, your guardian. But let me have a dearer and a closer claim to shield you—I will serve you with all my heart. Surely, dear, surely as my wife you would be a little happier—your life would be somewhat less desolate than in that little cottage below there. I will promise not to let my love for you become a persecution to you. I will not speak of it to you, darling. I will not even call you darling, if you do not like. I will be solemn and staid as a judge, and as cold as a mummy. But do give me the right to take care of you and do things for you! Think what joy you could give me by consenting. What would it be to me to have you to come home to of an evening: to read to you all the new books as they came out; to have you sing for me in the twilight the old songs you used to sing long ago at the Parsonage. Hilda, dear Hilda! grant me my request."

"Stephen," she said, very sweetly, and gropingly stretching forth her hand until it rested upon his, "I thank you very deeply—I cannot tell you what I feel, nor how all ashamed I am to receive a love of which I am most unworthy. I do not know why you love me as you do, but I accept it as a fact; and in my lonely life your friendship will be a great boon, a blessing, a brightness above that which I had dared to hope for. But to accept this other sacrifice at your hands—hush! I know what you would say: that it is no sacrifice—but still I cannot, and I will not, accept it. Come and see me sometimes; I shall be glad to hear your voice and feel your presence; it will be something to look forward to when the days are drear and long in passing. But believe me when I tell you this, that if I would not become your wife long ago when I only dreaded this trial, less than ever will I consent now, when the blow has fallen, and I know the worst. Do not ask me any more, dear Stephen. It is only grief to both of us, harping on this theme."

Sorrowfully he looked down upon the slight, thin fingers lying on his own sinewy brown hand. Well he knew the gentle obstinacy of the girl, how she would in nowise yield.

"Hilda," he said, with a short laugh that was mostly of baffled pain, "how I wish I could take you up in my arms, slight little thing that you are, and run away with you, whether you would or no. I am sorry the good old 'Young Lochinvar' days are over. If only I had you safe, for instance, on that full-rigged schooner—only a speck on the horizon now—I would fly away with you to southern seas, or

somewhere where the sun would be always bright and warm, and the birds always singing in the trees, and against your will I would take care of you, and make you happy."

"You could never make me happy against my will," she said, and sighed.

"No, I suppose not," he replied, re-echoing the sigh. "Well, I suppose I must only content myself with the permission you give me of remaining your friend, and coming to see you now and again. How often shall I come?"

"Whenever you like," she said, trying to smile. "Once a year, perhaps."

"Whenever I like would be every hour of every day, Hilda," he replied gravely. "And it is a long way from London to these your barbarous shores. Nothing amuses me more than the calm way you women expect a mutilated man to keep afloat, and do his daily work as if he were all right."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, if I am in London, and you are here in this little cottage by the sea, am not I mutilated? It is not a pretty word, I know, but it fits the case exactly. I there, you here, a yearly visit, a few words of greeting before the time of saying good-bye arrives—I call that nothing but mutilation. I declare I could get on better without a limb than I expect to do now, with the knowledge of you here alone, blind and desolate. Do you think any pleasant sights will have much charm for me henceforth?"

"Stephen, you feel things too deeply. You must reconstruct your life. Can you not marry? When you come to think seriously of it, a blind wife would really be a sore affliction; and then your wife can ask me on a visit, and I shall come—"

He put his finger on her lips suddenly. "I can stand a good deal," he said sternly, "but not talk like this from you."

"Is Miss Owens still unmarried?" she faltered.

"Yes," he replied, thinking what ages ago that day in Westminster cloisters seemed, when he had asked Mary to be his wife.

"I think she always cared for you," said Hilda.

"She never did," he answered. "She told me with her own lips that once she did love someone, but that he did not care for her. Mary and I are nothing but very good friends. I asked her the other day to marry me, and she refused."

"Perhaps she did not think you loved her enough," said Hilda, growing red.

"Perhaps so. Her answer was that she had loved, and been disappointed. I had loved and been disappointed too, you see, so I knew what she meant. I had a sort of dreamy idea of two marred lives making one perfect one, but Mary was wiser than I, and put me from her—I am glad she did now. I would rather have you on the come-to-see-you-once-a-year system than be the adored and jubilant husband of any other woman on earth."

"Perhaps it was for you Mary Owens cared," thought Hilda. But she did not put her thought into words, and, shortly after, the sunshine passed from off the spot where they were seated, and Stephen, rising, led her down the hillside.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CROSS TO CROWN.

"I bless Him for my life and for my death,
But most, that in my death my life is crowned."
MISS MULOCH.

"WHY did you not send for me sooner? I would have come to you. It is not good for you to be here alone," said Mary Owens, as she bent tenderly over her old friend, Mr. Davenent.

The old man was lying on his small, narrow bed, his face as white as the pillows underneath his head.

"I knew your love would never fail, my child," he said, smiling up into her eager, anxious face. "But I have wanted for naught, and I told them not to send for you until the end drew near. And to-day the doctor told me it was time. Will you stay with me to the end, dear?"

"Of course I will," she murmured brokenly.

"It is not that I am afraid to die," he went on feebly. "I know in Whom I have believed, and He is near me now. He will turn the shadow of death into the morning. But it will be sweet to pass hence with a human heart which loves me near me, holding my hand until I reach the other side. Do I ask too much of your love, Mary?"

"No; nothing that I could do for you would be too much," she answered.

"Then you love me, dear child?"

"I do—I do—oh, indeed I do! When you are gone I shall have no one left to love"—and she broke down, sobbing, kneeling by his bedside, with her face hidden in the clothes. Very tenderly the old worn hand rested on the bowed head, and his face was as the face of an angel.

He lay quietly hour after hour. Mary, grown calm, sat by him, tended him with every sweet observance her love could dictate, read for him at his request, or softly repeated favourite hymns for him.

Now and again, as his feeble state would let him, he spoke to her: told her much of the days when he and her mother were young and loved each other. He had no restless sufferings or death pains to harass him; very quietly and calmly he lay, life fast ebbing from the tired limbs that had toiled so long and so faithfully.

"They say this has come suddenly," he said, turning towards her, as the long, bright day wore on to evening, and the small, bare room grew darker. "But to me it has not been sudden. I have felt my strength decaying, each one of my old limbs growing stiffer as I went about my work; my eyes grown strangely dim, and my natural force considerably abated. The grasshopper has been a burden."

"And yet you would take no rest," said Mary, with tender reproach.

"No; I needed none. Besides, the labourers are few. There is no time for rest. Life is brief, and sin and sorrow are all around. The green pastures are before me, and fulness of rest is there. It sorrows me most of all to go hence and leave my people. But I try not to think of this—to remember that He Who takes me away can make it up to them. And

what am I, that they should miss me? Why do you not reprove my conceited moanings, Mary?"—with the old bright, quaint smile she knew so well shining out on his thin face.

"Leave your work with me," she said earnestly, taking his hand in hers. "I have money, and I shall see that all that you have been doing here shall not fall to the ground. It will not be the same as though it were still yourself—that can never be—but trust me, dear father, for it all."

"Thank you, my child; I do. When Mary makes a promise, the thing is sure."

As the evening wore on he seemed to grow stronger. He sat up in his bed, propped up with pillows, and took a white rose from the flowers Mary had brought him, to hold in his hand and look at lovingly. Mary sat by him, and sang for him soft, gentle, tender hymns about the home above. His face was full of the glory of life's sunset, with some of the awed solemnity of the joy of heaven's dawn. For him at eventide there was light.

"The end is not far off now," he whispered, as she bent over him to arrange his pillows. "You and I shall sit and talk together no more until we meet in the Land o' the Leal. Do you remember singing that one day for poor old blind Jameson, dear? You sang it to me also, though you did not know all that I love are there; and you will come some day. Mary, my child! Mary, see that you come. Choose the better part, and remember now that I say this to you here on my death-bed, at the end of a long life: there is nothing so good as love, neither fame, nor riches, nor intellect, nor power—nothing like love. The man who loves best is most Godlike. See that you love Christ first and best, and then love all His creatures for His dear sake."

Mary is silent, for she cannot trust herself to speak.

"All else will fade away into nothingness," he murmured. "But love remains. When I was young I walked in my own ways, and after the counsel of my own thoughts. And He cut down my green gourd. And now is it sweet to go hence to His rest. I have done my work, I have finished my course. May He for whom it was done Himself make it perfect."

Then he lay very still for a long, long time. Mary could scarce hear his breathing; at times she bent over him in her agony of fear lest it had stopped, and that he had gone without a farewell glance or word. He had never been one to give trouble, and he gave none now. Little by little the sounds of the daily turmoil of the outside world died away into silence. The sky darkened, but a dim light burned behind a curtain, making fitful shadows on the carpetless floor. The little room was fragrant with the white lilac and the roses Mary had brought with her. In the next room watched the old woman who had always waited on Mr. Davenport, and kept his small rooms neat and clean. The small clock on the mantel-piece ticked loudly. Mary watched the hands move slowly yet inexorably on. Never had the sense of how time, once gone, never returns, pressed so keenly on her soul as now, when she looked from the clock to the worn, white face on the pillow. And more than ever

the paltriness of human hopes, and joys, and sorrows, and interests, spread itself out before her, as she sat and waited in the stillness where a soul was passing away, and a spirit returning to God who gave it.

"And you, Mary," he said faintly, suddenly unclosing his eyes, and looking on her with gentle kindness; "your mother will ask me of you: what shall I tell her?"

"Tell her how good you have been to me," she answered, stroking the thin hand, cold, though the night was warm and a bright fire burned on the hearth. "Tell her how faithfully you have fulfilled the trust she left you; how tenderly you have striven to make me better, wiser, holier. Tell her how I shall miss you, who have been all to me: father, mother, friend, counsellor."

"And shall I tell her she will one day see you again?" he asked wistfully.

Mary's head bowed upon his hand. Reverently she spoke, and low, when she looked up and answered him. "Tell her, with God's help, yes."

"Thank God for that," he murmured. "Often have I reproached myself about you, Mary, since that sorrowful night when you opened your heart to me, and I knew for the first time the foundations of your happiness were laid on earth."

"It is so no longer," she whispered softly. A faint pressure of the dying hand answered her more fully than words could have done.

The little clock chimed midnight, the firelight flamed and leaped in sudden lights and shadows on the bare, plain walls of the little room. The still face upon the pillows seemed to grow greyer and more wan as the slow hours went on. Mary could not tell if he slept or were only lying at rest, and thinking of the life lived and the glory about to be revealed. In her sick agony of sorrow, she almost wished, but for the pleasure they had given him, that she had not brought the flowers which filled all the room with their heavy fragrance. Never again should the scent of white lilac come to her without bringing back sharp memories of this sorrowful night. No one knows how long a night can be until they have passed its leaden-footed hours by the bed where one lies dying.

"And Stephen, where is he?" the old man asked abruptly, opening his eyes, and speaking as naturally as if hours had not gone over since last he spoke.

"He is away just now in the country," answered Mary, wondering if it was only three days ago since she had met him in the cloisters at the Abbey—wondering at herself that she had felt grief that day. It was for now—this sad, solemn moment—she should have kept her tears.

"He loves you—you will marry?" the old man feebly asked.

"He loves me not in that way," she answered calmly. "I shall never marry, dear father."

"Ah! I hoped always it would all come right," he murmured. "I wanted to know my Mary a happy wife—the light and centre of some good man's home."

"That will never be," she said.

"If he loves you—as, indeed, he must—and comes to you, do not send him away. Not for pride, or want

of love—do not go with a homeless heart to the end of your days, Mary. There is nothing so desolate as that. Riches cannot make up for loneliness."

"No; but work can fill the place of love," she said softly—"as it has done with you."

"There is nothing so beautiful as love. Your work will be all the better if your heart behind it is not forlorn and aching. Mine ached for many years, dear child of her I loved. My lot has been cast among earth's solitary ones, and from the depths of my own sad experience I say to you, save yourself, if you can, from such a fate. If you cannot, then accept it as God's will for you, and His love will make the rough places smooth and the crooked ways straight. But for any false ideas of self-sacrifice do not make two lives dark—Stephen's life and your own."

"No," she said sweetly, passing tender fingers over the brow where the death-dews were gathering. "I will do what is right—I will do whatever is best for him." And in her heart she resolved that this was a promise she should hold most sacred. At any, at all costs, would she keep faithful to this word given to the dying man.

May dawns come early. Soon the grey light from the outside world came creeping into the room—not the jubilant sunrise of the country, where the clouds mass themselves in royal robes of crimson and purple and gold about his upward sweeping path, and the

rivers sing among the hills, and the birds twitter joyously in their nests, but just the cold grey light growing momentarily intenser, coming into the every nook and corner that the darkness of night has hidden, blending itself with the sickly flickering of the candles, and making the fire look dull and dead.

As the light grew stronger the dying man moved restlessly.

"Say the comfortable words," he whispered, turning his dim eyes to the patient watcher by his side. Mary at first was puzzled—she did not know what he meant; but at last it flashed upon her, and, reverently kneeling down, she slowly, softly repeated them, beginning with "Come unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

Ere she ceased he had gone hence. As the man lives, so doth he die. So dies this old man, in great peace and absolute patience, closing meek eyes in the long, silent sleep till the trumpet shall sound. What his hand had found to do, he had done it with his might: "for behold, there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave." While it was day he had worked patiently, quietly, in face of darkness and disappointment, and weakness and loneliness. Now he had gone away to that land that is very far off, into the sunshine of the great smile of God.

(To be continued.)

"THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN."

A STORY OF GERMAN PHILANTHROPY.



ROMANTIC story is that of the labours of Count von der Recke Volmerstein among the destitute, the idiotic, and the orphans. England is richest, perhaps, of all the countries of the earth in such chronicles; but no work of like faith within our own shores carries such simple, quiet beauty; and for this reason: in England, orphan and idiotic asylums are supported by *united* efforts of numbers; while in the case of which we write, these institutions were the outcome of one man's self-renunciation. Count von der Recke Volmerstein voluntarily gave up his paternal halls and palaces, to house the poor recipients of his charity, and dedicated to their support the revenues of his estates as offerings unto his Lord. If ever a man deserved the blessing, "*Ye have done it unto Me,*" that man is this German nobleman. The story of his self-abnegation and humility comes like a far-off breath from the land of Paradise.

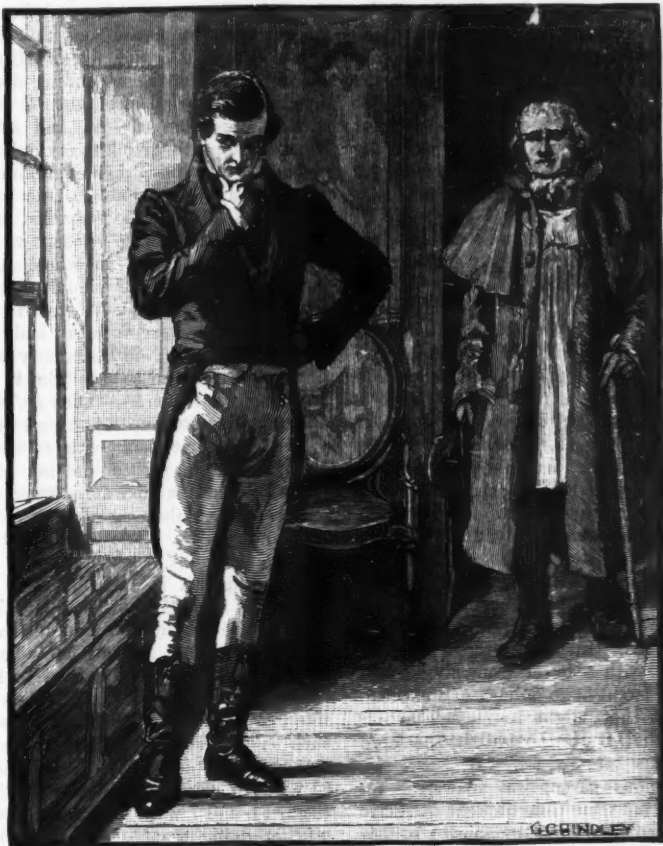
When a boy, Adelbert von der Recke Volmerstein manifested deep tenderness for every living thing. A beautiful dove was drowning in the

sullen waters of the moat which surrounded his ancestral home, and, heedless of his own danger, he seized a washing-tub and paddled out to save the bird, while his mother, terrified into silence, expected to see him perish before her eyes. As he grew into boyhood, he pleaded the cause of the idiot lads who were labouring on the surrounding farms, so successfully with his father that this nobleman granted a house on his estate of Overdyk, which house the young Count at once made into a home for idiots. The first inmate of this home was a lad who had been employed by a peasant to tend swine, and who not only fed with these swine out of their troughs, but slept with them at night. This was in 1819; and in 1822 the young Count opened a larger asylum for orphans and destitute children, at Düsseldorf Abbey, on the banks of the Rhine, and thus continued and extended that long career of *personal* self-devotion which has contributed so much to the success of the institutions.

By this time his philanthropy had grown to be far-reaching and wide, so as to embrace orphans and homeless children as well as idiots. These he trained up in the fear of God, besides giving

all a special education, whereby they could earn their own support in the great world without, whenever they were fit to be discharged. The building was not his by inheritance, but by purchase, and this purchase absorbed so much money that for a long time the Count halted, undecided

anxieties of her husband's work, while their little family grew up around them, learning how to serve others, and witnessing for themselves the many providential interpositions which occurred from time to time on behalf of the institutions. For sometimes the oil in the cruse and the meal



"I heard a knock at the door, and a farmer entered."—p. 426.

as to whether he should accomplish it or not. But it was prayed over and pondered for many months. At last the final bargain was made; between four and five thousand pounds of English money were paid, and Düsselthal Abbey, together with 115 acres of good land, became the property of the Count. Hither he brought his young wife, a daughter of one of the noblest families of the land, and together they strove to fulfil the commands of our Lord in ministering to the homeless, the sick, the naked, and the hungry.

The Countess fully shared the toils and the

in the barrel failed, so that they literally had to depend upon their Heavenly Father for the next supplies. It was not, therefore, surprising that the Count and his helpers became mighty in prayer and faith. In answer to these prayers, doubtless, the hearts of many good people were moved to send help to the needy children. The Count gives a few of his experiences in relation to the providential character of the relief which he received at various times when in distress for want of means. The touching simplicity of his story cannot be improved upon. Thus:—

"Yesterday we had no salt in the house, and no money to buy any; we sought the Lord in our distress, and He who heareth the prayer of faith was near to help. The salt was necessary, and in firm hope and humble confidence I ordered the miller's man to come to me the next morning for orders and the money for a sack of salt before he went to the town. I stood at the window as he came across the courtyard. Seven dollars and a half were wanting; there was no money in the purse, and I had already given the last shilling of my own. My distress was great; but before the man had ascended the stairs, I heard a knock at the door, and a farmer entered, who brought seven and a half dollars, which he had owed me some time. Now I could give the money for the salt, with a joyful and grateful heart.

"At a time of great distress I had a bill of sixty-eight dollars to discharge on a certain day. The morning before we had not sixty-eight pence. I knew not where to obtain it, but one Source alone never failed us in the hour of need. I sought Him in fervent prayer, Who hath declared '*The silver and the gold are Mine.*' I pleaded His own sacred promises, His gracious assurance, and these were made good the next day. The post-bag brought me sixty-eight dollars at noon, from a distant land, and we rendered praise and thanks unto our Lord. But our faith and patience were to be put to a further trial; a man came very unexpectedly, after dinner, with another bill, which must be paid immediately, and this took away twenty-four dollars. Oh! then it was needful to cry again for help, that our faith and hope might not be brought to shame; and He heard us when we called upon Him, and gave us more than we asked. In the afternoon the post-man came again with a letter from my beloved father, enclosing twenty-two dollars, and expressing a wish that they might be blessed to our assistance, and that, if He thought fit, the Lord might double this sum by the way. See, this prayer of my pious parent was answered, for another letter at the same time brought forty-five dollars from a kind friend in Lauenburg; so that when our creditor came in the evening, I could cheerfully give him his sixty-eight dollars, and had still some left for the next day.

"It happened once that, for the purpose of supplying the needs of those under my care, I had been obliged to incur a debt of one thousand dollars. The day when my bill for that amount became due was approaching; I perceived that I had not the money to meet it, and after careful consideration I could see no prospect of obtaining such a sum. In this difficulty I had recourse to prayer, and after a time I received a feeling of assurance that the Lord would provide for my wants and send me the assistance I required in good time. This feeling increased upon me, though my secretary grieved me with his doubts

and fears, and was continually saying, 'You may hope the money will be forthcoming, but where is it to come from?' When the day arrived and no prospect of money appeared, he seemed to triumph in the disappointment which he thought was awaiting my still unshaken faith and hope. When I perceived this, I retired to my own room, closed the door, and on my knees implored the Lord, for His name's sake, and for the sake, too, of this man's immortal soul, that He would not let my humble confidence in Him be put to shame, nor suffer the impending distress to come upon me. I arose strengthened and composed, so that when he entered, and asked me in a mocking tone to give him my orders for the discharge of his bill, I answered him calmly, 'Do not be afraid, but go now to the post and fetch the letters.' I had no suspicion of the manner in which relief was to be sent to me. I only knew that my Lord, in whose service I was engaged, had seen our trouble, and I felt confident He would send relief, for He has promised to hear the prayer of faith; and His Word is everlasting truth. My secretary turned to go, but stopped himself to ask, 'But if I do not find anything, what then?'—'Only go,' was my reply, and I again lifted up my voice to the throne of grace. He came back with an altered countenance, and as he rushed into my room he burst into tears, and handed me a letter with a stamp on the cover, showing that it contained one thousand dollars. The Lord had beheld our distress before it reached us, and had already provided against it. On reading the letter I found that a pious young man, a baker in Berlin, had been to a friend of mine in that city to ask his advice, saying he had lately acquired a considerable property, and wished to know how he could put out one thousand dollars at the safest interest. My friend mentioned several ways, such as the funds, purchase of land, etc. 'No, no; these are not of the kind I mean,' he said; 'I wish to devote this money to the service of the Lord, and I want your advice as to the best way of doing that.'—'Oh,' replied my friend, 'if that is what you mean, send it to the orphan and destitute children at Düsseldorf.' And this was the money that arrived in the hour of our need."

Over three hundred children found a home within the walls of this abbey; but this fact only stimulated the Count to seek for other channels of benevolence. Idiot children seemed to have been the Count's peculiar care. His mind reverting to his earliest effort on behalf of idiotic children at Overdyk, nearly half a century before, he opened a large *Stift*, or Good Samaritan Idiot Asylum, at Crashnitz, on one of the Silesian plains to the east of Prussia, whither the family had removed because of the Count's failing health. This *Schloss* had a large number of

children and young people as inmates, from whose minds all, or nearly all, intelligence seemed to have fled. A number of Protestant deaconesses, trained under the good Count's direction, were appointed to tend the children in 1860, while all the arrangements for night and day seemed designed to educate and cherish every little spark of reason, wherever existing. Outside the house itself little sheds were erected, where the most capable of the patients were taught to do carpentering, while the most helpless were amused by watching them. In the balconies the children took necessary recreation in wet weather. Over every door a passage of Scripture was painted up, and pictures, object-lessons, rocking-horses, appliances designed to amuse as well as to convey instruction, abounded in every apartment. Bible lessons, given at first in much simplicity, and with doubt as to the ultimate benefit to a very large proportion of the listeners, succeeded beyond all anticipation. As the words of Eternal Truth fell on the dull ears of the idiots, new interests were awakened, and new aims in life brought into being. Thenceforward, many of them grew to love the Jesus of Whom they heard.

Amid the desolations of war, in 1866, the work at this idiot asylum was consolidated and extended. Barns and outbuildings, designed for the instruction of the boys in husbandry, rose around the *Schloss*; in addition, improvements and enlargements of the original building were carried out. Many friends of the undertaking counselled a prudent retrenchment of the work, rather than an extension, in that time of unrest and anxiety; but the Count, strong in faith, went on as calmly and confidently as if nations were not arrayed against sister-nations. He says, referring to this time, "We had, indeed, rich cause, amidst the fears and the fortunes of war, to praise the true and gracious God for His help, which we had foreseen in faith, and which was sent to us so faithfully and graciously, day by day, that no single day were our children or our household in need; and no one Monday was the money wanting for the weekly wages of the masons and carpenters. And so, amid the tumults of war and the rejoicings of peace, our barn and cowhouse rose prosperously to the roof."

The asylum was made use of as a hospital for

sick and wounded soldiers during the war of 1866, as many as thirty-four occupying it at one time. The twelve deaconesses and probationers of the institution gladly added these new duties to their former ones. And the convalescent soldiers united with their friends in entertaining and caring for the idiots. Doubtless, as the brave fellows went back to their homes, they carried many a pleasant reminiscence of their sojourn in the hospitable *Stift*.

Over one hundred and fifty idiots are now accommodated in the asylum and the smaller wing which has arisen by its side, while a succession of teachers and deaconesses have entered into the work. But the aged Countess has long gone to her rest, full of days and honours.

In 1864, failing health drew on, as the result of her unwearied labours in the behalf of the institutions. She had assisted her husband faithfully in the personal superintendence of the homes, from the first day of her married life until the last one of strength which remained, having sometimes to work unceasingly from five in the morning until half-past ten at night. Not only was she housekeeper, to save expense, but also sick-nurse, having at one time as many as fifty cases of scarlet fever under her care, including one of her own children. All of these happily recovered. Her own family numbered ten children, all of whom grew up to honour the God of their parents. Not long before the death of the Countess, Queen Augusta of Prussia conferred the Louisa Order of Merit upon her; but her humility was so great that she could not believe the honour to be meant for her, and begged to be allowed to decline it. Her request was not granted, seeing that the Queen was graciously determined to honour a lady so distinguished for good works as the Countess Recke. She exchanged earth for heaven in 1867.

But the memory of these philanthropists is still green and fragrant. Many have prayed for blessings on their heads; while many more, through years yet to dawn, will mention them in grateful honour. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." And surely senseless idiots are most truly among the *very least* of Christ's little ones.

E. R. PITMAN.





A MODERN HEROINE.

NOT every heroine needs must do -
 Some gallant thing,
 That thrills a nation through and
 through,
 All wondering.

Not every heroine needs must stand
 In blaze of glory,
 Talked of, and praised by all the land
 In poem and story.

Felicia is *my* heroine's name,
 And brave is she,
 As any maiden known to fame
 Or chivalry.

Dark, truthful eyes, a loving mouth,
 A sweet fair face ;
 A very maiden of the South,
 With all its grace.

And she was loved as she should be,
 By one good, true :
 No fitter, worthier mate than he,
 As well she knew.

But a great trust was hers to hold
 With courage rare :
 A mother crippled, yet not old,
 Must be her care ;

And brothers, sisters growing up,
 Asked all her love ;
 And she—she gladly took the cup
 From God above,

And with a brave heart said " Good-bye "
 To him so dear,
 And followed Duty earnestly,
 With scarce a tear.

Since then full twenty years have sped,
And from the nest
The little ones in turn have fled
On many a quest.

But the old mother still remains
Her daughter's care ;
And lo ! my heroine finds her gains
All centred there !

The dear old face oft at her wiles
Glow like the sun :
I fancy then the Master smiles
And says, " Well done."

An old, old story this, you say.
Thank God, it is !
We meet such heroines every day :
Just such as this !

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN," "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN," ETC. ETC.



RELIEF in the Resurrection of the Body is, and has always been, an essential part of the creed of Christendom ; the subject is one of absorbing interest to the faithful, and one against which the strenuous and sustained attacks of sceptics have been long and constantly directed. Much has been written about the

matter, but a brief restatement of the case, viewed by the light of modern science, may be found, I trust, helpful to some seekers after truth.

First, let us try to gain a clear notion as to what we mean precisely by "the Resurrection of the Body." The general, if not universal, belief among Christians in ancient times—the belief which is still, I venture to think, the popular belief among uneducated people—is the one which we find represented in such quaint pictures as that in Lutterworth Church, in Leicestershire—the church where Wycliff preached—the belief that though the various parts of man become dissolved after death, and are perhaps dispersed to the four winds of heaven, yet at the Resurrection every several particle of dissolved and corrupted man shall be again united ; that all the parts and limbs of the body, howsoever they are scattered, wheresoever they are lodged, shall be made to fly together again ; that the ruined fabric shall be recomposed ; that every bone shall be brought to its old neighbour bone, the self-same muscles and sinews be twined together as they were before, and be covered with the selfsame flesh and skin ; in short, that all the different parts of the human body shall become again the same parts of the same body to which they once belonged.

Now, Science has taught us to reconsider this belief ; nay, further, it compels us to abandon belief in such a Resurrection as this, because it teaches us beyond all doubt or question that the human body when dead decays, and becomes in course of time entirely disorganised, that it is resolved into its elementary particles, and—mark this—that those elementary

particles may be and often are absorbed into other bodies, whether of animals or fish, or plants or trees, and thence again may even become incorporated into other human bodies ; so that the same identical particles may actually in the lapse of ages have formed essential parts of many separate and distinct bodies.

This is no vague theory, but a proved and certain fact, and therefore the old-fashioned idea of the manner of the Resurrection of the Body involves the unavoidable absurdity that there might be several claimants for each single particle ! and doubting scoffers in modern times have naturally made the most of this absurdity, which of course you will see never struck people at all, whether believers or unbelievers, until the discoveries of which I have been speaking were made.

But Science tells us something else, which, if it does not give us a complete answer to the questions, "How are the dead raised up ?" and "With what body do they come ?" does at least give us a clue to the right answer, and mightily confirms our faith in the fact of the Resurrection of the Body, because it sweeps away the cobwebs of ignorance, and shows us that a most true and real resurrection of the body does not necessitate nor depend upon the reunion of every several particle which went aforesaid to compose that body.

Science tells us that there is constant waste, constant renewal, constant change, going on in our bodies ; that no single particle in the body of a full-grown man formed any part of his body when he was an infant, that no single particle of his baby body remains a constituent portion of the body of his manhood. What a startling difference between the full-grown man in his prime and the helpless infant, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms !" Yet from birth to maturity, and on to most extreme old age, in spite of all the changes in his body through growth and wear-and-tear, and by reason of the food which he digests to restore the ravages of time, the man never changes from one individual to another ; he

never loses his own original identity: he is always essentially the same person. There is a germ, a seed, a seat of life somewhere, which is I, myself. True, Science has not yet discovered where it is nor what it is, but Science can and does tell me that it is *not* this material body of flesh and blood and bones. Science assures me that I have worn out, as it were, several different natural bodies during my passage through this world, and therefore, although the last earthy body, wherewith I shall be clothed, do perish after death, it is no absurdity to hold that God may give to me a spiritual body, a heavenly body, incorruptible, immortal, and yet that I myself may still remain the very, identical—the real, unalterable I, myself!

This, I believe, the All-Ruling, All-Powerful God *can* do; this is what I mean that I believe He *will* do, when I declare that I believe in "The Resurrection of the Dead," "The Resurrection of the Flesh," "The Resurrection of the Body."

And before I pass to my second point, let me say that the most stupendous change, the most considerable increase of glory in the Resurrection body, compared with those bodies which we now possess (which I have tried to show you is quite compatible with the complete preservation of our own identity), need never be thought to interfere at all with the recognition of that identity by those who have known us on earth. Show one who has studied entomology some gorgeous, heavenward-soaring butterfly, with its hundred-tinted wings, and he will recognise immediately and describe for you minutely the colour, bands, and stripes, and spots, he will at once recall to memory and tell you without any hesitation each distinguishing feature of the grub, the dingy, creeping caterpillar which once was it itself, and which has been so wondrously developed into the "imago," the perfect insect, of marvellous beauty. Why, then, should we doubt that when we bear the image of the Heavenly, we, with our fuller gifts of intelligence, shall know, and shall be known by, those who, along with us, have borne the image of the earthly?

In regard to the ground for our belief in the Resurrection. When asked "Why do we believe it?" the answer must always be, "Because it is a doctrine to be gathered most plainly from Holy Scripture." Philosophers of old time thought the soul, indeed, might live for ever, but that the body perished at death; Christ tells us otherwise: He tells us the body will live for ever.

A future life after the death of the body, the immortality of the undying soul, is the universal belief of mankind: it is a belief which, like that in the existence of God, unless stifled, lives on, amid whatever debasements in the human heart and consciousness. Heathenism believed in the continued life of the soul; and possibly those mysterious Egyptians—the relics of whose palaces and temples fill us, when we only read about them, with awe and wonder—perhaps they believed in the Resurrection of

the Body. I think so, from the care which they took to embalm and preserve their dead.

At all events, the doctrine is taught, with more or less distinctness, by a few passages in the Old Testament, the sacred books of the Hebrew people, and (though men may deny the truth of the statement) no one has ever attempted to deny that in many places and in a variety of ways it is clearly stated as a fact in the New Testament that "All men shall rise again with 'their bodies,'" and therefore I believe in the "Resurrection of the Body."

Nor are we left without any analogy in nature to inform us of the likelihood of such a Resurrection. We have the example of the corn of wheat, the grain, the seed, which Jesus Christ and His Apostle St. Paul both instanced when teaching on this subject. Bear in mind, it is most important that this instance of the corn of wheat or other seed must not be urged and pressed as a logical argument. It could never have been introduced as such by our Lord or by His Apostle, because there is no clear and proved similarity of the body to a seed, and no logical argument can be founded nor conclusion arrived at unless identity of nature be first undoubtedly established. But, as a striking analogy, as an instance in Nature where a resurrection and revival of a seemingly dead thing occurs, often and known of all men, in this way it is most valuable and suggestive. At least it bids us remember this: that the seed is not dead for all it looks so dry and withered, and therefore by analogy the life of man likewise may not be extinct for all its outward husk and covering, the body, be cold and decaying. The body of the seed which is sown actually dies and decays, and becomes decomposed, but the tender germ lives, and in due time springs up with quite a different and a far more glorious body than it had before, with shoots and leaves, and buds, and flowers and fruit, instead of the ugly husk which once enclosed it. So that if any man objects against the possibility of the Resurrection of the dead whom we have laid in the grave, we can point to an undeniable fact which falls under daily observation, and say, "Thou fool! that which *thou* sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which *thou* sowest, *thou* sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body."

In the third place, let us take a rapid glance at the effect which is, or ought to be, produced upon us now by this our faith. It is a source of amazing consolation to those who receive it. The doctrine of an immortality as vague and shadowy phantoms, which the Greeks and Romans imagined, is utterly unsatisfying. The in some respects beautiful teaching of Buddha, that all the souls of men are sparks from the Divine Soul, and shall be at last again absorbed into Deity, is dull and saddening, because it deprives us of our own personal identity. The Christian doctrine is that God created man to be immortal, that He

made him, body and soul, to be an image of His own eternity.

When man fell, and the image of God was defaced in him, and the likeness of God obscured, the sentence pronounced upon him at once implied that, whatever may have been the case among the brute creation, death was not man's original portion: *life* was the inheritance to which he was heir; in wrath at sin, God, his Almighty Father, cut him off with death, and yet in mercy did God purpose to restore to man through Christ his birthright—life.

In that sentence, "Till thou return unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," it is contained that even man's body was not originally formed to be dissolved. Death would have been no sentence of punishment, had it been already man's destined fate. And this impression becomes conviction when we read of Enoch that "God took him," that he "was translated, that he should not see death, and was not found, because God had translated him," and of Elijah that "he went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

We believe that the immortality of the body which was lost to humanity by Adam is restored to humanity by Christ.

We ought, then, to derive unfailing comfort from the contemplation of the splendid vision which the Resurrection of the Body opens out to us. Comfort, when we think of the glad greetings, and the knitting up of severed friendships, never more to be parted. Comfort, when we think of the wonderful development of beauty and power, and capacity for knowledge

and enjoyment, which shall be ours when this body of our humiliation is made like to the glorious Body of Christ for all eternity.

There is a thought of warning, too, no doubt, which we must not forget: the thought that to some this gift of life will not be a boon, that some of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall wake to shame and everlasting contempt. You know who those are. I will not dwell upon that dark side now; I turn to the brighter prospect, and I say to you who are members of Christ's Church, to you who have been grafted into Christ's Body, to you who maintain your union with Him through His appointed means of grace, to you, I say, in the magnificent words of St. Paul:—"Behold, I shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory! O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."



MAGGIE'S WATCH.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "ANYHOW STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

JANET was delighted with her new home, with the balconies, the flowers, with everything. She was quite astonished at the mountains.

"It must be such a long way to the top of them," she said; "and oh,

Maggie, I hope they won't fall!"

"Why, of course they won't!" Maggie answered. "You are not used to mountains yet," she added. Then Janet looked at the

lake. It was so blue that she thought it must be made of the sky turned upside down, and so clear that she felt quite sorry for the fishes.

"They must be so easily caught," she said to Maggie, "for the fishermen have only just got to pull them out;" at which Maggie laughed with all the importance of a person who had seen much of

foreign parts, and is the possessor of a watch and chain.

"You silly little darling!" she said grandly; "they can soon swim away. You shall have a fishing-rod; we'll save up and buy one. Oh, but there's your watch, so we can't!" she added, with a sigh.

"Don't be unhappy about that," Janet answered. "I don't mind not having one, for you know you can always tell me the time."

After dinner nurse had to unpack, and mother rested on the sofa while the children went on the balcony and talked in whispers, for fear of disturbing her. Sometimes they couldn't help laughing out, and it did the mother good to hear them. "Dear children!" she thought, "it is a comfort that they are happy together." Then Maggie looked in, and saw that mother was awake.

"Mother dear," she said, "we want to ask you a

great favour. May we go to Clarens? You said we should be able to go for our music lessons alone, and I do so want to show Janet where it is; and on the way we can look in at the Bazaar, and see all the little things carved in wood."

Mother remembered that Clarens was only ten minutes off, and quite a safe road, and that she had often seen children as young as hers going along it alone. So she said "Yes"; and the children were delighted, for they thought it very grand to go out by themselves.

"Perhaps we might spend our threepence, for it is Saturday——" But then Maggie remembered Janet's watch again, and was silent.

The mother listened to their merry voices as they went laughing and chattering down the white stone staircase. "Dear little things!" she said to herself, and then dropped off to sleep.

For just half an hour the mother slept, and then she was awakened by the sound of hurrying steps coming up the stairs, and the loudest weeping and bitterest cries that ever you heard, dear children. There were some words that tried to shape themselves in the noise, but they were so confused it was impossible to understand them. The mother flew to her feet and opened the door, her heart beating wildly.

"Oh, my darlings!" she cried, in fear and dismay, "what have you done? what is the matter?" and as she spoke she felt convinced that they had broken all their legs and several of their arms. But there were the children coming up-stairs, safe and sound, though weeping bitterly. As they drew near, the loud and miserable sounds grew into words.

"Oh, mother, mother! I have lost my watch and chain!" Maggie cried, throwing herself into mother's arms; and Janet, weeping just as sorely, echoed—

"She has lost her watch and chain!"

"My dears!" exclaimed mother, in dismay; and looking at Maggie, she saw that the watch-pocket was empty, and that no watch-chain was fastened in the button-hole made for it in her dress.

"I have lost it, I have lost it!" cried Maggie. "Oh, I am so miserable! I have lost my watch and chain."

"Oh! what shall we do?" sobbed Janet; "she has lost her watch and chain!"

"But tell me where you have been," said the bewildered mother.

"We went to Clarens, and it rained for a minute as we came back, and we ran, and we stood up for a minute till it left off, and we ran again, and when I looked it had gone, and we went all the way back, and looked, and looked——"

"Yes, mother, we looked everywhere," sobbed Janet.

"But it was gone, it was quite gone," cried Maggie, weeping afresh.

"Yes, mother, quite gone," echoed poor little Janet.

"But we will go and look for it at once," the mother exclaimed; "we will, dear children, and we'll find it;" and seizing her hat, and scarcely thinking of cape or gloves, she flew down-stairs out into the street. "We'll

find it, dears, we'll find it!" she cried out again, looking back at the children, who ran after her hand in hand, still bitterly lamenting.

On they went, mother and Maggie and Janet, along the upper road to Clarens. They looked at every inch of ground they passed over, under the hedge, by the side of the wall, everywhere, but there was no watch and chain. They asked everyone they met, but no one had heard of it. They went into the two or three shops they passed, but the shopkeepers shook their heads—they knew nothing of it. Nowhere was there any sign of it, and mother too began to despair. Maggie's sobs grew loud again; the tears ran faster and faster down her pretty pink cheeks, and in order to cry louder and more easily, she opened her mouth very wide, and showed all her little white teeth.

"I have lost my watch and chain!" was still her burden. Close beside her walked Janet, with all her brown curls pushed back and very untidy, the dimple in her chin hardly showing at all as she sobbed out her dismal second—

"She has lost her watch and chain!" Then poor Maggie broke out bitterly—

"Oh, if this day were only a dream! why are nasty things never dreams? oh, if this were only a dream!" But it was no dream, and only too true. No one had heard of it, or picked it up, or knew anything about it. And after they had gone long past the spot at which Maggie had had it last, they gave it up, and turned round to go back to Montreux, a sad little party of three; for though mother did not cry, she was nearly as miserable as her little girls.

"We'll offer a reward and speak to the police," she said; "perhaps that will bring it back."

"And if it doesn't, Maggie darling, I'll save up all my money, if it's years and years, to buy you another," said Janet, putting her arm round her sister's waist.

"Oh no, you can't, Janet," answered Maggie, too miserable even to be grateful; "besides, I could never love any watch as I loved that watch; I never could! Oh, I have lost my watch and chain!" she cried once more; and almost before the words had died away there stood before them three dirty little boys with very dark heads cropped close, very brown eyes, very round, grave little faces, and wearing very old clothes. Maggie thought afterwards that she should never forget a single little bit of how they had looked. She could never make out where they had come from; but there they were, the three little boys who seemed to have appeared all in a moment from nowhere. They looked gravely at the mother and the two little girls, as if to be sure that they were not making a mistake; they looked at Maggie's tears and then at each other; then one of them slowly held out his hand, and there was Maggie's watch. It was safe and sound, save for the little ring that had come off, and which would soon be put on again.

Maggie looked at it for one dazed, happy moment, and then she gave a cry of joy—

"Oh!"

And Janet, feeling that it would never do to say more than Maggie, broke into laughter till it seemed as if the tears and smiles and dimples were having a

game of hide-and-seek all over her face, and joyfully cried "Oh!" too. Then the second boy came forward with the chain and the ring of the watch, and the third boy stood shyly aloof until his companions beckoned, when he came forward too, and, in French that was rather difficult to understand, explained how they had found it by an old doorway, by which Maggie

chain!" And then they all went home, and had jam, and Swiss cakes with sugar on the top, and milk rolls for tea, and were very happy indeed.

It was an odd thing, but Maggie could no more sleep that night than she could the night before, and after trying and trying, and finding she really couldn't, she



"There was Maggie's watch."—p. 132.

remembered she and Janet had stood for a minute for shelter when the rain-drops first came down.

Of course mother gave the boys a great many francs, and they ran away very quickly, while the children looked after them with gratitude too great for words. But when they were quite out of sound, and nearly out of sight, Maggie raised a happy shout—

"I have found my watch and chain!" and Janet laughed aloud, and cried out, in just as happy a voice, "She has found her watch and chain!" and mother, as pleased as they, echoed—

"Yes, my darlings, we have found the watch and

sat up and called, "Mother!" and in came nurse, and told her to go to sleep.

"I can't," Maggie cried; "and I know mother will come;" and of course mother came, and she threw her arms round mother's neck, and said, "Mother dear, I can't bear Janet not to have a watch. I shall never be happy till she has one."

"She will one day, dear, perhaps when she is as old as you are."

"But I want her to have it now," she cried, pushing back her hair. "Mother, you know my birthday comes in January; do you think if I asked everyone

to give me a present in money instead of anything else, and if she did the same on her birthday, and we both saved up all our pocket-money, do you think Janet could have a watch in the spring!"

"I am not quite sure, Dickie-bird."

"I wish you wouldn't give me any pocket-money at all till Janet has a watch. Oh, mother! I do so want her to have one!" Then mother stooped and kissed the flushed little cheeks.

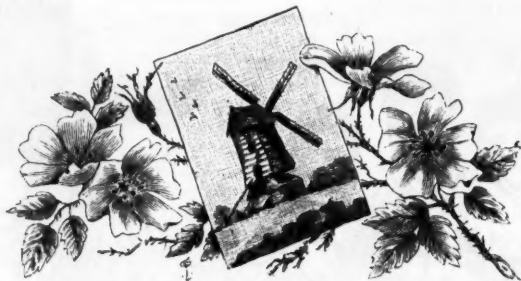
"Go to sleep, darling," she said. "I think Janet will have a watch in the spring."

"Really, mother?"

"Yes, really, darling."

Maggie gave a long sigh.

"Let me go and tell her," she whispered, and getting out of bed, she stole on the tips of her little bare toes to Janet's tiny room. Janet was half-asleep, but she opened her eyes wide when she saw Maggie in her white nightgown, and was going to sit up, but Maggie pushed her back. "Janet," she said gently, in a voice full of solemn happiness, "Janet, lie still, darling; mother says you shall have a watch too in the spring. Yes, really; and I am so glad! Why, you were just as miserable as I was when I lost mine, and I think you cried even louder." Then the two little sisters put their arms round each other's necks and kissed; and Maggie went softly back to bed and to sleep, happy and satisfied.



BIBLE TRADES, AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

CARPENTERING.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "ECCE VERITAS," ETC.

PERHAPS the earliest allusion to the trade of a carpenter is that found in the books of Samuel and Chronicles, where we are informed that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent carpenters with cedar-wood to David in order to build David a house. Nearly a century later we find Jehoshaphat repairing the Temple, and the money which the people had voluntarily dropped into the offertory box beside the altar was employed, we are told, in paying "the carpenters and builders who wrought upon the House of the Lord."

Though the trade is not definitely mentioned in Scripture prior to the time thus referred to, yet it is clear that carpentering work had been effected centuries before.

Noah could not have constructed the Ark of gopher wood, and made it so correct as to dimensions; he could not have joined the pieces together; he could not have formed a window and door such as would open and close, without some knowledge of carpentering and some acquaintance with the tools of a carpenter. Moreover, the tools must have been in existence and in use prior to his

time, which, of course, suggests that carpentering must have been practised in the patriarchal times.

Amid all the changes which occur in the history of varied handicrafts, it is interesting to find that the same trade implements as are used to-day were in full use in the childhood of the world. The carpenter about to begin work selects a piece of timber which he calls a *plank*, or a slightly thinner piece which he terms a *board*. Such are the phrases used concerning the Tabernacle and the Temple. God said: "Thou shalt make *boards* for the Tabernacle of shittim wood. Ten cubits shall be the length of a *board*, and a cubit and a half shall be the breadth of one *board*." Then in the first book of Kings we find Solomon built the walls of the Temple with "*boards of cedar*," and covered the floor with "*planks of fir*."

In order to shape the plank or board, the carpenter uses a *saw*; and such a tool was known to and employed by the workers in the early times, for we read of the "hewed stones" being "sawed with saws" for the foundations of Solomon's Temple.

To fashion the wood according to the needed purpose, the carpenter must have at hand his *rule*, his *line*, his *plane* and his *compass*. And so Isaiah the

prophet says: "The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with a compass."

Very often the carpenter has to join various pieces of wood by what he terms a *mortise* and *tenon*; that is to say, the *mortise* is a hollow place or socket in one piece of timber, into which the *tenon* or projecting piece, cut to exact measurement in the other piece, is intended to fit. But those are God-used terms. The Almighty, in giving the Israelites full directions for the construction of the Tabernacle, said: "Two tenons shall there be in one board, set in order one against another; thus thou shalt make for all the boards of the Tabernacle. And thou shalt make forty sockets of silver under the twenty boards, two sockets under one board for his two tenons, and two sockets under another board for his two tenons."

Amongst other tools we may reasonably expect to find the hammer and nails. They are indispensable. And they were very well-known articles in the early ages. Possibly, as now, they were then kept by most householders for sundry little domestic arrangements. A hammer and a nail were near at hand for Jael the wife of Heber, for after the woman had enticed Sisera into her house, and he had fallen asleep, she seized a hammer and drove a nail into his temples, thus accomplishing his death. But we cannot think of hammer and nails without remembering the shameful misuse to which they were put when the Saviour of the world was nailed to the cross of Calvary.

But the trade of a carpenter has been specially honoured by the fact that the reputed father of Jesus was a carpenter, and that Jesus Himself spent His youth, up till the age of thirty, in following the same calling. For eighteen years of Christ's life we have no record except what is implied in the query propounded by some who heard Him preach—"Is not this the carpenter?" The people of the neighbourhood wherein Jesus had been brought up knew the nature of His business. They knew that He had toiled as a mechanic, earning His livelihood by honest, useful industry. To us it should be a matter of thankfulness that Christ was a carpenter. He has thereby taught us many things. He has proved His voluntary humility. He has shown us the dignity of labour. He has taught us that manhood is not to be estimated by certain adventitious circumstances; that it is not the house in which a man lives, nor the clothes he wears, nor the work he does, that makes or mars the man; but that the man is what his soul is—what his thoughts, affections, motives, and principles are. And He has shown us, further, that whilst a man toils with his hands in fashioning ploughs, making yokes for oxen, or in other ways, he can at the same time be cultivating his head and heart, and thus be daily fitting himself for a position of usefulness on earth and honour in heaven.

As I stand by and watch a carpenter at his work, I am constrained to think that he does physically what I am asked to do morally and spiritually. There is a lofty sense in which we are, or ought to be, all engaged in carpentering.

The carpenter is given wood, out of which material he has to fashion some new thing, in the construction of which his mental and physical powers must be brought into exercise. So God has given each of us time. Plank after plank, or hour after hour, He places at our disposal. He has given us mercies innumerable that we each, in the workshop of the world, may construct a character that shall be new, and beautiful, and enduring. As the carpenter needs application, care, thoughtfulness, patience, and perseverance in his work in order to be at all successful, so do we. It will not do for us to employ our moments and our mercies anyhow. We must exercise forethought and caution. It is vain for us to imagine that the task can be completed by one or two strokes. We must persevere to the end. Our day's work will not be done till the eventide of life. We must use the *saw* to cut off those habits which are injurious to both us and others. We must apply the *plane* to smooth down some of the unevennesses of our tempers, some of the crudeness and roughness of our dispositions. We must work with the *rule* and *square* in hand, that what is done by us may be in perfect accordance with the pattern set us in the Scriptures. We must form a *tenon* and *mortise*—a union between ourselves and that and those who are good; the *tenon* of our sympathy and benevolence must fit into the mortise of a brother's love, and the *mortise* of our own affections must correspond to the *tenon* of our friend's advances. There must be reciprocity of Christian affection. All our good resolutions, good actions, and godly efforts must be made secure by the *nail* of prayer, driven home by the *hammer* of a vigorous faith. Thus must we perform our life-task for the Divine Taskmaster.

It is true the carpenter finds recompense in his work, but he also receives wages for his work. There is the development of muscle in his arm, colour in his cheek, strength in his limbs, and general health throughout his organism. He can eat well, sleep well, as the result of his daily labour; and he is much happier when at his regular employment than when out of work and idle. So shall we find in the task to which we are called of God. He who conscientiously strives day by day to do something for God and his fellow-man, experiences untold satisfaction and delight. Aiming to construct a good character, and wield a holy influence, he realises unutterable joy, and carries the recompense within him. Still, as the carpenter looks on to Saturday night, when his definite wage shall be paid him, so we can look to the hour when the Infinite Employer shall summon all His servants and render unto every one of them according to his work. We have before us an eternal reward for well-doing.

"Thy Will be Done."

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
Smoothly.

Music by A. H. MANN, Mus.D., Oxon.
(Organist of King's College, Cambridge.)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The lyrics 'I. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray, Far' are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody with a half note C5, a quarter note D5, and a half note E5. The lyrics 'from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me' are written below. The third system concludes with a half note F#5, a quarter note G#5, and a half note A5. The lyrics 'from my heart to say, Thy will be..... done!' are written below. Dynamics include *p* (piano) at the beginning and *ff* (fortissimo) before the final phrase.

2.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done!

3.

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee:
Thy will be done!

4.

Should pining sickness waste away
My life, in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,
Thy will be done!

5.

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!

6.

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

7.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

THE MESSAGE OF JEREMIAH THE PROPHET.

BY THE REV. R. E. JOHNSTON, B.A.



LOOK first at the days in which he lived. They were full of stirring incident in Judah. The happy memory of good King Hezekiah was fading already among the dim shades of the past. Three-quarters of a century had elapsed since his death, and during the greater part of that time, throughout the fifty-five years of Manasseh, and the two years of Anon, the land was defiled with idolatry and cruel vice. It is a dark background for the days that follow; there is an opportunity at least for the young lad who is called to succeed to the splendour and the wretchedness of the Jewish throne. He is only eight years old, but trusty councillors are at his side. His mother first, of whom we know nothing but her name, the type of many a noble woman since her time, eager to gain fame only in her child's integrity and wisdom. With her, Hilkiah, the high priest, wielding a power, diminished indeed by the lack of exercise—for the priestly order might have prevented some at least of the wickedness of the time—but still second only to that of the king. Shaphan, too, responsible, together with his fellow-scribes, for the maintenance of the ancient Scriptures and traditions, an honest man, but the successor of many negligent guardians, whose indolence or crime had allowed the sacred roll of the Law to fall from their grasp, so that they did not even know where the scroll lay hid. Besides these, the court of young Josiah could produce some upright, godly men, no doubt, but not very many; such men formed a very small minority.

For the most part, the state of the people at the beginning of Josiah's reign was this—nominally and outwardly they worshipped God, but it was worship of the lip only. The Temple was still standing, but its beauty was tarnished, the golden lacquer-work had been stripped from pillar and door, the splendid cups, the basins, and the other vessels of gold and silver, together with the money that should have been in the sacred treasury, had long ago taken the weary journey to Assyria, and for their absence it was but a poor compensation that gaudy images connected with the worship of the sun should stand in the courtyard of the Temple.

The brazen chariot, with its horses, emblems of the monarch of day, who traverses the sky from east to west in a golden blaze, were by no means the only evidence that the streets of Jerusalem presented of the prevalence of idolatrous worship. In the very court of the Temple was an idol image, or perhaps a cluster of idols—"a grove," as our Bible calls it—shrouded doubtless in the gloom and darkness in which the degrading rites of the heathen gods loved to find their home. On the roofs

of many houses, and on every rising ground in the neighbourhood, were still to be seen the altars on which sacrifice to the sun-god was offered, and the hideous emblems of many deities found a resting-place in the houses of Jews, who still claimed with pride the title of "the people of God." For a parallel to this iniquity you might look at that shameful scene enacted in Paris, when an unhappy woman, "the goddess of reason," sat enthroned by the mad spirits of the Revolution on the very altar of Notre Dame, receiving homage from the licentious crowd. Just as profane and foul were some of the religious practices of the Jews in the chosen city Jerusalem.

In the midst of such corruption now a great upheaval declares itself. Josiah, enthusiastic and pious, commands a prompt reformation. Offerings flow in, the Temple is restored, heathen emblems are utterly destroyed, and while the work proceeds a greater thing is achieved—the scroll of the Law of Moses is discovered hid in the house of the Lord. The king, deeply impressed, gathering round him all the dignity and learning of the city, together with the humbler sort, stands by a pillar of the Temple to read aloud such searching words. The effect is instantaneous. Terribly affrighted, the people in very truth do begin to think of a better life and a holier worship; their steps are turned homewards with a new consciousness, a new desire oppressing their souls—the consciousness of sin committed, the desire to leave the guilty path.

But even as the crowd disperses, another voice arrests their footsteps. There is a young man standing by one of the Temple gates, a man upon whom the weight of sorrow and the keen sense of mental pain have left already their indelible impress. During five years the people of Judah had begun to grow accustomed to the plain-spoken denunciations that fell from his lips; they were familiar with his message, but familiarity produced no respect; a deaf ear had been turned to his warning; his claim to be a messenger from God had aroused no feeling but contempt and dislike. Yet the prophet was persistent in his work. Ever present in his imagination was the memory of the two mysterious visions that came to him when first the Lord touched his lips. Still, in fancy, he could see the rod of an almond-tree bursting forth into bud and blossom long before the other trees had awoken from their winter sleep: a sign that God's anger was now aroused, and very soon would take effect. And closely connected with that vision, the memory of another—a great seething-pot turned on its side, with its face from the north towards Jerusalem, telling the prophet that soon the turmoil of war, which was raging then in Mesopotamia, between the armies of Babylon, Nineveh, Elam, and Media, should be ended, and the fury of the

conquering Chaldeans should be poured forth over Judæa.

Fired with such memories, filled with ardent longings for the repentance of his countrymen, the young man had spoken sternly from time to time to his fellow-tribesmen in Benjamin and at Jerusalem. In those early days of his mission, there is, indeed, a note of hopefulness mingled sometimes with the voice of threatening.* But from the days of Josiah's reformation the hopefulness disappears. Even while the people are streaming forth from the Temple the prophet is there to proclaim the judgment of God.† They had heard by the voice of the king what punishments were promised in the days of Moses to those who should steal and murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and worship false gods; and even now, while they professed to turn to the Lord, they were filled with a lying spirit, claiming the privileges of their race, professing repentance without honest purpose of reform. So, henceforth, there is nothing to be done but to warn them of the trouble that is near at hand. Far off in the distance of time there may be hope of restoration ‡ if the people repent; indeed, the name of the prophet is itself a promise, else why should he be called "Jeremiah" ("the Lord exalts") if God did not mean the name to carry a ray of hope through the clouds of terror and destruction? But until seventy years shall be accomplished § there is no hope of deliverance; for the lifetime of the prophet there is only the vain endeavour to persuade the people to accept their fate with as little of suffering as possible.

It was not an easy task that was laid upon the prophet. Often we find him plunged in grief and distress at the wilfulness of the Jews, and they, in return for his words, tried frequently to take his life or do him injury. Thus, in the later years of Josiah, the men of Anathoth, the birthplace of Jeremiah, sought his life; and about the same period Pashur, the chief of one of the "courses" of priests, enraged by the prophet's boldness in preaching in the court of the Temple, caused him to be scourged, and afterwards put in the stocks.

Josiah's reign continued thirteen years after his great reformation. The good king did what he could; but it is not the decree of a king that can turn a nation to righteousness, and Judah was treading still the downward path. Next came the reign of Jehoahaz, son of Josiah; but it lasted no longer than three months, and he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord. So the King of Egypt, Pharaoh-nechoh by name, whose forces had defeated and slain Josiah, carried his successor captive to

Riblah, set up one of his brothers to be king, and changed his name from Eliakim to Jehoiakim, at the same time extorting tribute from the troubled nation. During the eleven years of the reign of Jehoiakim, the balance of power among the great nations of the East shifted. Egypt was in its turn checked by Babylon, whose king, Nebuchadnezzar, destined to spend seven years of his life in a strange fit of madness, according to the warning of Daniel the prophet, held Judah for a time in bondage. The tribute was paid to Nebuchadnezzar for only three years, and then another rebellion freed the Jews for a moment. But retribution was at hand. Under the next king, Jehoiachin, the Chaldean army again besieged Jerusalem, and eventually carried off as prisoners to Babylon the king and his household, together with seven thousand of the best of the people.

In the absence of most of the royal family, the King of Babylon appointed an uncle of Jehoiachin ruler of Judæa, and gave him the name of Zedekiah. The course of events was the same as before. Zedekiah reigned as tributary king for nine years, and then raised another rebellion against Nebuchadnezzar. The disturbance was promptly suppressed, and the remaining inhabitants of Jerusalem who were of any importance were transported, first to Riblah, far away at the foot of Mount Libanus, and then to Babylon. For the government of those who were left, Gedaliah, the grandson of Shaphan the scribe, was made responsible; but very soon he also fell, assassinated by some of the turbulent nobles of his court. Thereupon, the whole body of the little remnant of Jews, frightened at the probable consequences of the murder, fled to Egypt for protection, and Jerusalem was left utterly desolate. Such is the history of the last forty years of the kingdom of Judah. It begins with the warning of approaching calamity, it ends with the fulfilment of the prediction; the ruin of Jerusalem is complete, the Jews are scattered abroad in the Eastern world.

Meanwhile, what was happening to Jeremiah? Throughout that era of devastation he never ceased the proclamation of his message. The successive disasters were foretold in his scathing language, and from time to time the bitterness of the people against him knew no bounds. At short intervals he was denounced as a traitor, he was imprisoned, his life was demanded by the people, and only saved through the cowardice of the king, or the friendship of a few powerful supporters; and finally we see him carried away into Egypt at the last emigration, so that the latest prophecy from his lips is dated from the Egyptian town Tahpanhes!¶ After this we know nothing more of him. Tradition says that he was stoned to death by the Jews in Egypt, but whether the story is true or false we cannot tell.

Now, as to the writings of Jeremiah. There is this which distinguishes them from similar books—they are intensely personal. Other prophets, for the most part, deliver their message without telling us

* To this period we may probably refer the prophecies of chapters i. to v'.

† See chapters vii. to x. There is a division of opinion among commentators as to whether this discourse was delivered at this particular time. Some authorities place it in the latter part of Josiah's reign, others at the beginning of Jehoiakim's.

‡ See chaps. xxx. and xxxi.

§ Chap. xxv. 12.

¶ Jeremiah xliiii. 8.

very much about themselves or their own history. Jeremiah is different; his own life is his message in a dramatic form. At the beginning of his career, he was forbidden by God to marry any wife, because the next generation of his people were to be the inheritors of the curse,* and from that time very much of his own experience is gradually unfolded in the pages of his book. It was full of tears and woe, a living testimony to the truth and the bitterness of his warnings. Of all the people, Baruch, the faithful scribe, is his only constant friend.

Moreover, Jeremiah is singular among the prophets in the peculiarly free and forcible use that he is led to make of the incidents of daily life. Is he to testify to the coming degradation of the Jews? He must do it by means of a lengthy journey to the river Euphrates, where he hides a new linen girdle in a hole in the rock, leaving it there until its beauty and strength are marred and ruined.† Does the message of the moment teach the sovereign power of God? He declares it in front of the potter's workshop on the outskirts of the city, pointing as an illustration to the power of the potter in shaping the clay according to his will.‡ Or is it a message of

mercy that he bears? He delivers it as he received it, under the image of a basket of figs, some of them very bad, but some also good and fit to be used in the husbandman's service.* So throughout his ministry the prophet was taught to use the incidents of daily life to convey and enforce his Master's message.

From the beginning to the end of that ministry his life is full of lessons for us. His work was dangerous and arduous, but in the strength of God he stood firm like a brazen wall; his message was never popular, and his person was hateful to the Jews; yet so long as work remained to be done he was enabled to do it. Strange and terrible warnings were sent through him to the people, but even in delivering them he showed us how the small events of life all have their message from God for us. In fact, Jeremiah stands forth at the close of the period of God's long-suffering with His people, the solitary instance of a true and noble heart wholly consecrated to the service of God, terribly troubled but wonderfully comforted and sustained, accomplishing at length the work set before him to do, leaving the word entrusted to him, a memorial of his life for ever, while he himself passes away into the silence.

* Chap. xvi. † Chap. xiii. ‡ Chap. xviii.

* Chap. xxiv.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SPECIAL LESSON FOR EASTER DAY.

To read—*St. John* ix. 1—18.



AN EMPTY TOMB. (1—10.) All Christians thinking to-day of Christ's Resurrection. Had been dead three days—part of day counted as if whole day—therefore Friday evening, Saturday, Sunday morning called three days. What had been going on during those days?

(a) Joseph and Nicodemus from Galilee had embalmed Christ's body. (xx. 38, 39.)

(b) Pilate, the judge, had sealed the tomb, and set soldiers to watch. (*St. Matt.* xxvii. 65.)

(c) The disciples, in fear, keep away.

Now on the third day all is changed.

(a) An angel descends from heaven and rolls away the stone.

(b) Christ rises from the dead and remains near the garden.

(c) Mary Magdalene comes very early to the tomb.

(d) She finds the tomb empty—runs to tell the disciples.

(e) Peter and John run to the sepulchre—find it empty, and depart.

What may we learn from all these?

1. No work unworthy of God's angels or messengers. Some might think rolling heavy stone a menial work.

2. Our bodies will rise again. Christ is First-fruits of Resurrection. (1 Cor. xv. 20.)

3. The benefit of early rising—Mary Magdalene the first to meet Christ.

4. Wait patiently. The disciples, leaving hurriedly, did not see Christ.

II. A WEeping WOMAN. (11—18.) Mary remains at the grave.

(a) *She weeps.* Christ, her Friend, is gone. Where is He?

(b) *She acts.* Looks into the tomb. Lo! two angels in white.

(c) *She listens.* A question asked her—twice—by the angels, and by Jesus, as yet unrecognised.

Then she hears a voice—well known and loved.

(d) *She sees.* Christ, her Lord and Master—it is He indeed.

(e) *She worships.* Is told not to hold (or detain) Christ. He will not ascend just yet. She must tell the disciples the news.

(f) *She obeys.* What a joyful message this time! Notice the character of Mary Magdalene—

1. *Faithful*—when disciples could not believe.

2. *Loving*—last at the Cross, first at the grave.

3. *Brave*—not afraid to keep watch at the tomb alone.

4. *Obedient*—at once does what is told.

Was the first to receive a special blessing from the risen Lord.

What does Christ's Resurrection teach us?

1. There is a power greater than death.
2. That same power raises those dead in sin. (Eph. ii. 1.)
3. In Christ shall all be made alive. (1 Cor. xv. 22.)
4. Risen with Christ—seek those things which are above. (Col. iii. 1.)

NO. 20. EZRA'S MISSION.

To read—*Ezra vii.*

I. EZRA'S OFFICE. (1—10.) Nearly sixty years since dedication of Temple. Story of Esther comes in during interval. Now new king of Persia—viz., Artaxerxes, son of Ahasuerus (Esther's husband), and grandson of Darius. A new leader of Jews comes to notice—Ezra. Who is he?

(a) *A priest*—because of Aaron's family (verses 5, 11).

(b) *A scribe*—reader, writer, teacher of God's law. But mere office of little worth. What is his character?

(a) *A ready scribe*—i.e., careful, diligent, earnest in his business.

(b) *A godly man*—sought to know God (verse 10) and to teach others.

Thus was diligent in his business, and stood before kings. (Prov. xxii. 29.)

Well qualified to lead God's party of pilgrim-Jews to Jerusalem.

LESSON. *The Lord ordereth a good man's goings.*

II. EZRA'S COMMISSION. (11—22.) Artaxerxes, the great king of Persia, commissions Ezra to head the return of the Jews to their own land.

Notice the form of the letter—so different from ours ("at such a time" means *etc.*)

(a) *The persons.* All who are willing—priests, Levites, people. Yet some preferred to stay in the strange land—had made it home!

(b) *The gifts.* Offerings from the king and his Ministers—from priests and people who stay behind; have some love for their old country! Also king commands treasurers on other side of river Euphrates to give 100 talents of silver (about £40,000), 100 baths (600 gallons) of wine and oil, and salt without measure. What a noble present!

(c) *The object.* To buy animals for sacrifice, vessels for the Temple, and other things needed for God's house.

III. THE KING'S COMMAND. (23—28.) Artaxerxes not only gives what things are wanted, but lays down rules for Ezra's guidance.

1. *God's work to be done diligently.* Recognises himself as God's instrument.

2. *Priests, etc., not to pay taxes.* They are God's ministers. (1 Cor. ix. 13.)

3. *Magistrates to be appointed*—to carry out God's laws. (Rom. xiii. 1—3.)

4. *Offenders to be punished*—by fine, imprisonment, or death.

See what all this teaches about the king—

(a) *His fear of God*—puts His will first.

(b) *His liberality*—in these costly gifts.

(c) *His justice*—in providing good laws.

No wonder Ezra praises God for putting all this into the king's heart.

LESSON. *Fear God, honour the king.*

NO. 21. EZRA'S JOURNEY.

To read—*Ezra viii.*

I. THE START. (15—20.) Journey begun on New Year's Day (vii. 9); took four months exactly. Starting from west of river Tigris, would pass through Mesopotamia, cross river Euphrates (following much the same route as Abraham), travel south-west to Palestine. First halting-place at river Abaya. Ezra makes review of the people.

Who are present? Priests and people—such as wish to go.

Who are absent? Levites to carry the Ark, prepare sacrifices, etc.; Nethinims, to hew wood, etc. (Josh. ix. 27)—i.e., the ministers and servants of the Temple are wanting. Ezra not disheartened—sends special messengers, who soon return with 38 Levites and 920 Nethinims. So now all ready.

II. THE HALT. (21—30.) Journey delayed short time. Why?

(a) *Faith and humble themselves.* Had not as yet sought God's help.

(b) *Prayer*—for God's guidance and protection for themselves and the treasure they were carrying.

(c) *Precautions.* Priests and princes carefully chosen to guard the treasure. Money weighed out and counted accurately. Put under their charge. Why given to the priests to guard?

Because they are holy—i.e., set apart for God's service. So is the money also set apart. Therefore they the right persons to keep it.

LESSONS. 1. *Begin well.* Their journey prospered after they had sought God's help.

2. *Care in accounts*—especially with money given for religious objects.

III. THE END. (31—36.) Journey delayed twelve days by the halt—now begun in earnest under God's guidance and help. Remind of similar ones—

Abraham sent by God to seek a new home.

Jacob going to Padan-Aram—vision of angels.

Israelites starting for Palestine—pillar of cloud and fire.

After four months arrive at Jerusalem—three days' rest—then began their real business. What do they do?

(a) *Hold religious service.* Offer bullocks, sheep, goats, etc.

(b) *Store the money* safely in the treasury in God's house.

(c) *Further the people, i.e., stir them up to the work.*

LESSON. *The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.*

NO. 22. EZRA'S TROUBLES.

To read—*Ezra ix.*

I. THE SIN. (1—4.) Remind of party who returned from Babylon. No women mentioned, except singing women. (ii. 65.) Like emigrants now—mostly young unmarried men. So a difficulty arose about wives for them. They forgot God's strict rules in



"In the high-backed, old-fashioned pew
She sat, on Sundays long ago."

"GRANDMAMMA."—P. 412.

times past (Deut. vii. 3), and married wives from heathen around. Notice—

(a) The princes came and told Ezra. Right to report wrong-doing. (Gen. xxxvii. 2.)

(b) Priests and Levites the chief offenders. Bad example soon followed.

(c) Ezra much troubled. Righteous mourn for others' sins. What did he do?

Rent his garment, as Reuben did when he found Joseph gone. (Gen. xxxvii. 29.)

Plucked off his hair, as Job did in his trouble. (Job. i. 20.)

Effect was that all who feared God joined him.

LESSON. *Evil communications corrupt good manners.*

II. THE PRAYER. (5—15.) Notice these points—

(a) *The time.* At evening sacrifice—appointed time for prayer. Thus Elijah at Mount Carmel (1 Kings xviii. 36); Daniel in Babylon (Dan. ix. 21); Christ on the Cross. (St. Matt. xxvii. 45, 50.)

(b) *The manner.* Rent garment sign of grief. Fell on knees in humiliation. (Ps. xcv. 6.) Spread out hands, as Moses did before Pharaoh. (Ex. ix. 29.)

(c) *The prayer* contains acknowledgment of—

1. *Their sin*—includes himself with people—sins have been great—trespass against God's law constant.

2. *God's justice*—in punishing all—kings, priests, people.

3. *God's mercy*—in letting a remnant escape—giving a nail (*i.e.*, safe abode) once more in His house—touching hearts of kings of Persia—permitting to build up Jerusalem.

4. *God's commands*—not to mix with the heathen around.

5. *God's forbearance*—punishing less than they deserve. Therefore they must not presume on God's mercy, and fall into worse wickedness, or will be consumed altogether.

For other examples of similar prayer, remind of David after his sin. (Ps. li.)

Jonah in the whale's belly. (Jonah ii. 2.)

The prodigal son. (St. Luke xv. 21.)

St. Peter after his fall. (St. Matt. xxvi. 75.)

LESSON. *I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.*

NO. 23. EZRA'S REFORMATIONS.

To read—Ezra 2.

I. REFORMATION PROPOSED. (1—5.) Ezra's prayer ended. A great crowd assembled. His example contagious—wonderful sight—all the people weeping much. But weeping not enough—must also be change. True repentance requires three things—

(a) *Sorrow* for the past. (Ps. li. 1.) They wept.

(b) *Confession* of faults. (Ps. xxxii. 5.) They acknowledged their transgressions.

(c) *Amendment of life.* (Ps. cxix. 67.) Determined to put away their wives.

See how determined they are about it—

(a) They make a solemn covenant.

(b) They determine to do it at once.

(c) They encourage Ezra in the matter.

LESSON. *Cease to do evil, learn to do well.*

II. REFORMATION CARRIED OUT. (6—19.) Ezra's work not nearly finished. He has begun the reformation—stirred the heart of the people—heard their solemn covenant. Still these who assembled only a small part of the people. All the Jews must be told. So they are summoned by a proclamation. Notice several points—

(a) They assembled immediately—showing eagerness.

(b) They disregarded the cold and rain—showing earnestness.

(c) They confessed their fault—showing sincerity.

(d) They asked for investigation—showing good sense.

So certain commissioners appointed to judge each case. Two laymen, two Levites, Ezra, the priest and scribe, and certain chiefs of the elders. All classes represented. The work of putting away the strange wives begun at once. Priests begin—people follow. A trespass offering made as atonement.

What does all this teach?

1. Sin of all kinds hateful to God.

2. Sin must be put away at once.

3. Pardon must be sought.

This as true now as then.

LESSON. *There is forgiveness with Thee.*

GRANDMAMA.

IN the high-backed old-fashioned pew
She sat, on Sundays long ago,
With her sweet eyes' expressive blue—
Where serious thoughts would often glow—
Intent beneath the wimple's snow.

This was dear grandmamma, when she
Was in her teens, and straight and tall,
The Beauty of the family;
Whose cheerful trust had charms for all,
Whatever trouble chanced to fall.

'Twas not alone her faultless face
That made each fond affection start,
For she possessed a fairer grace,
Such as with Time will not depart,
The truer beauty of the heart!

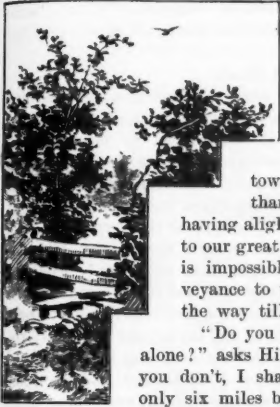
Sweet listener—with her earnest look
Bent on the pastor as he read!
We, too, would prize the Holy Book,
And share with her the Living Bread,
The sunshine on her pathway shed!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."



WE start by the first train in the morning, and go as near to Hamley as we can by rail; that is, to a little sleepy town, scarcely more than a village. And having alighted there, we find, to our great annoyance, that it is impossible to get any conveyance to take us the rest of the way till the afternoon.

"Do you mind waiting here alone?" asks Hilton. "Because, if you don't, I shall walk it. It is only six miles by the fields."

"Oh no, pray don't wait for me."

I answer. "I shall do very well here. I am quite old enough to take care of myself."

"You are quite sure you don't mind?"

"Quite."

"Then I will say good-bye for the present."

I watch him while in sight, and then go out myself, as I feel much too restless to sit in the inn-parlour. I walk about the straggling old streets, attracting a great deal of interest and curiosity on the part of the natives, which makes me very uncomfortable; then wander out into the open country and sit on a stile, until I fancy that my watch must have stopped for an hour, and that it is nearly time to start. But on walking hurriedly back I find that I have two hours to wait; so I borrow a book of the landlady, and after trying in vain to read it, sit and look out of the window and listen to the grating of the countrymen's boots on the sanded floor underneath; and feel as amiable as impatient travellers usually do under such circumstances.

At last the gig is ready, and away we go at a fast trot. The fresh breeze soon blows away my ill-humour, and before we have gone very far, I am on quite friendly terms with the driver, and have heard enough odd stories from him to send Mr. Bloomfield into fits of laughter when I get home.

We have nearly reached our destination, when, on turning a sudden bend in the road, we come upon Hilton calmly seated on a stile.

"I heard you coming as I crossed the fields, so I waited for you," he says, in answer to my exclamation of surprise. Of course we stop and make room for him in the gig, and then he explains that, having been misdirected by some stupid countryman, he had gone miles out of his way. He treats the matter very indifferently, and, as he is not a man to be either

laughed at or pitied, I simply express my unbounded contempt for the unknown countryman, and let the subject drop.

There are not more than three houses, properly so-called, in Hamley, so we have no difficulty in finding the one we want. It stands back from the road, and is screened from view by a row of fir-trees, which fact probably induced Mr. Giffard to select it, as it does not appear to be, in any other respect, a desirable residence.

After Hilton has directed the man to put up his gig at the village inn, we enter the garden. I am on the point of asking whether he would not like to see Maggie alone, when it occurs to me, for the first time, that though I perfectly understand his errand, he has no idea that I know anything about it.

The narrow, old-fashioned garden in front of the house is so enclosed with close-cut privet hedges and tall trees that it is a gloomy place even on this bright spring afternoon. The straggling laurels and dwarf box-trees look as if they were seldom warmed by the sun, and even the few purple and yellow crocuses that show themselves in the borders seem to have had a hard struggle for existence, they are so very pale and limp.

As we walk silently over the spongy grass, Hilton is too much absorbed in his own thoughts to have eyes or ears for outward things, so that I, who feel satisfied that all doubts and misunderstandings will at last be cleared away, have a mind at rest, and am the first to see a vision that holds us there in the shade, spellbound, feasting our eyes on its calm, exquisite beauty.

We have come to an opening in the privet hedge, and beyond it stretches a great orchard, all white with blossom, in the midst of which sits the object of our search—Maggie—wholly unconscious of the eyes that are looking at her with such love and admiration.

The whole place seems asleep, except that the trees are waving their topmost branches with a soft rustling sound, and sending down little showers of petals, which fall slowly to the ground like flakes of snow. The sun himself is just out of sight behind those dark trees, but all the air is full of mellow light, and a faint golden haze is creeping over the distant meadows and clothing them with a vague, mysterious beauty, not their own, while here and there some pear-tree, taller and statelier than its fellows, rears its head to be crowned with pale red and gold.

And Maggie—my little Maggie!

She is leaning back in her chair, gazing towards the distant meadows with a tender, dreamy, far-away look which would make me tremble for her but that I remember who is standing by my side.

Suddenly she catches sight of us, starts up with a little cry, and the next instant—

I have not the least doubt that she is clasped in

Hilton's arms, but I cannot say for certain, because I am walking away, as fast as I possibly can, in an opposite direction. What an absurd creature I am, to be so excited! I walk twice round the garden at a furious pace before I come to my senses, and remember that I may as well go into the house, since someone may be looking at me from one of the windows.

The house proves far more bright and comfortable than I expected, and by the time I have found out about the postal regulations and written a detailed account of our journey to Mr. Bloomfield, I begin to feel quite at home in it.

Then the lovers come sauntering in from the orchard, blissfully unconscious of the fact that they have kept the tea waiting an hour. And when I feel my little girl's arms about my neck and her warm young cheek against mine, I forget all about it too.

At bed-time Maggie comes into my room, and we sit talking by the fire till I don't know how late.

She tells me about her father; how kind he was to her; how much she loved him, and yet how he vexed her by not allowing her to go and see her uncle. She supposes he had some good reason for it, but it made her very unhappy. Then about this sudden departure from London, and his illness and death, in a strange place amongst strange people; and that, when they told him he must die, he had made her promise that she would not write to her uncle until after his funeral; although he said that there was no one in the world to whom he would sooner trust her.

We sit for a long time in silence, feeling very sober and sorrowful, till our thoughts wander back to Hilton again; and as I see the light and colour stealing back into Maggie's face, I lay my hand caressingly on her soft, bright hair, and there is no need of words between us.

"Now it is all over," I say, at last, "will you not tell me what the misunderstanding was about?"

"Yes! I wish to tell you," she replies quickly, "because you might think that it was through some fault of his: and it was all my fault from beginning to end."

But there is not much explanation to be given, after all. It is only what I knew before—that someone told her a lie about Hilton, and she believed it. But she is so full of penitence for having believed any ill of her idol, that she will not rest till she has told me all the circumstances that led to it.

Her life in the country had been so guarded from all contact with, or knowledge of, evil, that she had formed an almost impossible standard of right, and had no toleration for any departure from it. To her surprise and consternation, she found that the people with whom she came in contact in London looked at things from quite a different point of view.

With many of them it was not thought a sin to read worldly books or discuss worldly topics on the Sunday. A deviation from the truth was not always a lie—it seemed—an act to be regarded with horror and repented of with shame. A profane word did not appear to degrade a man in the eyes of his fellows—unless, indeed, it were spoken in the presence of ladies. And

in a hundred other ways she found that her point of view was different from theirs.

It seems that this had not the effect of making her hold herself aloof from others, as if they were inferior to her; it did not blind her to the fact that many of them were excellent people, and honourable too where great matters were concerned. So it simply made her doubt the correctness of her own standard; and though still holding tenaciously to the same strict rule for herself, she hesitated to sit in judgment on others.

That was the first shock.

Another was that her grandfather, whom she had always looked upon as infallible, had taught her things which science had proved to be mistaken. And if he had been mistaken in some things, how was she to depend on the truth of anything he had taught her? Would she have to throw aside the teaching of all those years, and begin again at the very beginning? Even the creed he had brought her up in, which she had accepted with simple faith as the only true one, she heard condemned as false, and its followers spoken of as "under the yoke of the Evil One!" "At first I used to rebel against it," she says, "but gradually the preacher's eloquence, and the fact that all the rest of the congregation believed what he said, told upon me. I felt that I was so miserably small and young to sit there and dare to set up my judgment against that of all the others."

So gradually she had lost faith in her grandfather, and that seemed to strike at the root of everything. She knew her own youth and inexperience, and dared not trust to her own unaided judgment. And having lost the confidence which comes from a calm sense of certainty that one is believing and acting rightly, she was prepared to believe or disbelieve almost anything.

It was not unnatural that, while her mind was in this state, she should have chosen Hilton, who had such a firm belief in himself, and was so looked up to by the members of his family, to guide her out of her difficulties.

But when the first unreasoning faith of childhood is once killed, nothing can ever revive it. And so it happened that when she discovered that he had falsely called himself her cousin, he fell at once from the high place that he had held in her esteem, and it was easy to believe the graver charge against him.

On the night of the party, someone (whom I, of course, know to be Julia) called her away from the rest, told her some dreadful tale about Hilton, and finished by saying that he was not Mr. Bloomfield's son, but a poor boy whom he had adopted out of charity.

"I was indignant, and would not believe a word of it," she says, her cheeks flushing angrily at the recollection. "But I went straight to Hilton and asked him if it was true that he was not my uncle's son. I wanted to hear him say that it was not true, and of course I dared not speak of that other tale I had heard. I scarcely dared to think of it!"

"What did he say?" I ask.

"He looked annoyed, and asked who had been telling me. Of course I would not tell him; and then he was angry, and said it was true, but it was nothing

to be ashamed of, and he had only made a secret of it because he did not want all the tattling fools in the neighbourhood to be gossiping about him, and inventing a hundred tales about his origin."

"And then?"

"And then I believed that other wicked lie!" she says; and goes on to tell me of the great darkness that followed; the utter hopelessness and shipwreck of faith, the shrinking from and abhorrence of Hilton, which had given place to a deep sense of humiliation when she discovered that, although she believed him

CHAPTER XVII. AND LAST.

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."—LONGFELLOW.

WELL, it is all settled at last, and I am on my way back to London. We intended to bring Maggie home with us, but her friend, the minister, came with his daughter, and insisted on taking her to Hastings with them for change of air. She wished to see her uncle first, but there was no time for that. Hilton



"I walk about the straggling old streets."—p. 413.

to have been guilty of great baseness, she loved him as much as ever.

All this she tells me in impassioned language, which gathers intensity as she proceeds; until she suddenly recollects that it was all false, and her face dimples over with happy smiles, as she protests that she will not waste another word upon the ugly subject.

Then I ask incredulously whether the mere fact of Hil'on's innocence having been proved has restored her lost faith. And she tells me how she has met with some good minister who has taught her a larger, purer faith: one that stands on a sure foundation, and cannot be shaken by any storms of dogmatical eloquence.

There is an interval of dreamy silence, during which my thoughts dwell on the subject of religion, and Maggie's, apparently, wander in another direction. "Isn't it delicious," she says, with a soft, tender light in her eyes, "to know that however much I love him, it isn't half as much as he deserves?"

and I stayed with her till she left; and, at the last minute, he decided to go too, and stay at an hotel—so I am coming back alone.

Of course we have been very careful not to let her have the least suspicion of her father's guilt. Truth is a grand thing; but we must let no ugly truth mar the beauty of her mental picture of his character. No, let him be to her always the embodiment of all that is best and noblest in the nature of man.

I made careful inquiries of his medical attendant, and found that he had been suffering for years from an incurable disease, and that, although his death had possibly been somewhat accelerated by his sudden journey from London, he could not, in any case, have lived much longer. At first, I felt inclined not to lessen Julia's remorse by telling her of this; but, when I seriously considered the disappointment she had lately undergone, and the effect it would probably have on her rebellious nature, I wrote to her at once, telling her the facts as kindly as I could. I feel that, in her present state of mind, it is absolutely

necessary that someone should be in her confidence, and have some little influence over her; and I know that nothing but the greatest kindness can secure this.

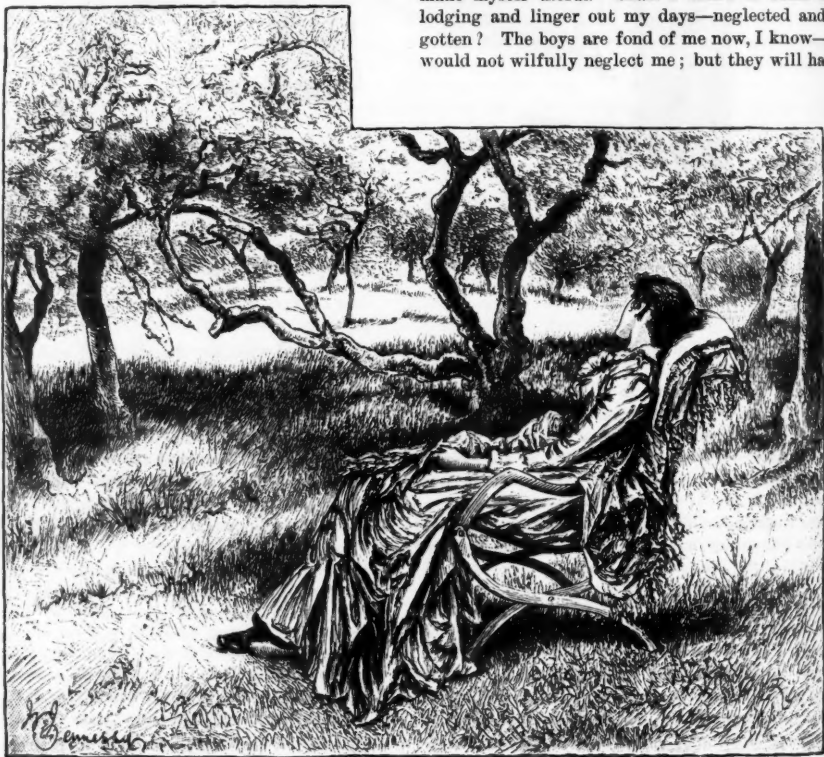
Mr. Giffard left a will, in which he bequeathed one-half of his property to his daughter, and the other half to his brother-in-law (Mr. Bloomfield). With the will was a private letter to Mr. Bloomfield, and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that Mr. Giffard wished the money to be given, either openly or secretly, to Hilton, as some compensation for the injury he had done his father. Of course, if the young people marry, there will be no difficulty about that.

After what I have seen lately, I shall never again think Hilton cold-hearted. I believe that, although you may live in the same house with a person for years, and think that you thoroughly understand their character, yet something will unexpectedly occur to show that you have been quite mistaken. If anyone had told me, a month ago, that Hilton had such depths of tenderness in his nature as I have discovered during the last few days, I should have laughed at them. It is a true saying that "Still waters run deep."

When I reach Alma House there is no one at home. Julia is gone on a visit to some friends in the north of England; and Mr. Bloomfield has been obliged to go into the City on business, but he told the servants to expect him back before five o'clock.

It is always dispiriting to find no one to meet you at the end of a journey, and I feel it so now. However, as it is no one's fault, I am not going to make a trouble of it. I busy myself for some time in unpacking, then look into the different rooms to see that they have not been neglected during my absence—how cold and empty they seem—and finally sit down in the dining-room with some work.

However, the work is very uninteresting, and I soon let it fall, and sit staring into the fire, and thinking. Thinking is rather dull work just now: there is nothing for me to hope for, or to worry about. Maggie and Hilton are happy and engrossed in their own affairs, so there is no need for me to interest myself about them; and Julia, with her unruly passions and transient remorse, is no longer here to try my temper or excite my pity. There is nothing left for me to do but just mind my own business. Now that I have time to think of it, it is rather lonely to feel that I belong to nobody, and am nobody's business but my own. I wonder drearly how it will be when I am quite old, and no longer able to make myself useful. Shall I retire to some dingy lodging and linger out my days—neglected and forgotten? The boys are fond of me now, I know—they would not wilfully neglect me; but they will have so



"She is leaning back in her chair, gazing towards the distant meadows."—p. 413.

many other ties then. I draw very dismal pictures of the future, and feel a great deal of pity for the lonely, neglected old maid.

At five o'clock Mary brings in a little table for tea, and as I look at the two solitary tea-cups, the dreadful truth bursts upon me at last—Alma House can no longer be my home! There is no hope of postponing it any longer. I must go. I must find for myself another home, and live once more amongst noisy, self-willed children, insolent servants, and unsympathetic parents. And these my friends—whose interests I have made my own—will go on just the same without me. Mr. Bloomfield will live with Maggie and Hilton, and I shall be forgotten. Ah! therein lieth the sting of it all! They are kind-hearted people—they won't wish to forget me, I know. They will even invite me to stay with them once or twice, perhaps; but they will make new friends, have new interests, and I shall have gone out of their lives. I shall not be likely, in my own narrow life, to meet with anyone who will supply their places to me; and I shall be nothing to them—nothing but a memory—a fast fading memory. "It is *cruel! cruel!*" I say. "Why should not I have a little comfort as well as other people!" And then I begin to cry. I have not cried before for years. I always put a strong check upon my tears, because I know, from experience, that when once I give way to them, it is almost impossible to stop. But tears, they say, are a luxury; and if I can have no other luxury, I will at least have that. So I sit and cry, like a great girl.

I am so absorbed in my grief, that Mr. Bloomfield surprises me in the midst of it. I meant to have gone up to my room before he came in, but I do not hear him until he opens the room door, and then it is too late. I am horribly ashamed of myself, but I have sufficient presence of mind to sit up and try to look as if nothing had happened.

He shakes hands with me heartily, says he is delighted to see me home again, and wants to know all the news about Maggie and Hilton. He has so much to say for the first few minutes that he does not observe anything unusual in my manner. But when I begin to answer his questions it is impossible not to notice that my voice quavers and trembles like that of a very old woman. He looks at me in surprise, and I hang down my head sheepishly, and long to run out of the room.

There is an awkward pause, and then he says kindly, "I am afraid you felt lonely to come home and find no one here."

"Oh, I am not so foolish as to mind about that," I reply; and then the tears break forth again, and there is no more hope of concealing them.

"Well, there!" exclaims Mr. Bloomfield in consternation; and then adds eagerly, "It isn't anything about the boys, is it? your brothers, I mean. Because if there is anything I can do, you have only to mention it, and I shall be most glad to smooth over a difficulty, or help to smooth it over."

"No-o, thank you," I say; "the boys are all right."

"Then what on earth is it?" he asks, and begins walking about the room. "You took such an interest

in Maggie and Hilton, I thought you'd be delighted to get that matter settled."

My voice is not sufficiently under control to answer.

"What is the matter?" he asks, stopping abruptly in front of me. "Why are you crying like this?"

"Because I am a fool!" I answered, in my utter abandonment giving the only reason that occurs to me.

He resumes his walk, and I watch for an opportunity to escape.

"Aren't you comfortable here?" he asks. "I always thought you liked living here—you *said* you did!"

"So I do!" I say desperately. "But what is the use of it? I shall have to go away now; you *know* I shall!"

As he stops short in blank astonishment at this outburst, I make a rush for the door and run up to my own room.

I lock the door, throw myself on my bed and cry. Julia cries like a savage; Maggie, like the little angel that she is; and I, like a fool. I *know* that I am a fool. I tell myself so, over and over again, but I go on crying as much as ever—*more* than ever. I am aware all the time that my common-sense will come back to me in the morning, and that I shall feel just the same as if nothing had happened (except for the recollection of that humiliating quarter of an hour); and it is the knowledge of that fact which makes me realise so thoroughly my own folly.

Still I lie on the bed and cry till I can scarcely see; and all the disappointments of my life, and all the unsatisfied longings of my life, take up arms against me, and compel me to go on crying.

After a time I rouse myself to send down a message to Mr. Bloomfield that I have a headache, and wish to be excused for the rest of the evening. Then I go to bed, and indulge in the luxury of making myself thoroughly miserable.

In the grey light of early morning I wake up with an aching head and a vague feeling that something disagreeable (I don't know what) has happened. Then, involuntarily, I take up the train of thought I left unfinished last night, and go over again that scene in the drawing-room, feeling every minute an added intensity of shame at the recollection of my exhibition of weakness and folly. I would give half my worldly possessions (no very large sum) to obliterate from Mr. Bloomfield's mind, and my own, the remembrance of that humiliating quarter of an hour.

I hoped that my common-sense would return to me, and that I should feel like my usual self this morning; but I find that I am not much better than I was last night. At least, I am glad to be awake early, as it will give me time to reason myself into a more sensible frame of mind before I am obliged to meet Mr. Bloomfield at breakfast.

I think of my good health and my many mercies, and ask myself, contemptuously, what I have done that I should expect to have everything made smooth for me, when half the people in the world are groaning under a load of care. Besides, at my age, I ought to have learned more wisdom. I ought to remember

that time (the great physician) will reconcile me to this change, as it has to all preceding ones. But, somehow, these thoughts don't seem half as comforting to me as I imagined they should have been to Julia; and when the time comes to get up, I don't feel any more prepared for the ordeal of meeting Mr. Bloomfield than I did at first. If I only felt in anything like my usual spirits, I could go down and make light of the whole affair; but this morning I know that any such attempt would be an utter failure, and, if Mr. Bloomfield should begin to joke me about it, I believe I should behave almost as idiotically again — the tears are so very near the surface.

When Mary comes with my warm water, I am cowardly enough to put off the evil moment by asking her to bring my breakfast up-stairs to me; but directly she is gone I remember that that will only tend to make matters worse, as Mr. Bloomfield will be sure to conclude that there is something serious the matter. So I get up at once and dress myself languidly, intending to go down and countermand the order. I have only just finished dressing when she returns without my breakfast, but with a note directed to me in Mr. Bloomfield's handwriting.

I go to the window and read it through—twice—and the second time my hands are trembling so, and my eyes are so full of tears that I can scarcely see the words. He asks me to be his wife!

He does not write as a young lover would, but in an honest, sensible way which touches me a great deal more. I am not to think that he has taken this step because he saw my distress at the thought of leaving. He decided on it directly the news of Maggie's engagement set him thinking about the fresh arrangements which would have to be made in the future, and he discovered how dreary it would be to him without me. He thinks there may be many reasons which will make me hesitate to accept his offer, and begs me not to decide too hastily, as his happiness depends on my answer.

"Not to decide too hastily!" I laugh softly to myself at the idea.

What! after having made up my mind years ago that I must end my days a solitary old maid! After having schooled myself to go through the world fighting my own battles, bearing my own sorrows, and resolutely keeping all my warmer feelings shut up within my own heart, lest they should be trampled on by careless feet! After all that, I am to take due time to consider whether I will become the wife of the best and noblest-hearted man I ever knew! Truly, it needs a great deal of consideration!

I don't feel in the least hurry to go down. I want to keep still a little while, and try to realise it. How glad the dear boys will be! I believe they always felt vexed that I was obliged to go out into the world alone. I must write and tell them about it to-day—all of them. Poor old Jack! Perhaps I shall be able to help him a little now; if I can do nothing else, I can have some of the children here to spend the holidays. How delightful it will be when Maggie and Hilton come and stay with us; or perhaps they may take a house near, which will be even better!

I am almost ashamed of myself for feeling so young and happy; but

how can I help it? To know that at last there is one spot in the world I dare call *home*! to know that there is one heart in the world in which I hold the first place!

He says, too, that his happiness depends upon me. Why, I never even dreamed of that! I daresay he would have felt lonely when the others were gone. I forgot that he might not have cared, any more than myself, to live in another person's house.

What a glorious morning it is! There is a clear blue sky, just flecked with tiny white clouds; all the trees in the square look a delicate pale green in the sunshine; and a bird, somewhere near, is singing as if he meant to fill the whole air with his song.

I will go down now, and give him my answer.



"I can scarcely see the words."



THE LORD WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.—II.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RURAL DEAN OF PADDINGTON.

"And therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto you. . . . blessed are all they that wait for Him."—

ISAIAH XXX. 18.



BLESSED are all they that wait for Him." Such is the last clause of a verse considered in a former paper, and it seems to overlay, with a glow of fresh radiance, a promise which sparkled with the brightness of refined gold before. A God "waiting to be gracious," "resting in His love," commanding the chariots of His providence to stand still: and all this, only that He may have mercy upon us—can assurance be more assured, or can the bowels of the everlasting compassions further go? They can. It shall be seen to be to our own interest, to our present as well as to our lasting happiness—to put ourselves in resolved accord with these slowly maturing plans of our God; to wait with calm trust as long as He shall wait. Be it that we are in danger, and there seems no way of escape; that we are walking in darkness, and can see no rift of light; that the enemy is even at our doors, and yet the expected succours come not. Still we know that God is "waiting;" and He tells us what He is waiting for. Is it too much to ask that, as He waits *for us*, we should be willing to wait for Him? What, if it can be shown that our patience expedites the arrival of the succours? that, as against all our disquietude and unrest, an increase of strength is obtained by sitting still? and consequently that not more true is that part of the promise which says, "and therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto *you*," than that which, in regard to our own happiness, assures us, "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

In considering the waiting here spoken of we observe first it is—

I.—THE WAITING OF A PEACEFUL AND ASSURED HEART.

AND this is in fact the chief source of its blessedness also. The waiting believer has no surer ground of peace than is to be found in the repose of faith; in the full assurance that the succours he is waiting for are already on their way. The successions of day and night we know are certain things. The night-sentry, who, from his watch-tower, sees the first streak of dawn, has no doubt about the daylight which is to follow. But a saint of God, waiting for the Lord, says the Psalmist, is more sure of what is coming than the night-watch: "My soul waiteth for the Lord *more* than they that watch for the morning; I *say more* than they that watch for the morning."

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Still the watchman's ground for confidence in the oncoming day is all one with that which we have for the sure arrival of the promised help from God. He remembers that, as the sun knows the time of his going down, so there is a time ordained for his reappearance in the heavens. All the promises of God, like the prophet's vision, are "for an appointed time." If they tarry or seem to tarry—as the daylight sometimes does—we are to wait for them, as knowing that they will surely come, they will not really tarry, any more than, in the end, the sunlight will fail to force its way through the thick opaque of mist and cloud. Hence our rule, under any apparent delays in the expected appearance of God in our behalf, is that laid down for us by the Psalmist, "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure;" wait confidently upon Him, in a posture of bold and reverent expectation. In the end, the vision will speak, if we do but in patience wait for it; and faith will assuredly reap its harvest, if it faint not.

"If it faint not," and if it move not; that is, if it take no action of its own to accelerate the fulfilment of the Divine promises. This is an essential condition, in order to our realising the repose of true faith. "He that believeth shall not make haste," it is written by the prophet. He must neither imagine difficulties nor make difficulties; neither forcing the door of promise, as Jacob did, by unlawful expedients, nor closing the door against themselves, as the Israelites did, by distrust and unbelief. There are many trials of life under which we *can* do nothing, and *must* do nothing. We must wait. We must lie passive in the hands of God. When the Israelites stood on the borders of the Red Sea, with Pi-hahiroth on the one side, and Baal-zephon on the other, they could do nothing. They had only to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." And their standing still *was* salvation. It was strength to them; the resolved calmness of an acquiescing trust; God's silence responded to by man's silence. His time, His will, His way: "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

II.—IT IS THE WAITING OF THE PATIENCE WHICH BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD.

"BLESSED are they that wait for Him;" for this, if for no other reason—that thereby they get an installment of that which they are waiting for. This is not deliverance from their trial at once, but only relief and support under it, more strength to bear, more grace to resist, new consolations to cheer, and quickened hopes to revive. And all these may be regarded as "waiting" gifts, the very fruit and

outcome of a resolved and enduring patience. See how this is brought out by the Apostle in that fifth chapter to the Romans. He is tracing the genesis of the Christian's assured and triumphant hope, having its root in the experience of sanctified trials. Of these the immediate outcome is a submissive posture of the soul to the will of God, a holding still upon God, and resting in Him. "Tribulation worketh patience." But then what does patience do? Is this a barren grace? No; it bears fruit after its kind. It worketh "experience." Experience—seeing that the more we bear, the more we obtain strength to bear. And this experience of what God *has* done, stimulates, quickens, invigorates the hope of what God *will* do; till at length, from this one dry tree of patience, this negative grace of doing nothing but only waiting, there are yielded "the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby."

All this points to the conclusion that the waiting Christian is the only happy Christian; and that the longer he has to wait for the expected blessing, the surer his hope and the greater his peace will be. He waits in faith of the word of promise. And faith in the Word of God, like the Word itself, cannot return unto Him void. It must bear fruit. We never lose a promise through waiting for a promise. Because, while we are waiting, God gives us something else; the promised good, in fact, in some other form. See this in the case of the saints under the altar. They were waiting for God to fulfil His clearly announced promises, and they cried, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" But the answer to their petition was, that "white robes" were to be given to them, and that they must "rest for a little season." The white robes of waiting would be better for them than a sight of the blood-stained robes of those who had slain the saints of the Lord.

Learn we then, whenever a promise of God seems to tarry, to ask for the "white robes"—that is, for a waiting spirit, and a loving trust, and a full assurance of hope that all will come right in the end. All these must be self-recompensing and remunerative graces. Their reward is with them. Paul grew strong by the act of waiting for succours for his weakness. The father of the demoniac was having his faith increased all the time he was praying for the removal of his "unbelief." At every fresh repulse of the Canaanitish mother, her faith and love to Christ waxed stronger and stronger; and during those three full weeks while Daniel continued waiting, and fasting, and praying, he was unconsciously training his spiritual faculties for comprehending visions and revelations of the Lord. We never know why promises are withheld, nor even whether, at any given moment, they are being withheld at all. Anyhow, we may always reckon upon an equivalent in the interim of waiting, in increased faith, increased peace, increased strength: "They

that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

III.—IT IS THE WAITING FOR GOD HIMSELF, APART FROM THE SUCCOURS WE DESIRE AT HIS HAND.

IN that expression, "wait for HIM," will be found to lie the whole stress of the promised blessing. These Jews were expecting relief under their perplexities and fears. *How* it should come, *when* it should come, from *what* source it should come, they knew not, and must not be over-careful to inquire. And so the prophet reminds them, that if they would realise all the advantages of their waiting, they must wait, not so much for deliverance as for a Deliverer; not for a sight of the succours, but for closer union and fellowship with Him who is to bring the succours. "Blessed are all they that wait for HIM."

Thus understood, the caution of the prophet points to a prevalent source of our disquietude, under the harassing trials of life—namely, that we have not yet found out the soul's true rest, have not grasped the conception that this rest cannot be stayed on events or circumstances—on the issue of this contingency or that, but only on the near and abiding presence of a Divine Personality. God has so constituted man's heart that it shall find its first springs of relief and rest in Himself; and if we will not seek them there, we shall find them in nothing else. Out of Him, away from Him, independent of Him, all the wells we can repair to are found to be dried up.

It is a part of true waiting, therefore, to try to be without carefulness—not to be always running after secondary reliefs, leaning for comfort on this broken reed or that; always disappointed of our hope, and not knowing which way to turn or look. Our Heavenly Father knows the unsatisfyingness of these human dependencies—how they slip from us and fail us when we most need them—and so, in lieu of them all, and as a relief surer and better than them all, He has given us Himself. And hope in Him, and trust in Him, and rest in Him will be a strong stay to us, when nothing else will. We have a grand picture of this form of trust in God as the one sufficient substitute for our losses, and the one supporting stay under our burdens, in that majestic declaration of the prophet Habakkuk, who, after contemplating wreck upon wreck, and ruin upon ruin, and breach upon breach, finds that he has *all things* in God. Oh! yes, he declares, fig-tree and vines, olive-yards and fields, fold and stalls, these may fail every one, "yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation." Rejoice in the Lord, observe—not in His gifts, but in Himself, in the persuasion of His all-abounding goodness, in the sense of His near presence, in the assurance that He will be Himself far more to us than all He may suffer to be taken away. "In His favour is life, and His

loving-kindness is better than life itself," better than the blossoms on the fig-tree, better than the fruitfulness of the olive, better than the clusters of the vine. "Lord, whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance." How could I desire a better? "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

Wherefore, in all our troubles and adversities, whenever they oppress us, let us act upon that golden rule of the Psalms, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." There is the marrow of a thousand sermons in those two words, "rest" and "wait." Rest in what God *is*. Wait for what God will *do*. Rest—for the bane of our life's happiness is unrest, the inability to hold ourselves still upon God and His promises. Something has gone wrong with us. Our desires are crossed, our plans have failed, we are thrown out of our calculations in regard to what we might most reasonably have expected, and all the winds of life seem to be blowing contrary. And we are restless, torturing ourselves night and day with devising fresh expedients for relief. But all to no purpose. The thoughts are vain, and worse than vain. They drive sleep from our eyelids; they banish peace from the heart; worse than all, they turn into deadness and unprofitableness all our wonted exercises of faith and prayer. At such times, there is nothing for us but a resolute and enforced rest, a calm looking-out on what the Lord is doing for us, and just biding the

leadings of Providence and the hour. Do we ask how this is to do any good? Let the prophet make answer, "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength." You rest, but you rest in the Lord.

Still, while you rest you wait; wait *in* the Lord, wait *on* the Lord, wait *for* the Lord. You wait for the revelation of the thoughts which God thinks towards you; for the appointed time when, according to His Word, He shall give you "the expected end." And this is for your soul's health, the prophet teaches. "It is good," he says, "that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Observe, there is a lively hope in this quiet waiting. For waiting is no merely passive grace of the Christian character. It is an active grace, a working grace, quickening to the uttermost the exercises of hope, and love, and longing desire. But then, what is it we pant and long for? Not for the removal of the burden, not for the lifting of the cloud, not for the rekindling of the fading and flickering hope, not for the opening of a new way out of all our entanglements, and perplexities, and fears: but for the near and assured Presence with us in our difficulties of the personal, incarnated, living God. This is light in the darkness, this is rest in the weariness, this is the satisfying of the soul in drought. "O God, my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

A DAY WITH THE ZENANAS.

BY A CORRESPONDENT IN INDIA.



HERE are many and conflicting opinions with regard to the progress of missionary work in India. I do not propose to engage in this controversy, which will continue, doubtless, in spite of many facts and observations brought to bear upon it. It is not, indeed, with missionary work generally, but with a branch of it—that whose object it is to open a door of light to the long-oppressed women of India, that this paper has to do. And here, at any rate, there is no room for controversy. All of us, men and women alike, prizing as we do the sweets of liberty, must think with sympathy of the dusky, star-eyed daughter of the East, whose life is a life of servitude and seclusion; all of us must wish to see her freer and happier.

It is highly probable that in the early ages, when the Sanscrit-speaking Aryans poured over the Himalayas and established themselves in the fertile plains of North-western India, the position of women was different from what it is now. It is said, indeed, in

the Vedas that women are never fit for independence; but this may refer to their physical weakness and inability to contend with men in the great life-struggle, for we have abundant evidence of the fact that they appeared in public and enjoyed a certain distinction. We read, for instance, of the wife of the sacrificer taking a part in the great *Aswamedha*, or Horse-sacrifice; and in the Ramayana, the beautiful epic poem of India, Sita, the heroine of the romance, is almost as prominent a figure as the hero, Rama. The Moslems, when, having obtained, by the sword, dominion over India, they brought in their own customs, changed all this. They introduced a stricter rule—the veil—the purdah or curtain—the hidden life. And so it has been ever since. The Hindu and Mohammedan women of the upper classes lead lives of seclusion and subjection. They must marry, often in their early childhood, those chosen for them by their parents and guardians; when of an age to leave their parents' home, where they have enjoyed the sweet liberty of childhood, they are given over, unconditionally, to the family of their husband. In the new household they may become petted favourites, and they may be treated as menials. However it may be,

they do not complain, for the simple reason that there is no one to listen to their complaint. Thus it is, and thus it has been, and thus they think, no doubt, it will be to the end. Should they unfortunately become widows at an early age, still more dreary is their lot, for now they are shut out from the few enjoyments that may formerly have fallen to their share. Their hair is cut, their gay clothes and gold and silver ornaments are taken from them, they are dressed in sad-coloured raiment, and, in the household of women where they held once, it may be, a position of honour, they are degraded to the lowest place.

Such is the condition of myriads of women in India. That they do not suffer as European women would do if condemned to such a fate is of course true. The bird born in captivity does not know and cannot envy the delights of the feathered songster that pours out its free notes joyfully under the vault of heaven and in the deep recesses of the wood. But that there is suffering—and especially now, when the wind of a wider life is rushing through the land—that there are born, amongst these voiceless thousands, one here and one there of a free heart and aspiring spirit, which will too often beat themselves to death against the prison-bars of old custom, is also true. Every high-caste

Hindu woman goes through one terrible experience. It is when the little Brahmin or Kshatriya girl—pretty, winsome, gay, and free as the winds of heaven—is told that she is free no longer. The husband, to whom perhaps she was married in her infancy, claims her, and she must leave her own home, and go into a strange house, and cover her pretty face with a veil, and be seen no more in the ways of men.

Ah! what tales I could tell—of heart-broken children pining and dying—of child-mothers killed by neglect—of little hands clinging despairingly to the garments of some English *nam saheb*, who, poor thing! is powerless to help, and little voices imploring that they may be taken, hidden—anything rather than be allowed to go away into the strange house that claims them.

The Hindu woman may be said to be generally content with her lot; but there can be little doubt that many suffer grievously; and there runs amongst them, at the present moment, an undercurrent of despair and rebellion, which, if not wisely guided, may have serious consequences.

I had heard this and much more with regard to the great woman question, and my sympathy and interest were powerfully aroused, when, during a visit to Cawnpore, in North-western India, I was fortunate enough to meet some of the ladies belonging to that branch of the flourishing little American mission there, which devotes itself specially to work in the zenanas.

I paid a long visit one day to the lady at the head of the mission, and after she had told me many and most interesting details of their work, she suggested that I should accompany her on one of her rounds in the city. I accepted readily; nothing, indeed, could have given me greater pleasure; and she called for me in her little gharry, early one forenoon.

The Indian city of Cawnpore is of some considerable extent, and inhabited by a very mixed population. There are an immense number of labourers and mechanics—the cotton mills, leather manufactory, and other large centres of industry that have been established on the station, drawing workmen in their thousands to the native town—there are rich merchants, and hosts of small shop-keepers and men of property belonging to the Brahmin and Kshatriya castes. These are the highest castes. They marry among themselves, and are very strict about the seclusion of their women, who are never seen beyond the precincts of the courts where they spend their lives, except in a covered litter or carriage, or occasionally, closely veiled, on their way to the bathing ghâts very early in the morning. The coolie or labouring class, and some of the merchants, belong to the Sudra caste, and their women have more freedom.

It is much better, in my opinion, for



CART FOR CARRYING HIGH-CASTE NATIVE WOMEN.



IN THE ZENANA.

the women at least, to be born low than high in India.

The native cities in India always fascinated me, partly, I think, on account of their abounding, overflowing life. In Cawnpore there is not so much colour and contrast as in Bombay; but it is marvelously interesting. The streets are very narrow, and little booths or stalls, more like toy houses than anything else, with the thinnest of partitions between them, are ranged on either side. On the day we passed through they were so full of people that our syce, or groom, had to walk in front of us to clear a way for our gharry. For the most part, the houses are small and squalid: but occasionally we passed dwellings of two or three storeys in height, decorated with elaborate blackwood carving, and flanked in many cases with a small temple, in whose forecourts a few priests and worshippers would be moving.

We pulled up before a narrow gully between the shops. "I am taking you to see a Mohammedan family," said my friend, "pleasant and intelligent people. We

have a little school here, presided over by one of the women, and I go from time to time to examine the children."

As she spoke we were making our way through a labyrinth, consisting of heaps of rubbish, open drains, large untidy courts, and blank walls. At last we came to an inner enclosure, across the entrance to which a rough purdah or curtain was drawn. My friend spoke, and it was pushed aside, and, full of curiosity and ardent interest, I stood for the first time in the inner precincts of an Indian dwelling.

Imagination was ready at that moment to play tricks with me; but I tried to keep my wits about me, and I am bound to confess that what I did actually see was not romantic. A mud-paved court, open to the sky—that glorious sun-illuminated sky of India, that gives poetry to everything; but enclosed with walls and surrounded by a sort of arcade or verandah. Within it three or four women—wearing the loose trousers of the Mussulman women, and coloured sarees like the Hindus—and several young girls. They

were not handsome, being rather of the thick-lipped Nubian type; but several of them, and especially the elder woman, who teaches in the little school, looked intelligent, and they received us with courtesy and apparent pleasure. The children from outside were not present, a circumstance for which the elder woman apologised; but she brought forward her own children to be examined, and they acquitted themselves with credit, reading fluently from an Indian primer, and answering all the questions my friend put to them.

This family, poor as their surroundings seemed to be, enjoys a moderate prosperity. Comfort, as we understand it, is unknown in Indian homes.

Our next visit was to be to a Hindu family of the poorer class. Our scramble over rubbish-heaps and drains re-commenced, and landed us at the foot of a break-neck flight of stairs, which when we had ascended, we came upon the funniest little corner of the world in which it has ever been my lot to find myself. It was part of a house, but what part it was one found it difficult to make out. To me it seemed like a balcony or ledge, hung on the side of the house. On one side, guarded by a high parapet, it was open to the sky, and looked down on a large, bare court; while on the other side was a range of untidy-looking cupboards and cells.

In this curious nest a little flock of women, young and old, with a few children, were gathered together. They received us with the utmost courtesy (a grace that never deserts the Hindu at home), set for us the wicker stools that are kept for visitors, and drawing their saris about them, squatted round us after their fashion. One and another, in the meantime, were pouring out little ejaculations of welcome, which my friend, who is a fluent speaker of Hindustani, answered smilingly. Presently there came out from a small enclosure, which was more like a bathing-machine than anything else I can think of, a young and very pretty woman, with a small baby in her arms. The little creature, who appeared to be the latest arrival in the crowded nest, was handed round, kissed, praised, and commented upon, while the young mother stood by smiling. I learnt, upon inquiry, that she was eighteen years of age, and that this was her fourth child.

The baby having received the fitting amount of attention, a bright little girl, with eyes as brilliant as stars, was brought forward to read her lesson. She was only seven years old, and her readiness, intelligence, and pretty, winsome manner made her one of the most bewitching little creatures I have ever beheld, while I must say that no English child of her years could have surpassed her in knowledge. Other little ones, who were not so brilliant, followed, and then the women took their turn, spelling out the Indian primer patiently.

The instruction over, we had a little talk about England and India, in which the women took part eagerly, pouring out a host of questions, and showing themselves ready and glad to give us any information they could.

We now returned to the gharri, and drove to another quarter of the town, our object being to visit

a family of good position, belonging to the second highest, the Kshatriya or warrior caste. A short drive and another bewildering little walk brought us to a square, more open and prosperous-looking than anything we had yet seen. A large temple stood in its centre, and houses of some considerable size looked down into it. Before the door of one of these we stopped. After we had knocked several times it opened from within, and we found ourselves at the foot of a long flight of steps, which when we had mounted, an old woman, carrying in her arms a sleek, comfortably clothed baby, came forward, and having greeted us courteously, led us through several large open courts lined with marble, and set round with cushioned settees. We stopped before the purdah, which covers the entrance to the women's apartment. The old woman pushed it aside, and an elderly woman clothed in a yellow-white sari, whose face had a quiet refinement which was very touching, came forward and shook hands with us, welcoming us courteously. Two younger women followed her example. One of these—the wife, as I presently heard, of the son of the house—is certainly handsome. She is not much darker in complexion than the "nut-brown maids" of Spain, and her pretty face, childlike in its roundness of outline, is animated by a pair of dark, liquid eyes, from whose lids the long eyelashes curl upwards like the stamens of a lily. Her dress, too, was pleasing. She wore for body garment a jacket of bright blue, over which the graceful sari—pure white, with a deep band of blue—was thrown. That the fine little boy in the nurse's arms was hers, and that she was extremely proud of him, we could see at once.

The second young woman, although not so handsome as the first, and much more plainly dressed, was more interesting to me, as being the first truly cultured Hindu woman whom I had met. I found on inquiry that she was the daughter of the house, who had married, and who (contrary to the usual custom) had brought her husband to her father's home. Her face resembled her mother's in its curious, almost touching refinement, and was in addition intelligent even to keenness. I was not in the least surprised when she addressed us in English, begged us to sit down, and entered into conversation with us. The baby was, of course, the first topic. We heard that he was being taught English, and he was made to say "How do you do?" and "Good morning." My friend then asked the daughter of the house if she would let me hear her read, and she at once brought out a little well-thumbed volume of Shakespeare's plays, from which she read a few passages with intelligence and appreciation. Afterwards, of her own accord, she read a chapter of the New Testament. I congratulated her warmly, and we settled down to conversation, she acting as spokeswoman to her mother and sister-in-law, who spoke in Hindustani, which she interpreted for my benefit.

They asked me many questions about England and our manner of life there. They were deeply interested also in the experiences of my voyage, and, when I ventured to put a few questions to them, they answered readily, and with a courtesy that it was very pleasant to meet. I had, in the meantime, taken

in the details of their room, which, truth to tell, were not difficult to grasp, for though large and lofty, it was scantily furnished, and not at all up to our European standard of comfort. A large four-post bedstead without bedding, a chest of drawers, a small table, and two or three chairs and stools, constituted the whole furniture. "Things" are not such an indispensable part of life in the East as of life in the West, and Oriental civilisation seems never to have consisted in the accumulation of pretty and meaningless articles.

When, after a pretty long visit, we bade our friends farewell, they begged us to stay longer, and, upon our saying that it was impossible, the daughter of the house turned to me and said, in the prettiest way, "I am very glad to have had the pleasure of meeting you."

I felt, as I left the house, that I had been visiting ladies.

Our next visit, which was to a Brahmin family of the highest caste, was not quite so pleasant. We were admitted into a small, untidy-looking court, on the floor of which we found a woman, of the coarsest Hindu type, seated, with her pretty little daughter, eating leisurely from a platter of rice which was placed between them on the ground. She merely nodded to us, and ordered a servant to set chairs, then continued eating. It appears that if they speak to a stranger in the middle of a meal, or rise from it, they are bound, by custom, to throw the whole away.

For a few moments we sat waiting; and then, my friend thinking our hostess's manner discourteous, we rose and went away. The ladies of the mission, so my friend told me, gave her some offence lately by begging her to put off the marriage of her little girl.

We drove on farther, pulled up before another small gully, and found our way to a little enclosure, more like a goat's stable than a human habitation, where a newly married child lives. She expressed a desire to read, and is being visited from time to time for purposes of instruction. Painfully and earnestly she spelt over her primer, seated on the ground at our feet. In the meantime, a child from the school of Brahmin girls that has its quarters near here, found us out. She called three or four others, and in a few moments we were surrounded by a little throng of pretty, bright-eyed little maidens, all clamorous for a *bhajan*, or Indian song. These curious chant-like melodies, which have the most extraordinary fascination for the Hindus, have been set to Christian hymns, and

nothing more delights these children than to hear them sung. So they clustered about us, all children of the higher castes, wrapped in their muslin veils, looking up at us eagerly, and now and again chiming in as my friend sang to them. Seen through the half-darkness of the squalid little court, their bright faces, and soft, star-like eyes, were wonderfully bewitching. I found it hard indeed to tear myself away from them.

We had other visits to make, however, and the day was advancing.

We were on our way to our next place of call, the home of a poor native Christian, when a servant from the mission bungalow stopped us. One of the ladies, he said, was at a house close by, and would be glad if we could join her. We turned, and followed him, and as we went my friend told me that the house for which we were bound was in a region of the city where she had long been trying to gain a footing. It is inhabited by the women and children of the wealthy merchants of the city, who, although they do not belong, in most cases, to the highest castes, are jealous of foreign influence.

Our guide led us through an intricate labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes, stopping at last before a closed door. We knocked; it was opened from within, and we saw in front of us a flight of stairs so steep and straight that it was a matter of some difficulty to climb them. We managed it safely, however, and, after crossing one or two open courts, found ourselves in a large room, artificially darkened, where a number of women and young girls, all chattering and laughing merrily, were assembled. They were looking on at a magic-lantern exhibition, which a young lady from the mission bungalow was conducting. The show was stopped for a few moments when we came in. Everyone welcomed us warmly, a young, pretty-looking woman, dressed in a thin yellow sari, who, we heard, was the chief lady of the establishment, showing particular interest in us. After the pause the exhibition went on again, and the rapturous delight of the women, as picture after picture appeared upon the wall, was very pretty to witness.

This was the last of our visits for the day. I went home tired, but happier than I had been. Surely in this gentleness, this docility, this readiness to receive instruction on the part of young and old, we may see hope for the future—a future, if God will, of awakening and restoration for all the people of this great land.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL



BOUNDING stone that soon becomes a mighty avalanche:
A seed that springs up a strong elm with many a spreading branch:
A drop of rain that trickles on into a mighty river:
As such are the beginnings of all evil now and ever.

G. W.



"HOW THE PEBBLE WAS DROPT IN."

ELIZA DESBOROUGH — Eliza Brown, and Brown without even the 'e'! And she is tall, and beautiful, and clever; and I am small, and insignificant, and dreadfully ignorant! No wonder Arthur is tired of me—it *could* only have been just out of pity!" Large tears rolled slowly down Eliza Brown's cheeks, and fell unnoticed on her sketch-book. The words have not a tragic sound, I admit; and it was only

three days since Arthur Stanley had declared that Bessie was the sweetest name in the world; nevertheless, the water-colour drawing is getting more blurred and indistinct every minute. Eliza is a pretty picture in herself—a drooping, girlish figure in softly hanging Indian silk, leaning her weary head on the tuft of pellitory which so kindly makes a cushion for it on the rough stone wall. The afternoon sun is glinting on her short, red-brown curls; at her feet is strewn a confusion of paints, pencils, and brushes; just opposite is the fine old church whose porch she is supposed to be sketching; whilst among the crowded, moss-grown stones and mounds strut pea-fowls, of all ages and tints, majestically ignoring the presence of this intruder in their silent domain. Bessie had been watching the beautiful creatures mournfully, mentally comparing herself with that plain little sparrow on the ivy; while the gorgeous bird, sweeping its magnificent train with all the grace of a fine court lady—that must be just like the lovely, unknown, dreaded Celia Desborough.

Eliza Brown had spent nearly the whole of her short life at boarding school; her mother died young, and her father, an Indian officer, fearing the climate for his child, had sent her to England to be placed under Miss Sandford's care until she was twenty, when other plans were to be formed; what, Major Brown himself scarcely knew; he was absorbed in his profession, and found it more and more difficult to write those monthly letters which his loving little daughter cherished so fondly. It was Miss Sandford who made the name of Eliza so hateful to our heroine, giving it, as she did, its full three-syllable dignity, with a provokingly clear enunciation. Bessie is nineteen now, feeling uncomfortably older than the present set of her school-fellows—three years the senior of the eldest of them, Beatrice Stanley, a wilful, clever, bewitching girl, who condescended to single out Bessie Brown for her special notice and regard; she had triumphantly brought her friend to spend the Christmas holidays at the Manor, in spite of all Miss Sandford's hesitations, and now had secured her for the long

summer vacation. And those weeks had seemed to give Bessie a glimpse into Paradise, a bright, happy English home: the kind mother specially tender to the forlorn little stranger, the father cheery and hospitable, and Beatrice's eight brothers and sisters, lively, quarrelsome, and affectionate. It was like coming from a dull London square into the deliciously exhilarating atmosphere of a Berkshire pine-wood. Bessie soon won all their hearts with her pretty, loving ways.

Beatrice had specially implored the support of her favourite brother Arthur for her shy little friend, and although perfectly satisfied with the result of her appeal when she and Bessie returned to school last January, was now profoundly discontented with it; and yet Arthur was certainly not less attentive and thoughtful than before!

Beatrice must explain this herself—some fragments of talk shall be repeated which I overheard this afternoon, as I was sitting in the study window, mending the weekly pile of stockings: no one notices whether Cousin Anne is in the room or out of it.

George—the naval lieutenant, and *my* favourite among all the boys—came home from a long voyage last week, and had just been telling Beatrice how very jolly he thought her friend Bessie.

"Arthur is head over ears in love, Bee," he went on; "she's quite cut *you* out, my girl!"

Beatrice pouted, and tossed her head. "They might as well be alone in a desert island for all the notice they take of other people! Arthur has *always* bought me some chocolate when he went to London, but yesterday he never gave me even an *acid drop*" (with intense bitterness), "though he brought *her* that lovely ring, all diamonds and rubies! I don't believe they *are* real lovers, George. Shakespeare, or somebody, says, you know, the course of true love never does run smooth. Now, theirs hasn't even a ripple; it's like a looking-glass—they just sit and smile back at one another! George, I am going to confide in you—I mean to drop in a pebble! Don't stare at me so: it will just give a little variety to the stream! I know when I'm engaged I should be wretched without a quarrel now and then; it must be so nice to make it up! I had the idea this morning, when mother read her letters after breakfast, and she said to Bessie, 'Why, here is a pleasure for us all: Miss Desborough is coming! You will think her charming, dear; so beautiful and clever! I must tell Arthur directly—he will be delighted;' and Bessie flushed up, and looked quite disturbed."

"Nonsense, Bee! Miss Desborough is——"

"Be quiet, George; she *is* sweet and charming, and *has* been always so attached to Arthur, and he thinks everything of her; and what I have been telling Bessie are undoubted facts; but if she *will* put a wrong construction——"

"Now, look here, Bee," interrupted George, "I like



"It could only have been just out of pity!"—p. 456.

a joke as well as any fellow, but I can't stand seeing a pretty girl cry!"

"It's much worse to see a plain one, I should think," retorted Beatrice tartly.—"Cousin Anne, don't make any remarks about the green-eyed monster, please! The 'little rift,' did you say? That *is* such rubbish! It's no use getting up to find Bessie; she has gone out sketching by herself, and I shan't tell you where; she was quite in a pet because Arthur drove off to the station to meet Celia Desborough; she wouldn't go too—said she had a headache! Oh, it will do them both good! They are so perfectly satisfied with themselves, and think they are the centre of the universe.

"Well, I never thought you could be so mean and

spiteful, Beatrice!" said George, as he stepped out of the low window into the garden, turning to add, as a Parthian thrust, "I hate girls to think of nothing but presents; I shall give that shell necklace to Topsy, now."

Beatrice threw herself down by my side, upsetting my work-basket and all the cotton-reels.

"Oh, Cousin Anne, isn't everything wretched and miserable? Boys are so stupid; they never understand the reason of things. Hark! that's the pony-carriage, and there's Miss Desborough;" and she seized one of the socks from my heap.

All this time Bessie was sitting in the churchyard. She told me afterwards just what she had been thinking about—the dear young people always confide in

me; I have a very peaceful, happy life at the Manor.

"These last few weeks have been *too* sweet," she said to herself, "and I have grown utterly selfish and absorbed. Till to-day I have never had a doubt but that Arthur's heart was altogether mine. He is too kind and thoughtful to wound me, so Beatrice has prepared me a little for what *must* come. They have all been so good! How hard it would be to be back in school again, with all the light gone out of my life! Perhaps father will let me live with him in India. I *do* love Arthur well enough to give it all up for his sake—surely, surely I *can* bear it if I know he is happy; and Celia is such a delightful companion, Beatrice says, that one never knows how the time slips away while she is talking; she has travelled so much. How anxious he was to meet her at the station! Ah! if I could have had more self-control at first! He would never have spoken about it, perhaps, if I had not let everyone see so plainly how much he was to me!" Then came a bitter sob.

The little brown sparrow twittered cheerily, and the brilliant peacock plumed itself, and shook out its tail. "I will try and be brave and unselfish, and, perhaps, if I live so long, by the time I am thirty I may even grow to be like Cousin Anne, whom everybody trusts so!" (Sweet child, what a loving little heart she has!)

"Good-bye, dear ring; I thought we should never

part!" and Bessie slowly drew Arthur's gift from her finger, looking at it lingeringly as it sparkled and flashed. Then she heard his well-known step, and started up to meet him. "I've found you, then, Bessie! Why, what *do* you mean? Tears, my darling!"

"Take it back, Arthur!" and she hurriedly pressed the ring in his hand. "You will be my friend all my life, I know, and when I see you and Miss Desborough so happy, I can bear it! Ah, you are so faithful and true—you could not let me know that you had mistaken your own heart, Arthur!" and then the tears seemed to choke her. Arthur Stanley was silent from sheer astonishment, and a breathless voice exclaimed—

"Oh, Bessie dear! I have been running across the garden, and flown over the wall like the peacocks, and yet Arthur has found you first! I came to say"—panting—"that Miss Desborough—Arthur's great-aunt, you know—wants to see you directly, and one should never keep an old lady waiting!"

Bessie could only gasp out, "Great-aunt! Oh! Beatrice, how could you be so cruel?"

"I meant it for your good, dear, as nurse says of the powders! and—ahem!—just look how much more lovely the sunlight is now that black cloud is sweeping away! It's a dear old world, after all! Thank you so much for the chocolate, Arthur; Cousin Anne has just told me about it. I won't stay now. Doesn't your ring quite fit, Bessie dear?"

PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."

WHEN a Scotch girl asked her father's leave to marry, the old Cameronian said—"Jeanie, it is a very solemn thing to be married."—"I ken that," answered the girl; "but it is a much more solemn thing to re-

main single." Without attempting to decide the comparative solemnity of these two states, we shall all agree that marriage is a solemn thing, and not one to be spoken lightly of, as if it were only what an old bachelor once called it, "a harmless amusement." If the patriarch Jacob called the place where he saw the vision of angels "dreadful"—meaning by the term sacred and solemn—"How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven"—we may apply the same epithet to marriage. A married couple may make their home the house of God—yes, the very gate of heaven; but, on the other hand, they have the dreadful possibility of making it exactly the reverse.

No wonder, then, that the question, whether or not it is advisable to marry, has always seemed to thoughtful minds a difficult one to answer. It is easy enough to come to a conclusion when one is in love; but if you attack the problem with the logic

of the head instead of with that of the heart, so many things may be said for marriage and against it that you will come to feel yourself in the condition of that donkey who, tied between two bundles of hay of equal size, and at equal distances from his mouth, died of starvation because there was no sufficient reason why he should eat from one bundle rather than from the other.

Even so great a thinker as Socrates was unable to decide whether matrimony or celibacy most conduced to happiness—or perhaps we should say to misery—for he said that if a man marries he will regret it, and if he does not marry he will regret it. We could, of course, quote authorities who have no doubts at all on the subject; as, for instance, that sour fellow, who says that he always looks in his paper under the marriage head for the news of the *weak*. Or that contented old maid (but she seems to have been singular as well as single) who declared that she would not give her single life for all the double ones she had ever seen. Then there is the opinion of that "wise man" quoted by Lord Bacon (about whose wisdom, however, I always had my doubts): "If," said he, "you are young, don't marry yet: if old, don't marry at all."

As a set-off to these opinions, quite as many might be cited on the other side. We may compare with

the saying of Lord Bacon's wise man the famous advice to marry early and to marry often. To rise betimes and to marry young are, according to Luther, what no man ever repents of doing. "Marriage," said Dr. Johnson, "is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state." Again, "Marriage is not uncommonly unhappy, but as life is unhappy." And the summing-up, so to speak, of this great authority is well-known—"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy no pleasures."

Then, we must not think of things only as they influence our happiness. We are put into this world to cultivate and improve all our powers and faculties, and not merely to wallow like hogs in the sty of Epicurus. The true way, then, as it seems to me, to look at marriage is as a discipline of character. "Certainly," says Bacon, "wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity."

But perhaps the whole question as to the beneficial or reverse nature of marriage was never better put than by a certain Scotch minister, who began an extempore marriage service in these words—"My friends, marriage is a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty to all. Do ye venture?" After a pause, he repeated, with great emphasis, "Do ye venture?" No objection being made to the venture, he then said, "Let's proceed." Now, I think that it is only those who are wickedly careless, or so stupid that they are without anxiety, who make this venture rashly, and without preparing themselves for it. And this preparation should begin from our earliest years; I do not, of course, mean that young boys and girls should think of marriage, and consciously prepare themselves for it; but I do mean that their parents and teachers, in educating them, should never lose sight of the fact that one day they will—for better, for worse—have homes and families to manage.

That some preparation for marriage was considered a necessity by the Government of the ancient State of Belgium, I learn from a picture I once saw in the Historical Society's collection in New York. The picture is thus described in the catalogue: "Catechism before Marriage, according to Belgian law, being necessary for State and Matrimonial Security." The scene is the kitchen of a peasant's house in Belgium. A fatherly old man is sitting in an easy-chair, catechising a shy, stupid bridegroom-elect. At a little distance is his lady-love, looking nervously at her husband to be, and anxiously awaiting the result of his qualifying examination. She would gladly help him by judicious prompting, but the curé is keeping a sharp eye upon her. The girl's mother is too busy preparing a repast for the visitor, or making arrangements for the wedding breakfast, to take notice of matters so far beyond her comprehension. Surely this was a wise law of the Belgians, which provided that there should be some sort of preparation for marriage—that before entering upon such a serious undertaking, young people should have learned how to behave towards each other, or, in other words, their duty towards God and their neighbours, as taught them.

We all know that many marriages are rendered

miserable because the husband before marriage has never thought of doing his duty either to God or man. He had been sowing wild oats, and one of the most certain of the consequences of this kind of sowing is a harvest of domestic misery.

"Who is the happy husband? He
Who, scanning his unwedded life,
Thanks Heaven, with a conscience free,
'Twas faithful to his future wife."

How miserable, on the other hand, is he, and what an amount of misery he causes, who cannot bring to his marriage a clean bill of moral health: who cannot present to his wife the best of all marriage settlements—the settlement of habits in a right direction!

It is also necessary, both for themselves and their children, that people about to marry should have good bodily health. How is a man who is always sick to support his wife and children? And if a woman is a chronic invalid, she will try the patience of her husband; and it is not every man who comes well out of such a trial. Poor thing! she cannot help it, but none the less her irritability may make her home anything but pleasant to husband, children, and servants. Then we are assured by medical men that the number of diseases that are hereditary is a large one. While Dr. Johnson was musing over the fire one evening in Thrale's drawing-room, a young gentleman suddenly, and, as Johnson seems to have fancied, somewhat disrespectfully, called to him: "Mr. Johnson, would you advise me to marry?" Johnson (angrily): "Sir, I would advise no man to marry who is not likely to propagate understanding."

Money, no doubt, is the root of much that is evil, but a little of it is a great convenience when shopping, as it also is when marrying; unless, indeed, mortality is one of the effects of marrying, as a certain servant girl seems to have thought. The lady with whom she last lived, meeting her, said: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?"—"Please, ma'am, I don't live now; I'm married." Those of us who are married know that we do live, and that we cannot live on nothing, so we appreciate the Scotch girl's common sense who said that "a kiss and a tinful of cold water make but a poor breakfast." I quite believe in marrying for gold and working for silver, but there should be a reasonable chance of getting work to do, for it is nothing less than criminal folly to marry on nothing a week, and that uncertain—very!

On the other hand, there is some truth in the saying that what will keep one will keep two. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other circumstances. There are bachelors who are so ultra-prudent, and who hold such absurd opinions as to the expense of matrimony, that, although they have enough money, they have not enough courage to enter the state. Pitt used to say that he could not afford to marry, yet his butcher's bill was so enormous that someone has calculated it as affording his servants about fourteen pounds of meat a day each man and woman! For the more economical regulation of his household, if for no other reason, he should have taken to himself a wife.

Of course a young man with a small income cannot afford to marry if he smokes big cigars, and gives expensive drinks to every fool who claps him on the back and calls him "old man." He must be particular, too, in choosing a wife, to select one with a slender waste (not one who has made her waist slender with health-destroying corsets, but one who is economical and who can keep house with the least amount of waste). Swift's saying about nets and cages is well known. He thought that one reason why many marriages are unhappy is because women spend their time in making nets to catch husbands rather than in making cages to keep them in when caught. True, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and we see no reason why a girl should not do all that is consistent with self-respect and modesty to obtain a husband. She should remember, however, that conquests have to be kept as well as made, and that for a woman to fail to make and keep her home happy is to be a "failure" in a more real sense than to have failed in getting a husband. "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" One reason is because they are afraid that the girls of the period will make extravagant wives. The other day a girl was talking with a middle-aged bachelor; the girl was of a by no means shy disposition, so she began to "chaff" him about his wretchedly unmarried condition. "Why don't you marry? Can't you afford to keep a wife?"

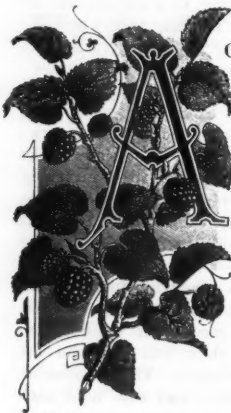
"My innocent young friend," was the reply, "I can afford to support half a dozen wives, but I can't

afford to pay the milliner's bills of one." And you mothers, think not always about getting good husbands for your daughters, but think sometimes how to make your daughters fit to be good wives.

What age should a young man be before he thinks of marrying? This depends upon the young man, one man being better fitted for marriage at twenty-five than another at thirty-five. If, however, marriage is postponed much past this latter age, the man is likely to get into the habit of celibacy, a habit which is not so easily shaken off. Then between fifty and sixty he grows desperate, as it were, and proposes wildly to almost every woman he meets, until at last he is picked up not for himself, but for his money and position, or because someone has grown tired of "Miss," and desires to have the novel experience of writing "Mrs." before her name. It is not natural for a girl to fall in love with a man who might be her father. The best rule for a young man is to wait until he can't wait, until that "not impossible she" crosses his path, whose bewitching smile and gracious presence force him to propose. He who is fit for and worthy of marriage can hardly marry too soon, and he who is not fit ought not to marry at all. As to the age women should marry, I give that up, being afraid of burning my fingers. Please yourself, good sir; only do not marry either a child or an old woman. If some women are not worth looking at after thirty years of age, quite as many are not worth speaking to before it.

THE FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND BLIND OF CHINA.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



AGAIN and again in old Sacred Story we read how the men selected for some special great work were summoned from their plough, their sheep, or their nets, and were irresistibly led to obey the VOICE which called them to unknown duties. In our own generation a willing worker has been as manifestly called, from a Scotch saw-mill, by an accident which deprived him of one arm, and so compelled him to seek employment as a colporteur in Glasgow.

While there he was so much interested in seeing blind men come to purchase books in embossed type, that he set himself to learn both Moon's and Braille's systems of reading and writing for the blind; and when, in course of time, he was sent as agent for the National Bible Society of Scotland to North China, and there saw the lamentable number of miserable

blind beggars who go about in gangs of a dozen or more—literally "the blind leading the blind"—he was at once struck by the idea of endeavouring to reduce the Chinese language to blind symbols for their benefit.

When we remember that in favoured England, where the ravages of small-pox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check, there are nearly 40,000 blind persons (and we must also remember that the smallest of the eighteen provinces of China is larger than the whole of Scotland), we can readily understand that the very large figure which stands at the head of this paper is really far below the actual number of the blind in the Chinese Empire.

The language which Mr. W. H. Murray set himself to prepare for their benefit is probably the most difficult of all the products of Babel, and it is represented in print by 4,000 most intricate characters, the whole of which must be committed to memory ere a Chinaman can read his own books—a process which few can accomplish under six years of study. Mr. Murray toiled all day long at his work as a colporteur, with such good success in creating a demand for his goods, that in the course of sixteen years he has sold upwards of 100,000 copies or portions of the Holy Scriptures. But during all



MR. W. H. MURRAY,
MISSIONARY TO THE BLIND OF CHINA.

these years he devoted the evenings to puzzling out a system which should enable the blind also to read, and at the end of eight years his patience was rewarded by finding that he had evolved a method so simple that any blind Chinaman of average intelligence can now learn to read fluently in less than two months.

The art of writing has been made equally easy, as has also that of writing music from dictation, which Mr. Murray's students can now do so rapidly,

that in little more than half an hour they can write out any two of Moody and Sankey's hymns in four parts, and then each reads off his own part, rarely making any mistake. Some of the more musical boys have now been trained to play the harmonium in various chapels; many are efficient assistant colporteurs, and one whose talents seemed specially to fit him for the ministry has been sent to a training college to be prepared for that sacred calling.

But as yet this good work has been crippled for lack of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the self-denying toil of one man, working in extra hours, and supporting his indigent students on what he could save from his own slender salary. It is now greatly to be desired that he may be enabled to train many teachers gifted with sight, who may be employed by the various missions in all parts of the Empire. One such sighted head-teacher in each district could there found a blind school and train Chinese Scripture-readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole of the eighteen great provinces like a network.

This new mission will certainly appeal as no other has yet done to two of the strongest characteristics of China's millions, namely, their reverence for pure benevolence and their veneration for the power of reading. To see foreigners undertaking such a work of love for the destitute blind will go far towards dispelling prejudices against Christians and their Master, and will prepare the way for the workers of all Christian missions.

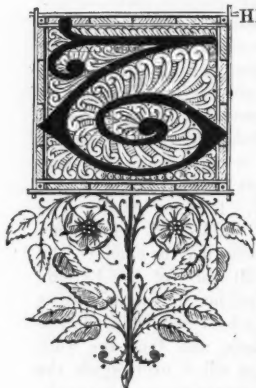
But in the present condition of missionary funds, none of the societies can undertake any new responsibilities, and it therefore rests with the public to make the development of this magnificent scheme possible. Surely such a story as this may well incite many to prove their interest by some act of self-denial which may enable them to help so earnest a worker.

Practical evidence of sympathy in the form of donations in aid of this mission will be gladly welcomed by William J. Sloman, Esq., Secretary of the National Bible Society of Scotland, 224, West George Street, Glasgow.



RECLAIMED.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBRÉE, AUTHOR OF "TURNED TO GOLD," "UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE," ETC. ETC.
CHAPTER I.—PLEASANT PLACE.



HERE is a family likeness about most English slums, and some general characteristics are to be found stamping them with this likeness. Dirt, discomfort, poverty, penury, all write their tale pretty plainly, so that the most cursory reader can read.

There are degrees, of course. Spite of generalities, here and there you see the result of the fierce struggle to rise above circumstances in the manifestations of some little degree, how-

ever slight, of order and cleanliness.

But it is hard work; and in Pleasant Place, Manchester, very few of the occupants of that alley made the smallest attempt at anything of the kind.

One of these very few was a poor old widow, who lived all alone in the back attic of one of the tallest houses in Pleasant Place. Marjory Hale had lived in Pleasant Place ever since her girlhood; and now that her son, who used to live with and support her, was dead, she still lived on in the old place. It was bare existence, indeed, for, as she was quite blind, she was unable to eke out her parish pay by doing any kind of work. She would not go to the workhouse. Poor, small, and wretched, as was that little attic, it was "Home, Sweet Home" to old Marjory, and not to be exchanged for the workhouse if at all possible. The little room was tidy and clean, and, blind as Marjory was, she kept her heart awake to all the interests and concerns of those around her, and knew a good deal about their circumstances and lives.

No one knew how Marjory suffered at heart at the knowledge and sounds of the sin around her, and how much time she spent in prayer for those among whom her lot in life was cast. Night after night she would lie awake, prevented from sleeping by the shrieks and screams, the loud-voiced oaths and sounds of fighting, that fell upon her ear. She could but pray. "What else *can* I do, eh, Sprat?"

This remark she generally addressed to her small dog; for I was wrong in saying she was alone. Sprat, the little homeless dog her son had found and befriended five years ago, was her faithful companion. He was a little dog—so small and insignificant-looking that Marjory's son had called him Sprat.

Sprat knew of course that he was expected to answer, and he wagged his stumpy tail sympathetically.

"What can an old woman like me do, eh, Sprat? There is all the sin and the misery that rises up like a

great cry to the good God. Ah, if only one soul here could be brought to love Him, what good that might do! If only that terrible Joe could be reclaimed from his evil ways—he is at the bottom of so much, he leads on others to evil as well as just sets 'em the example, like, of it himself. But, dearie me! it is all too terrible to think of—that I should be lying here, and that I can do nothing."

"That terrible Joe" at that moment was getting upstairs as best he could under the circumstances of being very drunk and very tired. He lived in the next attic to Marjory, and by no means added to the happiness of her existence. He was a well-known drunkard in Pleasant Place, a man of violent temper, and to all appearance as utterly lost as any human being can well be.

"I wish you'd keep that 'ere dawg 'of your'n to yourself," said he one day, as Sprat was leading his mistress down the narrow stairs.

"What harm does my dog do to you?" inquired Marjory.

"He's always gettin' into my way, the brute," said Joe, with an oath. "I caught my foot in that string o' your'n, and was nearly measurin' my length on the stairs. You'd better keep him out of my way, as I don't like his company, there! And if he comes bothering me I'll just settle him, that's all, one of these here days."

"Oh, do'ee now let him alone!" said Marjory. "He is all I have, and he is very dear to me."

Joe did not answer, and Marjory went down the narrow stairs, which were dark with age and dirt combined, led by her faithful Sprat, to the little church near, where Marjory worshipped God with all her heart, and where, as soon as she entered its walls, she felt at home. Sprat curled himself up under a chair, and then awoke from his nap when old Marjory pulled his string.

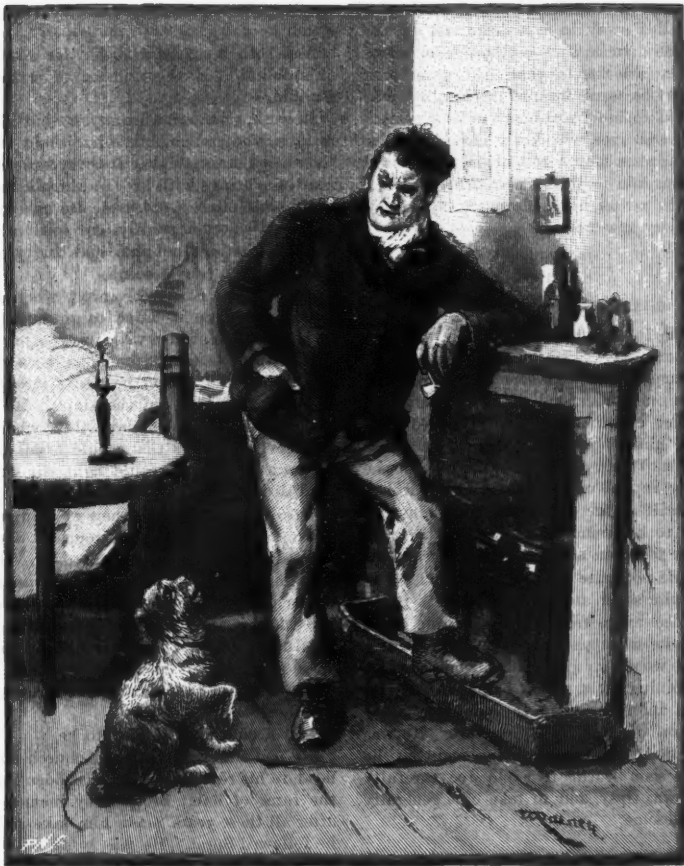
He was quite accustomed to going with Marjory, and knew his way to the church perfectly.

It was a dreary life for old Marjory, to all outward appearance—blind, old, and alone—quite alone—save for Sprat, with no kith or kin belonging to her.

As Marjory thought over many things in her attic, it always seemed to her that the saddest part of all her life was the fact that she was so useless.

As she thought over all the sin and misery of the world, even of that small portion of it that lay in Pleasant Place, the many lives all spent in utter forgetfulness of God, the open defiance of His commands, the insults daily and hourly offered to the great Creator of all, her heart sank within her. It was so terrible to feel that she could do nothing.

She had once or twice tried to speak to some of the women in the alley, asking them not to beat their children, not to drink, and had got nothing for her pains but sneers and ridicule. She had several times tried to speak a few words to the little children, but she did not understand children well, and her manner



"The dog came up to him, and seemed inclined to be friendly."—p. 461.

repelled them, and they would not listen to her. No, it seemed as if there was nothing for her to do but to persevere in prayer that God would help and save these His creatures in His own time and in His own way.

And so the days passed on; summer was over, autumn came and went, and then winter set in, a hard winter of cold and frost, which the rich in their comfortable homes enjoyed thoroughly, and called "nice, seasonable weather," but which brought with it its usual accompaniment of suffering and privation to the poor. Marjory lived on in the attic, and as Christmas came she heard again the wonderful message of peace and happiness, and opened her whole heart to receive the full joy that the birth of the Child-King Jesus gave to her. The wonderful old, old story—ever old, and yet ever new! What soul can enter into the meaning, however faintly apprehended, of Christmas, and not feel drawn closer to the Invisible World and its great realities? Oh, that all would come and adore Him, obedient to the invitation!

Oh, that all would let the child hands of the Incarnate God free them from the trammels of earthliness and sin, so that they could, in participation of the Sacred Infancy, become as little children before the King of Kings, who became a little Child for them!

Heaven is very near us at Christmas time, and to the old blind eyes of Marjory there appeared very beautiful things. The light of Heaven made the eternal Home nearer and clearer, and the light of memory was strongly cast on the past. Marjory thought of her early years before she came to Pleasant Place, when she had lived with her parents in London, and before she had become blind. Then she would think of her mother teaching her and leading her into beautiful churches, and pleasant country places near London; and she would remember, too, that the brightest memory of beauty and peace was as nothing to what was waiting for her in the Heavenly Home to which she was in faith and hope looking forward.

On New Year's Day, as the cold wintry sunlight streamed into the little room, it fell on old Marjory's

face, still in the stillness and coldness of death; for she had been called away in her sleep, and on the worn old face was a smile such as those who, out of curiosity, came and looked at her, had never seen before. Many of the coarse women in the alley, who had never listened to her tremulous words of remonstrance at their evil lives, who knew nothing of her prayers for them, were moved to tears as they looked at her ere she was laid in the poor workhouse coffin.

There was such serene, ineffable peace on the old thin face. Marjory saw now.

CHAPTER II.—JOE.

THE day after the funeral, when Joe Birch, who had been away for some days "cadging," returned to his room, he was surprised to find something grey and soft coiled up in one corner, and still more surprised when, on further examination, he discovered that Sprat had made himself at home there.

It was a curious thing, altogether. Joe, bad as he was, unloved by anyone or anything in the world, felt a strange thrill as the dog came up to him and seemed inclined to be friendly. It was something so strange and new for even a dog to seem to care for him, that he could not quite make it out; and, being for a wonder quite sober at the time, he gave Sprat some food, and decided to keep the dog by him. And Sprat seemed quite at home with him, though every now and then he would go and sniff curiously at the door of the adjoining attic, which had been his late home, and look inquiringly up to Joe's face, as if to ask the reason of Marjory's departure. He was a clever little dog, small and insignificant as he looked; and he soon learnt to avoid Joe carefully when the latter was tipsy, and to take care generally not to be troublesome.

"Have you heard about Joe?" said a woman who lived in Pleasant Place, one day, to her neighbour, Mrs. Rand. It was about three weeks after Joe's return home.

"Joe Birch?"

"Yes."

"No, I haven't heard nothing," said Mrs. Rand, drawing her shawl closely over her head, for it was a bitterly cold day.

"He's down with the fever."

"Really! How did he come to get it?" inquired Mrs. Rand, standing arms akimbo at the door of her own house.

"It was a curious set-out, altogether," said Mrs. Jay. "The folks as lives below Joe, you know 'em—a seedy-lookin' lot o' children and a party with one eye—well, they got scarlet fever, as you know; and one day Joe, having had a glass or two, goes into their room by mistake, and he goes and lays down right by the child as has got the fever. He catches it; and, though he haven't had it bad, still they say as how he won't never get the use of his eyes again."

"Not go blind?"

"Yes; quite blind," said Mrs. Jay.

"Joe blind! My, how he will swear!" said Mrs. Rand.

And both became facts: for Joe rose from his bed quite blind, and the number of oaths was indeed terrible.

It was a great trial for anyone, but all the more so for Joe, who had no light of faith by which to grasp the unseen strength that every cross borne for Christ's dear sake brings with it. To him all was darkness in every sense of the word, and also as applying to him in every way, temporally and spiritually, and many were his bitter thoughts and angry words during those days of convalescence.

At last, one Sunday evening, when he was quite well, he made up his mind to go out a little, though he had no plan or idea where to go; but remembering with bitterness that Sprat had been accustomed to leading a blind person, he tied a string to the dog's collar, and went down the stairs. He knew it was dark, as he had waited until then, wishing to escape the inevitable jeers that would assail him when the people saw Joe, who could fight the strongest in the yard, led by an old woman's dog.

Out of Pleasant Place they went, up one street and down another, until Sprat stopped. Joe did not kick him, as he felt half inclined to do. He was at the dog's mercy, for one thing; and for another, he had a tender place in his heart now for the dog who had trusted him, and who had cheered many an hour in his illness. "T ain't a gin shop," said Joe to himself; "besides, they ain't open now. Shouldn't wonder if it was a church, and the dawg's bin used to lead the old gal there."

And a church it proved to be.

Joe had never been into a church since his childhood, to his recollection, and a sudden instinct, born of the force of habit, brought by memory to his mind after all these years, made him take off his fur cap as he followed Sprat. He was weak still from his late illness, and very glad to get to the chair that he felt was near him, when Sprat stopped again.

The dog was evidently quite at home there, and Joe heard him give a contented sniff as he curled himself under the chair, and soon was fast asleep.

Of all strange things that had ever happened to Joe, that night was to him the most wonderful. He could hardly believe his ears when the sermon began, and he heard tell of the father's love to the prodigal son.

The preacher, accustomed to an uneducated congregation, spared no pains to make his meaning clear, as he told the story that is so full of the deepest teaching and the simplest truths. Joe understood every word of it, and knew all that the preacher was saying was true. To the man who had been living for years in open sin it was strange to feel how each word brought back the memory of childhood, and the sweet, pure days at his mother's knee.

Joe knew quite well that he had wandered away from the God he had known and loved as a child, the God to whom his childish prayers had been offered; and oh, wonder of wonders it was to hear that the Father's love remained the same, that God was waiting ready to welcome and pardon!

To follow Joe further would be beyond the limits of this sketch. Suffice it to say that very gradually, but very really, Joe was reclaimed, brought back to the Father's House and the God of his childhood. And as he himself was brought to pardon and peace, to the sacred clasp of the everlasting arms, his influence in Pleasant Place made itself felt. He got plenty of jeers and ridicule, but with the continually sought

and given grace of God he remained firm and steadfast in the right way.

So old Marjory's prayers and the fruit of her earnest, good life were having good results in changed lives long after she had gone to rest. It is not the greatness of means that is necessarily blessed, but the faithful use of all God gives, and in that faithfulness is work done that shall endure to all eternity.

THE LAND OF FAR DISTANCES.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

I.—THE INTERPRETATION.

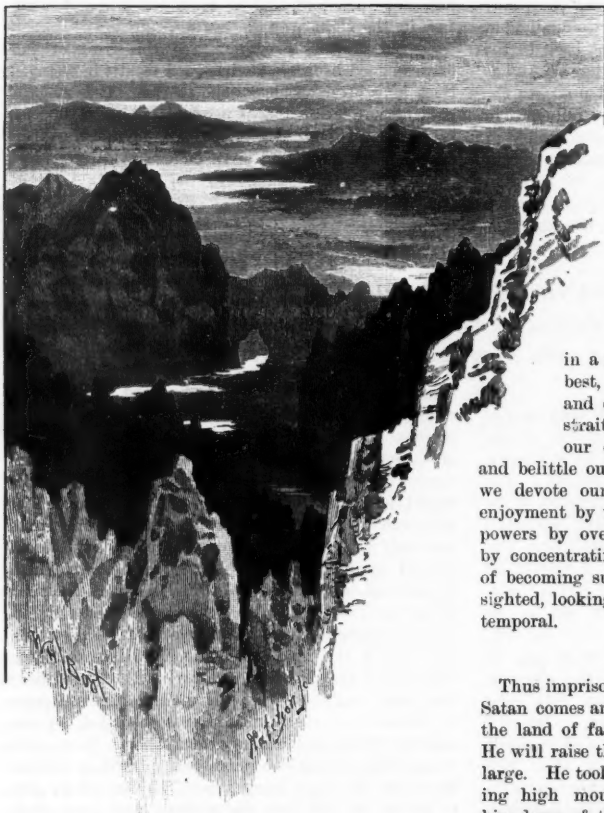
NOW often have these words been used to comfort the dying believer, in the sense of a promise that he shall soon behold the glories of heaven! The land in question is supposed to be reached only after death, although glimpses of it may be obtained here and now from some Delectable Mountain of faith, some Pisgah height of joyful Christian experience. But heaven can in no sense be said to be a land that is very far off; except, indeed, to the wicked, of whom it may be asserted that they behold Christ, and the place in which He dwells, like Balaam, "not nigh"—or as the rich man in hell saw Abraham, "afar off." Heaven must be distant alike in space and in spirit to those who have no likeness to it in their own nature. But heaven is near to all who are heaven-minded. It lies about us in our infancy; the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. In the worship of that God who fills both worlds the wall of separation is thrown down; heaven and earth are one; and the Church below and the Church above stand on common ground. We are here and now come to Mount Zion and the city of the living God. Our conversation is in heaven. This is always true as regards our feeling, if we have that faith in lively exercise which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. And as regards our actual entering into heaven, such is the shortness and uncertainty of life that but a breath dims the vision of it—but a single step often separates us from it.

What, then, does the prophet mean? The words should be translated, "Thine eyes shall behold the land of farnesses, or the land of far distances." The circumstances that gave rise to the saying were those connected with the memorable siege of Jerusalem in the days of Hezekiah. The tents of the Assyrians were blackening all the heights around the sacred city, and the inhabitants were reduced to the greatest straits. Hezekiah during this siege covered himself with sackcloth and ashes, and humbled himself before God. He was also disfigured with the boils of a

severe and dangerous illness, and prayed earnestly for relief. In these trying circumstances, a cheering promise of deliverance came by the mouth of the prophet, conveyed in imagery derived from the circumstances of the siege. The fierce invader, Sennacherib, would be destroyed, the besieging troops would be withdrawn, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem would see their king in his beauty—restored to health, and clothed again with the gorgeous robes of state which he had laid aside during the period of his humiliation. They would see in him beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. They would also behold the land of farnesses. Hitherto, for a long period, they had been shut up in the besieged city; they were confined within the walls and closed gates of Jerusalem; their horizon was bounded by the narrow streets and houses around them; they could see nothing beyond—no green tree, or field, or garden. But now, the siege being raised, they would be able to go out at will into the country, and feast their



"How often have these words been used to comfort the dying believer!"



"The eye takes in at a single glance a boundless horizon."

eyes upon its fair landscapes and far-extending prospects. They would be brought out into a free and large place, and their horizon would stretch into illimitable distances. The empire of Hezekiah would be extended, and distant parts be thrown open to them.

And, so interpreted, what a beautiful image it is! We speak of a prisoner being "set at large"; but we little realise what the phrase means to him—the new and thrilling sense of largeness around him; air, and space, and light, and God's great world, with its broad, lofty sky overhead; nothing confining his movements or intercepting his view but the horizon, which, in the far distance, comes down upon the earth with walls of blue ethereal air, opening up into farther distances as he moves on, and yielding to his gaze, as it becomes keener, more glorious vistas beyond. His eye, hitherto accustomed to the semi-opaque gloom of his narrow prison-cell, beholds with rapture the wide, open, unrestricted country. In such new circumstances his soul expands within him, and he feels himself a part of the infinite light and liberty around.

And what are we all in this world but prisoners of fate? We are in a besieged city. The walls of circumstance hem us in. The freedom which the most favourably situated of us imagine we enjoy is only the length of our chain. We are limited by our natures, by our faculties, by our weaknesses, by our circumstances. Human nature, made in the image of God, and destined for eternity, is in itself a large thing, and it needs a large world to live in. But we are each shut up

in a small world; and, small as it is at the best, we make it still smaller by our sins and our follies. We shut up ourselves in straits, and confine ourselves in prisons of our own making. We dwarf our natures

and belittle our powers by the insect tasks to which we devote ourselves. We paralyse our faculty of enjoyment by undue indulgence. We lay waste our powers by over-exertion; we narrow our faculties by concentrating them upon the one aim and end of becoming successful in the world. We are short-sighted, looking only at the things that are seen and temporal.

II.—DELUSIONS.

Thus imprisoned, living within a straitened horizon, Satan comes and promises that our eyes shall behold the land of far distances if we will only obey him. He will raise the siege that confines us, and set us at large. He took up our Lord to the top of an exceeding high mountain, and showed to Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and promised that they should be His if He would fall down and worship him. He offered to transport our first parents beyond the limits of their narrow garden, and give them a godlike freedom to enjoy if they would eat of the forbidden fruit. And as he tempted the first and the second Adam, so he tempts every man. He knows that the eye of man was made for far distances—that the soul of man longs instinctively for wider and more varied experiences than can be found in the little round of daily life; and therefore he cunningly adapts his temptations to this godlike instinct. He offers a freer life and a larger world. But the disenchantment soon comes. The eyes are opened, and they see that the promise of the vision is a mere mirage of the desert, which has changed for the moment the thirsty sand and the arid air into the appearance of living waters and refreshing verdure. Instead of far distances and boundless prospects, the transgressor finds himself at once in straits which become narrower as he advances, until at last, like the prison-house of the mediæval story, constructed with fiendish ingenuity to contract its walls every day, they close in upon him and crush him, and his prison becomes his grave. Sin inevitably cripples the energy and restricts the freedom of the human powers. To that longing for freedom and enlargement

which is the chief element of fascination in every sin, the tempter has nothing to give but the experience of a drearier imprisonment.

Science, with its magic eye-salve, pretends to purge our vision, so that we may see the distant and the invisible. But, like Argus, it is itself purblind with its hundred eyes. It only partially cures our blindness, so that we see men as trees walking. It confines our gaze to the things of time and sense. In itself, and apart from higher influences, it makes us near-sighted not only in regard to the spiritual world, but also in regard to this great creation. It takes the Divine meaning out of nature, and robs its wonders of their chiefest beauty and their brightest promise. It minimises the significance and worth of human life by the awful certainty of its laws, the vastness of its spaces and periods, and the infinite variety of its forms. The scientific man is prone to become a fatalist, and to give up all the higher aims of the soul. But if the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus sets us free from the law of sin and death, we are brought out from the tightening bars of the prison-house of the soul into a large, open world; we have the vision and the faculty Divine, and become far-sighted indeed. We feel like one who has been transferred from the dark, dreary depths of a cavern to the summit of a lofty mountain, from whence the eye takes in at a glance a boundless horizon. We have a sense of recovered freedom and immortal blessedness which quickens and enlarges the soul. Old familiar things acquire a new aspect and meaning. The vastness and

come within our horizon, and are visible in one view to the eye of faith. All things are ours—life and death, things present and things to come; and "it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

The land of far distances which the prophet Isaiah spoke of was not in some foreign country, to which a long and toilsome pilgrimage had to be made. It was simply the region round about Jerusalem, the fair open country, with nothing to bound it but the blue walls of the horizon in the far distance; the land of clear lights and distant views, as contrasted with the narrow streets and the strait boundaries of the besieged city. And all that was necessary to enable the inhabitants to see it was that the siege should be raised, and that they should be delivered and allowed to go out of the city to behold it. And so the spiritual land of far distances which it symbolises is not a land removed from us into the remotest depths of heaven, like a fixed star. It is round about us; our being is in it now; our souls are the inhabitants of it here. It is our primitive fatherland. This world itself is the land of far distances. Its things that are unseen and eternal are only eclipsed by the shadow of ourselves. All that is necessary is that our eyes should be opened, and that we should be delivered from the bondage of sin, and made heavenly-minded, in order to see it. Those who are converted and become as little children enter into it and abide in it; and to faith it is always given to realise how this earth



"Nature comes very close to us."

glory of the universe fill us with joy, because it all belongs to our Father, and is ours by virtue of our Divine sonship. We behold the things that are unseen and eternal. Both worlds, the earthly and the heavenly,

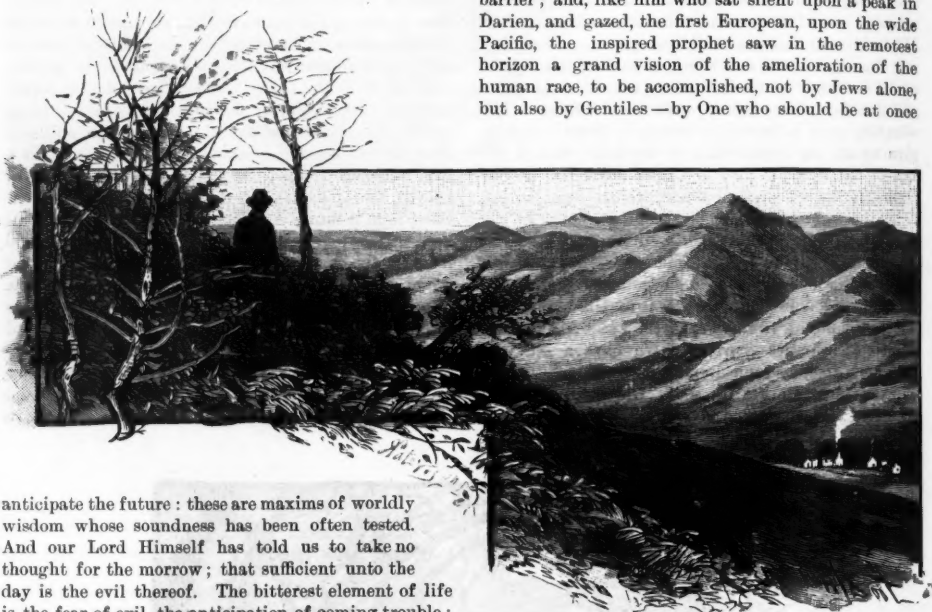
is embosomed in heaven; how there is but one heaven which comprehends all our life—past, present, and future—and all the scenes and circumstances of the universe, as there is but one ocean that holds all the

continents and islands of earth within its wide embrace.

III.—SHORT AND LONG VIEWS OF LIFE.

It was the advice of Sydney Smith to take short views of life. That, he said, was the secret of his own happiness. And truly there are many circumstances in which that is the best advice. To take life as it comes, to take a single step at a time, to confine our attention to the present experience, and not to

which are but ripples on its bosom, clouds in its sky. There is a land in whose boundless perspective of blessedness all affliction is light and but for a moment. Isaiah's eye saw this land of far distances. He ascended the mount of God; and there, while the immediate world around him seemed to be waxing darker and more evil, he realised a picture of the future of the world more glowing than anything to be found in human literature. From "the summit of the last ridge of Jewish history," he gazed far off into the distant ages, unbroken by any intervening barrier; and, like him who sat silent upon a peak in Darien, and gazed, the first European, upon the wide Pacific, the inspired prophet saw in the remotest horizon a grand vision of the amelioration of the human race, to be accomplished, not by Jews alone, but also by Gentiles—by One who should be at once



"That vision of far-off mountain land."

anticipate the future: these are maxims of worldly wisdom whose soundness has been often tested. And our Lord Himself has told us to take no thought for the morrow; that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The bitterest element of life is the fear of evil, the anticipation of coming trouble; and life would undoubtedly be much happier could we get rid of this anxious "looking before," for hardly any evil is so terrible as the dread of it. The calamity that is limited to its own horizon is more easily managed than if we fill all futurity with the sadness of the present moment. God has mercifully ordained that we have to deal, not with the whole of life, but with small portions of it as they are measured out to us one by one. And thus, by the limiting of our view and the narrowing of our range of action, our attention is concentrated upon the objects that are close at hand, and upon the duties and responsibilities connected with them.

But, on the other hand, there are times when to take short views of life is to behold only the present evil, without any mitigation; to be shut up with it, without hope of escape—like a man surrounded with a dense mist. If we had no outlook beyond the evil, we should be left to realise and brood over all its terrors, and we should struggle in vain against an irresistible doom. How blessed in such circumstances to have the power to bring that which is absolute and eternal to bear upon the fleeting and changing present! Life is infinitely greater than all its troubles,

the desire of all nations and the fulfilment of the Jewish prophecies. Without the outlook into that land of far distances, Isaiah could not have endured the miseries of his day. The distant future cheered the present, and hope banished despair. And as Isaiah found comfort, so must we. It is only by beholding with the eye of faith the land of far distances that we can overcome the terrors of the present. What were this world without the prospects of the next? Who could endure the trials and failures of this life without the bright promises of the future life? Our life is too great to have its plan completed and its mystery explained within the limits of this world. It needs eternity to fully unfold itself; and we must survey the horizon of eternity if we are to behold the full unfolding of the economy under which we are placed, and but a very small part of which falls under our inspection here. We must behold the land of far distances if we are to see the end of the Lord, that He is very pitiful; the termination of all the paths by which He is leading us, and

recognise that they are mercy and truth to them that fear Him.

In youth we love near views. The world seems so large and strange that we shrink with terror from it, and prefer soft dells and dim woodlands, in which nature comes very close to us: valleys, in which the trees make a leafy bower over us, and shut us in safely from the great unknown wastes beyond. But as we advance in years, we love, more and more, far views. We become familiar with the world. We realise what a small world it is, after all. We have seen an end of all perfection. The novelty and strangeness are gone from its scenes and experiences. We feel our need of a new sphere of activity; we long to be placed on a higher vantage-ground, to try the untried, to know the unknown. We prefer, in consequence, the open, far-extending plain to the confined woodland; the mountain-top to the depth of the valley. We prefer to look out from the narrow range of our being here to the land of far distances. And the more we are imprisoned by circumstance, the more we are limited by trouble, the keener does this longing grow. It is when life becomes straiter by reason of sorrow and bereavement that men of faith and hope see widely over the land of far distances. A finer atmosphere envelops their world, a vaster amplitude of light surrounds their being. It needs trouble in the soul to see the land of far distances, just as it needs the air to be saturated with latent vapour in order to bring distant objects in the landscape near, and make every hue and line distinct. Behind a veil of perfectly clear, open sky the Alps at Mâcon are usually concealed as perfectly as behind a visible cloud; but before a change of weather Mont Blanc shows itself distinctly, with its well-known snowy dome and dark aiguilles clear-cut against the sky a hundred miles away. And so in the spiritual world, sorrow makes the atmosphere of the soul so transparent that the far-away things of eternity, that are usually unseen when all is well, become distinctly visible. Isaiah beheld the vision of the far-off years of the Church when he was sorely burdened. St. John, chained on his rock in the *Ægean Sea*, saw the heavens opened, and the glories of the New Jerusalem, and the destiny of the world. Bunyan pictured in his prison-cell at Bedford the far-reaching view which the shepherds showed to the pilgrims from the Delectable Mountain, and the bright anticipative joys of the land of Beulah. And so God is training His own people by all the straits and imprisonments of life to behold the splendour of the new creation, purified from every stain of evil, and reflecting the glory of God. "Ye are come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God," said the Apostle to the Hebrew Christians who were shut out from the courts of the Temple, and deprived of the great heritage of their race. In the loss of their worldly privileges they were enabled to gain a larger vision of the Divine plan, to see, beyond the typical shadows of the vanishing Temple, the enduring realities to which they pointed; and the tears of their grief for their loss only washed from their eyes the dust, and made them clearer to behold that vision. And to us, too, who are distracted by the

sad contentions of the Church and the bitter conflicts of society, the same message of consolation is given. We are come to a point of view where, in the larger prospect beyond, the conflicting and apparently antagonistic elements of the present are reconciled in one glorious harmony, and are working out one mighty scheme of world-wide redemption.

IV.—THE CLEARER VISION.

The land of far distances! The image could only have originated in an Eastern country, where the atmosphere is so crystal-clear that the remotest distances are visible. Our cloudy northern skies limit the horizon and circumscribe the view, and bring the heavens like a roof close to the earth, imparting to the landscape a mysterious depth of shadow. But in Eastern lands the brilliant sunshine and the translucent air give the feeling of vast aerial space; and the heavens ascend to an infinite height, and naked reality surrounds one far and near. It is a large, open, radiant world, where, as in the old description of the Celtic heaven, "distance fades not on the sight, and nearness fatigues not the eye." I remember last autumn being out on the moorland above my native place, on one of those perfect days that are so rare in our climate, when earth seems a suburb of the celestial city, and the far-off distances appear wonderfully near and distinct in the ethereal atmosphere. I saw, upwards of a hundred miles away, behind the blue hills that bounded the horizon, the summit of Ben Macdhui, which I had never seen before from this point, with the snow patches on it glancing white in the sun. That vision of the far-off mountain land glorified the whole landscape—introduced into it an element of grandeur and immensity before unknown. It reminded me irresistibly of the land of far distances of Isaiah, and gave a wonderful impressiveness to the beautiful image.

What a dull, dreary climate do we make in our souls through want of faith! Some rarely or never have a day of spiritual clearness, in which they can see the things that are beyond the world of sense. Sin, unbelief, covetousness, selfishness, dim and circumscribe the horizon. We are content with the little treadmill round of care and toil in which we spend mechanically our little life. Art-critics speak of some pictures as wanting in atmosphere. They are painted on the flat surface, and do not stand out living from the canvas, with the free air and sunshine about them. They have no sense of breadth and freeness. We are oppressed when we look at them. So for the most part are our lives. There is no free atmosphere of heaven about them; they have no perspective; they are of the earth, earthy. We live in our cares, we are buried in our troubles, we bear our hours of misery apart from the rest of our life and the blessed prospects of eternity. Oh! for a clearer atmosphere of the soul, for a stronger faith to give us a wider horizon about us, and bring the vision of the Great White Throne into our every-day life; as the clearness of the autumn day in my native place brought the snows of the highest peak of the Grampians into

the familiar landscape of home I was surveying. Such a vision would emancipate us from the thralldom of worldly things, and produce a boundless expansion and exhilaration of soul. We should no longer be conformed to the vain show of a passing world, but transformed in the renewing of our minds by the powers of the world to come. The scenes of nature, which to the man who leaves the unseen out of account are mere mechanical structures of matter and force, would be to us full of soul, and life, and love. In the hour of temptation we should be able to overcome the inducement to prefer our present gain or pleasure to our future good. In the hour of sorrow our eyes would take in the whole of life in this world

and in the next, and see in its dark lines the contrast which gives effect and brilliancy to the general design, and works out the Divine pattern.

Let us seek, then, that our eyes may be thus opened and kept open, and our hearts purified, that we may behold the land of far distances; see, beyond the mists in which our fellows are groping, the things which have been shown to us by the Lord. For such a revelation is not merely fitted to fill the fancy with splendid optimistic dreams, but it is intensely practical, and is meant to change us into the image of that which we behold—to make our thoughts, our feelings, our actions partake of the largeness, and freeness, and grandeur of our hopes.



MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



WITHOUT doubt one of the most remarkable religious and academic movements of this Victorian era is the founding of Mansfield College at Oxford. It has been spoken of as the greatest Non-conformist undertaking in matters educational since the passing of the Act of Uniformity.

But its objects are so purely non-polemical and unaggressive, so free from unfriendliness to any branch of the Christian Church, that it has been on all hands received courteously and cordially. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that the degree of M.A. has been conferred upon its distinguished principal, Dr. Fairbairn, as a delicate recognition of his great scholarship, and of the position taken by the college.

The aim of Mansfield is the better education of the Congregational ministry. Dr. Fairbairn has a most lofty ideal of what a Christian minister should be, and is strongly of opinion that a highly cultured man, with his spirit consecrated to his work, is able to adapt himself to all kinds of service. It is not high culture which causes a man to be obscure, or difficult to be understood, in his public speech; rather it is imperfect culture.

While the walls of Mansfield are rising, Dr. Fairbairn has taken up his abode in a commodious semi-detached residence in the Banbury Road, on the outskirts of the city. Passing through a shady, grassy garden in front, we find his sanctum, consisting of two large rooms above the basement floor, and connected by folding-doors, kept open, and artistically draped with curtains.

Rows upon rows of books, free from dust, and carefully housed in well-shaped cases, adorn the walls; a

book-covered table stands in each room, one for winter work near the fire, the other more suited for summer weather, and giving a pleasant look-out upon the inviting level of tennis-lawn and flower-garden behind. Quite a gallery of fine cabinet-sized portraits are ranged over the fireplace; here look down the sad, rugged features of Carlyle, the striking faces of Ruskin, Robert Browning, Herbert Spencer, and Max Müller—great leaders of thought all of them, from their various and conflicting points of view. There is also a gallery of German thinkers and philosophers—Kant, Fichte, Schleiermacher, and Rothe among them.

On the mantel-shelf is the very handsome marble clock presented to Dr. Fairbairn, with a purse of 220 guineas, on his leaving Aberdeen. The inscription tells us that the testimonial was given in recognition of his merits as "a thinker, a scholar, a gifted Christian teacher, and a public-spirited citizen." And here, in the calmness and peace of this charming literary retreat, Dr. Fairbairn pursues his studies and elaborates his lectures and his books.

Most of the numerous volumes filling the shelves around deal with philosophical, religious, or historical subjects in different languages, many of them being German; but, like many other hard workers, Dr. Fairbairn delights in a good story, and is, in fact, a great reader of that sound fiction which is often, indeed, so true to life and to human nature. Of Mr. Walter Besant's productions he is a great admirer. In fact, books seem everywhere in this delightful home of culture and refinement. Several cases stand in the pleasant rooms on the other side of the hall, opposite the study, these volumes being mostly of general literature. There also is placed a piano, and though he frankly admits he is not a musician, yet he enjoys the playing of his wife and daughters. He

indulges but little in outdoor recreation, but occasionally engages in boating or a game of tennis.

Dr. Fairbairn's main work has been in connection with philosophy and the history of religion. He has studied these subjects deeply, both abroad and in this country. Born in 1838, near Edinburgh, he received a school and University education in "Auld Reekie" itself, and his theological training at Glasgow, and later on at Berlin. There he studied philosophy under Trendelenburg and theology under Dörner and Hengstenberg, portraits of whom he still treasures in his collection of photographs.

His first pastorate was at the E. U. Independent Church, Bathgate, a small town in West Lothian. There he preached some of those fine sermons which have since been wrought into his deservedly famous work "The City of God." From Bathgate he removed to Aberdeen, quitting his church there in 1877 to take the Principalship of Airedale College. Nine years later he came to Mansfield. For several years also he was Muir Lecturer on the Science of Religion in the University of Edinburgh, and in 1883 he received the highest honours the Congregational body could bestow, being elected to the chairmanship of the Union.

While constantly preaching and lecturing, Dr. Fairbairn has also at times been busy for the press. Since 1870 he has been connected with the *Contemporary Review*, and quite a number of papers have appeared therein from his pen; among others, articles on Strauss and Modern Criticism, Herbert Spencer and Agnosticism, Hegel and the Philosophy of Religion, and a more recent series on Catholicism and Modern Thought.

Among his books are "Studies on the Philosophy of Religion," "Studies on the Life of Christ," "The City of God," and also a series of lectures to working men, on "Religion in History and the Life of To-day."

These lectures were delivered in Bradford, and were remarkably successful. They illustrate one of Dr. Fairbairn's strong convictions, viz., that nothing is so unjust both to religion and to working men as talking down to them, or addressing them from a



DR FAIRBAIRN'S STUDY.

platform lower than the speaker at his best can occupy.

The lectures were, said he, "an attempt to speak to working men as at once intelligent, thoughtful, and intellectually independent in their thought. They were further an attempt, in the light of history and criticism, to present religion and religious truth, insisting on the social, political, and economical worth of the Christian faith."

As may be supposed therefrom, the sensational or "claptrap" methods of attracting the people do not find much favour with Dr. Fairbairn. "I believe," said he, "that religion is far more injured by speech that is below the people than by speech that is above them. It is easy to pitch the level of thought and speech too low; it is very difficult to pitch it too high. If below the people, it does them no good; if above, it lifts, even though it be not fully understood. This is not meant as an apology for obscurity; rather it is a demand for lucidity. There is nothing so obscure as speech that expresses the

conventional and the common-place. What illumines a subject enlightens an audience, and it is better to quicken thought than simply to benumb mind and feeling."

So many of his years having been spent in training students to be preachers, it is but natural that Dr. Fairbairn should have arrived at very clear and very decided convictions on the best methods and aims of preaching.

"The aim of preaching is not," said he, "to create self-satisfaction in the hearers, but mental and spiritual quickening. Hence the great question of the day is the making of the ministry. It is not so much the sermon a man makes that has power, as the man who makes the sermon. Its quality depends on his, and were the pulpit filled with the master-spirits of the day, it would be the master-power. Hence the great need of all the Churches is to attract to the ministry their most capable and most devoted sons.

"The function, again, of the pulpit is a complete interpretation of Christianity, and the application of it to all men and to the whole man. If this be so, it has to do both with persuading men to believe, and persuading them to make what they believe a law for the whole life. While the first concern of the preacher is to create faith with a view to newness of life, the ultimate aim is to make the man converted become as morally perfect as he is intellectually satisfied.

"The pulpit has to do with society, its customs and morals, and ought to be satisfied with nothing less than the realisation by its individuals of the highest type of Christian character, and the recognition of Christian ethics as the only true standard of life.

"Applied to the man as a citizen, it means that he is to be taught to do the best for the State, and to judge the State as a corporate body intended to realise the laws of the Divine Kingdom. Applied to the home, it means that its life be throughout regulated by the law of Christian love and truth. In other words, the pulpit has to do with religious truth in all its applications to the mind of the individual and to the life of the State."

"What, then, should you say are the qualifications of the pulpit? What kind of men are needed?"

"I recognise the necessity of men of all types, and am very far from saying that every minister should be a man of the very highest culture. In every case he must be a man of consecrated spirit, but it is only the best who will bear, and be the better for, the severest education. As a rule, however, the better a man is educated the more simple-minded he is; the readier for all kinds of service, even the more obscure and the less noble; and his education will be nowhere so much seen as in his power of helpful sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men.

"There is nothing that so indicates a loss of faith as the impatience of congregations with the higher thought and the more earnest attempts to grapple with our deeper religious questions. The demand for short sermons springs out of the growth of unbelief. It is often supported by the idea that men meet to worship God, not to hear sermons; but the sermon is an essential part of worship. Without it the worship is unreal or incomplete. In the service the speech is from man to God; but in the sermon, if the preacher have a message from the Almighty, the speech is from God to man. And it is an essential part of the service that the man receive it.

"The pulpit has largely declined in power, because



MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD (now in course of erection).

men have shrunk from dealing with the greater and graver issues of religious thought and truth. When men were in earnest with these, there was no complaint of the sermon which seriously handled them being tedious, or their discussion a thing unsuitable to worship."

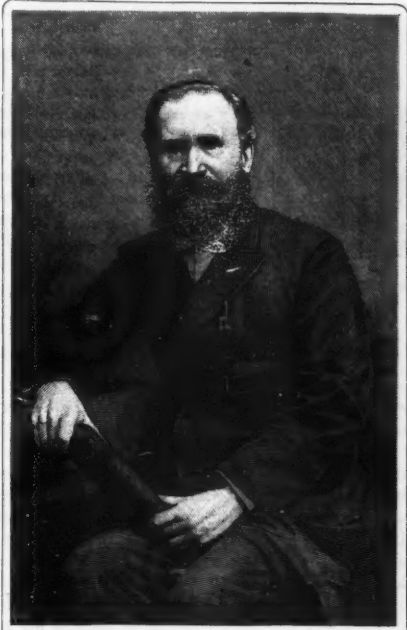
Though his ideal of sermons is so high, yet Dr. Fairbairn always delivers his own extemporaneously, and advises this course; but the previous preparation should be elaborate. Speaking on this point, he said: "I distinguish between the preparation and delivery of a sermon. The preparation ought to be careful and laborious. The preacher will never speak correctly unless he writes carefully. But as to the delivery, that is another matter. He may read or speak, which the man himself may decide, judging from his own peculiar gifts. Some read with freedom and elegance, and would only be impeded were they to speak; others speak with precision and force, and would only be in fetters were they to read."

Coming, then, to speak about the college, Dr. Fairbairn said:—

"Mansfield has been founded really for the better education of the ministry. It has no polemical, but purely an academic and religious purpose. It seeks to exercise the religious activities proper to a purely theological institution. It teaches no purely literary subject. Its members are all either graduates of a recognised University or undergraduates of Oxford who have passed Moderations.

"An educated ministry has always been a characteristic of the Congregational Churches. The exclusion from the Universities was never accepted, and there was nothing in the Act of Uniformity Independents more deeply mourned than the way it closed the ancient Universities and the difficulties it threw in the way of creating or conducting academies or colleges for themselves. The moment the Universities were open, they were prepared and ready to return, that they might profit to the full by the resources and the influences of the old loved seats of learning. And as so many of the sons of Non-conformists had come, it was not simply a possible matter, but a matter of imperative duty, that they should become an efficient factor in the religious life and thought of the Universities. Independency has played far too great a part in the making of England to allow an English University to be complete without it. The institution which educates the whole people cannot be a complete educational institution if it does not know or possess a Faculty or body of men teaching the faith by which so potent a portion of the English people have lived. And so Mansfield has at once a particular and a general function. It trains men for the ministry, and it seeks to be a centre of religious activity and influence."

The building itself will be a noble structure of white Milton stone, and will be opened about the Christmas of 1888, or in the spring of the following year. It is situated between the University Park and



ELLIOTT & FRY

DR. FAIRBAIRN.

Holywell Street, on ground once belonging to Merton, and behind Wadham College. It includes a house for the principal, a chapel, lecture-rooms, common room, and library, but will be non-residential. The endowments will be, or rather are, those which belonged to Springhill Congregational College, Birmingham. This institution is to be sold, and with the consent of the Charity Commissioners the Springhill trustees "are authorised and required to pay" "all the net yearly income" of endowments to Mansfield. This name is very properly derived from that of the family who gave the funds. But money for the erection of the structure has to be raised separately by subscriptions.

So, then, Mansfield rises at Oxford, as its principal has said, not to oppose any Church, but to serve religion. It will seek to unite the highest culture and the most earnest Christianity. What its future may be, none can predict. But those who have the eyes to see may behold in it the beginning of a movement fraught with great and far-reaching results; and it is of the happiest augury that such a movement should possess so gifted a leader as the preacher who can address a cultivated and academic audience and also arrest the attention of hard-headed working men.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

HOW TO MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.



THE social position of the little ones has changed for the better since the days when some of us were juveniles; repression and gravity formed in frequent cases the ideal of government, and the olive-branches learnt such poetry as this, which is taken from a juvenile volume of the past—

"For what are children at the best
But beggars charitably dressed—
Poor little beggars that receive
Nothing but what their parents give?"

Now-a-days all this is changed; even the Sunday-school finds time to care about the little ones' week-day play, and those who are really poor and "charitably dressed" come in for a good deal *more* than their parents give; Christian hearts are always planning how to make them happy, and not only uplift their souls and minds, but fill their little hands with toys and treasures that shall make the dark garret an Eden to their eyes. We heard of one who thought it wise to visit her child with sudden disappointment and trouble, so as to prepare her for the future dispensations of Providence; now, we deem it better to leave the future of the little ones to that Providence which owns the Father-heart and hand, and to make their *present* just as full of love and sunshine as the Lord of love would have it. Again we would remind our readers how much they can do at little cost to gladden the children who are

poor and sick. At 26, Tunstall Road, London, S.W., the Sea-shell Mission is carried on—a mission which can be helped in many ways—by collecting shells, mounting sea-weed, sending boxes and bags for the shells, pictures out of papers and magazines, old Christmas and birthday-cards, etc., or any dolls, beads, or toys. Here is a good work wherein the bairns belonging to homes of plenty can unite. Think how a slow convalescence will be brightened by the fair harvest of the seashore, and the joy the boxes of shells, with the text-cards adorning them, will mean to the little "city sparrows" about the London courts!

"KEEP YOUR LIGHT BURNING."

The latest letter in Miss Skinner's well-known Friendly series is addressed to lamplighters and lighthouse-keepers, and the writer expresses her hope, in a note to the Editor, that some of our lady readers may help to circulate this address amongst a class in many cases shut out from the religious advantages we enjoy. Miss Skinner describes her visit to the lonely little island of South Stack, near Holyhead, where three men reside to manage the lighthouse; she speaks of their care for the reflectors, etc., and thus enforces an appeal to all who look after the lights, as to whether they have a Light for *themselves*, and a Lamp through the dim future? Miss Skinner has a way, in her "Friendly Letters," of drawing spiritual lessons from the familiar employments of the particular class addressed; but her counsel to the lamplighters may well be appropriated by us all. She reminds them of the Trinity House direction to lighthouse-keepers, "Keep your light burning from sunset to sunrise," and of the Eddystone Lighthouse motto, "To give light and save life"—what inspiring watchwords these for every Christian! Dr. Maclaren remarks in one of his sermons that, if Christ be dwelling in our hearts indeed, we shall be like some poor little diamond-shaped bit of glass in a cottage window, which, when the sun smites it, is visible over miles of the plain; in His light we shall be able to shine, and we shall earnestly desire to do so. A Christian worker told of a poor ignorant woman living in want and poverty, once able to earn a substantial sum by fortune-telling, but, after her conversion, content to see less of this world's silver, and to witness gloriously for her Master. She sent down one day to this woman's house—in a wild, poor part of the town—and her messenger asked a little child playing in the road where Mrs. L. lived. "Do you mean the Mrs. L. that loves Jesus?" asked the little thing at once, and showed the house. What a testimony, in the midst of surrounding darkness, to that poor woman's Christian character, to be known, even by the children of the neighbourhood, as the "one who loves Jesus!" Would that the light of every Christian life shone forth as brightly to the glory of the Lord!



THE SOUTH STACK LIGHT, HOLYHEAD.

NOBLE LIVES.

Thousands of readers in every part of the world have found pleasure in "Stepping Heavenwards," and other works by Mrs. Prentiss. Her life was one of much trial, and constant struggle with ill-health, but through it all she was ever striving to live and work for her Master. She "though dead yet speaketh" in her writings, and the story of her life, recently re-issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, can only serve to deepen our admiration for this gifted writer's works. From Mrs. Prentiss's far-away home to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, is a long cry, but here was spent the greater part of another life, equally noble, and, in a narrower circle, equally useful. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, a brother of the first Earl Russell, was for upwards of half a century rector of Chenies, and for almost the same period a Canon of Windsor. The "Personal Recollections of Lord Wriothlesley Russell and Chenies" (Elliot Stock), by the Rev. F. W. B. Dunne, one of his curates at Chenies, gives us some charming pictures of this model country clergyman in his declining years. His life was well worthy of emulation, and we heartily commend this little sketch of it to our readers. It is a curious coincidence that as we are writing of the late rector of Chenies, there should be before us a life of the Prince Consort, to whom Lord Wriothlesley was formerly domestic chaplain, and in whose favour he stood high. This "Life," which is published by Messrs. Nisbet, is from the pen of the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, and has had the advantage of revision by Her Majesty the Queen. The work is intended, like its companion work on Her Majesty's Life, which we noticed some time ago, for boys and girls; and a more suitable present could hardly be imagined for any of our younger readers than this admirable sketch of the life of "Albert the Good."

TRIUMPHS OF MERCY.

Of all nations, the Chinese have been regarded as conservative of ancient customs and ideas, suspicious of progress, and doubtful of foreigners; yet the China Inland Mission, and other agencies for good, have found in this vast kingdom a glorious wealth of fruitage for the Master; and most surely as concerns the Chinese, God is fulfilling His word, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." The London Missionary Society has now opened a new place of worship at Han-yang, on the front of which these words are inscribed, "Believers obtain salvation." An old convert told at the opening service how he had gone to sell cloth at Hankow, and had listened to the Gospel out of curiosity; for many years now it had been his guide, and he quoted the words of Confucius, "He who in the morning hears right teaching may die in the evening without regret."



MISSION CHAPEL AT HAN-YANG.

Another told how he was persecuted when he first became a Christian, and he spoke of the Gospel blessings being for women as well as men; another remarked that Christian doctrine is as the sunshine, bringing light and joy, and the Saviour is as a boat to bear us safely over life's troubled waters. "I have been a Christian twenty years," he said, "and now I only fear to leave Jesus." The native Christians themselves bought the ground for this building, and contributed liberally towards its erection.

"THE QUIVER" ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

TWELFTH LIST.—Members enrolled from December 21st, 1887, to February 23rd, 1888, inclusive.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS.

Name.	Address.	Years in Present Situation.
EVANS, THOMAS	Falmouth	50
GEESING, PETER	West Molesey	53
WAUGH, SAMUEL	Chepstow	50

All the above have received Medals of the Order and Certificates.

The Roll of the Order is now closed to all excepting domestic servants who have served fifty years and upwards in their present families.

HALFPENNY DINNERS FOR CHILDREN.

The North-West District of the metropolis has, alas! much poverty in its midst. There are streets near Euston station where one may see as much misery, squalor, and vice as in any part of the East End. To provide for the number of the unemployed in the district was evidently an impossibility, but to lessen the suffering among the poor children was practicable. Hence the "Halfpenny Dinners" were started in Tolmers Square Church Institute. It was felt that it was better to let the children pay the small amount of a halfpenny, rather than lead to such pauperising as would be caused if the meals were

gratuitously given. The schoolmasters and mistresses of the Board schools kindly collected the coppers, and gave tickets freely to those who were unable to pay. The meal consists of soup or Irish stew, or rice and raisins, followed always by a large slice of bread-and-jam. The children are not kept waiting for a certain number to come, but are served at once. Directly they have eaten their soup they take the tin basin and spoon to the lady at the entrance, and receive as they depart a slice of bread and preserve. It is amusing to see a stream of children in the street all eagerly engaged in making "crescents" in the great slices. Those who don't care for soup are allowed two slices of bread-and-jam. To cut up these slices of bread and spread the jam is a work of no little tediousness. To boil the soup in three large boilers is easy, but the bread-and-jam means work. It is a sight to see the ante-room filled with trays and baskets bearing mountains of bread-and-jam. The

cost per head has been about a penny farthing. From 1,800 to 2,000 children are fed during five days of each week. One girl said that she hardly ever had anything from dinner to dinner. "It is good!" "Ain't it nice!" are frequent expressions. One schoolmaster says that the poor depressed children have quite looked up, and even became saucy. They learn twice as well. "It is hard work driving knowledge into their brains when they want food in their mouths," said another. A certain number of ladies guarantee to attend each day to help to serve the children. A permanent cook is hired to prepare vegetables, but a lady also each day superintends the preparation of the soup. On nothing done this past winter in this district will the pastor, the Rev. Fred. Hastings, and his wife, look back with greater satisfaction than the memory of those long lines of tables crowded week after week with half-starved children, enjoying a hearty meal and gathering strength for the future of their life-battle.



Mountains
of Bread and Jam

"QUIET RESTING-PLACES."

It might be supposed that Dr. Barnardo had enough on his mind and heart, without widening the sphere of his operations; what a mighty mission is his to young and old alike! "I am proud of Dr. Barnardo," said a poor man in the neighbourhood, "when I look round and see what he has made of some of the lives I knew in their need and misery;" and Christian people of every name must share this pride and joy in the thought of the vast area of good covered by the Doctor's agencies. Besides the Refuges, the Rescue



At the
Half Penny Dinner

Home, the Orphanage, the houses for girls at Ilford, delicate boys in Jersey, and babies at Hawkhurst, there are many other branches of blessing at work, such as the Youths' Labour Home, Sturge House for Servants, Shoeblack Brigade, emigration schemes, Shadwell Medical Mission, the two coffee-palaces—"Dublin Castle" and "Edinburgh Castle"—and the Mile End Deaconesses' Institute, always busy for the help of the poor, and with classes for factory girls, working men, mothers, etc. And yet Dr. Barnardo has another good work at heart—that of providing a peaceful retreat for aged Christian women, who have struggled along for many a year, and can fight life's battles no longer. He would like to call these little homes "Quiet Resting-Places," or by some similar name, and just make them a harbour of refuge for the hoary-haired believer whose working days are done.

ONE OF "THE QUIVER" PRIZE BOYS.

The secretary of the Gordon Boys' Home has sent us this interesting communication:—"The Commandant, in a letter received by me yesterday, writes as follows:—'No. 45, Thomas Tobin, one of our best corporals, and holder of THE QUIVER prize, wishes to leave. He is a capital carpenter, and would like the army, but is too short and too narrow-chested: he has passed his 18th year.' (N.B.—We do not keep boys after they have attained 18 years.) Take him all round, I consider Tobin the best boy in the Home; only give him a start and he will do well, I am sure. I have given the Commandant's report of this lad in his own words. You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Tobin keeps up his good character. Perhaps some one amongst your readers might find a situation for THE QUIVER Prize Boy!' We shall be very pleased to hear from any one of our readers who is in a position to give Tobin a start in life. He leaves the Home with a good record, and should make a reliable assistant.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

God's Holy Word assures us that the mourners shall be comforted. It may be that the prayed-for relief will *tarry*, as in the case of the Syro-Phœnician woman, but, apart from the busy scenes of life with the Lord Himself and at His feet, as one whom his mother comforteth so will *He* comfort, who was once a Man of Sorrows. "Whoever can turn his weeping eyes to heaven," says Richter, "has lost nothing;" those who have drunk from the cup of sorrow that the Saviour's hand has held, have learnt what it is to fear no evil, to rejoice in tribulation through the power of Him who was made perfect through sufferings. How many Christian standard-bearers have been called to learn this highest lesson of all—the patience of Christ! Some of those most used for His glory have, unaccountably to our human ideas, been chosen to bear the burden of a cross. Even the Apostle was weighted with the presence of an abiding thorn; but he poured out his heart in prayer, and he was satisfied in hearing the voice of the Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee." God is always better than our fears, our hopes, our prayers; great is

His faithfulness, and He is very pitiful. We heard of a blind girl whose one comfort was her Bible, printed in raised letters, but fingering the characters made her fingers unfit for the special work which was her livelihood, and, being unable to earn her bread in any other way, she felt she must give up the Bible-reading, and be content with the Scriptures shrined in her memory. With a breaking heart she raised the Bible she loved to her lips, and found, to her surprise and joy, that she could thus discern the shapes of the letters; even if her fingers could not make them out, henceforth her lips would do so. So merciful are the compensations of Him whose Kingdom ruleth over all.

THE "AFTER-CARE" ASSOCIATION.

This society, of which the secretary is H. T. Roxby, Esq., Emblewood, Osbaldeston Road, Stoke Newington, has been formed to befriend female convalescents, when they leave asylums for the insane. The good Lord Shaftesbury, who was long chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners, said he considered a home for mental convalescents a necessity; there are many such homes for those recovering from physical weakness, but this association will endeavour, if sufficiently aided, to open an institution for some of the 30,000 poor women who are *mentally* afflicted, and of whom a large number are yearly discharged as cured. Many have no homes nor friends; they would like to be at work again, and often are sufficiently recovered to earn their living, if only some friendly hand will assist them back to the healthy duties of life. The "After-Care" Association tries to find situations for those whom the doctors pronounce recovered, and it also sends them for a while to cottage homes where rest and sympathy and the ministry of nature may tenderly complete the work of healing and calm the enfeebled nerves. There are already several cases known to have been benefited by the efforts of this society; for example, a highly educated but destitute lady was helped by a gift of the clothes she needed, and is now in a situation as governess. A servant was placed in a cottage home in Surrey for a while, the association paying all expenses, and now she is doing well again in service. One who had been seriously ill in an asylum was much strengthened by a few weeks' rest in a cottage home, and has for some time now been doing well as a cook. The medical superintendent says of this case, "If it had not been for your society, R. would have been here now."

OUR WEEK-EVENING "SOCIABLES."

It is the custom now, in connection with many places of worship, to hold "popular evenings"—something of the nature of penny readings—entertainments at which the musical and elocutionary talent of the neighbourhood can be utilised, and afford a pleasant change, to the working classes especially. This is as it should be; our religion should be an all-round benefit, caring for the recreations of our fellow-creatures as well as for their souls. As concerns the *young*, the Sunday-school teacher who will meet with

his scholars in the week in some friendly way for such an evening, or for a cheery walk, is likely to sway their hearts far more than the teacher who is seen only on the Sunday, and who confines his influence to the time of instruction. We remember once conversing with a pastor on the subject of a week-evening meeting for the young connected with temperance work, and he said, "Whether a temperance meeting or not, I have come to see this—that teachers *should* in some way cultivate intercourse with the children in the week as well as Sundays, that the young may understand religion is not a matter connected only with one day in the week." But just one word of warning concerning these popular evenings arranged by Christian

Christian hearts and hands. We read of educated people of means going to live among the toilers, to understand them better and try to help them; and continually there is some new channel of usefulness and help opened up, whereby the poor may realise that God's people long to help them not only by prayer, but by *works*. The depression of trade has caused need and suffering at the East End, and sewing-classes have been arranged, wherein poor women receive sixpence each for three hours' work, also a warm tea now and then, and words of practical sympathy. Many of their husbands and relatives being out of work, the sixpence meant bread to these needle-women, and the warm mission-room, the Bible-



AN EAST-END MISSION.

friends for the masses—is there not a tendency in some cases to make the whole affair *too* secular? Comic songs and recitations are all very well in their place—a good laugh now and then is as medicine, no doubt; but sometimes we have thought what a power for good those on the platform possess over the attentive audience. Is it not a mistake to sing in such an assembly a drinking-song, however pretty and taking and refined the music thereof may be? Only from want of thought do such mistakes arise, and carefully chosen should be every programme for evenings like these. Music and wit will help to beguile the care of many hard workers; but would it not be well if such a thought as this ran through the arrangements!—"We may never meet just this assembly again, nor will this evening's opportunity return to us. We will take care that amid all the entertainment there is at least one helpful, uplifting, inspiring memory they can take hence with them for time and eternity."

AN EAST-END MISSION.

It seems as though the long difficulty, the bewildering problem of the brotherhood of different classes of society, were being quietly, gradually solved by

reading, the prayers and hymn-singing, were indeed as rests by the hard wayside. Mr. George Holland, of Whitechapel, reports that the average attendance of women at the sewing-classes has been 135; but more applied than it was possible to take in. Sixpence for three hours' sewing would seem a poor rate of pay to many of our readers, but it meant to these women in the winter a shilling or eighteenpence weekly—all the difference between buying food and firing or lacking these things. Subscriptions towards this good work in the East End are received by the treasurer, Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampden, 63, St. George's Road, S.W.

GOOD CHEER IN OUR VILLAGES.

We heard once of an old lady to whom the minister was expatiating on the beauty and blessedness of Paradise. "Ay, sir," was the old lady's exclamation in reply, "that is all very true, no doubt; but what I say is, sir, old England for *me*!" Probably the old lady's deafness made her suppose her minister was praising "foreign parts," and thus her patriotism was aroused. There are many who talk in the spirit of this old lady when foreign missions are urged upon

them. "There is no place like old England," they fervently exclaim; "there is plenty to be done in our own country yet." But those who talk thus are not always ready for the home-work either. A gentleman once challenged such an objector with the offer to give a certain sum for the poor at home, if the fault-finder would do the same. "Oh, I didn't mean *that*," was the reply to the challenge. Christians who are concerned about foreign needs are the very ones alive to the openings for helpful work at home; and, indeed, not only in our towns, but likewise in our little villages, there are many calls existing upon our interest and sympathy. We should like to see every village with its reading-room and coffee-house. While trying to persuade the working man from the tavern, let us give him something better. Even in our villages, education is very different from what it was in the past, and an appetite for literature has arisen, which may be the means of pernicious influences or incalculable blessing. Miss Adela Brooke, of Coombe House, near Woodstock, Oxfordshire, is interesting herself in the working men of the neighbourhood, and has sent us an account of her projected reading-room and coffee-house, in establishing which she would be deeply grateful for help. It is proposed to found it on non-political and non-sectarian principles, and working men will form the committee. May it arise and prosper, and may like reading-rooms be multiplied a hundred-fold!

"ALL THE WORLD OVER."

We cannot all be travellers, and see for ourselves the wonders of far-away lands; still less can we all describe even those we have seen. But to be early acquainted, if only from books, with the beauties and marvels of other countries, and with the manners and customs of their people, is very valuable to one and all of us. We are glad to see, then, a series of pretty little books, under the common title of "The World in Pictures," issued by Messrs. Cassell with the object of showing young readers how the people of other lands live, and in what manner of countries. Each volume is devoted to a different country, and France and Germany, Russia and Egypt, China, Japan, and India, are all described in turn; while Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and South America, have also their share of attention. Perhaps, to our readers, the most interesting volumes will be those on India, China, and Africa—all well-known as spheres of missionary energy. And if anything were wanted to quicken the interest of our young readers in the work of spreading the Gospel news, these works would assuredly supply it. All the volumes in this series are good, but these are, to our minds, the best, and Sunday-school teachers and librarians should certainly procure them. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us re-issues of two well-known temperance books: "The Foundation of Death," by Axel Gustafson and his wife; and "Life's Battles in Temperance Armour," by Thomas Whittaker. Either of these works would be a valuable addition to the armoury of any temperance worker who is not already provided with it. "The Hanleys" (Elliot Stock) is a

pretty story by Mrs. Caumont, to which our space will only permit of our giving a passing word of commendation.



SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

DAY.	SELECTED PASSAGES FOR APRIL.	
	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	1 Samuel iii.	Luke xx. 9-18; xxi., to ver. 6, and ver. 33-38.
2.	1 Samuel iv., to ver. 11, chap. v.	Luke xxii., to ver. 30.
3.	1 Samuel vi.; vii., to ver. 8.	Luke xxii., 31-46.
4.	1 Samuel viii.	Luke xxii., from ver. 47.
5.	1 Samuel ix., to ver. 21; x., to ver. 9.	Luke xxiii., to ver. 26.
6.	1 Samuel x. 17-25; 1 Samuel xii.	Luke xxiii., ver. 27-46.
7.	1 Samuel xiii. 5-14; xv. 10-31.	Luke xxiii., from ver. 47; xxiv., to ver. 12.
8.	1 Samuel xvi.	Luke xxiv., from ver. 13.
9.	1 Samuel xvii., to ver. 37.	John i., to ver. 34.
10.	1 Samuel xvii., from ver. 38; xviii., to ver. 14.	John i., from ver. 35; ii., to ver. 11.
11.	1 Samuel xx.	John ii., from ver. 12; iii., to ver. 18.
12.	1 Samuel xxiii.	John iv., to ver. 42.
13.	1 Samuel xxv., to ver. 20, and from ver. 24 to 33.	John iv., from ver. 46; v., to ver. 24.
14.	1 Samuel xxvi.	John v., from ver. 39; vi., to ver. 24.
15.	1 Samuel 28.	John vi., ver. 35-40, 47-71.
16.	1 Samuel xxxi.; 2 Samuel i., from ver. 17.	John vii., from ver. 37; viii., to ver. 12, ver. 51-59.
17.	2 Samuel ii., to ver. 10; iii., ver. 1; v., 1-3, 11, 12; vi., to ver. 15.	John ix.
18.	2 Samuel vii.	John x.
19.	2 Samuel ix.	John xi., to ver. 46.
20.	2 Samuel xii., to ver. 10; ver. 15-23.	John xii., to ver. 33.
21.	2 Samuel xiv., ver. 25, 26; xv., to ver. 30.	John xiii.
22.	2 Samuel xvi., to ver. 14; xviii., to ver. 17.	John xiv.
23.	2 Samuel xviii., from ver. 24; xix., to ver. 4; ver. 15-30.	John xv.
24.	2 Samuel xxii., to ver. 36.	John xvi.
25.	2 Samuel xxii., from ver. 37; xxiii., to ver. 4; xxiv., from ver. 10.	John xvii.
26.	1 Kings i. 32-40; ii., ver. 1-4, 10; iii., ver. 5-13.	John xviii.
27.	1 Kings iv., from ver. 29; chap. v.	John xix., to ver. 22.
28.	1 Kings vi. 11-14; viii., to ver. 21.	John xix., from ver. 23.
29.	1 Kings viii., from ver. 22.	John xx.
30.	1 Kings ix., to ver. 9; x., to ver. 13; xi., ver. 4, 9-13.	John xxi.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

31. What prophecy did Moses deliver concerning Our Blessed Lord, and which was referred to by the Jews after the feeding of the five thousand?
32. What ceremony was performed every seven years in order to keep the Law of God fresh in the minds of the people?
33. In what way was Joshua shown to be the leader appointed by God for His people?
34. What was it made the sin of Achan so very great?
35. What is meant by the words "of the course of Abia," spoken in connection with Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist?
36. On what occasion was an attempt made to kill Our Blessed Lord by throwing Him down from the top of a cliff?
37. What two Judges were Nazarites?
38. For what purpose was the Song of Moses (Deut. xxxii.) written?
39. What command did Moses give to Joshua and the Elders of Israel concerning the preservation of the words of the Law after they had entered the land of Canaan?
40. What words express the religious condition of the Jews during the time of the Judges?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 394.

21. They brought back a bunch of grapes from the valley of Eshcol, which they bore between two of them upon a staff, also pomegranates and figs. (Numb. xiii. 23—26.)
22. She was punished with leprosy for seven days. (Numb. xii. 10—14.)
23. Numb. x. 35, 36.
24. It was situated on the south-east corner of the Sea of Galilee, and there Jesus healed the demoniac who was possessed with a legion of devils. (St. Mark v. 1.)
25. When the Pharisees found fault with His disciples for plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath day. (St. Mark ii. 23—27.)
26. The prince of each tribe made an offering to the Lord on behalf of himself and his tribe. (Numb. vii. 2—11.)
27. By sending down fire from heaven to consume the first burnt offering which he offered. (Leviticus ix. 24.)
28. Ex. xxix. 38—41.)
29. The Syro-Phœnician who, by her great faith, obtained the healing of her daughter. (St. Mark vii. 29.)
30. Numb. vi. 24—26.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

LIST of Contributions received from January 18th, 1888, up to and including February 27th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

L. L. Brighton, 2s. 6d.; M. H. Brighton, 1s.; J. F. Brighton, 1s.; E. W. Brighton, 1s.; B. N. Brighton, 1s.; M. H. Brighton, 1s.; C. W. Brighton, 1s.; L. B. Brighton, 1s.; S. D. Brighton, 1s.; Anon., Guernsey, 5s.; J. S. L. Holywell, 2s. 6d.; E. L. P. Chippenham, 10s.; J. M. Hornsey, 10s.; T. Tugwell, Brighton, 3s.; Gracie, Bromley, 2s. 6d.; Gracie's Mother, Bromley, 2s. 6d.; E. V. Sayen, Plaistow, 5s.; W. London, N., 2s. 6d.; L. O. F., Brighton, 2s. 6d.; Annfield Plain, 2s. 6d.; J. Woods, Camden Town, 10s.; Huntly, 1s.; Mabel and Marie, Romsey, 2s.; M. R., Newcastle, 5s.; Anon., Chelmsford, 1s. 6d.; Children's Nurse, Bristol, 2s.; E. A. A., Croydon, 2s.; Anon., Ipswich, 2s. 6d.; J. J. E., Govan, 5s.; a Working Man's Wife, 1s.; E. B. Billington, Leighton Buzzard, 10s.; A Friend, Matlock, 1s.; Working Man, Bow, 5s.

Dr. Barnardo asks us to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. for Little Willie from A. W., Southampton.

BLIND AND HELPLESS.

IN response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number we have received the following subscriptions, up to and including February 27th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

C. W. Ellis, Mark Lane, 5s.; C. M. F., 2s.; M. Silcock, Moss Side, 2s. 6d.; C. Armstrong, Streatham, 2s. 6d.; J. A. Wallis, Burton Latimer, £1; E. G. Johnson, Rickmansworth, 10s.; Mrs. Berry, Clapham, 10s.; W. J., Bow, 10s.; Anon., Lombard Street, 2s. 6d.; M. C. Walton, Wolverhampton, 9s.; J. C. P., Dawlish, 10s.; H. Sharpe, Brighton, 2s. 6d.; Music Mistress, Jersey, £1; A. C. Sinclair, Belfast, 5s.; A Lover of Music, Hammersmith, 1s.; H. S., Southampton, 10s.; Mrs. R. Henry, Hyde Park, 10s.; A Lincolnshire Lass and her Mother, 3s. 6d.; E. P., Newcastle, 1s.; A. Jones, Kingstown, 5s.; Anon., Cheltenham, 3s. 6d.; Mrs. Ferguson, Matlock, 5s.; Nellie, Southall, 10s.; Mrs. Morgan Griffiths, Carmarthen, 5s.; O. Glendower, Hastings, 10s.; W. MacGyro, Barrow, 10s.; F. C., St. Omer, 6s. 4d.; R. B. S., Parsonstown, £1; Mrs. Turner, Brighton, 10s.; W. Harris, Sykefield, 10s.; Miss B. B. Reynardson, Torquay, £1; E. B. K., 5s.; Anon., Norwood, 2s. 6d.; A Sympathiser, Dulwich, 2s. 6d.; G. Atkins, South Molton, 2s.; Mrs. Morison, Buxton, 10s.; Mrs. Waring, Reading, £1; Miss Corbett, Edinburgh, £5; H. Corbett, £1; Music Teacher, Liverpool, 5s.; Miss Bodkin, Highgate, 10s.; A Sympathiser, Gateshead, 1s. 3d.; T. M. A., 1s. 6d.; L. A. W. and L. L. J., Bexley, 5s.; H. Crookford, Tavistock, £1 1s.; J. E., Balcombe, 2s. 6d.; C. Burroughs, Shrewsbury, 3s.; F. L. Moore, Portsmouth, 2s. 6d.; S. J. A., Etwell, 3s.





(Drawn by MARY L. DEXTER.)

"JESSIE'S GROWING."

(See p. 485.)

WESLEY IN SEVEN DIALS.



WEST STREET CHAPEL.



If we have as yet made but small progress in our endeavours to overtake poverty and distress, we may surely congratulate ourselves on having literally as well as metaphorically reclaimed much land from the kingdom of disease and filth. The improvement in the character of some of the worst

districts of London is a matter for which we cannot but be thankful, even though perhaps we are a little inclined to complain of the price we have to pay for it. St. Giles's-in-the-Fields is not, even now, a savoury or an attractive neighbourhood: the Seven Dials still exist, and apparently endeavour to keep up their character for squalor; but there is daylight at the end of them, and the London equivalent for fresh air now circulates through what was the heart of a densely crowded slum-district.

Within stone's throw of the point where the new Shaftesbury Avenue crosses the newer Charing Cross Road, stands the old chapel of which we give an illustration. Its history is instructive; it reads almost like the story of a series of attempts to

sweep back the ocean. Time and again an earnest man gathers around him here a large and an overflowing congregation; something calls him away, and his work seems immediately to be swallowed up, the congregations melt away, and all has to be begun again.

Built in 1699 for the accommodation of a congregation of French refugees, it passed in 1726 into the hands of the trustees of a fund left by Mrs. Elizabeth Palmer, widow, "to be laid out in the purchase of lands and tenements, the rent thereof to be paid yearly for the maintenance of twelve poor widows of the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand." In 1748, "by a strange chain of providences," as he tells us in his Journal, a lease of the building for seven years was obtained by John Wesley. He began officiating here on Trinity Sunday in that year, preaching from the Gospel for the day, and afterwards administering the Lord's Supper "to some hundreds of communicants." He says, "I was a little afraid at first that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day, when a service of five hours (for it lasted from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. But God looked to that. So I must think—and they that will call it enthusiasm may. I preached at the Great Gardens at five, to an

immense congregation, on 'Ye must be born again.' Then the leaders met, who filled all the time that I was not speaking in public; and after them the bands. At ten at night I was less weary than at six in the morning. The following week I spent in visiting the Society. On Sunday, June 5, the service at the chapel lasted till near four in the afternoon; so that I found it needful for the time to come to divide the communicants into three parts, that we might not have above six hundred at once." Again and again we read that the chapel was filled to overflowing, that it "would not near contain the congregation." With such proofs of the gladness with which the common people heard him, it is not wonderful that Wesley speaks with affection of them, and adds on one occasion that he knows no church in London "where there is so serious a congregation."

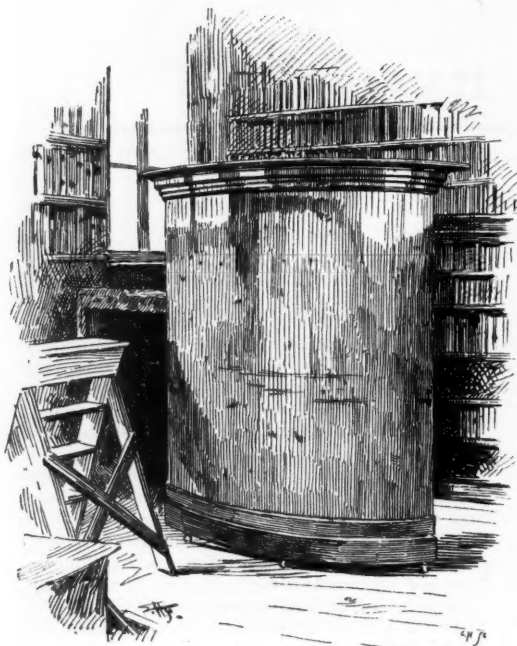
There is a large upper room in the adjoining vestry-house, now walled off, but which in Wesley's time opened upon the chapel by three large windows behind the pulpit and over the Communion-table. Like the vestries, this room also would be crowded; and it still bears the name of "Nicodemus' room," because here would come, where they could hear without being seen, men of note seldom found in a place of worship, and who, like Nicodemus, desired to avoid publicity.

It was in this chapel that Wesley and Whitfield

celebrated their reconciliation, the one reading prayers and the other preaching, turn and turn about. The pulpit in which these "reconciliation sermons" were preached is still in existence. In December last, when, in consequence of the death of the late incumbent, the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, the building was offered for sale, and seemed likely to be secularised, this pulpit was presented by his representatives to the Wesleyan Conference, and now stands in the Conference Hall, where our sketch of it was made. It is simply a curved screen, which of late years has been used as a wardrobe, but which must originally have been fitted up with some kind of stand or platform for the preacher. It has castors and handles, by which it could be drawn from place to place. "It was used by me," says Mr. Dibdin, to whose "History of West Street Episcopal Chapel" we are indebted, "upwards of forty times for preaching in the open air in Seven Dials. It created some attention when I told the listening throng that John Wesley, one hundred years ago, used to preach the same Jesus from that very pulpit. It was in this pulpit that holy Fletcher of Madeley preached his first sermon in 1751."

We are not to suppose that the services here were conducted amidst the quiet and decorum to which most of us are accustomed. We are told that at times the hubbub outside was absolutely deafening. Costermongers crying all sorts of commodities, from pickled whelks to pocket-combs, men and women as well as boys and girls quarrelling and shouting, were supplemented by musicians in the adjoining houses, each in his own particular room practising a different piece of music on a different instrument. Occasionally some of the older male members of the congregation would quietly walk out to investigate the cause of screams unusually alarming from the adjoining houses.

Wesley's connection with the building did not cease until about 1790, since which time it has been used, though unfortunately not continuously, as a chapel-of-ease to St. Giles's parish church. For some months now it has remained closed, with the exception of New Year's Eve, when it was specially opened for the "watch-night service," originated by Wesley, and, we understand, here first introduced into the Established Church by the late Rev. R. W. Dibdin. The freehold has recently been acquired by his son, Mr. R. W. Dibdin, of Torrington Square, and we are glad to learn that through his exertions, and with the approval of the Bishop of London, a committee has been formed, and subscriptions are being raised, with a view to making the chapel the permanent home of the St. Giles's Seven Dials Mission. Much as the district has in many ways improved, there is still a dense population, mostly of the very poor, amongst whom the workers and the centres of work are all too few; and we cannot but hope that the scheme now being carried out may meet with abundant support and abundant blessing.



WESLEY'S MOVABLE PULPIT.

"JESSIE'S GROWING!"

"**J**ESSIE'S growing!" Uncle said,
 Stroking Jessie's curly head;
 "You are taller now, my dear,
 Than you were this time last year!"

Yes! the pretty maid had grown,
 Loving friends were proud to own;
 Then, with Jessie on my knee,
 Serious thoughts came over me.

Jessie's growing every day,
 Surely, in a lovelier way,
 And this silent growth we find
 In her soul and heart and mind!

She is growing in her soul;
 Brightly, like a gloriole,
 Faith beams over her, and brings
 Glimpses of eternal things.

She can kneel to God in prayer,
 Feel His presence everywhere,

Conscious of His piercing sight
 In the darkness and the light.

Jessie's growing in her heart,
 Choosing still the better part,
 Kind and gentle in her play
 Helping mother every day.

She is growing in her mind;
 Further grace and growth we find;
 Questions come, with wondering eyes
 Waiting for our slow replies—

Questions running through the earth;
 Questions touching death and birth;
 Questions of the Home above;
 Questions of the God of love.

What shall earthly parents say
 Of this growth from day to day!
 Teach us, Lord, to recognise
 Jessie's growing for the skies!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE AND HONOUR.

"Thou hast been, art, and evermore shall be
 My morning star, and thou must still shine on."
 BRADFELD.



ELL, Hilda, as I am allowed to
 come and see you once a
 year, I shall begin next
 week; so expect me."

The blind girl smiled, then
 sighed, then smiled again.

"I am half sorry that I
 gave you that permission,"
 she said, "if this is the way
 you are going to begin."

"I am quite sure you are sorry," Stephen replied
 calmly. "In fact, that was only what I expected.
 You never did anything kind to me yet, but you were
 sorry directly after."

They were seated by the sea this morning, down on
 the hard, fine yellow sands, where the sea-foam rushed
 upwards in seething circles, and the curlews were
 paddling in the brine, and hopping about the seaweed-
 covered rocks. Stephen was returning to London in
 the afternoon, baffled for the present, but in nowise
 hopeless. Time given him, he would persuade her

to come to London for advice. Time given him, he
 did not now despair of winning her for his wife.

"I don't think I ever was kind to you," she said,
 turning her face to the sea, to let the full fresh breeze
 pass over it.

"Now that you mention it, I don't think you
 ever were," he said solemnly. "Always intensely
 disagreeable to me, always as unkind as you could
 possibly contrive to be."

"You speak in jest," she said with a gentle sigh.
 "But I am in sober earnest. I think in my inter-
 course with you I have injured you deeply."

"I quite agree with you," said Stephen, possessing
 himself of one of her hands. "I have not been my own
 man since that Sunday morning I saw you first. I
 see you yet, walking into church in a great, heavy
 brown mantle and a brown bonnet. You looked
 much prettier when I came back next. I remember
 waiting for you in the parsonage drawing-room in a
 state of abject terror, wondering what I should say to
 you when you should appear; and in you marched,
 looking as calm and self-possessed as a young princess
 —and prettier than any young princess I ever saw, in
 your cool grey gown, and a scarlet ribbon about your
 waist."

Hilda, remembering how wildly her heart had
 beaten that day, smiled to hear him talk.

"But it is that first Sunday in church I remember best," he continued. "And you offered me a hymn-book."

"Which you did not read," she said, laughing, and with a pretty little glow of colour stealing into her pale cheeks.

"I was not in the humour for reading," he said audaciously. "And then your father enacting the part of the fairy godmother, and asking me home to dinner with the fairy princess!"

"Because you pretended to admire poor ugly old Biffey Church," said the girl, carried away, in spite of herself and her sombre present, on the tide of old and happy recollections.

"That is more injustice," he retorted. "That is a sin you always accused me of, and of which I never was guilty. If I had known the immediate result of committing it would be an invitation to spend the day with you—"

"You would not have done it."

"Little girls should not interrupt," he said gravely. "Especially when 't is someone much better and wiser than themselves who is speaking. On the contrary, you are wrong. I should have committed the sin instantly."

"And do you remember how after dinner you stood up to go?" she asked, drawing the bucket out of the well in her turn, to his great delight.

"Yes. Because you looked so bored."

"I did not," indignantly; "I thought you were bored."

And then they both laughed. The curlews rose in a body and flew out to sea, protesting. Stephen held the hand in his a little closer. He had forgotten Mary Owens' very existence, and yet Hilda's refusal to marry him had bound him to her. "So 't was stated in the bond."

"And then we went out for a walk by the seaside, do you remember?" she asked, with the first touch of girlish eagerness he had seen in her.

"I remember," he answered softly; remembering, too, how during that very walk he had grown to love her.

"And we were late for service at Biffey," she went on. "And we went together to the other church. And the music was so lovely!"

"Not nearly so lovely as the hymns you sang for us in the twilight that evening," said Stephen, gazing fondly at the soft face, whose outlines had grown so fragile and delicate. To him in the shadow of her grief she was even lovelier than before, and a thousand times more dear. "The memory of those hymns, and of your voice singing them, has been in my heart ever since. Out in Australia, when I have been far out in the bush, away from the sound of civilisation and church-bells, I have sat and looked at the sunset, and listened to your voice within my heart. I had heard plenty of people singing before: the grand vocalists whom everyone crowds to listen to; my sisters whining at home about angels, and roses, and loves, and doves, and lost sailor boys, and golden sunsets, and all that kind of sentimental rubbish, of which the modern song is so largely composed. Mary Owens could sing a ballad simply

and well. But none of them could come near you, in my idea. You sang the heart from out my breast that evening, Hilda."

"I should like to see Miss Owens," she said thoughtfully. "I have often wished that long ago, when I have heard you speak of her. Now I never shall."

This reminder of what was, rather than of what used to be, checked Stephen's happy tide of recollections.

"You may perhaps know her some day," he said. "I hope you will. She is a person it does one good to know. She is the most absolutely unselfish person I have ever known, and true and simple in heart, deed, and word."

"I often have wondered why you never—loving her as much as you do—came to love her more," said Hilda musingly.

"It is my theory, people who are brought up together never fall in love with each other," said Stephen. "A man knows a girl all his life, as intimately as he knows his own sisters perhaps, and liking her considerably better than he likes them very probably, if nothing occurs to prevent it, drifts into matrimony, neither he nor the girl knowing in the very least what real love means, but liking each other very well, with a genuine regard and affection for each other. It might have been so with me and Mary—I do not know. But so far as I am concerned, all that was impossible for me from the day I saw your face. That is the supreme date in my existence, Hilda. Everything else only happened before that, or after that, as the case may be. Inwardly I refer back to that always."

"I cannot understand why you should have loved me so. There was nothing in me," she said, and faltered, while something rose in her throat, half choking her.

"I do not understand it either," he said very quietly. "I only *know* it. I thought that love was dead. Honestly I thought it, or I should never have asked Mary to be my wife, as I did the other day. I would have cut off my right hand sooner than do her such an injustice, or offer her such an insult. My life has been uncommonly dreary, dear, since I parted with you four years ago. First came the unpleasantness with my father. Then I rushed away in my anger. You—dear, patient, wise one—counselled me not to go. But I did, and I never looked upon the poor old man's face again. Since I came home again, I have had a dreary time. You should know my mother, dear, to appreciate how cleverly she infuses a drop of gall into every cup. Women can bear this kind of perpetual nagging, but men are not famous for patience—I, least of all men I ever knew; and so I broke away in an evening, and through the winter took refuge in Mary Owens' drawing-room, where things were always bright and pleasant, and faces had always a welcome for me. And then, being utterly hopeless of you, I thought perhaps Mary would take pity on me, and the other day I asked her to marry me. Now I see how wrong I was—how utterly impossible such a thing should be."

"And what did she answer you?"

Stephen's face flushed crimson. He turned away

from Hilda moodily, forgetful that the gentle grey eyes were sightless, and could not see his displeasure and perplexity.

"I hardly know how to answer you," he said presently. "I urged it on her over and over again, and she refused me. She told me she did not love me—could not even give me the tepid affection I offered her."

"She told you that!" exclaimed Hilda, catching her breath a little, as with head slightly stooped forward she listened with rapt attention.

"Yes," replied Stephen, wondering somewhat at this interruption and the curious smile that passed over her face as he answered. "She even told me she had given her heart to another. Perhaps I should not tell you this—it slipped from me yesterday, and since I have been thinking it was rather a breach of confidence on my part. But you will be silent and safe, my dear one. But the upshot of all was that I was to come down here once more to try my fate with you."

"She counselled you to that?" Hilda asked, with the same little gasp breaking her voice.

"It was her suggestion. I, fool to attempt impossibilities, had satisfactorily made up my mind to forget you. As if that were possible! as if all these years your face was not ever present with me, your voice ever ringing in the empty places in my heart! Once on the passenger ship out to Sydney, I saw a young woman amongst the steerage passengers. She was a sickly, poor young thing, going out to her husband in Australia; but something about her reminded me so of you—a gentleness, a sort of pleading look in her grey eyes. I used to make all sorts of excuses to go and sit and talk to her."

He did not tell how he had befriended and cheered the poor thing in the long lonely voyage, nor how he had stood by her in the crushing and the crowding at the landing-pier ever till her husband found her, nor how out of his own little store he had helped them both. Nor did he mention how all the women, and the little children, and even many of the rough emigrant men, had loved him, and looked for his coming among them, and blessed him for his tender, kindly words and acts during all that long, dreary voyage.

"I do not think there has been a day, of all the days in the years since we parted," he continued, "that I have not thought of you. Your face has come to me in dreams by night, and in waking visions by day. I never looked on a fair scene, or a gorgeous sunset, or a beautiful picture, but I wished you were by my side; nor read a book I liked, but I wished you had read it with me; nor heard sweet music, but I longed for your presence to make it sweeter."

"But tell me about Mary Owens," she said, turning her sightless face on him, as though she longed to see him, and read his thoughts in his face.

"Well, she counselled me to come and try my fate with you," he said, and paused.

"And what then?" she asked.

"Then," he said, shamefacedly, "if you would have me, well and good. She knew I would be happy. She has known about you all along, dearest."

"And if I refused you?"

"Then" (oh, how he hated to tell her!) "in that case she said she would see."

"You mean, she accepted you," said Hilda, her thin fingers closing unconsciously round the strong hand that clasped them.

"Something that way," said Stephen.

He, half sitting, half lying along the smooth warm sand, looked moodily out over the sea, not satinsmooth, like yesterday, but rippled with dancing myriads of tiny waves, flecked here and there with riding foam-patches. To the right the low headland sloped gently downwards to the sea, with puffins and curlews sitting in rows along the stony ledges of the cliff. He did not dare to look at Hilda.

Sweetly she turned her face to him, and spoke.

"Then all is settled," she said, and her voice was silver clear, like a chime at evening; "and you will be happy, dear Stephen. I am so glad! And in time you will grow to love her so much that you will wonder how it was you ever fancied that you cared for me. I have refused you, Stephen; so now you are engaged to her. She will not mind your being friends with me, as she is so true and kind. Perhaps even, for your sake, she will be friends with me also."

"I can never go back to her now," he groaned; "it is impossible."

"It is your promise, Stephen," she replied gently.

"Surely you will keep your word? She will expect you to come back."

"Why did I ever ask her?" he cried impatiently.

"I am so glad you did! You cannot think how glad I am. All last night I fretted sorely to think how your unhappy fancy for me has spoiled and embittered your life. Now I am glad to think it will be so no longer. You will marry this good, true girl you like so much, and your life will be a happy one."

The little wavelets chased each other merrily along the sands, breaking and leaping, and dashing their bright foam about the sunken rocks. Far out to sea stood a steamer going south, with a long trail of black smoke from her funnels marring the blue sky. Stephen made no answer.

"It has been very bitter to me to know I have done you such an injury," she went on, in the calm, even tones that fell like ice upon his surging, passionate heart. "I have felt that my burden was hard enough to bear without this added to it. Now I am so glad, so very glad, and thankful and happy to think that all will be changed for you; that the cloud I threw across your life—all unwittingly—will be lifted; and that your life will be happy again."

"The cloud that you threw across my life, Hilda," he burst forth at last, "can be lifted by none but you. Come to me, my darling; I deserve a little at your hands, Hilda—my queen, my love, one love, only love of my heart! Have a little pity on me. Do not send me away from you. If you want me to be happy, if it grieves you that I am unhappy, then give yourself to me. Do not put me so coldly from you. Can you not love me just a little, Hilda? I have been listening—sitting here very patiently—listening to you coldly, calmly reasoning with me, telling me to go

and wed another woman, when my heart is aching with love for you—longing for you, and for you only, and for none but you. As if I could go to another woman with words of love upon my lips, loving you as I do! Oh! Hilda, Hilda, Hilda! when will you understand what a man's love means! When will you learn that cold platitudes cannot quench the fire in a man's heart! Could you not make one little sacrifice for me!"

"Hush, hush!" she cried wearily, "do not let us go all over the same old story again."

"It is all I care for," he said; then, with a sudden ruth at the white weariness of her face, he seized her hands in his, and kissed them tenderly again and again.

"Forgive me—I am a brute!" he murmured. "I promised not to speak like this to you; but I forget myself. If you knew what love meant, you would understand just how hard it is for me to sit by you, listening to you speak, and yet to repress what I feel. Forgive me, my little, pale, frightened love, and I shall not annoy you again."

"And you will marry Miss Owens?" she asked timidly.

"I shall tell Miss Owens all the truth, and abide by what she says. Will that content you, dear?"

"Yes. You will just tell her that Hilda Romney refused you again, and so you have come back to her, as she and you arranged?"

"Yes, I shall do all that you bid me. Heaven grant she may set me free!"

"I do not think she will. I hope not, with all my heart!"

"You are cruel, Hilda!"

"No, I am kind. Will it not be better for me? I shall have two friends instead of one."

"If I marry Mary," he said quietly, "I shall never look upon your face again."

CHAPTER XXII.

FAMILY AMENITIES.

"Folks must put up with their own kin, as they put up with their noses—it's their own flesh and blood."

"ARE you going out this evening, Stephen?" asked his mother, as she and he sat at dinner.

"Yes, mother, I am going to see Mary," he replied cheerfully.

"I did not know this was Miss Owens' evening at home," said Mrs. Wray, her thin, unlovely face sourer than ever in the hideous, close-fitting widow's cap she affected.

"No more it is," her son returned. "But that is just the reason I go this evening. I want to find her alone."

"Indeed! These frequent visits of yours to West Kensington are becoming most interesting."

Stephen shot an expressive glance at her, indicating by uplifted brows the presence of the servants; but Mrs. Wray saw nothing of this, her eyes being bent mournfully on her plate, with as joyous an expression as though that plate were filled with dust and ashes, instead of good honest food. Besides, she never was

one to care if her private affairs and those of her family were spread before a servant's eyes. She rather liked an audience for her performances.

"Another young man would stay at home, and try to dry the widow's tear in her desolate affliction—especially when he had been the cause of that affliction," she said, and held the corner of her black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes.

Stephen was ready, with any man, to own himself one of those who had done what should not be done, and left undone much they should have performed; but of the death of his father he could in nowise hold himself guilty. But he was silent, having by this time become used to the baseless accusation.

"But why do I complain?" she asked, with uplifted eyes. "Is not to meet with ingratitude the common lot of all? A scorner will not hearken to the voice of his father. Now that my poor dear husband is gone—the lifelong partner of my woes and sorrows—I am deserted."

She glanced pathetically at Mr. Wray's portrait hanging over the sideboard behind her son. The departed gentleman was represented seated at his writing-table, his fat red face turned towards the spectator, at whom the small, ferret-like eyes peered life-like beneath their overhanging brows. His widow had developed a sudden, and to those who had known what her married life had been, an amazing affection for him since his lamented demise.

Stephen shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear mother," he said with good-humour unconquerable, "I am sorry if I have gone out a good deal this past winter, and left you alone; it was thoughtless of me. But somehow I did not think you cared particularly for my society. When I have stayed at home of an evening, you were always buried in a book."

"He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind," remarked Mrs. Wray portentously. "You have been a sorrow and a grief, from the hour you were born until now. Have you not always made secrets of your thoughts and words and actions from those of your own house? You chose others for your confidences. I hope you may find them as true a friend as your own mother would have been had you trusted in her."

"I will tell you anything you want to know, mother," said Stephen, with an inward thanksgiving that dessert was placed and the servants withdrawn. "I can assure you, nothing has been farther from my thoughts than to make secrets about anything."

"Then where have you been away from home, away from your business the last few days?" she asked sharply, raising her eyes suddenly to his face.

Stephen flushed up, and looked decidedly awkward. He toyed with the fruit upon his plate. His mother eyed him keenly, noting his confusion with a slow, irritating smile on her face.

"I cannot tell you that, mother," he spoke out at length. "I left home on a matter of importance, which concerned others as well as myself, and it would not be honourable in me to tell you."

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, saith the preacher," his mother answered slowly.

"I may be a fool," he said; "I am sure I don't know. Sometimes I think I am."

The pathos underlying this half-careless speech

so your father made his money. He always avoided bubble adventurers, and built up his fortune on a solid foundation."

"It had nothing to do with money, mother," the young man answered wearily.



"He seized her hands in his."—p. 488.

would have appealed to most hearts, but not to the one listening to him just then.

"Had the business which took me away from home been successful, you should have been duly informed of it, mother," he said presently. "But since it was a failure, there is no use in speaking of it to anyone."

"I hope you are not dabbling in fool'sh stocks, Stephen," said Mrs. Wray, taking alarm. "It was not

"And may I ask what takes you this evening to Miss Owens' house?" she went on calmly.

Stephen burst out laughing—a harsh laugh, with little of merriment in it.

"You are really most unfortunate, mother, in the questions you select to ask me."

"Then you will not tell me that either?"

"I cannot tell you that either," he said.

"It would not be honourable, I suppose?" she said mockingly.

"Just that," he answered, with eyes and voice suddenly grown grave and thoughtful. "It concerns others beside myself, so I do not conceive myself at liberty to speak of the matter."

"More mysteries!" with uplifted hands. "I suppose the truth is that you are going to marry Miss Owens?"

The bright light in the room seemed suddenly to dim beneath his eyes, the silver and glass on the table to run into one another, and blend mysteriously with the fruits and wines and flowers. He sat motionless, looking straight out before him, the image of despair and perplexity.

"Miss Owens, the heiress, would be a splendid speculation," the old lady went on, folding and refolding her handkerchief. "Of course it would not be at all worldly of you to ask the hand of a woman so wealthy. And then, as she adores you so deeply, that would equalise things a little."

"Miss Owens does not adore me," he answered coldly, rising from his chair abruptly; "and I refuse to discuss her with anyone."

"Dear me! what devotion! Well, go to her—go to the strange woman who has always been the pernicious bane of your life. I wonder what your dutiful protestations are worth, when you will not do your one remaining parent the poor respect of listening to what she has to say! You are a model of duty, of filial respect, of candour, but the moment the poor mother dares to open her lips, you jump up violently and quit her."

"What have you to say?" asked Stephen, exasperated almost to anger. "Say it, and I will listen—only please do not delay me; I have an appointment for this evening," glancing at his watch.

"Just what I might have expected," she went on placidly, untouched by the silent reproach in his dark, pained eyes. "I ask your dear sister Louise and her husband to come and pass an evening, and then to find that you have made appointments!—I might have known it. You will do anything, put yourself to any inconvenience, to avoid your own kith and kin, who so dearly love you."

"I don't think either Louise or Whyte is particularly enamoured of me," he said with a harsh laugh. "As a family, you know, we were brought up without affection."

"Without natural affection, truce-breakers, heady, high-minded," continued Mrs. Wray, rather sorry she could not just then remember the rest of that denunciatory clause; she felt certain there was in it something about parents, but she had to let the opportunity slip, only determining to look out the verse for future use. "But still, whether *you* love us or not, you might remember we have hearts, which bleed at your ungrateful neglect of us."

"I don't think Louise's heart will bleed much—not dangerously, at least, this evening. In all probability I shall be home again before she leaves."

"Not if you are going to Mary Owens'. She takes good care always to sever you from your own family."

"I did not know you had asked Louise and her

husband here this evening," he said, making another bid for peace. "You must remember, I only returned to London to-day."

"Still, you could make an appointment with Miss Owens," she replied.

"My appointment with Miss Owens was made before I left London," he retorted.

"He that followeth vain persons is void of understanding," remarked Mrs. Wray, as though addressing the air or her husband's portrait.

Stephen laughed helplessly, half amused at her perversity.

"I don't think Mary is a vain person," he demurred.

"She has money. That is a cloak for everything. I wonder she would not be too proud to have anything to say to you."

"So do I," he said, unexpectedly agreeing with her. "I am not half good enough for her."

Mrs. Wray was somewhat taken aback. But to lose a moment was fatal, for Stephen would escape if she ceased talking, and she was burning with curiosity to discover the exact relationship in which he stood at present to the wealthy Miss Owens. So she resumed, with pleasant vagueness—

"She is not so young as she once was. I suppose she is glad to purchase a handsome young husband. For my part, I despise a woman of that worldly stamp. She ought to be too proud, too, to marry a man who threw her over as you did."

"Who told you that I threw her over?" said Stephen, transfixed by this bow drawn at a venture.

"Who told me?" repeated Mrs. Wray, leaning back in her chair languidly, as if the matter under discussion were not one of any great importance, while Stephen came a step nearer to her, like a man unwilling to lose a syllable of what is being said to him, breathlessly eager, with his eyes shining like lamps. "Why, she told me herself—Mary Owens."

"She told you that I had thrown her over! Mother, you must explain; I do not understand," in evident perplexity.

"It was some years ago."

Mrs. Wray turned somewhat uneasily in her chair. She did not enjoy cross-examination when applied to herself; she considered it an insolence, although she was made of the same stuff as the "Holy Inquisitors" of Spain. She would have cheerfully applied the fire, the rack, the wheel, or thumb-screw, or any of those playful little toys of those good old days we hear so much vaunted in these later times, to heretics—all who disagreed with her being comprised within that large term. To her it was an outrage that beings who held other views than hers should be permitted to exist. Moreover, she had got tired of this discussion with her son. She had an uneasy conviction, looking at his set face and stern eyes, that she was within measurable distance of failure, or, worse, of angering him beyond his powers of endurance, and perhaps with the ultimate result of casting herself adrift from his house and home.

"It was some years ago. She told me your poor dear sainted father had arranged a marriage between you and herself."

"Well?" asked Stephen, as she paused. He was determined to come once and for ever to the truth of these statements, both for Mary's sake and his own.

"Well!" repeated his mother fretfully. "How can I tell what she said exactly after all these years! I am only a poor old woman, with failing memory."

"You said just now that I threw her over," persisted Stephen. "You surely must remember what grounds you had for making an assertion so grave—a thing like that is not easily forgotten."

"She said you went away to Australia sooner than marry her," said his mother, dissolving into tears. She had a reservoir at command, so that Stephen, case-hardened, did not strike upon his breast, or denounce himself as an unfeeling brute, on seeing them. "And of course I concluded there had been an engagement, and that you had jilted her. I wish you would not tease and frighten a poor nervous old woman the way you do, Stephen. It is a cruel habit you have given yourself. And Louise will be here directly, and I want to go and look after the tea and cake and bread-and-butter. That housemaid thinks nothing of stealing an ounce of tea or a slice of plum cake—the very best frosted cake, too. If it were ordinary seed I should not mind so much."

"You will only make thieves of honest servants if you are everlastingly suspecting them," replied her son. "You worry yourself too much about these things, mother. As for Mary Owens, let me tell you once for all, and very seriously, I *never* was engaged to her in my life" (was he at this present moment of speaking! he wondered drearily); "I never jilted her nor any other woman. I *did* ask her to marry me, and she refused me. That is all I can tell you at present. You blame me for withholding my confidence from you. Can you not see that honour to another compels me to silence on such matters as these, rather than the ingrained churlishness of my own disposition, as you seem to think? Oh, mother, I do want to live in peace with you, if only you would let me! I am not perfect, I know; but I try to be as good a son as I know how. Can you not have a little patience with my shortcomings? After all, I am your only son, and the only one of your children left you."

He stooped to kiss her, but she waved him aside with a lofty gesture of disdain, and at this moment Louise and her husband were heard arriving. It was too late now to see after the frosted plum cake and the pilfered tea.

Louise looked specially gorgeous this evening. She had only looked in at her brother's house on her way to some reception, she announced. She had grown thinner since her marriage—from much supervision of her youthful husband, detractors said; indeed, she was inordinately jealous of him. She looked old, and wizened, and harassed, Stephen thought, this evening, looking at her critically in her sweeping robes of crimson satin, festooned with bunches of pink ostrich feathers.

Mr. Hawthorne Whyte, on the contrary, looked plumper, and generally in better condition than he

had ever done. As became a man of settled income, he had lost the deprecating expression which in bygone days had been the normal aspect of his pale face. He looked about him boldly with his beady black eyes, with the look of a man who feels he has something behind him to back up his pretensions.

"You are going out, Stephen!" Louise said, eying him critically. "Is it to Lady King's reception?"

"No," her brother replied calmly. "I don't go to any of these places, Louise. I wish the people would stop asking me."

"Don't you think you owe it to yourself, your family, your position, to go out more than you do?" she asked coldly.

"I think I owe it to my position," he replied, "not to go to these places. These fine ladies only ask me on sufferance, despising me in their inmost hearts all the time."

"They ask you because you're a fine-looking fellow, and unmarried," remarked his brother-in-law, surveying him critically through his gold eye-glass. Amongst other things, the Reverend Hawthorne had adopted a gold eye-glass.

Stephen laughed.

"You are extremely flattering," he said.

At this moment a dismal barrel-organ began wheezing out doleful ditties in the road below. The younger members of the party looked at each other and simultaneously laughed, so oddly and so close struck the strains of "Bonnie Dundee" across their conversation.

"What a melancholy old cripple of an organ!" exclaimed Stephen.

Mrs. Wray took this as a personal affront. She produced the black-bordered handkerchief with celerity.

"That is an allusion to me," she moaned—"an unkind allusion. I am sure I do my best to be cheerful, but because I am not one of those who live for dress, and fashion, and gaiety, I am sneered at by my children."

"Nonsense, mother!" said Louise sharply. "No one was talking of you."

"Not of me, perhaps; but *at* me. I am used to this kind of thing now, and I do think I am the most consistently cheerful member of the family, in everything giving thanks."

Stephen winced. He did hate texts, relevant and irrelevant, slung at him. Mr. Whyte rubbed his hands, and looked at Louise; Louise telegraphed back to him to cast himself into the breach. He obeyed.

"But, my dear Mrs. Wray, I assure you you do us an injustice; we all admire your fortitude under affliction and bereavement. We learn from you to look upon the bright side of things."

Mrs. Wray, flattered and consoled, dried her weeping eyes. Stephen's lip curled beneath his heavy moustache.

"Do you know Annette's husband is very ill!" Louise asked in her abrupt, hard way, now that peace was restored and she could edge in a remark. "I heard from her this evening. The doctors say this attack will finish him."

"A great blessing for Annette," said the mother, as

she dispensed tea, Mr. Whyte hovering in attendance to hand a cup to his lady-wife. "She has done nothing but nurse-tend ever since she married that old man—old enough to be her father."

Louise laughed.

"All the nurse-tending Annette has done," she said, sipping her tea, with her shimmering crimson draperies spread out around her, "will not permanently injure her health. They have kept a paid nurse to look after the old man. When I was in Rome last year with them, Annette hardly ever saw him, or bothered herself about him."

"I hope his will is all right," said Mrs. Wray.

"Trust Annette for that," her affectionate sister remarked briefly.

Stephen rose to his feet with a muttered exclamation. Perhaps he was disgusted, or perhaps it was only the tea was too hot.

"I must be off," he said, approaching his sister. "I have an appointment, made before I knew you were coming, Louise, so you must excuse me."

"He is going to see his friend Miss Owens," supplemented his mother sourly. "Indeed, I may say he spends all his time with her."

"Indeed, Stephen, it is absurd to have the thing hanging on so long," observed Mrs. Hawthorne Whyte wisely. "Surely it is not because Mary is over-young to marry yet! And you ought to know your own mind now, if you are ever going to know it."

"Your remarks are forcible, elegant, and to the point, my sister," Stephen replied. "Good-night. A pleasant evening at Lady King's! You can tell her, if you like, she need not trouble to send me any more cards of invitation."

"I shall tell her no such thing," said the literal Louise, taking his meaning seriously.

Stephen shook hands with her and her husband, and made for the door, not sorry to escape.

"Success with the heiress, Stephen!" said his brother-in-law facetiously, as he passed him.

"What's that you say?" said Stephen, turning back sternly. He had heard distinctly, and every fibre in his body besought of him to kick the fellow downstairs, and out of doors into the road without. Hawthorne Whyte quailed before the expression in those deep, clear eyes, and shuffled about uneasily on his chair.

"I said nothing in particular," he stammered. "Only good-night and good luck. Something that way."

"Oh!" remarked Stephen drily, "I thought you said a great deal more than that. Good-night." And he left the room.

"What is between him and Mary?" Mrs. Whyte demanded of her mother as soon as they heard the hall door shut behind him. "I am sure I thought they would have married long before this."

"Stephen told me this evening, just before you came in, that there is no engagement between them," replied Mrs. Wray. "He is always running over there of an evening; and I believe he will marry her yet, for all his fine talk."

"He would be a greater fool than I think him if he let such a chance slip through his fingers," said Mrs.

Whyte sententiously. Her eye was for the moment off her husband, so he sat in his corner, and dared to look supremely miserable.

CHAPTER XXIII

DEAD-SEA APPLES.

"Yet to grasp the thing we long for, and with sorrow sick and dreary,
Then to find how it can fail us, is the saddest pain of all."

"If Mr. Wray happens to come in this evening, Mrs. Clare, I think he will want to speak to me alone," said Mary Owens gently to her companion.

Mrs. Clare, smiling, thought she understood.

"I have some letters I shall be glad to write," she said, laying aside her work.

"There is a fire in the morning-room," Miss Owens remarked. "The evenings are chilly, although it is now late in May."

Presently Stephen did come in, looking haggard and depressed. No wonder the poor fellow found this a more congenial atmosphere than the one he lived in at home.

He did not meet Mary's eyes as he shook hands with her, and when Mrs. Clare, murmuring some excuse, rose and glided gently from the room, he only looked more intolerably ill at ease than before.

The conversation at first turned on indifferent topics—those things people calmly compel themselves to talk of, the while their hearts are burning within them: the weather, what the Government is doing, the latest social gossip; then Stephen, raising his eyes to Mary's face, perceived how pale and tear-stained it was, and how sombre her attire.

"Something is wrong, Mary!" he exclaimed, with compunction.

She never was addicted to parading her griefs. She had always left that to him, burying her own woes within her heart the while she listened to the recital of his.

"Do you not know?" she said in surprise, uplifting heavy, sorrowful eyes to his. "I thought they would have told you. I cannot bear to speak of it yet, but Mr. Davenport is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Stephen blankly.

"Dead," she repeated. "He was taken ill the very last day I saw you. I knew nothing of his illness. I intended to go and see him the next day, after parting with you, and as I was preparing to go, a telegram came asking for me. He wanted to have me with him at the end."

"And were you?" he asked softly.

"I was—thank God. I was," she answered in low, reverent tones. "I shall never forget that night I sat by him, and moment by moment saw him slipping farther and farther away from me. If there are degrees in bliss, he is gone from me for ever, for I could never hope to attain to the same place portioned to him."

"The best man I ever knew," said Stephen thoughtfully—"a man whose life put all the rest of us to

ghame. I shall never forget how he received me that night I took refuge with him before I went to Australia. How wisely, how faithfully he spoke to me! I often think of him, living his solitary life, his plain old face so full of the beauty of holiness—fearless for the truth. He counselled me against going away so far. But I would go, and I went. I was a regular keg of gunpowder in those days, Mary. I've got quieter now, I think. I should think twice now before I'd rush off to the undermost side of the world simply because things went crooked at home."

"And you, Stephen—what have you been doing ever since?" she asked.

"I went down to Flashford, as you told me," he said, speaking jerkily, in low, abrupt tones, resting his hands on his knees, and his head on his hands. "I found it rather difficult to find—to find what I sought."

"But you succeeded?" she asked, trying to still the wild throbbing of her heart.

"Yes," he said gloomily. "I found her at last, living in a wretched little hut outside the town."

"Is she poor?" Mary asked, her speech faltering, her throat dry.

Her future life was hanging on the utterances of the next few moments, and as she looked at the bowed, handsome head, never had her great love yearned over him as it did at this instant. She wondered, now that he had come back to her, now that she could hear his voice and see his face again, how it was that she had ever sent him from her. He had come back changed and saddened. Her woman's instinct was quick to perceive and know that fact.

"Poor!" he said, lifting his head, as though the question surprised him. "Poor? I do not know. I declare, I never thought of that—I never even thought of asking. No, I do not think she is poor. She told me once she would not be—that she had enough to live on; but she is worse than poor."

He broke off abruptly, and leant his head once more on his hands. Mary sat watching him with wide-strained eyes. She could not question him farther—she dared not. Her strength had failed.

One thing was evident, looking at him—he had not returned a happy, accepted lover. For the third time the woman he loved had rejected him, had put him from her. It was not likely he should humble himself ever to ask her again, and Mary relented that she had subjected him to so sore an ordeal, that she had sent him on a quest so hopeless. She doubted now, when it was too late, the wisdom of her decision that day in the Abbey cloisters. She had thought this move would have proved a cutting, clear and complete, of the Gordian knot; and, behold! things appeared more hopelessly mixed up than ever. She had not counted on the costly results of kindling up the embers of an old, a half-conquered, half-forgotten love in a man's heart.

"She is worse than poor," Stephen said, lifting up his head once more; and she saw the glistening of tears in the brave, manly eyes—"she is blind."

Mary sat in shocked silence for a time. Then a great rush of pity for this shadowing of a young life—

a life she had never come in contact with or met, yet one so closely bound up with her own—came to her, and tears stood in her eyes also.

"Oh, poor, poor girl! I am so sorry for her—and she so young. Is it hopeless, Stephen? Has anything been done for her?"

"She is friendless—nothing has been done for her. There is no one to do anything—but it is hopeless, she says."

"But she cannot know."

"Her mother died blind, it appears; and for years she has lived under the shadow of this blow, which at last has fallen."

"But she should have advice. Is there no one to see after her? A thing like this should not be allowed to go on unheeded. Time may be of the utmost value."

"She lives with the married daughter of an old servant—her nurse, I believe; a kind-hearted, poor woman, but a peasant. Think what a life this is for Hilda!—a lady, refined in thought, word, and deed, eating her heart out in this worse than solitude."

"Poor, poor young thing!" said Mary again, wistfully, from the depths of truest compassion.

"And did she welcome you, Stephen? Was she glad to meet with you again?"

"I believe she was," he replied wearily. "You would be glad to meet with almost anyone, your bitterest enemy even, under circumstances like these. The isolation of her darkened life is just misery to think of."

Mary sat in silence, and Stephen did not appear to want to talk. He sat moodily staring at the carpet; while she, looking at him, seemed buried in deep thought.

Mrs. Clare, writing her important letters by the morning-room fire down-stairs, would have been surprised at lover-raptures such as these, could she but have stolen unobserved into the room.

"I will do whatever is best for him," Mary had spoken—and her heart, listening to the words, had ratified the solemn vow—by the death-bed of her old friend. Later on, when she had looked her last upon that face, which had been so dear to her, lying in the steadfast, inviolable calm of death, she had repeated the promise, and the dead face had seemed to smile. If God had so willed, she would have broken the shrine of this earthly love, and poured the purer affection of self-abnegation at His feet. But now Stephen had come back to her, and claimed her help in living his life. No happy married life would this one be—two hearts joined in perfect unity—but the rather a long martyrdom, one heart pouring out its treasure of affection without even the most meagre crumb of response vouchsafed in reward. Well, after all, is not to love, to suffer, to endure, woman's highest work and vocation upon earth? Other women had trodden this sacred way before her, and trodden it with songs and smiles.

A sudden thought struck her.

"Stephen, was it for this reason she sent you from her before?" she asked him. "You say she knew this was coming?"

"I half hoped that," he said sorrowfully, "but I do

not flatter myself that it was so. She never cared for me."

"She must be less than woman if she is not touched by your persistent faithfulness."

"Yes, I believe she feels for me—I think she is sorry for me. But what of that? A man does not want a woman to marry him out of pity."

"Did you ask her again?" said Mary, very low.

"I did. You told me to," he said shortly.

"And she refused you?"

"Yes."

"She thought perhaps you wanted to marry her from pity," suggested Mary, pleading, as it were, for the woman who was her rival.

"I do not think she thought that," he replied. "I do not see how she could possibly think that. I am not gifted with very shining qualities of eloquence, but I think as a rule I can contrive to make my meaning clear. I think she must have known—if she has a woman's heart in her breast—that it was love, not pity, prompted me."

"And she refused you—gave you no hope?" questioned Mary, her face growing strangely white and calm, but with a new light shining in her steadfast eyes.

"None," he said briefly. "I was a fool to go and play with edged tools."

"I sent you, Stephen," she said softly.

"And I obeyed. Are you satisfied, Mary?"

"Quite."

There was long silence after that one short word, so softly spoken. A rather bitter smile lingered about Mary's face, as she sat with downcast eyes musing—torturing herself with thoughts of how Stephen had made his meaning plain to the blind girl, how his voice had faltered and thrilled and broken with sweetest pleading words of love, his handsome face glowing and lightened with emotion. She could guess what an eager lover he would make, how swiftly and fully his love would overflow from his lips, how earnestly with face and speech and gesture he would woo. But for her—his wife—this breaking-up of the deeps of his nature would never come. His heart would never beat faster at the touch of her hand, his soul leap forth to meet hers, his eyes look into hers saying mutely, "We love; sufficient are we, each for each." In all the long days stretching away before them both into the dim future she would never see the love-light shine in his eyes for her.

Well, she must bear her lot. She had sent him into the fire, and was it his fault that he had come back scathed and maimed? In these past years of absence, of separation, from the woman he loved, he had won to a kind of steadfast, sweet serenity; his face had taken on an expression of grave cheerfulness; and had she had but faith enough to answer him as he had wished that day he asked her to be his wife, all might still have been well. Had she but placed her hand in his, and taken the affection he offered her for what it was worth, might not the years have brought happiness to both sore hearts?—might not that puny seed of affection have grown up into a verdant, far-spreading tree of love? But now he had seen his old love once again. The remembrance of her—lonely, friendless,

and blind—would embitter his days for ever. Mary, in sending him on this quest, had destroyed his peace, cast him down from the heights of contentment to which he had attained; and now that he had returned in dejection and sorrow, it only remained to her to consecrate her life to the task of soothing and consoling him, and with unfailing love to endeavour to warm and brighten his life.

There was a time when such a destiny had been to her imagination the acme of bliss. She could think of no higher joy than to be with him always, to possess the right to claim him as nearest and dearest on earth, to share his home, making it an earthly paradise, to which in absence his heart would fondly turn. The desire of her heart was granted now. He would make her his wife; he would be gentle, kind, chivalrous towards her, seeking ever her welfare before his own, paying her every due observance, encircling her life with courtly kindness, but never in all the long years to come would he turn to her and say, "Mary, I love you!" And without his love, all else he gave, or could give, was worthless.

"Life is very hard," he said at last, breaking the long silence that had fallen on them.

"Life *is* very hard," she repeated, speaking more to herself than to him: "it is so hard to know what is right to do. I always think if we only could know clearly which was the way we should follow, it would be easy enough to do it—that would only require a little courage. But the thing that disheartens most of all is the endeavour to disentangle right and wrong and to find out clearly which is which."

"I am afraid I have never bothered my head much about these things," he said; "I just go straight ahead."

"Perhaps that is the best way, after all," she said, looking at him with a musing expression deep in her weary eyes. "Sometimes I think I am too much like the children pulling up their plants to look if the roots are growing. I get puzzled over what to do, and when I sit down to think the matter out I only get deeper into the mire of confusion. I think if I would only let myself alone a little more, I should get on better."

"I think you are all right," he replied. "It seems to me you generally manage to do the right thing."

Mary shook her head, but made no answer.

Stephen stood up, and came over to where she sat. He laid his hand gently on her shoulder. His face was very white.

"You always have been true and good since I have known you," he said gently. "Now, I suppose, we must do the best we can to be good and true together, Mary. Do not be hard on me at first, or expect too much from me; but I will do my best."

"I am sure of that, Stephen."

Her voice was hard and cold, very far removed from its ordinary gentle sweetness.

"Then you hold to our agreement? You accept me as your husband?" he said, and faltered in his words, breaking down into silence altogether, waiting for her to speak.

Mary sat looking straight before her; so she could

not see how ashen his face had grown, nor how strained a look came into the dark eyes bent on her.

"Yes," she said, still speaking in that monotonous, harsh tone, "I will do whatever is best for you."

In thought she was away by the dead man's side, looking at the marble pallor, the smile of heavenly peace, of the still, white face.

"I will do whatever you like, Stephen," she repeated.

Stephen drew himself sharply up to his full height, and passed his right hand swiftly downwards over his face. He had voluntarily asked her to be his wife. Honour forbade him crave his freedom.

Then and there, in that moment of time, came the crisis of his existence. Short, sharp, and fierce the struggle, but he came forth conqueror.

"God bless you, Mary!" he said gently; "I will do my best to make you happy."

He did not take her hand, nor attempt to kiss her. She sat motionless, looking straight before her with unseeing eyes.

A strange betrothal, surely!

"Together we might be a little kind to her," he said softly; then paused.

"Yes," said Mary again.

This cold stillness was unlike the ready sympathy which till now she had always shown him. Did it promise well for their wedded life?

"At least, you perhaps would be kind to her," he faltered. "I do not wish to see her again. I will not see her again," he added, with sudden fierce vehemence. "But you," he continued—"you have a great, warm heart, Mary; no one knows that better than I do; you could devise some means of making her life less dreary, less desolate."

"Perhaps so."

"You might be able to persuade her to live with some bright, pleasant family, where they would treat her kindly, read for her, take her out—all that sort of thing," he urged.

"Perhaps so," Mary said again.

His hand dropped from her shoulder. He looked pained and discouraged. It was unlike Mary to be so cold and uninterested in any project his heart was set upon to fulfil. He could not know that even now he wrung her heart with the cruellest grip of agony that that poor loving heart had known. He could not even faintly suspect the torture he was causing her. He did not dream she loved him.

"We shall do the best we can," he said, striving to speak cheerily before he went away. "I am sure we shall be fairly happy after a time—that is, as happy as most married people are. Real happiness is no longer on earth, I believe; it is only to be found in poetry and fairy tales. But we shall get along very well; we are such old friends, you know. Good-night, dear Mary; may I tell my relations it is all settled!"

"Just as you like, Stephen. I shall not ask you to stay any longer. I have rather a headache this evening."

"Poor Mary! you look tired; and I have been selfishly boring you with my worries, as usual. I

wonder you have any patience left with me. I am afraid you will have a lot to put up with in me."

He spoke cheerily, bravely, but as he walked homewards through the thronging streets glaring with gas, his heart was sore within him.

He did not jubilantly proclaim his engagement to his family and friends. Not yet could he bear questions, congratulations, rallyings. So he kept silence, going about his daily business like a man in an evil dream. His mother emptied the vials of her wrath and chronic discontent upon his devoted head, and he listened in phlegmatic silence, answering not at all. He managed the conduct of affairs at his office with outward decorum, but inwardly feeling dazed and stupefied.

Towards the close of the second day from his last visit to Mary he suddenly awoke to a sense that some sacrifices on the altar of conventionality were expected of him. He hastened to a florist's shop, and purchased a couple of guineas' worth of hot-house flowers. With these he presented himself at the little villa at West Kensington, feeling exceedingly ashamed of himself, the sense of shame stretching backwards over his past, overshadowing his present, and enveloping his future.

"Miss Owens is not at home, sir," said the servant who opened the door, as Stephen was about unceremoniously to pass in and up the stairs.

"Oh!" said Stephen, producing his card-case; "will she be at home this evening, do you think?"

"Miss Owens has left town, sir."

Stephen veiled his astonishment as decently as he could. He felt a little injured likewise.

"Can I see Mrs. Clare?" he asked.

"Mrs. Clare went with my mistress."

Stephen handed in his flowers and card, and marched off in high dudgeon. When he reached home he found Louise there, excitedly conversing with her mother, who was copiously weeping. A telegram, announcing the death of Mr. Fraser, had just been received from Annette. Stephen listened in silence, it never so much as occurring to his benumbed faculties that it was his duty to go to his sister at once.

The shrewd and practical-minded Louise first placed this fact beneath his observation. He felt rather surprised.

"Of course you will leave immediately for Aix-les-Bains, Stephen!" she remarked casually.

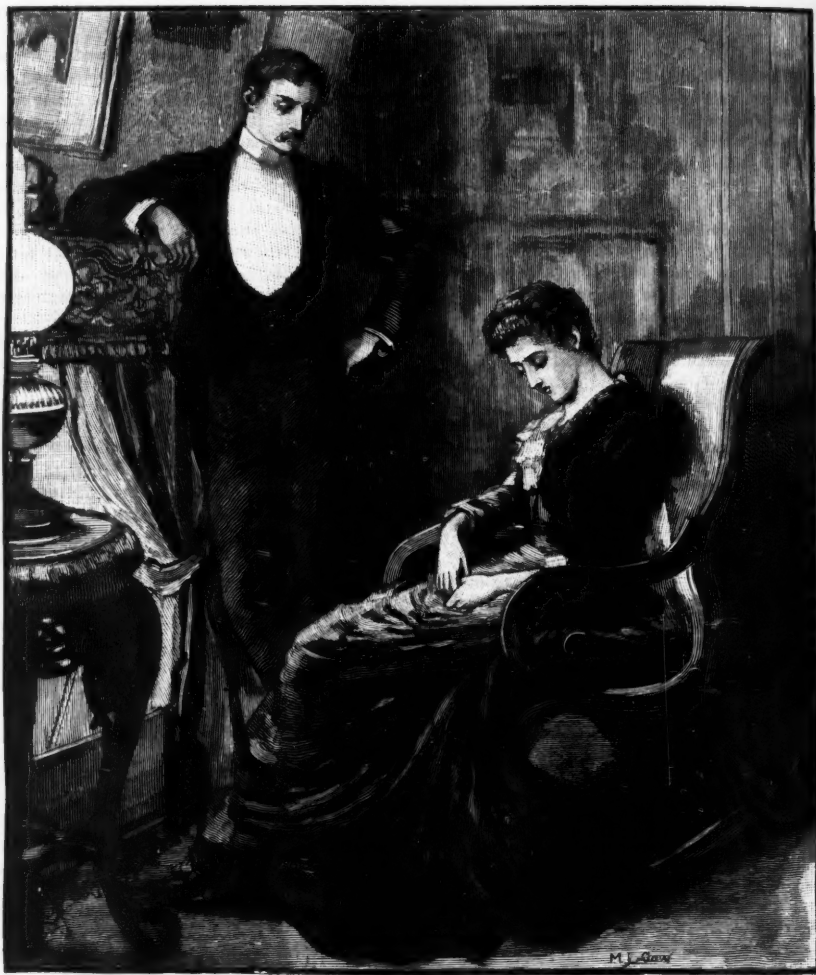
Stephen rallied his scattered senses.

"I? Oh, I suppose so. I never thought of that. Of course I must go. I forgot Annette would be alone."

Before leaving town he called again at Mary Owens'. She had not yet returned to town, nor had she written, the servant said.

Stephen brought the disconsolate widow home to his own house. It was rather a distraction in his weariness to have her there. Annette was bright and lively, and had always been his favourite sister. Mrs. Wray treated her younger daughter with the respect due to riches; for the defunct Fraser had nobly done his duty, and bequeathed his all to his blooming young widow.

Again and yet again Stephen called at the house



"I will do whatever is best for you."—p. 495.

of his betrothed, only to perpetually meet with the same response. Miss Owens was from home. Mrs. Clare had gone to relations of her own in the country. Miss Owens had left no address, never wrote, sent no messages.

Stephen wondered more and more as the weeks rolled on and still there was no intelligence of her. In his perplexity he had no one to consult. All that

was left of Mr. Davenent was a grassy mound in a country churchyard. He could not very well advertise for her in the agony column of a daily paper. He could but possess his soul in patience until she chose to come back. But he felt she was treating him very badly. And he was careful in nursing his wrath to keep it warm.

(To be concluded.)



THE SALVATION OF THE CANAANITE.

BY THE VERY REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., DEAN OF ARMAGH.

"I will cut off the pride of the Philistines. And I will take away his blood out of his mouth, and his abominations from between his teeth; and he also shall be a remnant for our God; and he shall be as a chieftain in Judah, and Ekron as a Jebusite."—ZECH. ix. 6, 7.



RIGHTLY to understand this text we must go a great way back. We remember Noah's prophecy concerning his children, which summed up so much of human history. "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem," he said; and Shem has actually been the recipient of every great religious impulse that has moved mankind. Through Shem were given all the revelations which broadened and deepened into Christianity, and of him according to the flesh Christ came. God has been emphatically the God of Shem.

Also he said, "God shall enlarge Japheth;" and so it is. From him sprang the people of Europe and much of Asia, all America and the islands of the Southern Seas, and the colonies of the modern world. When we say of the flag of our own land that the sun never sets upon it, we mention but one example of the extent to which God has enlarged our forefather. Moreover, he is to share in the peculiar blessing of his brother, but only in dependence upon him: "He shall dwell in the tents of Shem." And so it is that Japheth has received no revelation of his own: he has always shared what was conveyed to his Eastern brother, and had shelter in his tent. We open our Bibles, and read the long list of authors whom God inspired, but not one of them is of our race of Japheth. We have had the art, the invention, the poetry, the conquest of earth, but when we sought a resting-place for the soul, a home for the questionings and imaginations which wandered through the world, we have always come back, weary and dissatisfied, to dwell in the tents of Shem.

Now, that is apparently a good argument for missions. We ourselves have nothing that we have not received; we ourselves would be naked and savage idolaters if the grace of God had not taken us in to share the blessings of the race of Shem; and it is only just that we should in turn pass on to other races and other tribes the sacred flame which has been transmitted to our own abodes. But then it might be answered, "Perhaps all races are not fitted to receive Christianity; some may be too degraded, too steeped in idolatrous notions and foul practices, to be won by the beauty of holiness. We should give them the Gospel if only they were prepared for it; we admit that it is all-precious, but we doubt that it is all-pervading." Such objectors do not question the depth of the influence of grace, but the breadth of it; they admit that it can penetrate the abysses of a fallen heart, but doubt whether it can reach the outlying and desert fields of human nature. Is not that doubt justified

by the exclusion of the third son of Noah from the blessings of both Shem and Japheth? What about the children of Ham? Above all, what about his worst descendants, the Canaanites, who not only lost every blessing, but were actually smitten with a curse? "Cursed be Canaan; a slave of slaves shall he be."

If any race were ever shut out from hope, reprobate in the sternest sense of that dread word, it was the race of Canaan. In the very act of promising that God should be the God of Shem, and admitting Japheth to share his blessedness, and while passing over with solemn, yet not desperate, silence the remaining progeny of Ham, God's inspired servant hurled at Canaan this tremendous doom. And it came home. No idolatries were so immoral as theirs, nor so cruel. Their land was smitten by Joshua with the sword of God, and the taint of sin had penetrated so far into their system that not even their little children should be preserved alive. All must perish. The Canaanites are branded in Scripture as the very types of the abandoned and God-forsaken. If any human family was ever beyond hope, certainly it was this family.

Yet the utmost care is taken to show that they are neither capriciously nor inexorably marked for ruin. Why were not all the sons of Ham cursed alike for his transgression? Doubtless because they did not equally share his depravity, and the vengeance of God falls only where it is deserved. Why was not the Holy Land given at once to Abraham and his seed, but only after a lapse of weary centuries of longing and of bondage? Because the iniquity of the doomed race was not yet full, and therefore God would not yet destroy them. Who was that royal priest, the special type of Christ, to whom Abraham himself paid tithes? Melchizedek was a priest in Canaan. And when the sword of Joshua smote the land, in the very hour of vengeance, a woman of Canaan—Rahab—escaped by faith the ruin of her kindred, and married into the royal line of Judah; so that the blood of this Canaanite (as also of a Moabitess, Ruth) ran in the veins of David and Solomon, and even of our Lord Himself. Passing on to the time of David, we find, among his foremost thirty, Uriah—the chivalrous, the unsuspecting, and the deeply wronged. And he was not the only one. There was also Ittai of Gath, the stranger and exile, whom David would have spared from sharing his misfortunes, but who swore to be faithful in life and death; and Zelek was an Ammonite, and Ishbosheth also was a Canaanite. Now all these held a position higher than that of a modern colonel in the ranks of the hosts of Israel.

But this text suggests a still more remarkable case of the adoption of a son of the evil race. We remember with what difficulty Jerusalem was wrested from the Jebusites, who boasted that the blind and the lame could hold it. Years afterwards, when the vanity of David brought a plague on Israel, and the destroying angel paused over a certain threshing-floor, it was from Araunah the Jebusite that the king bought the site on which to build an altar, and the cattle, and the implements, to burn. On such friendly terms were they that Araunah, dwelling now in peace in the midst of Israel, would fain have made them a free gift, and he prayed for David that the Lord his God might receive him.

We return to our text with this pleasant picture of reconciliation before our eyes. Through all the intervening period, until the return of Israel from captivity, the Canaanites never lost their hold on some of their chief cities; there is no mention, in particular, of Ekron having fallen. But now the ruin of Tyre, that great city of their race, is imminent; and this crash will have its effect upon them all. Yet the prophet does not predict the ruin but the conversion of the children of Canaan. The stubborn Ekron shall be as the Jebusite, long since won. And with submission should come grace. In their dread idol-feasts there were "drink offerings of blood," mixed, no doubt, with wine; but now the Lord will purify this blood out of their mouths. Their zeal for idolatry resembled the tenacity of a wild beast fixing his teeth stubbornly upon his prey; but the Lord will take away their abominable feastings from between their clenched teeth; and "all of them that are left shall be for our God—He shall be as a governor in Judah;" and the stubborn and warlike Ekron shall be received into the covenant and family of promise, even as the Jebusite had been under Araunah five hundred years before. The Lord was preparing for the

largeness and fulness of Christianity in thus teaching Israel to look for the conversion of the children of that great and bitter curse. And therefore, in the tenth verse, Messiah, it is said, shall "Speak peace unto the heathen;" and in the fourteenth chapter, verse 9, "The Lord shall be King over all the earth;" "One Lord, and His name one."

There are few things more wonderful, more convincing, than the fact of such a narrow and morose race as Israel cherishing words like these, words which tell us that the darkest, the most cruel, the most abject, the most accursed of the human race, are not forgotten utterly by the grace of God, by the God of grace.

Here, then, is a lesson for all time.

Is anyone to-day despairing of the mercy of the All-merciful Father? Perhaps he knows the very sin which was the turning-point in his career. Perhaps he recognises a mortal sentence, when despair converts his heart to stone, or selfishness freezes it to ice, or passion kindles it into flame.

Well, the ancient Canaanite *was* sentenced, cursed by Noah, devoted by Moses, stricken by Joshua, a very proverb of wickedness, desperate and fated. And yet we have seen that there never was a time when the Canaanite who offered himself was cast out from God. Here, as the Old Testament draws near its close, is the promise that this race also shall be embraced in the Gospel net, which gathers all, both bad and good.

And the New Testament reveals a woman of Canaan, who receives blessing and a never-dying fame, because, although Jesus in the flesh was not sent to her, yet she believed that even the dogs are not driven with blows and insults away from the table of God, that crumbs fall even for them, and the Host is "their Master" also.

In the dealings of God with man, nothing is desperate except despair.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

No. 24. NEHEMIAH IN BABYLON.

To read—*Nehemiah i., ii. 1-8.*



NEWS. (1-4.) Last lessons told of Ezra's reforms in Judea—thirteen years now passed. Attention turned to Nehemiah, one of those who remained behind in Babylon. Receives visit from party of friends from Judah—one of them his own brother. What does he hear?

The Jews are in great trouble.
Wall of Jerusalem broken down.
The city lies desolate.
What does he do?

Weeps for his brethren—showing sympathy.

Fasts—showing sorrow.

Prays—showing trust in God to help.

II. PRAYERS. (5-11.) See the different parts:—

(a) *Address.* God is great—therefore able to help.

God is merciful—therefore willing to help.

God keeps His covenant—therefore pledged to help.

(b) *Confession.* Whole nation had sinned.

Families had sinned.

He, too, had sinned.

(c) *Plea.* God had promised to restore His people, if penitent.

These now penitent are His people.

(d) *Prayer*. That his prayer may be heard.
That he may gain the king's favour.
What does all this show on the part of Nehemiah?

Patriotism—towards his country.

Piety—towards God.

Prudence—desiring king's favour.

III. REQUESTS. (ii. 1—8.) Five months passed. Nehemiah in daily attendance on king. Bides his time. Will not spoil chance of success by too great hurry. What were his duties?—

To taste wine first—lest it should be poisoned.

To look cheerful always—to add to king's pleasure.

To wait till spoken to.

One day he fails to be cheerful—king questions him. What does he do?

Quickly sends up prayer for wisdom to speak.

Explains his sadness—asks for leave of absence.

Asks also for letters to the governors on the road, timber for building, etc.

Obtains all he wants, for God's good hand is with him.

LESSON. *Ask, and ye shall have.*

NO. 25. NEHEMIAH IN JERUSALEM.

To read—Nehemiah ii. 9—20.

I. THE JOURNEY. (9—15.) Long distance from Babylon to Judea. Across great rivers—through hostile countries—but king had given armed escort. Journey made in safety.

Two persons alone oppose. Who are they?

Sanballat—probably Governor of Samaria.

Tobiah—formerly a slave, now Governor of Ammonites.

Both enemies of Jews—angry that help has come to them.

Now Nehemiah has come to Jerusalem—rests three days—then determines to see all round city. Notice—

(a) Goes in the night—showing caution.

(b) Goes with small escort—showing prudence.

(c) Keeps his own counsel—showing discretion.

(d) Explores whole city—showing thoroughness.

LESSON. *Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

II. THE CONSULTATION. (16—20.) Now Nehemiah in position to consult rulers, etc., as to plans. Gathers them together—tells his story—what a stirring one!

(a) Reminds of distress Jerusalem is in.

(b) Tells of his prayer and God's answer for good.

(c) Tells of king's substantial help.

Result most satisfactory.

(a) *Attention*—they listen eagerly.

(b) *Zeal*—they will begin the work at once.

(c) *Enthusiasm*—they incite one another.

But difficulties arise. Enemies scorn and oppose—declare they are rebelling against the king. How are they met?

(a) *By faith*—they trust in God.

(b) *By decision*—they will begin the work at once.

LESSON. *If God be for us, who can be against us?*

III. THE WORK. Chapter iii. full of details—telling how each part of the work was done. Can learn some lessons:—

1. *Example*. High priest took the lead (iii. 1), joined by other priests—built “sheep-gate” and part of wall close to Temple. So this part “sanctified” or dedicated to God. Thus work was begun with prayer for God's blessing.

2. *Zeal*. All set to work in good earnest—rulers, Levites, Nethinims, high and low, all working for common good—even women did what they could. (iii. 12.)

LESSONS. 1. *Blessing of unity*. How different would have been if had quarrelled as to boundaries, proper work for each, etc. United work sure to prosper. Same true of families—brothers and sisters, etc. (Ps. cxxxiii. 1.)

2. *Blessing of work for God*. Jews were building up city of Jerusalem. Another City always being built—God's Church (Heb. xii. 22), a city of living souls. All must join in building this (Ps. cxxii. 6), notwithstanding opposition. Who will help?

NO. 26. ENEMIES WITHOUT.

To read—Nehemiah iv.

I. THE ATTACK. (1—8.) Who were the enemies? (See ii. 10.) Were Samaritans, persons sent by King of Assyria to colonise Samaria when Israelites were taken captive. (2 Kings xvii. 24.) Were mixed people—mixed religion. Had built temple on Mount Gerizim. How do they speak?—

(a) *With ridicule*—a fox could break down this new wall.

(b) *With contempt*—the Jews are feeble, easy to conquer.

(c) *With wrath*—angry at the work going on. So they conspire to fight and hinder the work. Meanwhile how did the Jews work?—

(a) *Willingly* for their homes and beloved city.

(b) *Zealously*—with all their mind.

So the pieces of the wall were fast being finished.

II. THE DEFENCE. (9—23.) Some of Jews becoming discouraged—from two causes—

1. *The amount of the work*. So much rubbish to clear away—so few to work—it can never be done.

2. *The secret attacks*. Cannot see the enemy—they will attack unawares—the work must cease.

But Nehemiah not disheartened—he knows what to do. All good works must meet with opposition, but three weapons can be used—

1. *Watch*. Walls not yet high enough to protect builders—so set watch day and night to warn them. Also arranged signals by trumpet to call for aid. (Ver. 20.) Always on guard.

2. *Pray*. Nehemiah lived by prayer. Prayed when went in to the king. (ii. 4.) When enemies mocked. (iv. 4.) Now calls all the people to prayer in this crisis. (Ver. 9.)

3. *Believe*. Reminds nobles of God's power—let them trust Him still (ver. 14), and fight for their families.

4. *Fight.* Prayer and faith useless without effort. So all means adopted. See what these were:—

(a) *Division into relays*—so as not to be unduly tired.

(b) *Weapons always ready*—watch never relaxed.

(c) *All stay in Jerusalem*—always to be ready.

So the work prospered. Rulers took full share—people eager and willing. Result that enemy for the time foiled.

LESSONS. We too have enemies. What are they?—

(a) *The devil*—the evil one, always seeking to harm. (1 St. Peter v. 8.)

(b) *The world*—evil of others, likely to ensnare.

(c) *The flesh*—evil of self, always lusting against the Spirit. (Rom. viii. 5, 6.)

We too have weapons—what are they?—

(a) *Watching.* (St. Matt. xxvi. 41.)

(b) *Praying.* (St. Luke xxii. 46.)

(c) *Fighting, i.e.* resisting in the strength of God. (1 St. Peter v. 9.)

NO. 27. ENEMIES WITHIN.

To read—*Nehemiah v.*

I. *USURY.* (1—13.) Last lesson spoke of fighting against outside enemies. Now another trouble—discords inside the city. Great complaint made. What was the matter? Canaan a land subject to dearth. Examples:—

Famine in time of Jacob. (Gen. xliii. 1.)

Time of Judges. (Ruth i. 1.)

Time of Kings. (1 Kings xvii. 1.)

Had been similar dearth now. Perhaps owing to people being in the city—unable to attend to

irrigation, etc.—had to buy corn at high prices. What did they say?—

(a) Estates mortgaged (or pawned) to buy corn.

(b) Money borrowed to pay taxes.

(c) Children sold as slaves to pay debts. (St. Matt. xviii. 25.)

Why was all this so wrong? Because it was—

(a) *Unlawful*—because usury amongst brethren was forbidden. (Exod. xxii. 25.)

(b) *Unmerciful*—brother acting in this way towards brother.

So Nehemiah calls an assembly and rebukes the nobles and elders who have done this. He shows them their—

(a) *Ingratitude.* They have been redeemed from their enemies—will they sell their brethren as slaves?

(b) *Bad example.* This is not to walk in God's ways—they will cause a reproach among the heathen.

The result most satisfactory. The nobles are convinced—restore the lands and set free the slaves. No wonder the people praise God.

LESSON. *Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.*

II. *HOSPITALITY.* (14—19.) An account of Nehemiah's own conduct.

(a) *Unselfishness.* Governor for twelve years—exactd no tax for his own support—like St. Paul, would not be chargeable to them (1 Thess. ii. 9)—lived on past savings.

(b) *Hospitality.* Large party at his table daily—150 Jews, besides occasional visitors. All entertained at his own expense. (Heb. xii. 3.) Thus daily did duty to God and his neighbour.

What a model ruler!

LESSON. *Go and do thou likewise.*

MISSION-WORK AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

I.—CAMBRIDGE.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



MISSION-WORK may be regarded as the expression of religious life. To some extent the terms are synonymous, for mission-work would have no value or permanence, were it not infused with the religious spirit; while the latter would be a mere thing of words, were

it not embodied in some outward form.

And it is just because the religious life is a subject at all times difficult to handle—since, from its very nature, it eludes the ordinary tests of reality and success; and the more difficult when the shifting character of the Universities is remembered—that the present paper has for its scope a brief review of existing mission agencies. And it is believed that such a review will show the manifold religious works now being carried on to be of a solid and abiding

nature, and that the true missionary spirit of former days finds its counterpart at the present time.

It is important to remember, at the outset, that the Universities, like many other of our national institutions, have undergone considerable changes of late years. Not that the old religious tone is gone, but that it is no longer dominant. The secular door stands open on an equality, as it were, with the sacred, and the latter is no longer the sole power in the University it once was. Religious tests have been abolished, completely changing the character of many of the Fellowships. Yet, on the other hand, all the old distinctive landmarks remain: the College Chapels, the University Pulpit, together with some new features—the Preliminary Theological Examination, the founding of Selwyn College, Ridley Hall, the Clergy Training School, amongst other things.

These remarks seem necessary, as helping to point what follows as an almost certain consequence—that evidences of the religious spirit must not be looked

for wholly, or indeed so much in the University itself, as externally; that is, we shall not find mission-work exclusively undertaken by the University, as such, but rather showing itself as in co-operation with various good works in the town. It is this aspect of the subject which this article is designed to illustrate—and perhaps it exhibits the true influence of the religious tone of the University more truly than by regarding it in any more exclusive light.

Any such review would be manifestly incomplete were it confined to any one school of religious thought. We shall therefore include all the principal works of a mission character undertaken by unsectarian and nonconforming bodies, as well as those attached to the Church of England. To take the latter first:—

I.—(a) *Henry Martyn Memorial Hall.*—



A NIGHT-SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE.

This hall, lately erected, is probably the most interesting building built in Cambridge for many years. It serves not only to perpetuate the memory of one whose holy life will for many generations influence the tone of Cambridge life and thought, but it is a material proof that the spirit of Martyn survives at the present day.

Moreover, it has an important practical value, as being a centre for the various societies and their works. It focuses the religious efforts of the place. Here, in a handsome building, appropriately adjoining Holy Trinity Church, where Martyn was once curate under Charles Simeon, is a spacious hall, 42 feet by 26 feet, with accommodation for 175 persons. There are also a committee-room for the University Church Missionary Union and other societies, and a library. The site alone cost £2,960, and the building £3,450, leaving £750 still to be raised. The trustees include the Archbishop of Canterbury, several bishops, the Regius Professor of Divinity, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, the

Master of Corpus, and the Master of Ridley. The foundation stone was laid on December 2nd, 1886, and the hall was formally opened in October, 1887. An interesting feature on that occasion was the sermon by Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, on St. John iv. 10, which was the text of Martyn's first sermon. Martyn's portrait, which formerly hung over the fireplace in Simeon's rooms at King's, is now in the University Library.

Among the societies to which the "Henry Martyn

Hall" will be of the greatest service, are the following, to which we can only allude very briefly:—

(b) *The University Church Missionary Union*, which has for its object the promotion of increased interest in missions, and intercessory prayer on behalf of them. There are meetings every Monday in term-time, consisting of prayer and an address on some missionary subject by a specially invited speaker.

(c) *The University Church Society* desires to promote a spirit of sympathy among all communicant members of the Church of England. It has (i.) weekly devotional meetings, consisting of a short service and an address (one preacher taking a course for a term); (ii.) fortnightly meetings, when a paper is read on some subject connected with theological thought, or dealing with practical Christian work; (iii.) a terminal service, with a sermon by a special preacher; (iv.) annual administration of the Lord's Supper, in conjunction with the Clerical Society.

(d) *The Cambridge University Daily Prayer Union*, founded in 1848, and numbering 1,575: it promotes intercessory prayer for all Church work at home and abroad, and issues periodical papers of

subjects. These include, with many subdivisions, the Church Universal, the Universities and Colleges of Cambridge, the University Prayer Union, the Church at home, the Church abroad, the extension and success of the Christian Church, and religious education.

(e) *The Cambridge University District Visiting Society*, founded 1833. Several University men undertake regular work in the parishes of St. Matthew, Barnwell, St. Giles, and Holy Trinity.

(f) *The Jesus Lane Sunday-School Association* was founded in 1827, and is now a large and important organisation. In 1877, the jubilee of its foundation, some memorial buildings were erected for a youths' club, called the "Albert Institute." The number of scholars is now 525, including 120 choristers, ranging in age from four to nineteen. The teachers are exclusively University men, and the total number is about 100.

(g) *College Bible Readings and Prayer Meetings* are too numerous to mention separately; they are found in almost every college. Very often there are more than one in the same college. They are conducted by the undergraduates themselves—the Dean, and sometimes a Fellow, occasionally taking part. Clare seems to have led the way in this respect.

(h) There are so many other religious works going on at present, striking out in every direction, that it is only possible to enumerate them, without entering into detail, such as the Church of England Temperance Society, the Social Purity Alliance, the Church

nonconforming agencies. They are both numerous and efficient. The following are among the most important:—

(a) *The Barnwell Theatre Royal Mission*.—It was founded in 1878. Barnwell is a district of Cambridge of specially evil fame; and it was felt that a strong united effort must be made to check the flood of immorality which existed. A theatre in such a neighbourhood was thought to increase the evil, and a scheme was devised for buying the theatre and using it for mission purposes. This has been done, with the best results. In this noble rescue work, Church parties find no place. It is thoroughly unsectarian; and Churchmen, Baptist, Wesleyan, Congregationalist, stand shoulder to shoulder. Much and valuable aid is given by University men. The work includes, besides meetings on Sunday afternoon and evening, and others on week nights, a good deal of open-air preaching and house-to-house visitation. Special preachers are sometimes sent down by the London Evangelisation Society. As we write, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith are conducting a mission, for which the Guildhall and the largest buildings of the various denominations have been engaged, and have been crowded to the doors. In connection with the Barnwell Theatre Mission are tent services, a Lamp Mission, and a lending library.

(b) *The Alexandra Hall Evangelist Services*.—These are held on Sunday evenings by undergraduates for undergraduates, and are very numerously attended. This work is in connection with the Cambridge Independent (or Inter-University) Christian Union. The services, which are not necessarily conducted by members of the Church of England, have created much stir, and it is believed they have exercised a considerable influence for good.

(c) *The Sunday Evening Essay Society*.—There are three such societies in existence—at Trinity, Pembroke, and Jesus Colleges. Besides members of the Church of England, they include many Nonconformists of various denominations. They have their special value, as being characteristic of the sympathetic spirit of Cambridge at the present time.

(d) *The Cambridge University Wesley Society*.—This is comparatively a new society. It was founded in the Easter Term, 1881, "with a view of forming a rallying-point for the Wesleyans and others who might wish to meet with them, at any time passing through the University course." Meetings are held every Sunday evening during term, at the Society's rooms, consisting of a social meal, followed by a paper on some religious subject, and a discussion on it afterwards. This useful Society is a kind of private club, whose members have access to its rooms at any time, and can make use of the piano, periodicals, and library. The latter is intended to supply such theological reading as would not be available in the "Union" or College libraries, and would be specially useful to those who are engaged in evangelistic work. At the meetings the hosts are all graduates. The papers read are extremely able, as might be inferred from the high academic status of the readers. In the past term they included four "seniors." The subjects in the programme were the following:—Music



HENRY MARTYN.

Army, collections in aid of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and the Cambridge University Mission to Delhi.

II.—It is time now that we turned to the other aspect of our subject, and passed in review the various mission-works undertaken by unsectarian and

in Religion, Priestcraft, Cambridge Christendom, The Second Advent, Witnesses, Man as a Special Creation, Work in the East End.

(e) *The Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association.*—

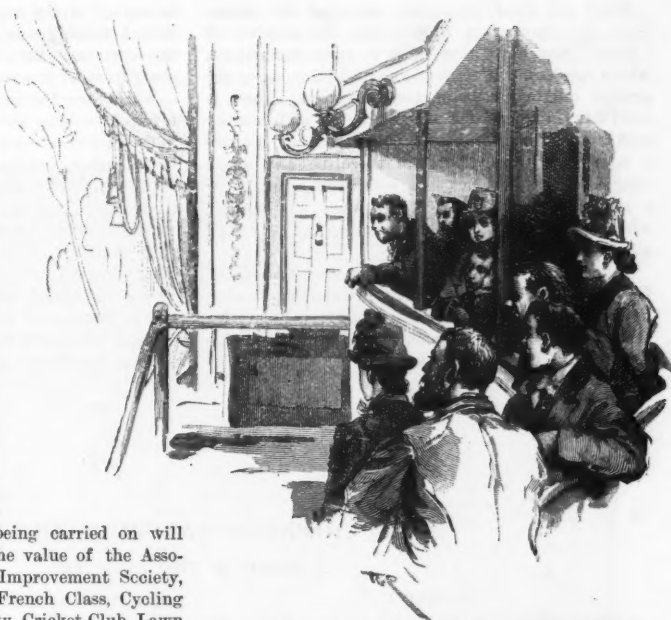
This valuable agency has been at work since 1851, and occupies excellent premises in Alexandra Street. It works on an entirely unsectarian and non-political basis. The buildings of the Association meet every requirement. There are, in addition to a large Lecture Hall, Library and Reading Room, Class-rooms, Conversation, Committee, and Waiting Rooms. Lectures are arranged, young men aided to obtain lodgings, members are visited in sickness, and their general and spiritual welfare cared for.

The following list of works being carried on will afford the best testimony to the value of the Association:—Bible Class, Mutual Improvement Society, Prayer Meeting, Gymnasium, French Class, Cycling Club, Boat Club, Musical Society, Cricket Club, Lawn Tennis Club, Football Club, Phonetic Shorthand Class—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

(f) *British and Foreign Bible Society.*—The Cambridge branch of this Society (which includes eight counties) is making steady progress. There is a growing perception amongst undergraduates of the immense importance of the Society's work, and increasing manifestations of sympathy both amongst the senior members of the University and also in the ranks of the undergraduates. It is being recognised as a work which has pre-eminent claims on University men.

The University branch held its meeting in February, 1887, by permission of the Divinity Professors, in the Library of the new Theological Schools, with the Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon Westcott, in the chair, supported by many other Professors, Heads of Houses, and other distinguished University men. Sir T. F. Wade, K.C.B., gave an address on "China in Relation to the Bible." On November 24th of the same year the annual meeting took place in the newly opened Henry Martyn Memorial Hall, when Professor Westcott again presided, and gave a most valuable address on "Mohammedanism as a Christian Heresy." The Cambridge branch has frequent meetings and reunions, and has been welcomed at Queen's, Caius, Clare, Corpus, Catherine's, Cavendish, Downing, and St. John's. The work is very largely supported by the several College Collectors. It may be well to remark, before passing on, that the parent Society circulates annually, on an average, four million copies of the Bible, and the total circulation, from the beginning, is 108 millions.

(g) Other mission-works of a successful character, but of which space alone prevents a more detailed



THE BARNWELL MISSION: AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

account, are these:—Railway Mission, with Bible-classes on Sunday afternoons in one of the G.E.R. Company's waiting-rooms; Prayer Meetings (daily) for Medical Students, between the hours at which the dissecting-room is open; the Salvation Army; besides local missionary effort undertaken by individuals supported by sympathising workers, such as the missions in Mill Road and Castle End; and work among tramps, coprolite-diggers, and others.

A review of this kind would be sadly wanting in completeness if some reference were not made to those practical developments of Christian life and work which, though operating at a distance, yet derive their motive power, as they derived their origin, from the University itself. We refer to four chief enterprises:—(a) The Cambridge University Mission to Delhi; (b) the various college missions working in South London parishes (eight in all); (c) the Toynbee Hall, commonly known as the Universities Settlement in East London; (d) the China Inland Mission (unsectarian).

In bringing this paper to a close, it is a pleasant task to record the conviction, which the facts here collected undoubtedly warrant, that mission-work of all kinds, and religious activities, have quickened within the last ten years beyond all expectation, almost without precedent; and that there never was a time when so much Christian work was going on as there is at present; while respectful sympathy with such work is very widespread, even amongst non-workers. Such, at least, is the unanimous consensus of those resident in Cambridge whose opinions claim universal respect.

There are other wholesome signs of the times. Since the opening of Ridley Hall the number of "Blues" who have gone there is quite remarkable, which speaks much of the value of Ridley, as of the general religious tone of the University. There is everything to hope for, when religion and healthy recreation go hand in hand; combined, they produce a manly Christian. Nor can there be any doubt whatever, that it is far easier now than formerly for a man to make the most open show of religion, without its being thought, by almost any set, as at all remarkable.

To conclude in the words of Professor Westcott, from a letter to the present writer: referring to what he forecasted and suggested—in his loving care for the religious welfare of Cambridge University—in his lectures on "The Religious Office of the Universities,"

he says: "Every hope which I expressed in it has been, I think I may say, even more than realised in the fourteen or fifteen years which have passed since the papers were written."

While these things are so—while there are so many tokens of abiding and progressive mission-work, of infinite variety, around—while young men, encouraged by the seniors, are found to combine in definite works for the glory of God and the good of others, there is no fear that the quiet religious tone of Cambridge, which seems to have caught its special inspiration from such as George Herbert, Charles Simeon, and Henry Martyn, will lose ground. Rather are we led by the undoubted earnestness of ordinary Cambridge life to thank God and take courage; and, from the evidence of present facts and phases of religious work, to look confidently and hopefully to the future.

DONALD J. MACKEY, M.A.

MISS CHESNEY'S SAPPHIRE BROOCH.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



It is now more than forty years since in the East Anglian town of Crouchester three little girls were school-fellows, playfellows, bosom friends and confidantes.

Nothing, they often assured each other, was ever to disturb this pleasant state of things. As they grew older they intended to live together. Juliet should be housekeeper (already knowing how to make pastry she would have the whip-hand over the cook); Hester should keep the common purse, as she was prudent by nature, and never spent her week's money the day it was given her; Dorothy, the gay and social, should select their acquaintance and preside over their visiting.

They even went to the length of choosing their future dwelling—a smart brick building with stone facings, and a row of baby beeches in front, just built, a mile up the Linden Road; and in the course of school-walks past this desirable residence they even settled which should have the two front bedrooms, and how they would furnish the drawing-room so as to excite the envy of the other twenty-one little girls who promenaded with them to and from Miss Capper's establishment, and whom, not being proud, they would occasionally notice in remembrance of the time when they studied French verbs and the elements of genteel education under the same roof.

Need one say that before our trio were far into their

teens all these projects fell to pieces? The model home never came into existence at all. One lassie went this way in life, another that. Dorothy the ambitious, who never meant to change her name except for a title, married the third officer on the steamship *Oceana*; Hester the sensible kept heart-whole till high thirty, then mated with a curate, poor as his class proverbially are; Juliet rejected sundry suitors, and found herself as age drew on rich and alone. Nothing remained of their old visions except an occasional amused remembrance of the impossible plans, and a sort of shadowy liking for each other which survived through more than three decades of separation, and made one of the original three pleased when she found fate was sending to live near her another of her childhood's friends.

Nothing remained, we say? Well, yes, there was something else. By curious hap Miss Juliet Chesney was actually located at "The Beeches," as the house with the once baby trees in front was called. Her father had purchased and bequeathed it to her; and now, close by, came the "Dorothy" of old times, or Mrs. Francis Maryon.

This lady, prosperous in middle life, and comely, returned to Crouchester by choice when her husband entered his last year of service, and soon discovered the Juliet of her youth in the well-to-do Miss Chesney, whose garden-girt house looked straight on the newer-built St. Luke's Terrace. As much of their old intimacy as five-and-thirty years apart would let them pick up was resumed. Miss Chesney's friends were all polite to Mrs. Maryon. Mrs. Maryon's home, bright with young people, was always open to Miss Chesney. The spinster, being a lady of position at Crouchester, as well as of means, actively exerted herself in getting her friend's son, John Maryon, elected house surgeon to the stately hospital a little further up

the road; and the young man as well as his mother acknowledged this help by genial little attentions which drew the two households pleasantly together.

"Dear me! if Hester could be here," Miss Chesney would often say, "it would seem as if the nonsense

which her very narrow means could just compass. Old association drew her thither, and soon the wealthier ladies of The Beeches and St. Luke's Terrace recognised and claimed in the pale, crape-clad gentlewoman the playfellow of former days.



"The treasure entrusted to her . . . was—gone!"—p. 507.

we used to talk when we were little was really coming to pass."

And, curiously enough, after a while "Hester" arrived.

It was purely by accident that the clergyman's widow, looking through a stray Crouchester paper which had been sent her, saw an advertisement of a tiny house in a lane off the Linden Road, the rent of

Before long, being women of observation, they found out that the economies of Ivy Cottage were sadly rigid: then, being both women of kindness, they devised a plan to line poor Mrs. Furneaux's purse a little better.

Miss Chesney's eyesight was not what it used to be; much reading tired her. The mile between her house and Crouchester High Street seemed longer than it

used; while the wants of her three servants and herself entailed more shopping than she cared for. When a twinge of sciatica kept her indoors, she got dull and low-spirited. Therefore did she make overtures to Mrs. Furneaux to lend her for six hours every day her one child (a pretty, brown-haired, bright-eyed daughter), and the stipend for the said loan was so tempting that, though the girl and her mother had hardly been parted six hours in their lives before, the offer was accepted.

From ten to four, six days of each week, Phyllis was to be found at The Beeches, then; there, with her sweet voice and sunny ways, and happy knack of unlimited usefulness, so fond did Miss Chesney grow of her young *protégée* that it was a perpetual problem how she could previously have got along without her.

As to the girl, she was unfeignedly rejoiced at the chance of helping the delicate mother she idolised. Up with the lark to put everything in order for her absence, many and minute were her orders to the little fourteen-year-old handmaid, child of the market-gardener whose grounds joined Ivy Cottage, to take all possible care of "Mistress." No smallest detail for her mother's comfort neglected, then with light heart and light step off the girl would go to her divers occupations, looking so earnest and glad over her labours that no wonder a certain young man who met her daily should take it into his head she would make the sweetest wife in the world!

So natural was this conclusion that when, after some dozen or more passings and re-passings on that evermore beatified Linden Road, and meetings now at The Beeches, now at the Terrace, John Maryon risked his future on one momentous question, and Phyllis, half frightened at her own great happiness, answered "Yea," not a soul was there in the young people's circle but thought the engagement the best thing that could happen for both of them. It took a load off poor Mrs. Furneaux's anxious mind. Miss Chesney grumbled loudly over what would be her loss, but was secretly elated with a love affair, as the best of old maids always are. Mrs. Maryon made light of Phyllis being all but fortuneless. John had no need to go money-hunting. He was rising in his profession; clever, popular, and steady; and in a couple of years or so would probably begin practice in Crouchester for himself. Phyllis by birth and breeding was a thorough little lady. So the mother was perfectly satisfied with her son's choice; prospective sisters-in-law welcomed her as already one of themselves. Captain Maryon, home for a month between his two last voyages, promptly adopted Phyllis into his fatherly affections, and for these two favoured sweethearts Cupid's course actually looked as if it meant to run smooth.

Before, however, half the year which it had been decided the young people must wait ere they wedded was accomplished, a huge stumbling-block was flung across the Golden Path.

Christmas was just over. Phyllis's young heart was so full of happiness, it simply overflowed into all sorts of channels. For weeks past her spare hours had been spent in contriving gifts for all about her—

from the dainty *tulle* headgear for Miss Chesney, to the gay cross-over for Matty, the small servant, and the gorgeously dressed dolly for Matty's still smaller sister, Peggy—a shrewd person of six, who in holiday time was allowed free run of the kitchen at Ivy Cottage, where the young mistress smiled at her, petted her, taught her the hidden meaning of Sunday-school lessons, and filled Peggy's soul with aspirations to be Miss Phyllis's own maid some day.

But Phyllis was not quite content with what she had been able to do. She had desires beyond her means. Mrs. Furneaux's troublesome winter cold was returning. Every time Phyllis went down High Street, her eyes turned longingly to a particular window where fur-lined cloaks enticed shivering people on to purchase. If she could get one for her mother! The desire haunted her, and made her *distraite* over her morning's reading to Miss Chesney. She looked up out of the window. It was snowing fast. Oh, for that squirrel-lined cashmere before next Sunday! Then she sighed quite a great sigh. Miss Chesney gazed at her, surprised.

"What is the matter with you, Phyllis? Not quarrelled with Mr. Maryon, I hope?"

Phyllis blushed delightfully. "Oh, no, no, no! I was only—thinking of—something."

"What something?" persisted Miss Chesney.

"Something I wish I could—buy," said Phyllis, reluctantly.

She never liked confessing straitened means to the lady who paid her so liberally.

"And haven't the money for it; is that it?"

"Y-e-s. But never mind. Shall I begin the next chapter?"

"No, my dear. Wouldn't you like to tell me what you want to buy?"

"Oh, please, no," blushing again.

It would seem so horribly like asking Miss Chesney to make a present to her mother; and Mrs. Furneaux being after a fashion as proud as she was poor, a fur cloak under those conditions would thenceforth be a burden to her shoulders.

Miss Chesney looked offended. She was quick-tempered, though warm-hearted.

"Oh, very well. I suppose young people nowadays must keep their affairs to themselves. You need not go on reading. I'm tired of the tale."

Phyllis was distressed. How should she soothe her kind, irascible old friend? A happy thought! She would remind Miss Chesney of something apparently forgotten. The elder lady would often in jest call the girl "Miss Memory:" so—

"Were you not saying yesterday, Miss Chesney, there was something you wanted me to do for you in town this afternoon?"

"Was I? I don't remember. Perhaps," stiffly, "it was something you would rather not do."

This little fling Phyllis let glide by unnoticed. "I think you said it was something at Hall's the jeweller's. Shall I go there for you?"

"Oh, h'm, yes! I am glad you reminded me," with ceremonious politeness. "It is my sapphire brooch, which must have the pin put on fresh. If it is *really* not too much trouble, I wish you would take it down

this afternoon and tell Hall it must be done by early to-morrow."

Affront still lingered in the lady's voice. Phyllis with pardonable art hastened to charm it away.

"That I will, Miss Chesney. Is it the beautiful brooch with the portrait that I saw once, and said must be so valuable?"

"Yes, my dear," much mollified, "it is; and it's worth a great deal of money. My grandfather, General Chesney, brought those sapphires from Ceylon eighty years ago, and had them set round his own likeness for his wife. I should like to have it for the Camerons' 'at home' on Friday; so please impress on Hall to get it done. Now you shall have a cup of tea, my dear, before you go."

Peace thus restored, Phyllis went blithely on her errand. Hall promised the ornament next afternoon; it could not possibly be done before. Then home she went, a minute's loitering in front of those fascinating cloaks sending her along so fast that her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks quite rosy, and she looked bonnier than ever when John Maryon met her, as somehow he did most afternoons; and the two went back to Ivy Cottage with spirits buoyant as youth and love could make them.

But the next morning broke intensely cold and dull. Phyllis could hear her mother's worrying cough, as she herself was earlier astir. It made her stop now and then and think profoundly. Finally, up in her own room before starting for The Beeches, she unlocked a little leather-covered box (her treasure depôt from childhood), took from it something she hid safely in her purse, then down-stairs, gave her mother a good-bye kiss with extra fervour, patted the curly head of little Peggy (who ran, dolly in arms, to open the door for her), and went her way, warm with a grand design.

Of course Miss Chesney grumbled over Hall's slowness. She was rather imperious with tradespeople, and made much of trifling delays. The jewel being one she prized, she disliked its being out of her own hands more than four-and-twenty hours.

"Then it should not," Phyllis said, "for she would fetch it and come straight back with it that same afternoon."

But Miss Chesney much enjoyed being a martyr on a very small scale. Moreover, she always took a nap when Phyllis left her, but never would admit the comfortable fact. Now she was not going to be caught dozing, so she positively declined to let Phyllis bring the brooch the same day. Next morning would have to do; only of course she would be very careful of this family jewel.

As Miss Chesney relished a small grievance, much as a magpie rejoices in a bare bone, and Phyllis, happily excited, took care never once to sigh, the day passed smoothly, and at four o'clock away went the girl to Hall's once more. Her business there concluded, she bent her steps towards a wide, fur-bedecked window, entered the shop, and made—for her, poor child!—a most magnificent purchase, which she desired to be sent to the Cottage, and then thitherward retraced her way.

Her lengthier expedition had made her late. Somehow she missed John Maryon, and went home wistful,

with ever so slight a shadow on her bright mood. It was to grow deeper soon!

Mrs. Furneaux was sitting alone in the firelit front room when Phyllis returned. No scampering of willing feet up the little hall greeted her as usual.

"What have you done with your two handmaids, mamma?" said the girl, jealous lest her mother should be the least neglected.

"I've only sent Matty to the post, dear. I would not let her wait till you came in, as you seemed likely to be late. Peggy is gone too, and that smart doll of hers with them, in a pink flannel shawl made out of the remains of your most ancient dressing-gown. Peggy," laughing, "adores her wax baby! But why were you not home sooner, dear?"

"You shall hear soon," was the answer, as Phyllis went to take off her wraps.

But first she went into the little room at the back to see if everything was ready for the composite meal she and her mother took at six o'clock.

All was arranged. Matty was a notable little maid. Would small Peggy ever do as well in that other establishment Phyllis thrilled to think of? The lamp was lighted; the table spread. The curtains, no—not drawn yet over the narrow French window. Well, perhaps that hardly signified. The room was almost too warm if shut up close. Now she would run up-stairs and be dressed in the twinkling of an eye. But stay: the little jeweller's box in her hand contained, besides its costly ornament, a jet brooch of her own, which she had also left to be repaired. The two had been packed together at Hall's. Now she wanted her property. With the scissors from her work-basket she cut the white string, unfastened the parcel, lifted the cotton-wool, and saw the two widely different articles lying snugly side by side. At that instant a knock she well knew sounded without, and she flew to the door to meet her lover's fond rebuke—

"Phyllis, where have you been hiding this afternoon?" And then John Maryon had just to enter and have the grand secret whispered to him on the hall-mat before he went in to speak to Mrs. Furneaux and tell her that she and Phyllis were expected the next evening at St. Luke's Terrace to keep a family birthday. "And though it is not far, it's horribly cold," the young man ended, with a mischievous glance down at his betrothed; "so mind you are clad seasonably. Professionally, I recommend fur."

"Then please 'professionally' recommend something more com-at-able!" was the reply, which the young people enjoyed very much indeed.

Five more happy minutes by the door followed, to make hard and fast arrangements about not missing each other next day, and John Maryon departed.

Lightly Phyllis ran back to the room she had quitted to receive him; but by the table her flushed cheeks suddenly paled to stony whiteness; the dancing light of love in her eyes faded into an intent gaze of absolute terror.

There before her lay the jeweller's box; beside it her own all but worthless trinket; but the treasure entrusted to her, Miss Chesney's, costly, sparkling sapphire-circled brooch, was—gone!

(To be concluded.)



SOME BIBLE PLANTS.

II.—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S.,
F.R.M.S.

AT the head of flowering plants is usually placed the natural order of the Ranunculaceæ, of which the most familiar representative is the buttercup. There are more species of buttercups in Palestine than there are in our own country, and several of them, as, for instance, the brilliant *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, are far more conspicuous than any that we possess; but none of them are mentioned in the Bible.

There is probably a reference to one of the Ranunculaceæ in Isaiah xxviii. 27, where the Hebrew word *Ketzach* is rendered "fitches," *i.e.*, vetches, in the Authorised Version. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cartwheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a

staff, and the cummin with a rod." It is certain that vetches are not here intended, for they are not threshed at all, and it is generally agreed that what is meant is the fennel flower, or *Nigella sativa*, a plant that is cultivated for the sake of its aromatic seeds, which are used all over Palestine for imparting an agreeable flavour to bread.

It is a member of this natural order that is generally held to have been alluded to by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount when He spoke of the "lilies of the field" whose glory eclipsed that of Solomon. In modern times the term lily has been applied to certain bulbous plants with pretty, but, with the exception of one or two rare species, not very showy blossoms. It is unlikely that our Saviour had any of these in His mind. The well-known lily of the valley, or convallaria, is not a native of Palestine, and there is no true lily that is very common in that country. The only lily which that careful observer, Canon Tristram, met with that was at all likely to have been referred to by our Lord was the Red Turk's-cap lily or martagon (*Lilium Chalcedonicum*), and that is exceedingly rare. Dean Alford says: "These lilies have been supposed to be the Crown Imperial (*Fritillaria Imperialis*), which grows wild in Palestine, or the Yellow Lily (*Amargyllis lutea*), whose golden liliaceous flowers cover the autumnal fields of the Levant." And Mr. Ruskin, in the "Queen of the Air," writes: "The asphodels gave the flower of the Elysian Fields; the iris, the fleur-de-lis of chivalry; the amaryllids, Christ's lilies of the field." There are some beautiful species of irises, squills, and fritillaries, and there is the brilliant *Tulipa gesneriana* which is rather abundant in some parts of the Holy Land, all of which have been suggested as having possibly been referred to by our Lord. But none of these predominate to such an extent as to make it probable that any one of them was specially singled out by the Saviour.

The most conspicuous flower of Palestine is the *Anemone coronaria*, usually scarlet, but sometimes white, red, and lilac, and it is the most widely distributed of all the more beautiful flowers of that land. It is found on all soils and in every locality. It covers all the plains of Galilee and carpets the Mount of Olives. It grows "among thorns" (Cant. ii. 1, 2), it is red like the lips (v. 13), and in the luxuriance of its colours "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" (St. Matt. vi. 28, 29).

The anemone belongs to the same natural order as the buttercup. It is the most beautiful of all the Ranunculaceæ. Even in the rather diminutive size in which we in England know it, its form and hues never fail to elicit admiration.

"Delicate anemone!
Flower that seems not born to die
With its radiant purity,

But to melt in air away
Mingling with the soft spring day."

But the anemones of Palestine are far more elegant than any that we can boast. Dean Stanley tells us that in the spring-time the hills and valleys are covered with thin grass, and glow with a profusion of wild flowers, chiefly anemones, wild tulips, and poppies. And Canon Tristram, after a careful survey of the whole question, and a thorough investigation of the claims of all the flowers concerned, sums up thus: "On the whole I believe that if we are to assign the glory of the 'lily' to any one flower, the claims of the scarlet anemone are pre-eminent."

It is no objection whatever against this conclusion that the term lily is used. In common speech the word often denotes flowers which do not belong to the natural order of Liliacæ. Daffodils are called Lent lilies, the Ethiopian lily is an aroid, and the Scarborough lily is an amaryllid. Shakespeare makes use of the name in this indefinite sense when he says—

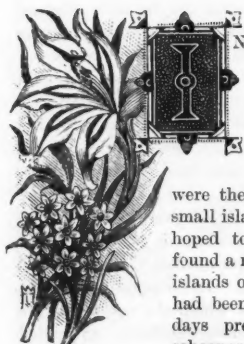
"Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one."

But whether the more gorgeous or the simpler flower be taken as answering to our Lord's description, or whether the "lilies of the field" were the many and varied floral glories that flourished around the holy hill on which the Saviour sat, the lessons to be learned from His illustration are just the same. The "meanest flower that blows" has charms that are not possessed by the most magnificent robe that monarch ever wore. No human hand can mould such blossoms nor paint such exquisite hues. What loom ever wove such fabrics, what dyer ever produced such tints? Put one of the petals of the tiniest flower under the microscope, and observe how exact and perfect is every fibre and cell. They are short-lived creatures, but they show God's handiwork and care. And if these fleeting blossoms are clothed with such rare beauty by the great Creator, will He not remember those whom He calls His children? It is true, man must toil and spin and gather into barns—industry and thrift are among the best of human qualities—but why should we not do all this hopefully? Labour without hope is drudgery; forelooking without trust is misery; morbid anxiety is dishonouring to God. The radiant flower makes the loneliest meadow gay and the dreariest hillside picturesque; the sweet blossom brightens the dulllest room and perfumes even the tainted air; let them teach us to be cheerful amid gloomy surroundings and sweet-tempered under every provocation. Thus we, like the flowers, may help to make the earth more beautiful, while God, who clothes the perishing grass with perfections that man cannot rival, will much more clothe our spirits with all the charms and excellencies that can grace a human soul.



MY EXPERIENCES AMONG A SAVAGE PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. S. J. WHITMEE, F.R.G.S., C.M.Z.S., ETC.



In the year 1870 I took an extended cruise in the Pacific Ocean, my object being to visit some Christianised islands, and also to place Christian teachers on islands which were then heathen. Calling at a small island near Samoa, where we hoped to purchase provisions, we found a native of Peru, one of the islands of the Gilbert group, who had been landed there only three days previously from a French schooner which was in quest of "labourers" for cotton plantations in Tahiti. This man, who was known by the name of "Sunday," had been employed on board the schooner on two previous voyages in procuring "labourers." He had been brought from Tahiti to assist in getting another cargo, but had quarrelled with the master of the vessel because some people belonging to his own island, whose term of labour had expired, were not brought to be returned to their homes. On this account he refused to assist in getting more people; consequently he was put ashore at the first island at which the vessel touched.

While I was there, Sunday came and asked me to take him to his home. As I wished, if it were possible in the time at my disposal, to go to the Gilbert Islands, I thought it would be an advantage to have a native of that group on board, as he might help us in our intercourse with the people. I therefore agreed to take him on the understanding that, should we not be able to visit Peru, we would leave him at the island nearest to it at which we called.

Soon after he came on board I found he was a notorious character. He was not at all reticent in reference to his previous life, or his exploits in connection with the "labour" traffic. He was a chief of considerable influence in his native island, and was a great warrior. He bore evidence on his body, in the shape of scars, that he had been in many fights. When we called at some of the islands in the Ellice group, we found his name was well known there, and that he was feared and very generally hated. During his connection with the "labour" traffic he had visited many islands, and on some of them had induced people to engage themselves for a term of years to work on the plantations in Tahiti. From others he had helped to kidnap the people, and many deeds of blood had been committed in the process. Amongst some of the white men who knew him he was called "the Napoleon of the South Seas." Frequently was I warned not to attempt to take him to the Gilbert Islands, because he was hated by his own people on account of the part he had taken in inducing many to go to Tahiti.

While he was on board our vessel Sunday behaved exceedingly well. He professed to be tired of the

part he had been playing in connection with the "labour" vessel, and was evidently disgusted with the treatment he and his fellow-islanders had received at the hands of the white men. He also appeared to be greatly interested in the Christian work which he had an opportunity of witnessing on some of the islands at which we called, and he became attached to the native missionaries from Samoa who were on board. He was so much taken with one of them that he came one day to ask me if I would allow this man to go as a missionary to his own island of Peru, assuring me that he would do everything he could for him there if I would agree. Although I did not give him the promise he desired, he always after spoke of this man as his missionary, and set to work to teach him the Gilbert Island language, while he himself began to learn the Samoan language in order to be able to read. While not attaching too much importance to his professions, I did not doubt the sincerity of his desire for reformation.

After visiting the islands of the Tokelau and Ellice groups, we shaped our course for the Gilbert Islands, at one of which—Tamana—we had the following experience. Arriving off the island in the early morning, we saw a number of fishing canoes returning to the shore after the night's fishing. One of these approached near enough to our vessel for the two men in it to recognise Sunday, who was looking over the bulwarks. Instantly they started off at full speed for the shore in evident alarm. We rightly concluded that, seeing Sunday, they had taken our vessel for a "man-stealing ship," as they call the labour vessels. I then ordered Sunday to go below and to remain out of sight while we were off the island. When the canoe reached the shore we saw the people running about in excitement, and it soon became evident that they were preparing to resist our landing.

There were, however, other fishing canoes returning later, and one of these approached our vessel. We induced the people to pull near enough to enter into conversation with them. In addition to Sunday, I had found during our cruise two other natives of the Gilbert Islands who were desirous of returning home. These had become Christians while residing at Nuui, in the Ellice group, and they had volunteered to come with me to help to introduce the Gospel among their countrymen. These two men belonged to this island of Tamana. I had also a Samoan missionary who had been working five years at Nuui (where there is a Gilbert Island Colony), and who knew the language. Therefore we had no difficulty in explaining who we were, and what was the object of our visit. We soon arranged that one of the Tamana men we had on board should go ashore in the canoe in order to calm the excitement prevailing among the people, and prepare the way for us to land. He therefore took the place of one of the fishermen in the tiny craft, and the fisherman came on board to us.

Before very long a canoe came from the island, bringing to me an invitation to land. Our boat was

in readiness, waiting for the message, and we were soon off for the shore, where we received a very cordial, although grotesque, reception. At that time the men in these islands wore no clothing whatever. I was therefore received by a crowd of chiefs and people wearing nothing more than the dusky skin nature herself gave to them. There were, however, two or three exceptions. One man, who had been for a time on board an American whaler, had some old clothes which he had donned for the occasion; and two or three others had hats on. I was conducted to a large house, where public assemblies were held, and here I had a long conversation with the principal men of the island.

The man who was dressed had picked up some broken English on board the American vessel, and my visit gave him a splendid opportunity for airing it. For some time he, therefore, was the chief speaker. Addressing me, he asked, "What country you?" When I told him English, he replied, "That good." The next question was, "Vitoria your king?"—"Yes," I replied, "Vitoria is my king."—"That good, very good," was his response. He then explained to the people that I was a British subject, and that Vitoria was my "king." This produced a most favourable impression, for there was a chorus of voices calling out in their own tongue, "Good! good!" It may interest many to know that the name of our gracious Queen was thus known among the barbarous people of that island, and that my assertion that I was a subject of "King Vitoria" was a sure passport to their favour. Indeed, I have found in many islands of the Pacific that "Vitoria" is one of the most popular of names.

My questioner soon turned his attention to Sunday, saying to me, "You got Sunday your ship?"—"Yes," I replied. Then he continued, "You send Sunday ashore; we kill him." To this I said, "I shall not

allow you to kill Sunday. I am a peace man, and my ship is a peace ship." He replied, "Sunday, he bad man; he very bad man. He kill man—Peru man, Tamana man, many man;" and, gathering his hands full of the small pieces of coral shingle with which the floor of the house was spread, he said, "He kill so many man." I assured him that, however many men Sunday might have killed, I should not give him up to them; and further explained that, although Sunday had been very bad, he now desired to be good. At this announcement he put on a very comical look, replying, with most expressive tones and actions, "Sunday be good! He no be good. He no can be good."

After a time, giving up the idea of getting Sunday to kill, the spokesman seemed concerned for my safety in connection with him, for he said, "You go Peru, take Sunday; Peru man kill Sunday; he kill you too." I assured him I would be careful. Then he said, "You go Peru; you take Sunday [suited his action to his words], you throw him on reef; then back boat quick, lest Peru man kill you." He thus expressed his desire that we should not venture with our boat in the shallow water within the reef surrounding the island, but, keeping in deep water, should throw Sunday upon the reef, and ourselves get away as quickly as possible.

Having got through this preliminary conversation, I was able to proceed with the business of my visit, and had no difficulty in arranging for the location of Christian teachers upon the island. I spent the day among the people, and had many tokens of their confidence and good faith. When we left in the evening, and shaped our course for the next island, Onoatua, we felt satisfied that the first step had been taken towards the Christianisation and elevation of the people of Tamana; and our hopes for them have since been abundantly realised.

PEARLS OF CHRISTIAN SONG.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER, AUTHOR OF "HYMNS WITH A HISTORY," ETC.

III.—ON THE RESURRECTION.

THE RESURRECTION of JESUS and the Resurrection was ever a prominent theme with the Apostles. The resurrection of Christ demonstrated the perfection and the acceptance of His sacrificial work; it set in a clear light His character and mission; it declared Him to be the Son of God; it displayed His victory over death and Satan; it unfolded and expanded the "Hope," "full of immortality and eternal life." It thus became the great corner-stone of Christianity; for "if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

One of the results of a true religious revival has always been a new outburst of sacred song; and in these new songs, as in the old ones, the resurrection of Christ has always had a prominent place.

From out of the fierce conflicts between the orthodox and the Arians, in the fourth century, there came from the pen, or through the influence, of Ambrose of Milan new songs of the Resurrection.

"The morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high,
The earth's exulting songs reply,
Hell wails a deep and bitter cry."

Grandly they swell the strain of the risen Saviour's praise. Through the "dark ages" few songs were made on the Resurrection. There needed a new resurrection, from the dust and death of error, before the power of Christ's Resurrection could re-attune the voice of song, or kindle afresh the old hymnic power. Peter the Venerable, however (1092 to 1156), and Adam of St. Victor, broke the silence. The former sings of Christ's triumph over sin and death—

"Lo! the gates of death are broken,
And the strong man armed is spoiled
Of his armour, which he trusted,
By the Stronger Arm despoiled.
Vanquished is the prince of hell;
Smitten by the Cross, he fell."

The latter compares Spring and the Resurrection—

"The renewal of the world
Countless new joys bringeth forth;
Christ arising, all things rise—
Rise with Him from earth."

An unknown author of the twelfth century writes—

"Lo! the Day—the Day of Life,
Day of unimagined light;
Day when death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night."

The Reformation was, in more senses than one, a resurrection. Even so Resurrection hymns pealed forth from glad hearts in many lands. In Germany, unlike England and Scotland and France, excepting in a small degree and at a remote distance, there were both songs and singers. Luther struck the keynote—

"In the bonds of death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain,
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ has brought us life again:
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice,
Hallelujah!"

It is said that a Jewess, lying in her room, heard a boy sing this old hymn in the street, and that the words took such hold of her heart that they convinced her of the Divine claims of the risen Christ. She became a Christian, and dedicated her new-born son to the risen Jesus, in Whose faith he lived.

A lady of noble birth in Holstein, who had lived a life of active Christian benevolence, joined with her pastor, in his last visit to her dying bed, in singing this hymn. When they came to the end of the fourth verse—

"Christ through death has conquered death,"

she raised herself slightly, clapped her hands, and then, with a sweet smile, sank back on her pillow. Her spirit had gone to sing before the Throne.

Contemporary with Luther was Michael Weis, one of the old Bohemian Brethren, who welcomed the great Reformer. He is said to be the author of the fine Resurrection hymn—

"Christ the Lord is risen again—Hallelujah!
Christ has broken every chain—Hallelujah!
Hark! the angels shout for joy—Hallelujah!
Singing evermore on high—Hallelujah!"

"For the first time," writes the author of "The Voice of Christian Life in Song," speaking of German hymnology—"for the first time in the history of hymns, since Mary, the mother of Jesus, sang her song of joy, the names of women appear among the singers. Louisa Henrietta, born Princess of Orange, wife of the Great Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg, poured out her hope and trust in a Resurrection hymn, which, as a rock of faith, stands beside the hymns of Luther himself, or Paul Gerhardt"—

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more."

The Electress was at one time in deep distress because there was no heir to the Elector, as her first-born son had died, and she feared strife and bloodshed would be the result. But God heard her prayer; she became again a mother. Her son became Frederick William I. of Prussia, and one of her descendants is now on the Imperial throne of Germany.

When Ziegenbalg, one of the first Protestant missionaries in India, was on his death-bed, he asked a friend who was with him to sing this hymn, which he did in Tamil, when the dying missionary stated that there was such a brightness before his eyes, that it was as if the sun was fully shining in his face. With this light he passed through the dark valley.

Christian F. Gellert was the head of a special school of hymn-writers, to which belonged Lavater, Klopstock, and others. His

"Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us,"

is a choice pearl. In his "Sacred Odes and Hymns" is one on "Active Faith." A priest in Bohemia wrote to him to induce him to join the Church of Rome, urging that his hymn on "Active Faith" was not the doctrine of justification by faith without works. Gellert replied that the hymn was in perfect accordance with the doctrines of the Lutheran Church, since Luther had distinctly taught that true faith must work by love, and that good works, although they cannot save or justify us before God, must necessarily grow out of faith, as fruits from a tree; he hoped therefore to remain in that religion, which was the religion of the Bible. Many beautiful anecdotes could be told concerning Gellert, but space forbids. Klopstock has a fine hymn on the Resurrection, but it deals rather with the resurrection generally than with Christ rising—

"Thou shalt rise, my dust! thou shalt arise!"

Dr. Schaff's "Christ in Song" is one of the finest collections of hymns anywhere to be found. Among the many excellent hymns on the Resurrection, we can only name one of the chief, by the venerable Dr. Bonar—

"Rest, weary Son of God; and I, with Thee,
Rest in that rest of Thine.
My weariness was Thine, Thou barest it,
And now Thy rest is mine."

Gerard Tersteegen was the author of a Resurrection hymn containing these fine lines—

"Glorious Head, Thou livest now!
Let thy members share Thy life."

Tersteegen was for some years a ribbon-weaver, but afterwards he devoted himself to the work of a lay preacher and evangelist. His writings were spread far and wide, and many came from places near and lands remote to seek his spiritual advice. His small cottage, where he lived very much alone, was often thronged with visitors. His "Lo, God is here! let us adore," has been made familiar through Wesley's translations. His great theme was, "God is love."



"He was a favourite preacher of the Duke of Kent."—p. 511.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day"

is a choice pearl from the pen of Charles Wesley. It reminds us of a Latin hymn of the fifteenth century, to which Charles Wesley added a verse—

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day.
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah!"

A pearl indeed is the Resurrection hymn by John Heermann (1639)—

"Ere yet the dawn hath filled the skies,
Behold my Saviour Christ arise;
He chaseth from us sin and night,
And brings us joy and life and light:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

May the jubilant notes of the third verse kindle joy in every reader!—

"If Jesus lives, can I be sad?
I know He loves me, and am glad;
Though all the world were dead to me,
Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Heermann was dangerously ill in childhood; his mother prayed for his restoration, vowing to devote him to the ministry, even if she had to beg for the means. His preaching, like his hymns, was made a great blessing. But he had many trials, severe bodily afflictions, and some persecutions. His hymns sprang out of this well-harrowed soil. On the morning of the battle of Leuthen, December 5th, 1757, a verse of one of his hymns was sung by the Prussian troops under Frederick the Great. When an officer asked the king if he should silence them, he replied, "No; with such men God will surely give me the

victory to-day." And so it was. When the far-out-numbering Austrians had been vanquished, the king was heard to exclaim, "My God, what a power religion has!"

"O risen Lord! O conquering King!"

is another precious pearl, by a celebrated lawyer of Hanover.

"Blest morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,"

is another by Dr. Watts.

"Morning breaks upon the tomb"

is a fine hymn by Dr. W. B. Collyer, of Hanover Chapel, Peckham. He was a favourite preacher of the Dukes of Kent and Sussex. The former procured

him his degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh when he was only twenty-six years of age. To the Duchess of Kent he dedicated some of his works.

"Angels roll the rock away."

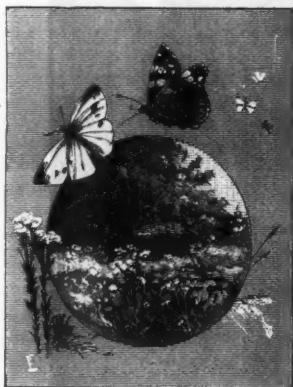
as it now stands, is an old hymn, by Gibbons, Scott, and others, in a new dress.

Hymns of pearl-like preciousness on the Resurrection, by Miss Steele, Doddridge, Ray Palmer, George Rawson, Bishop Wordsworth, Thomas Kelly, and Hart, must be passed over, that we may close with a reference to a choice specimen by Dr. Monsell, whose useful life was cut suddenly short—

"Awake, glad soul! awake! awake!
The Lord hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song."

JOYOUS CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. R. H. LOVELL.



NO one will question that there is room for more gladness in our world. Who is to supply it, if the Christian does not? When thoughtful men seriously propound the inquiry, "Is life worth living," it is surely time for all who love Christ to answer that question by

the most practical of all methods—to show the world the gladness of the life which Christ inspires. Wordsworth has given us an immortal ode on the happiness which comes from duty. We want a singer to inspire us all with a not less noble aim—the duty of happiness, and specially of happiness as Christians.

Joy, we are told by the Apostle Paul, is "the fruit of the Spirit." In the order of growth it succeeds love. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." Love is the fruit; joy is the colour and bloom on its cheek; peace the luxurious enjoyment of feasting on the fruit.

Joy is love singing; love conscious of its own happiness; love surveying its treasure and enjoying it without fear. Joy is love delightfully busy: it is love shining; it is the healthy condition of our powers. Sorrow is the condition of the same powers when they are *disordered* or *diseased*. Hence joy has to do with both *order* and *ease*. Conscious facility in any exercise, physical or mental, brings joy.

Joy forsakes monopoly, loves to run from heart to heart, and fill each and every one. Selfishness and joy never can agree, for joy is never *joyful* unless in seeking someone else to share her gladness.

No influence or power is more manifest in Nature than that of joy. It is the great mainspring starting all the wheels of Nature's activities. The sun *delights* to shine. The stars never look tired of their calm, watchful gaze. The streams rejoice to run and sing. The flowers delight in blossoming. Joy laughs in a thousand little buds, and dances in young leaves, and carols in the song of birds. The very grass, however you cut it, or *tread* upon it, lifts up its head with a new joy every morning, and welcomes you in your evening weariness to the rest of its cool, playful shadows. The little child, fresh from God, comes to us with joy on its dimpled face, and with gladness in its play and merry movements. No feature in Nature is more marked than that of joy. Coleridge said that "the sunny hues, and fair forms, and breathing sweets of Nature made it impossible for him to be a jarring and dissonant thing amidst the general minstrelsy."

Joy is both full of insight and is medicinal. Our best poets delight to depict its power in each of these ministries. Wordsworth said it was "with an eye made quiet by the deep power of *joy* that he saw into the life of things." Then he felt sensations sweet passing into his purer mind, with tranquil *restoration*. Then he came to know that blessed mood in which the burden of the mystery of this unintelligible world is lightened; and he became a living soul. If this be the ministry of the *joy of nature*, surely the "*joy of the Lord*" would lighten many dark problems in life, lift many a burden, change the home and the business of many a weary and tried child of God, and fill them with brightness and song.

The power of joy to heal the spirit is graphically

painted by Tennyson in his "Maud." There we see one predisposed to madness—all his emotions morbid. When the love of Maud comes like sunshine, all the world grows bright to him immediately. Joy's smile made the bitterness of life sweet. The flowers of the garden wore a new beauty. A livelier emerald was on the grass—a purer sapphire in the sky. The night was full of music; and self, and scorn, and sorrow were swallowed up in the fulness of joy. If the love of Maud could give this inner joy, and so change all moods and appearances, surely the love of Christ, realised in the spirit, ought to exercise a more potent and winsome power. May I ask any Christian reader to paint for himself what would be the effect in his own daily life of a joy thus so deeply perceptive, so medicinal and restorative, and so capable of touching with brightness even the very grass in its lowliness?

Joy was the quest of Christ as the outcome of His life and suffering. "Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame." The sorrow that God sends is always sent to bring us joy, and unless it does this it fails of its mission.

Sorrow is only God's spiritual police coming to tell you that you are out of the path of duty, and in danger; and so seeking to lead you back to safety and joy. Sorrow is the rod of Moses, smiting the rock only that the living stream of joy may flow for thirsty ones to drink. Sorrow is simply the medicine given to secure the health and joy which the patient has lost. Sorrow is only the whetstone for sharpening our faculties, and making them facile for glad service. Sorrow is only the "tuner" come to tune the musical instrument (never a pleasant process), but joy is the melody that flows out when the instrument is at concert pitch. When sorrow comes it is largely because I am not what God wishes me to be; when joy comes it is the proof and pledge that I am become what God is wanting to make me. Sorrow is life's winter; joy is life's summer. Sorrow is a spur to drive the spirit; but joy is the wing wherewith the spirit rises heavenward. Christians are to *shine* if they would please Christ; and sorrow never shines; only joy has brightness. No Christian can ponder these differences between sorrow and joy and not see that he utterly fails to realise the end, purpose, and object of Christ and religion, if he is not a "*shining Christian*."

Let me try and show you the influence of joy as it will reveal itself in the ordinary and daily exercises of any Christian life. We all desire to be *strong* in life's service. No one admires weakness, or wishes to be weak. Now, joy and strength are always close relations. Sorrow and weakness can hardly ever be strangers to each other. When joy is not allowed vigorous exercise, she loses half her nature. The caged bird is not the joyous one. Joy is the soul of all labour and duty. A man may

have great gifts and powers, but without the inspiration of joy he will make little use of his talents. What fire is to the ammunition in the gun, that joy is as an influence and inspiration for work. When once joy shines upon a man's work, whether the service be the most menial and lowly or the most conspicuous, such a worker will never need to be urged to labour, and never find his toil a weariness. The greatest want to-day of many a toiler is a bit of gladness in the work he has to do.

If a man does labour without any joy in his work, he need not advertise his condition. *Everyone can see it who looks*. Such joyless work is largely useless, degraded—an injury to the worker himself, useless to man, and unacceptable to God. All work shows on its face whether it is living or dead; whether it is hand-work or heart-work—the work of a machine or of a happy living spirit. When we put joy into our work, we live in it, and it never fails to give pleasure to all who see it. And to know that my life-work pleases Christ, and gives Him joy, and so gives others joy as well, is to double the joy I have in doing it. This makes all work to be worship, all toil divine, and robs life of littleness and drudgery. So far-reaching in every lowly service is this duty and power of joy.

There is a healthy contagion in joy. Its success and its brightness are both attractive to others. Men cannot help being won by success. Nothing succeeds like it. In man everywhere there is a desire for brightness and life. This is the secret of the craving for stimulants, sensations, novelties, gaieties. Men must and will have brightness and life. If they cannot have the true and life-giving, they *will* have the false and unsatisfactory. Men cannot and will not live satisfied with depression and gloom. Hence it is that God has given us "the blue of the sky, the gold of the sunshine, the crimson of the blood, the green of the leaf, the radiance of the hair, the brightness of the eye, the tints of earth's blossoming, the brilliance of the morning, and the poetry of the evening." All are given to minister to man's love of life, and brightness, and joy. Christ has come to give men the fuller life and the higher joy. Now we, as Christians, defeat Christ's purpose, injure and misrepresent His cause and work, repel those who would come to Him, if our life is one of fretfulness and depression, of weakness and discontent. Joyous Christians will win and attract others by the very brightness and *shine* of their daily conduct.

Joy cannot help being strong, for it never grows old. There are no wrinkles on its brow. It is seldom content to walk; it loves to run for very gladness on its errands. Faith will one day vanish, lost in sight. Prayer will yet take a harp, and change her name to praise. Self-denial and watchfulness will put off their armour when the fight is over. Patience will not be needed when the race of life is finished. But joy will be renewing her youth with every age, and death will only increase her

life. If for no other reason we determine to be joyous Christians, let this one prevail—a *joyless* old age and a joyless evening of life are the saddest libels upon Christianity we can present to the world's view.

Joy seldom sees difficulties. It cannot learn to make excuses. If a thing is a joy to us, it has no faults or drawbacks, and no hardships. A hundred reasons and excuses are at hand when we dislike a thing, but when joy fills our spirit and our task—when the joy of Christ lights up us and our work—then we can endure any privation, meet any difficulty, simply for the joy that is set before us.

Let me, then, ask you to look at this picture. A Christian going forth to daily duty strong for service, with the joy of Christ filling his heart and gilding his work; his work a great delight to him and to others, because joy lives in every line of it. Others gathering round him and his labour, attracted by the brightness in worker and work. Life growing daily for such a worker more full of sweetness and delight. The dark and difficult side of things lost to view,

because the eyes of the looker are filled with Heaven's sunshine. Surely, no more splendid service could be rendered to Christ or religion than that every home and shop, village and town, should be alive with such attractive representations of Christ. Christian reader, let your life advertise Christ in letters of gold and silver, rather than in black and crooked type.

If some child of many sorrows and bitternesses should read these words, and conclude that they are easy to write but very difficult to practise, I would remind such that Christ can change any valley of weeping into a golden mercy. *One sunbeam* of His love can do that. In the valley of the Aar the river suddenly takes a deep plunge into a gloomy chasm of rock. Out of the mists that rise from the falling river I have seen the sun weave arch upon arch of brilliant rainbows, rising like a jewelled palace tier upon tier. So "out of our stoniest griefs" we may make Bethels bright with His praise. The very magnitude of our sorrows is only the measure, if we will, in which we may find larger opportunity for triumphant praise.

ON MEETING TROUBLES HALF-WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSHUA PADGETTS," ETC.

I SEED 'im comin' up the lane, mum, ever so far off, an' I sed to myself, 'Suppose he hurts some o' the children?' so I run down the lane to meet him, an' 'e took at me that savage, an' tossed me clean o'er the 'edge, an' broke my harm!" This was the pathetic story that Mrs. Grimes told the district visitor last Sunday. Farmer Jones had a bull that was as quiet as a lamb; but one hot day in summer he broke out of the pasture, and took a ramble on his own account—perhaps in search of water. Mrs. Grimes, seeing him in the lane leading past her cottage, jumped to the conclusion that the bull was ferocious, and (like many women born and brought up in the country), having no fear of cattle, she tried to turn him from his purpose. The result may be imagined—the more so as the argument she used was the *argumentum baculinum*; that is to say, she used a walking-stick. Now, the first

thing one wonders at here is, Why did Mrs. Grimes sally forth to meet that bull? And the next is, Having met him, why did she engage in unequal conflict? You see, several courses were open to her. She might, for instance, have stood behind a gate; or she might have got on the roof of the pigsty, which adjoined the lane, and rattled an old tin kettle; or she might have got the dog from the next house (barely ten yards away) to do the work for her—and he would have done it gladly. Had she adopted any of these methods, her end would probably have been accom-

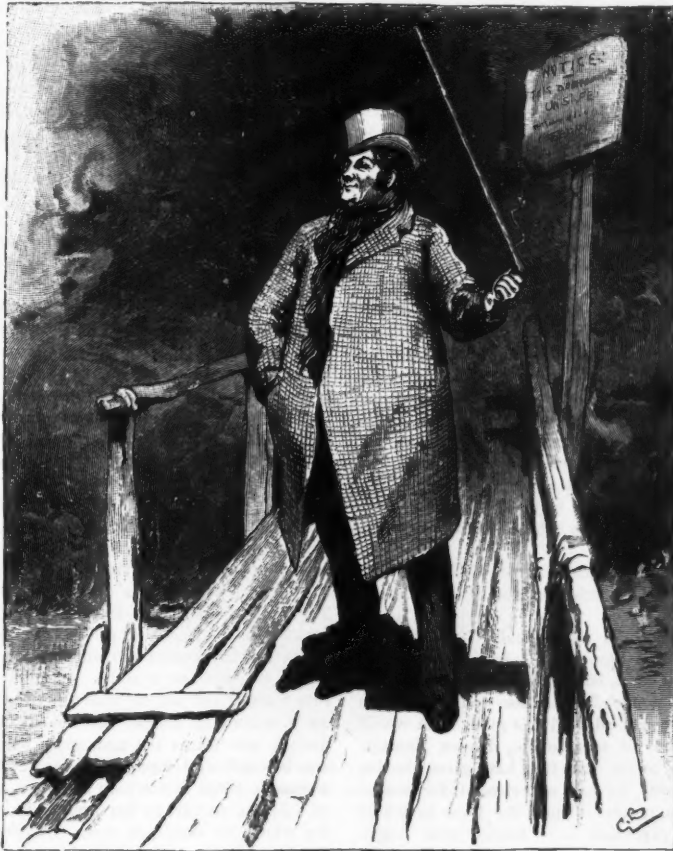
plished, and her bones would have been intact; but she must needs go flying down the lane, regardless of consequences, and courting the very danger she wished to avoid. To which you say, "What a very foolish woman!" No doubt; but then, judged by this rule, what numbers of very foolish women there are in the world! Nor, indeed, are the men much wiser—they are stronger, that is all. Have we not often met with people who have an inveterate habit of expecting and looking out for trouble? Nay, for the matter of that, are we not ourselves verily guilty on this point! And why is it that they and we are so feeble? In a measure, no doubt, the fault is a constitutional one, and therefore not easily eradicated; but in a measure, also, it is a fault of inclination. Some of us, robbed of our sorrows and anxieties, would be downright miserable. Trouble is the stimulus that stirs us up to action—our bull in the lane—and without it we should languish of *ennui*. But, still, it is rather a mistake—especially when the bull gets the best of it.

So far, however, we are no nearer discovering *why* Mrs. Grimes went to meet that bull.

Let us consider the matter calmly for a moment. She did not want to meet him at all—she wished him miles away—she was very much disturbed to see him in the lane; then why in the world did she go forth to meet him? Nervous excitement? No. Downright stupidity? No. Heroic fortitude? No. Maternal anxiety? No. What then? Well, just this, and nothing else—IMPATIENCE. [Please, Mr. Printer, make that word look as if there were something in it.] Yes, that was the reason. She lacked the

enduring faculty, the stuff of which martyrs are made. She could not wait to see whether anything would happen—that is, she could not endure the pain of anxiety—so she set her face to the foe, and he tossed her over the hedge. Ah, my dear readers, how many of us get tossed and injured, when by a little patience (and perhaps a little faith) we had been safe and sound!

near to your dwelling, and you are in a great strait. Under such circumstances the most foolish thing you could do would be to open your door and go forth to meet that trouble. You are not sure that it will ever reach your door, while, if it should, an open door would be more like an invitation than a repulse, and would make it more easy for the foe to march in.



THE MAN WHO DOES NOT MEET HIS TROUBLES HALF-WAY.

Now, a little while ago, I mentioned three courses as open to energetic Mrs. Grimes when she wished to dislodge the bull from the lane. These courses were:—

1. To stand behind a gate.
2. To get on a roof and make a noise.
3. To borrow a neighbour's dog and let him do the work for her.

And these three methods of discomfiting a physical enemy may, I think, be advantageously employed in fighting a mental (or sentimental) one.

A trouble comes up to your door, or at least draws

When an officer gives the command to his men to prepare to receive cavalry, the men do not deploy into open column, but they take close order, the front rank kneeling and the rear rank backing up. Treat trouble somewhat in this way; get something in front of you (the soldiers' bayonets or Mrs. Grimes's gate), and then hold out bravely, keep it up, don't give in, never say die, and in nine cases out of ten, there you are! That is method No. 1.

But there are some people whose temperament is of so nervous a sort that anything like a good stout fight is altogether beyond them. You have, I daresay,

seen a big boy running away from a flock of geese. As a matter of fact that boy could, if he chose, wring every neck in the flock; but just because the geese make such a tremendous noise the boy loses his head, and runs as if for life. So people who cannot fight can shout; and noise goes a long way towards securing a victory. Well, then, try method No. 2; that is, get on the roof and beat a tin kettle. But how "on the roof"? In this way—the husband, for instance, takes advantage of his wife's higher moral tone, and standing on that vantage ground feels safer; or the wife, with womanly weakness, leans upon the stronger spirit of her husband, and is lifted out of her despair. And in either case the one who is so helped can make a more determined resistance.

But what about the tin kettle? Well, make a noise, sing a good cheery song (I do not mean to suggest that your voice will sound like a tin kettle). Do you know, trouble is often frightened away like that; which leads me to infer that Trouble (in the abstract) must be very weak about the backbone, or you could never double him up so easily. Still, it must be remembered that things which are easily bent are (as a rule) not so easily broken; so when you have him down, keep him down. Many of you, my readers, have wandered at some period of your life through a copse, and in the course of your rambles you have trodden upon a young ash or other plant. While you kept your foot on it no attempt did it make to recover itself; it was as though it had never been upright; but the moment you removed your foot from it, it sprang up again. Serve trouble in the same way—keep your foot on it. Even go so far as to "hit him when he is down."

There still remains to consider method No. 3, which is, borrow your neighbour's dog, and let him do the work for you.

This may sometimes be difficult, because your neighbour may not have a dog; but I am writing not for particular cases, but for general ones. Think for a moment how much Mrs. Grimes would have been the gainer if she had adopted this plan. She would have been spared all the trouble, danger, damage, and anxiety, and at the same time have given the dog the best half-hour he had experienced for weeks. Be good enough, please, to note the form in which this method is expressed, *i.e.*, "borrow your neighbour's dog," not "wait till your neighbour's dog," etc. In point of fact, this difference is all the difference. Some of our fellow-creatures have a most unhappy habit of expecting too much. Whatever they receive is less than they ought to receive, and, by parity of reasoning, whatever they give is more than they ought to give—that is, they keep less than they ought to keep. And these people frequently expect, amongst other things, that their friends and neighbours will of their own freewill come and take away the trouble from the door, the load from the shoulder. No no, my friends, if you need assistance from your neighbours, don't "wait to receive," but "borrow." Borrow what—money? But I was not thinking of money

when I spoke of your neighbour's dog. What then? Does it not occur to you how often a neighbour may give a helping hand (a dog, by the way, would give a helping foot!) when you are in difficulty? What is your trouble? You have just got your hay together in capital condition, and before you have left the field the rain has begun to fall in torrents. Send across to Farmer Jones for the loan of his rick-sheet. You will find it a very useful "dog" indeed. Or, perhaps it is the very coldest day in winter, and the man has not brought your coal. Borrow some coal. Poor Mrs. Grimes can lend you a little, and that will be a very comforting "dog." Or possibly you wake up some night in fright to find your premises in flames. Borrow the fire-engine. Then you have a perfect water-dog! But you see, of course, in what an innumerable number of instances the "dog" may be borrowed of your neighbour.

After all this borrowing, though, there should be some lending. I have known people to be very apt exponents of the art of asking favours, and at the same time to set a very poor example of the way of granting them. If you reside in the country, it is all very well to live next door to people who have a side-saddle, but you have no right to feel aggrieved because they become personally interested in the fact that you are the owner of a big fish-kettle. If you have a sparrow's nest in your water-spout, and have to borrow your neighbour's ladder to reach it, you are hardly working up the harmonies of life if you grumble when your neighbour sends for the loan of your garden-roller. There must be give and take.

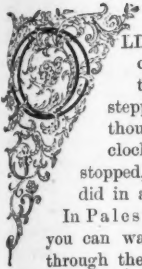
I have still a word or two to say about the unequal conflict in which Mrs. Grimes engaged. A walking-stick is under certain circumstances a most useful personal chattel, but in the hands of a woman and in the face of a bull it is almost worse than useless. The stick broke at the first blow, and then the bull broke—Mrs. Grimes's arm. In the same way, *i.e.*, altogether unprepared and unfitted for the encounter, we go to meet our troubles. A great sorrow comes into a man's life, and he tries "to drown it in drink." As a matter of course, the remedy aggravates the disease, and leaves the man more wretched than he was before he attempted to drive out the enemy. A woman is jilted by the man she loves, and thereupon, to still the tumult in her breast, she marries a man for whom she does not care. Of course, that stick breaks, and the poor woman's heart is torn still more. And so it is all the world over, and I suppose ever will be—that if we would be victors in the fight with trouble we must be properly armed for the fray.

And what is the best weapon? I answer: First of all, Faith in the overruling of Providence for our good, and then—Patience. The quiet, patient endurance of sorrow takes away the worst sting of it, and in time removes it altogether. It is really a question of time—which will last the longer; and if we can withstand our sorrow for a few days, or weeks, or months, that sorrow is vanquished, and the stick has not broken in our hands.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



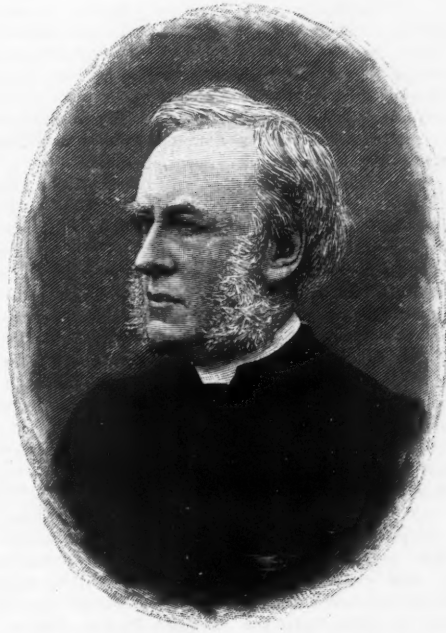
LD indeed are most of the towns and customs of Palestine. Travelling in that country seems something like stepping back into the life of some thousands of years ago. For there the clock of time appears almost to have stopped, and life goes on very much as it did in ages long gone by.

In Palestine you can wander through the old, old streets of towns whose names have figured for centuries on the pages of the world's history. There you can see lattice windows just such as that one through which the anxious mother of Sisera looked when her son had been defeated by Deborah and murdered by Jael; there you may see just such a casement as that through which the thoughtful watcher gazed in Solomon's time, as described in the Proverbs; there you may see the gold-fishes hung up for sale in the entrance of the small arched shop, as others no doubt have been for thousands of years—for are we not told in the Canticles that the maidens in Job's time toyed with birds kept in captivity? The noisy, fierce, yellow dogs, to which reference is so often made in the Old Testament, still prowl the streets; the water-wheels, the primitive method of ploughing the fields, the flat-roofed stone houses, the tattooing of marks on the body—no doubt the writing upon the hands mentioned in Isaiah—all, all these varied things may be seen to-day in the land of Bible story. In short, as Dr. Cunningham Geikie says in his very interesting and instructive new work,* the land is a natural commentary on the Sacred Writings. The allusions in the Bible to the varying details and pictures of life in the country are so numerous and so characteristic that the Scripture text frequently gains additional

force and vividness when read in the light of a real knowledge of the land.

No doubt some changes may be seen, no doubt some leaven of modern life may be noticed at work, but in the main the current runs on unchanged; many manners and customs, many buildings and towns have withstood the touch of time, and remain to-day the same. The consequence is that numerous

obscure passages of the Bible become clear, and numerous difficulties vanish when illuminated by the pictures of ancient times still presented by the life of the people and the local surroundings. For one great characteristic of the Bible is its allusion to outside life. The Book is not the production of secluded ascetics. Appealing to the highest sensibilities of human nature, and answering to its deepest needs, the Bible yet teems with illustrations from nature, and references to the common everyday life both of dwellers in the crowded city and of labourers in the fields. As Dr. Geikie says, it breathes in every page a joyous or meditative intercourse with nature and mankind. And to go through the country and gain illustrations of the sacred writings from its hills and val-



THE REV. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Bond and Newman, Norwich.)

leys, its rivers and lakes, its plants and animals, and more than all from the pictures of ancient life still presented—this has been Dr. Geikie's object, and ably has he performed his important task.

The result is unquestionably both charming and useful. The average reader will gain more from a study of this work than from many commentaries, and for the simple reason that the writer has gone to the fountain-head, to the land itself, rather than evolved from his inner consciousness what such and such an allusion or passage might mean, or twisted it to fit some preconceived notion.

In successive portions, the whole of the country is brought before the reader, from the extreme south to its northern limits, from Beersheba to Damascus, from Baalbec to Beirut. This area, as Dr. Geikie

* "The Holy Land and the Bible: a Book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine." By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Two vols. London: Cassell and Company.

points out, and as may be seen from the beautifully produced and clear map issued with the work, includes the whole Palestine of the Old and New Testaments.

Landing at Joppa, Dr. Geikie begins his observations at once. Joppa is one of the oldest cities in the world, and the first possible landing-place as one sails northwards from Egypt. Yet there is difficulty in landing. Reefs of rocks defend the shore, the bay is shallow, sharks are not unknown, and the coast is much exposed. Your vessel anchors half a mile out at sea, and a throng of flattish-bottomed cobbles soon surround the ship to carry passengers through the opening in the reefs to land. A Babel of cries, unintelligible to Western ears, fills the air; but by degrees the motley crowd of deck-passengers, of the most varied nationalities, veiled women, shawl-covered Arabs, black Nubians with their red fezes, brown Levantines, turbaned Syrians, or Egyptians with their flowing robes of all shades, all drift by degrees into the boats, and, for a time at least, you see the last of their red or yellow slippers, and hear their noisy jargon no more. Then you, who have shrunk possibly from this crushing crowd of Orientals, have your turn, and the skilful and strong-armed oarsmen whisk you through the opening in the reefs across the shallow harbour, and then, suddenly, when you are twenty or thirty yards off shore, you are seized, and carried off in the bare arms or on the back of a boatman through the shallow water to the tumble-down old quay built of stones from the ruins of Cæsarea, and at last you find yourself treading on the soil of the Holy Land.

Not a very dignified entrance, perhaps; but the boats could not approach closer, and you have fared no worse than the bead-eyed Greeks or hook-nosed Romans did thousands of years ago! At one period Venice organised a spring and autumn packet-service (how strangely modern that sounds!) to Joppa, and built a mole to protect the shipping; but since the reign of the "unspeakable Turk," everything has relapsed into a state of nature. And so from earliest times Phœnician and Egyptian, Roman and Crusader, English and American, all have to acknowledge the power of the treacherous waters.

Pursuing our way through the street, we find it rough enough. Once paved, the stones have long since risen or sunk above or below their proper level. Dust-bins and sewers being apparently alike unknown to the idle Oriental, every kind of foulness bestrews the way. The buildings are of stone, with little or no wood anywhere, timber being scarce in Palestine. The arch is hence universal; as you ramble on you see that no light enters the shops except from the front—that they are in fact something like miniatures of the gloomy holes sometimes made out of railway arches in England.

Tables of cakes or sweetmeats line the narrow street. Rough awnings of mats, often sorely dilapidated, or tent-cloths, or loose boards resting on a rickety structure of poles, partially shade the roadwav. Now we meet a turbaned water-carrier with a huge skin bottle on his back. The bottle is in fact a defunct calf, with water instead of veal within, and

without legs, head, or tail, and offering a most forcible illustration of the reference to the placing new wine in old bottles.

Farther on we see a bare-armed and bare-legged individual in ragged skull-cap, cotton jacket, and cotton knickerbockers, chaffering with a roadside huckster for some delicacy, costing a farthing or two, from some of the mat baskets on a table; the bearded vendor, also bare-armed and bare-legged, sits as he tries to sell, his head swathed in a white and red turban, and his body in pink and white cotton. Of course there is a lounge at his side looking on.

Then again we see an Arab in "kefiyah" or head-shawl, with a band of camel's-hair rope, very soft, around his head to keep the flowing gear in its place, and a brown and white striped "abba" for his outer dress; he is bargaining for a bridle at a saddler's, and trying to cheapen it; and the saddler sits cross-legged on a counter and under a shady projection of wood and reeds, which gives him much-needed shade. And thus we see glimpses of ordinary every-day life in the old town of Joppa.

Just without the town the soil is very fertile, and the countless golden globes of the oranges contrast beautifully with their rich green leaves; orchards also of pomegranates, lemons, almonds, peaches, and other delicious fruits, are numerous. The secret of this fertility is no doubt the abundance of water. It seems as if a great subterranean stream runs continually from the hills to the sea under the whole of the lowlands. Every orchard has thus ample means of irrigation, which is effected by countless clumsy water-wheels, the creaking of which never ceases.

An ox, a mule, or an ass is yoked to a long pole projecting from the side of a thick, upright post, and driven slowly round. This revolves a large horizontal cogged wheel placed at the top of the beam. The cogs, working in another wheel set upright, keep a third wheel revolving by means of a long wooden axle. This third wheel works into and out of a well, and lets down and draws up a series of pottery jars or wooden buckets, fastened to it at short intervals by two endless ropes of palm fibre or myrtle twigs. As the jars pass over the top of the wheel they empty the water they have brought up into a large trough, from which the stream runs up a little canal leading it through the orchard. On its way it is tapped here and there, and thus numberless brooklets are furnished to moisten the roots of each tree. So in effect all are planted "by the streams of waters" (Ps. i. 3, Rev. Ver.).

Modifications of the water-wheel are found in different parts of Palestine, and furnish illustrations to the numerous references to water and irrigation made throughout Holy Writ. Thus in Proverbs xxi. it is said "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the water-courses; He turneth it whithersoever He will." Without the knowledge of the methods of irrigation pursued in Palestine such a passage loses much of its power.

In accordance with the unchanging character of the east, the trade of tanning is still extensively

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"The rain that waters the wide-spread lands
Will freshen a widow's flower."

"THE RAIN."—P. 535.

carried on at the south side of Joppa, at the edge of the sea. Here one is reminded of the visit of the Apostle Peter, by the claim of a paltry mosque to occupy the site of the house of Simon the tanner. The waves beat against the low wall of the courtyard, so that like that building it is close "on the sea-shore." Going up the rough outside staircase to the roof, we find it of course flat, with a parapet around it. The parapet is partly built of hollow earthenware tubes, or pipes arranged in pyramids so that the cool wind can blow in, and the visitor to the housetop can look out boxes for pigeons' nests, and a number of household details are found there. From such a terrace, if not this one, the Apostle gazed on the wide heaven above, and the shining waters beneath—the highway to the Gentiles. On a roof near, a man is sleeping in the shade, another is having his head shaved, a high-prowed boat lies close by, with one mast and a great bending spar raking far over our roof. Other flat roofs and other parapets are seen near. Inland twelve hours' journey is Jerusalem! "Yes," one exclaims, "it is the East! the East! This is indeed Palestine."

Journeying from Joppa to Jerusalem, which may be done by "omnibus," the traveller may see the plain of Sharon spreading out in soft undulations far and near. Red and yellow flowers abound; the joyful peasant maiden could say to-day, as of old, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." There is diversity of opinion as to the flower really meant by these references; but Tristram and Houghton think the "rose" was the narcissus, a bulb of which Orientals are passionately fond. And it is not without weight that the word used for "rose" in Scripture is still used by the peasantry, with slight variation, for the narcissus.

Riding on, one sees the peasants ploughing. At first there would appear to be nothing in that circumstance to remind one of the Apostle Paul. Yet so it is, for in one hand the peasant holds a long wooden goad, the sharp iron point of which is used to urge on the small lean oxen. It is of no use for them to kick against it; their safety is to hurry on. This common circumstance lends force to the reference which was probably made to it in Acts xxvi. 14—"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Saul was being urged on, as it were, and it was of no use for him to kick against it.

In this way Dr. Geikie goes on, finding constantly illustrations and illuminations of Bible texts. He stood in Jerusalem, and saw how Christ's predictions have been verified, for the surface of the city of the Saviour's day lies buried beneath some thirty feet of ruin and rubbish. In David's own village he looked up to the skies which the Psalmist had watched with a poet's eyes, and whose glory he had sung as a tribute to that of Jehovah—perhaps on the very hills lying asleep in the moonlight. Tyre was found a small and wretched place, and Ezekiel's prophecy, Dr. Geikie says, has indeed been fulfilled, for the fisherman spreads his nets on the reefs and ruined walls (Ezek. xxvii.). Bethany, Bethlehem, and Gethsemane, all were visited, and also the site on which it is suggested Christ was

crucified. It is near the city, but outside the ancient gate on the north approach, close to a main road. Rising gently towards the north, its slowly rounded top might easily have obtained for its shape the name of "A Skull." And this, as Captain Conder shows, is fixed by local tradition, and is still pointed out by the Jews of Jerusalem as the "Place of Stoning," where offenders were put to death. Here, then, apparently, on this bare rounded knoll rising about thirty feet above the road, with no building on it, but covered in part with Mahomedan graves, the Saviour was crucified. Before Him lay the city, beyond it the pale slopes of Olivet, and in the distance the mountains of Moab—perhaps among the last earthly things upon which the failing eyes of the Crucified One gazed on that fateful day.

The tomb in which Christ was buried will be perhaps for ever unknown, but possibly it was one of those still found in the neighbourhood of the "Place of Stoning." Among these one has been specially noticed by Captain Conder as possibly the very tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

Surveying the country as a whole, Dr. Geikie believes it was once much more fruitful than it is now, but questions if, as a whole, it could at any time have been fertile according to Western ideas. The plains, easily irrigated, must in all ages have been rich; but it is different with the hills, which cover so much of the land. That Palestine in such districts must have been waterless is shown by the number of rain-pits dug in ancient times, and still remaining. But the praise of the land in the Bible must be judged by an Oriental standard, which regards any country as a paradise when even in parts there are living springs and green plains. Beside the thirsty desert, Palestine was a dream of delight: compared with a country like England, or any rich European or American State, it seems poor indeed. For the hills of southern Palestine are incredibly barren. The amazing stoniness of the soil, too, must limit fruitfulness, for it seems as if stones had been rained down over most of Palestine. Hence, of course, the great use of stone in building arches and domes.

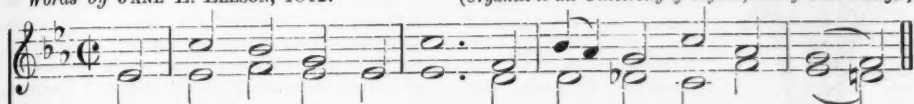
What is to be the future of this ancient land? Efforts are being made to re-colonise it by Jews; but Dr. Geikie does not think it probable that any considerable number will ever return. The Hebrew does not take kindly to agriculture. His delight is in trade. The Jew may have a deep traditional love for Jerusalem, but he prefers finance and commerce in more Western countries to sweltering for his bread on the thirsty uplands of Judæa. Even for ages before Christ, the Jews in foreign countries far outnumbered those in their fatherland. The future of the land, therefore, belongs to the hardy fellahin, if ever the Divine Mercy deliver it from Mahomedan rule. This may be so. Yet we think it not improbable that, if events placed the country under wise, far-seeing, righteous rule, many poor Jews now suffering in Western cities might find their way back, and once again the land of Judæa might be principally tenanted by the Hebrew race.



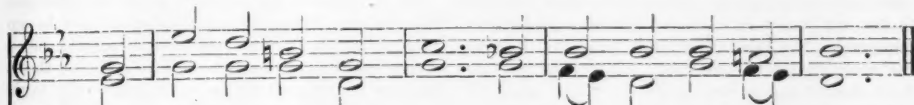
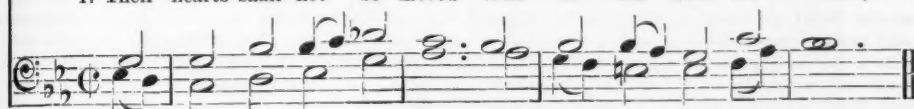
"Their Hearts shall not be Moved."

Words by JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

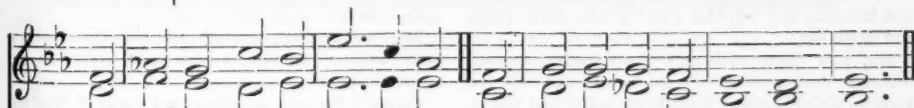
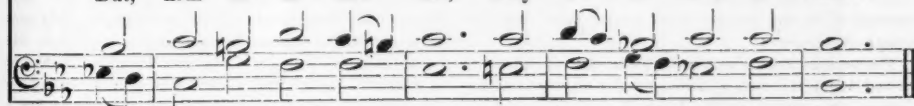
Music by JAMES TAYLOR, B.Mus.
(Organist to the University of Oxford, and of New College.)



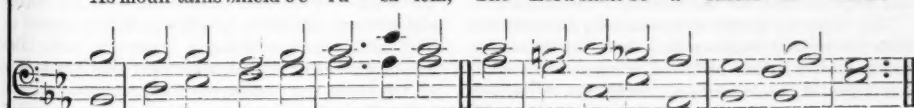
1. Their hearts shall not be moved Who in the Lord con - fide;



But, firm as Zi - on's hill, They ev - er shall a - bide:



As moun-tains shield Je - ru - sa - lem, The Lord shall be a shield to them.



2. His blessing on them rests
Like freshening dew from heaven;
And succour from His throne
In all their need is given;
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.

3. One like the Son of God
Is walking at their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried;
And 'tis enough that He is near
To strengthen them in every fear.

IN HER OWN RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER BASIL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—INFORMATION WANTED.

"What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?"
MILTON.



INFORMATION WANTED as to the whereabouts (if living) of JOHN DAMANT EASTWOOD, who left England in or about the year 1857; or, if dead, of his heirs, if any. Reply to Romaine and Son, Solicitors, Ely, Cambs."

The paper containing this advertisement was a copy of the *Times*, bearing date in the latter part of September, 1877; and the man who was reading it, with a faint, curious smile, was Algernon Eastwood, barrister-at-law and cousin of the John Damant Eastwood,

who, as the advertisement set forth, had left England some twenty years before.

Both the cousins were cousins also, though in a much more remote degree, to Lord Eastwood, of Eastwood Park, Cambridgeshire, a relationship that twenty years ago had seemed the emptiest of names, but that in the last year had suddenly become unexpectedly important. For Death had been strangely busy in the noble family of Eastwood; disease had smitten down the old, and moving accidents by flood and field had thinned the ranks of the young, till in the year of grace 1877 John Damant Eastwood stood next in succession to the ancient barony, and after him his cousin Algernon.

The present Lord Eastwood was an infirm old man, bowed down, not only with the weight of years, but by sorrow after sorrow, as the death of son and grandson and kinsman had left him year by year more lonely and more sad.

And now there were only these distant cousins, whom he had never even seen, to take the title and keep up the old name. Lord Eastwood sighed, but he did his duty. He invited Algernon to Eastwood Park, and he advertised for the missing John Damant.

Very little was known of this missing heir, and that little not entirely to his credit. Jack Eastwood, as he was generally called, had been always rather wild; was reported, while quite a young man, to be over head and ears in debt; and had run away from his creditors and fled to America twenty years ago. Since that little was known. He had corresponded for some years with his cousin Algernon—the only member of the house of Eastwood who would have anything to do with the disgraced and ruined man; and then there had come a report of his death. It was not circumstantial enough to satisfy the lawyers now, though before Jack had become the heir of Eastwood

it had satisfied everyone else well enough. The lawyers had had nothing to do with Jack then, but it was another matter now.

"In the case of a title, and a property like this, we cannot be too careful," said old Mr. Romaine, the elderly family lawyer, when Lord Eastwood consulted him on the subject. And the result of the consultation had been the insertion of that advertisement in the *Times* over which Algernon Eastwood was smiling that faint and curious smile.

But, whatever the lawyers might think or affect to think, no one else entertained any doubt as to Jack Eastwood's death, or as to Algernon's being the heir. It was not likely that if Jack were alive he would have kept silence all these years; and still less likely that if he had married in America, he would not have informed the cousin who was his only friend. That he was not married before he left England everyone knew, and the result was an equation entirely satisfactory both to Algernon Eastwood and to the numerous mothers of pretty and high-born daughters, to whom his handsome face and insinuating manners had long made him the most dangerous "detrimental" on their visiting-list, but who now received him with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," and—metaphorically, of course—with open arms.

Eastwood would have been a much less acute man than he was if he had not understood that he was free to choose a wife amongst England's fairest daughters, but apparently he had no desire to choose. Perhaps he preferred the smiles of ninety-nine to the smile of one, however fair that one might be; or perhaps the experiences of his "detrimental" days had made him cynical; or perhaps it only was that he had reached an unimpressible age. He was, indeed, close on forty-five, though—thanks to a youthful figure and a carefully dyed moustache—he looked a young man still; and after forty-five a man does not easily fall in love.

But, however invulnerable himself, Eastwood was still handsome enough to have found favour in any woman's sight.

Straight features, dark hair, and a pair of decidedly handsome black eyes—"the Eastwood eyes," as Lord Eastwood observed with satisfaction when his distant and hitherto unknown cousin was first presented to him—made up a sufficiently attractive face. The mouth was the only weak point, and this was hidden by the close, and almost too black, moustache.

Mr. Eastwood rented a suite of rooms in one of the large, old-fashioned houses in Russell Square. It was not a fashionable neighbourhood; but, in spite of his brilliant prospects, Eastwood was not a rich man. He was, indeed, a distinctly poor man; and though he had told Lord Eastwood, and half-persuaded himself, that if Jack returned no one would rejoice more heartily than he should, he knew, as he looked at the advertisement this morning, that

his feelings would not be those of rejoicing. And if he felt that he would not be able to rejoice at the return of his cousin and his friend, still less would he be able to welcome his possible heir.

"Or, if dead, of his heirs, if any." Eastwood had understood that an advertisement for his missing cousin was to appear, but the last clause of it struck him with unreasonable surprise. As a lawyer, he might have known that it could hardly have been

and the solemn, old-fashioned square, with its heavy red-brick houses, looked a little less dingy and gloomy than usual. The sunbeams, shorn as they were of half their splendour by London murk and smoke, were brightening the gilded railings, and glinting on the brass door-knobs and knockers, on the window-panes and skylights, on the leaves in the stiff square garden (already yellowing with London's premature autumn), on the flaxen-haired children walking primly



"His face darkened, and he sat down to read his letters."—p. 526.

worlded otherwise; but he was not the less disturbed.

"Old Romaine is waking up," he said, smiling disdainfully.

He was a man who would always meet a foe with a smile, and since he had read the advertisement he had come to feel as if the man who had drawn it up was very distinctly his foe.

"Now what put that sapient idea in his addled old head, I wonder? 'Heirs, if any'—he can't have heard—? Pshaw! what a fool I am!"

He tossed the *Times* impatiently away, walked to the window, and looked out into the square with eyes that took little enough note of the objects on which they seemed to gaze. The sun was shining,

on the pavement or playing in the gutter—on anything and everything, in fact, that would reflect their brightness or give back their rays.

Eastwood, who could fit a rhyme or turn a sonnet when occasion served, might have found a pretty allegory in the sight; but he was not in the mood for poetic fancies to-day. The advertisement had disturbed him more than he cared to own, and the sunshine, falling on and beautifying whatever homely things would give its brightness back, suggested no parable of contentment to his mind, but only envious thoughts of the men who could afford to enjoy it in the country, while he remained in the hot and stifling city from which nearly all his friends had fled. He took his hat, and, letting himself out,

hailed a hansom, and told the driver to take him to the Vennimore Club.

The Vennimore was one of the most fashionable and exclusive of clubs. Its name on a man's visiting-card was a *cachet* of distinction, and the subscription to it made a tolerably heavy item in expenses that had to be as narrowly calculated as Algernon Eastwood's. Still, as that astute gentleman frequently reflected, it was an expense that repaid itself. It was, besides a pleasant lounge and a restaurant with a *chef* whose salary would have made a curate commit matrimony at once, the best place in London for meeting useful men—that is, men who could be useful to Algernon Eastwood. Besides this, an address at the Vennimore enabled him to live cheaply and comfortably in Russell Square. No one who saw that talismanic inscription inquired where a man lived, and if some of his friends vaguely wondered "where Eastwood's diggings" were, there was a certain hauteur in his demeanour which effectually restrained the expression of idle curiosity.

Eastwood went into the club, and asked for his letters, nodding to one or two men he knew as he passed through the hall, and the greetings he received showed that he was at least as popular with men as with women. The Vennimore was almost deserted at this time of year; but a few men were looking at the papers in the spacious library, and two or three collected together on the hearthrug were speaking in the low tones that are supposed to be used in libraries. They stopped as Eastwood entered, and he divined at once that they had been talking of him, and probably discussing the advertisement in which he was so nearly concerned. He frowned at the thought. Was the slight embarrassment he had seen upon their faces the coldness that a dispossessed heir might expect? He almost fancied so, in the self-tormenting spirit that misfortune brings as a sort of double; but, in truth, the coldness was entirely in his own imagination, and the comments his entrance had interrupted had been only those of sympathy with himself.

"Awkward for Eastwood if this other fellow turns up," had been the prevalent sentiment; and then some one had said cheerfully—

"Oh, there's no fear of that! Dead as a herring long ago—polished off in a row with the Indians, I always heard, and a very good thing too! Sad wild fellow, I believe, and would have made ducks and drakes of the property in no time."

"But Eastwood is strictly entailed, isn't it?" asked one of the younger men, appealing to the grizzled old colonel who seemed so well up in Eastwood affairs.

"Yes, more's the pity for Eastwood," said Colonel Hobbes, twisting his grey moustache. "Jack's dead enough, no doubt; but if they can prove a marriage, Algy may have to turn out for some half-foreign child."

"Let us hope, if there is one, it may be a girl," said Selwyn White, who was a friend of Eastwood's; but the colonel shook his head dolorously.

"Why, bless my life! don't you know there's no tail male at Eastwood? The property, and the title too, goes in the female line."

And then Eastwood had come into the room, and had seen the slight embarrassment in his friends' in-

genuous faces, and had put his own construction on it. His face darkened, and he sat down to read his letters—all Mr. Eastwood's letters were addressed to his club—at a table by himself, turning his back on the other men, and feeling to the bottom of his heart that if Eastwood was not to be his, Fate had been unkind in allowing him to hold it almost within his grasp.

His correspondence was of the slightest this morning. An invitation to dine with a college chum who happened to be in town; another for an afternoon tea in a pretty drawing-room at Kensington, where daughters abounded, and where a charming and titled mother made much of Algernon Eastwood. Was it of *Algernon*, or of the heir of Eastwood? he asked himself sourly now.

Nevertheless, he accepted the invitation, and when he went he had no reason to complain of his reception. Lady Maria was as charming as ever, and the girls a little more friendly than usual. He began to think they could not have seen that mischievous advertisement, but Lady Maria herself alluded to it.

"Of course Lord Eastwood felt bound to make every possible inquiry, but he told me himself that he did it chiefly for your sake, so that when the title comes to you, you should be able to take it with a quiet mind. Dear old man! So like him, isn't it?" purred Lady Maria; and Eastwood could only reply that it was very like him indeed, though, as his acquaintance was so recent, perhaps his opinion was less valuable than Lady Maria seemed to think.

And then the daughters had given him the blandest of tea and the richest of cake; Evelyn had sung to him, and Maria had shown him her latest sketch; and they had all cooed such soft sympathy that Eastwood must have been persistently bent on making himself miserable if he had not allowed himself to be consoled.

And, after all, they said nothing but what was true, these pretty comforters who fluttered about him in the soft, subdued light of the Venetian shaded room. Jack *was* dead, his cousin firmly believed, though the evidence of his death might not satisfy the lawyers. It was probably impossible to obtain such evidence of the details of a frontier fight as would hold good in law, but the letter Algernon had received from some unknown chum of Jack's had satisfied him before, and ought to satisfy any reasonable person now. "And as for a possible heir," ended Lady Maria triumphantly, "there was neither trace nor rumour of any marriage, and Mr. Eastwood would surely be disquieting himself in vain if he thought any more about it."

Mr. Eastwood assured his friend that he would dismiss the idea from his mind; but as he walked home in the soft haze of the September sunset, his brow was still dark, and his face anxious and grave. Lady Maria had meant kindly, he told himself; but how little she really knew! No one but himself knew where the sting of the advertisement actually lay, or how it had seemed to wake to life a fear that had always coiled, a latent shadow, in the background of his hopes.

"Uncertainty would kill me," he muttered. "I must know, at least, if they are alive or dead, and

how much or how little they know. Risky?—of course it's risky. But, risky or not, I must know. Brownsmith?—yes, Brownsmith will be the man for the job. He'll ferret them out if anyone can."

He said no more. Perhaps he hardly knew that he had uttered the broken and disjointed sentences aloud. It was the natural and unconscious relief of an over-charged mind, and, having thus relieved himself, Mr. Eastwood went to dinner and bed and slept the sleep of the just.

Early the next day, or what might be called early for a man who seldom breakfasted before eleven o'clock, Eastwood found himself standing before a block of buildings in a street leading out of the Strand, and perusing the multitudinous names that were inscribed on the rounded pillars that formed the doorway. Amongst these, "Brownsmith, Private Inquiry Office, 2nd Floor," was fairly prominent, and to prevent any misconception, a painted hand pointed its dingy finger to a worn and dusty staircase, on the second flight of which a glazed door bore the name of Brownsmith in thick black letters. Eastwood pushed it open, and a young clerk with a decidedly Jewish countenance jumped briskly off a high stool and inquired his business.

"To see your master," was Eastwood's curt reply. "Give him this card, and say that my business is urgent."

The youth vanished into an inner sanctum, also protected by a thick, glazed door, and, presently returning, ushered Eastwood in, and went back to his stool.

"A real swell, and no mistake," he reflected as he climbed to his perch. "My! wouldn't I like a ring like that!—and didn't his trousers fit! I wonder what he wants with the boss? There's a woman in it, I'll go bail."

Mr. Brownsmith's clerk wasted a particularly knowing wink on the empty air, and became again engrossed with his pen; but when his master and Eastwood came out of the inner room, and paused to exchange some farewell words, enough transpired of the latter's object to uplift the clerk's soul with the consciousness of successful prophecy.

"Then you'll get to work at once, and let me know as soon as you have anything to report!" said Eastwood. "Trevelleck, that was the name of the village; and her father's name was, I think, Treherne. He was the vicar then, but I believe he is gone, or dead. I was down there myself a few years ago, and could hear nothing of either of them."

"Ah, I daresay," said Mr. Brownsmith, with a bland, superior smile. "Amateurs are not much good at this sort of thing. If the lady's alive, you may trust to us to find her, and I'll write or wire directly we do."

A week later Eastwood received a brief note which showed that Brownsmith had made no empty boast:—

"DEAR SIR,—The lady's address is—

"MRS. DAMANT,

"c/o Canon Treherne,

"The Close,

"Ely, Cambs.

"Mrs. Damant is living with her father. She has one child, a daughter, who lives with them.

"We are, etc., etc., J. B. BROWNSMITH."

Eastwood read the brief epistle through, copied the address into his pocket-book, and then carefully tore up the note.

"It is only what I expected," he said, but his voice sounded to him as if it came from a great way off; and when he caught sight of himself in the glass, he knew that his face was as white as the paper on which Mr. Brownsmith's note had been written.

CHAPTER II.—"IN ELY'S STately FANE."

"Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."—GRAY.

PURE and clear against the wide grey sky rose Ely's stately towers, and pure and clear the boys' voices soared up into the fretted roof of the choir. Within the choir itself they sounded full and rich, but only a thin wave of sound floated out into the nave, where the Sunday congregation was assembled. It numbered some hundreds of people, but they seemed dwarfed into a handful of pigmies by the vast proportions of the great Minster in which they were gathered together. Far above their heads were frescoed saints and angels, in vivid splendours of blue and green and gold; but all about them was the more eloquent whiteness of stone and marble, broken only by the soft umber of the oaken screen, and the softer gleam of alabaster beyond. There was a hush and a peace in it all, to which the faint sweet singing seemed a not unfitting accompaniment—

"Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial virtue and light."

These were the words that came softly across to the silent nave, and they seemed as a voice in a vision of beauty and wonder, of whose brightness one only caught dimly a glimpse, of whose songs one heard but an echo.

Perhaps this was not how the soft, thin singing struck everyone, but this was how it seemed to a girl whose own voice rose full and strong in half unconscious fervour, whose eyes were brimmed with sudden tears of longing and wonder, and whose thoughts had flown on the wings of song to the glories that blessed the eyes of St. John in Patmos. She was tall and slight, with great dark eyes that just now looked wistful and pathetic as a collier's or a child's, and a voice that straightway made those who heard it forget everything else about her, even the splendour of the great beautiful eyes.

For this was a voice such as is given to few of earth's daughters, a voice that would have been a possession to the world and a fortune to herself had it been given to Italian princess or German peasant, but that was only a talent folded away in the spotless napkin of conventional propriety to Canon Treherne's grand-daughter. The Canon was in his place in the choir, but he could hear the clear, vibrant tones, that were yet so rich and soft and full, and that could be only Ermyntude's.



"I wonder what flower Mr. Romaine has brought to-day?"—p. 531.

"God bless her!" thought the old man tenderly. He could not see her, but there was no mistaking his grand-daughter's voice, and it stirred his heart as few things had yet the power to do.

"These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,"

sang the choir, and somehow Canon Treherne found himself thinking of the dark-eyed girl who had been to him as an angel in the house, and whose voice was such as one fancies the voices of the choir invisible must be.

It was a voice familiar to the good Canon as the song of the thrushes in his garden or the chime of the Minster bells, but it never lost its freshness for his ear. Always he could pick it out from a hundred others, always it filled him with a rapture of wonder and content. And if this was its effect on the old man who heard it every day, was it any wonder if strangers looked round in admiration and surprise?

There are always strangers in Ely; people who come to see the cathedral, who are there to-day and gone to-morrow; people who are easily distinguished from the rest of the congregation, and yet make an unfailling part of it. The individuals change, but the type remains, and becomes too familiar to distract the attention even of the grammar-school boys. Sometimes there are fair-haired strangers and sometimes dark, and nearly always American, and Ermytrude Damant regarded them all with an absolute and complete indifference they were never able to return.

This morning there were fewer strangers than

usual, but amongst them was a man of, striking and even distinguished appearance, in whom Mr. Romaine recognised, with a good deal of surprise, Algernon Eastwood, Lord Eastwood's distant cousin and presumptive heir. Had he come down to inquire anything about the advertisement? the old lawyer wondered. But surely he must have known that if any answers arrived he would be one of the first to be notified of the fact? And, indeed, as Mr. Romaine watched the man whose appearance had caused him so much surprise, he began to think that the advertisement had nothing to do with it, and that Eastwood had come to Ely only as a sightseer. He had come early to the service, and had taken a back seat, to the scandal of the solemn verger, who had as quick an eye for a "swell" as Mr. Brownsmith's clerk. But Eastwood was wilfully blind to the invitation of the official staff, and kept his place on the last row of benches set out under the great lantern-tower for the benefit of all comers. He had come down to Ely to make certain inquiries about the lady whose address he had discovered through the private inquiry office, and had come to the cathedral wondering if Mrs. Damant would be there, and if he should know her again. He had a good memory for faces, but twenty years alter most of us beyond recognition. Still, he looked eagerly, from his post of vantage on the back bench, at everyone who came in. Very few people were assembled when Eastwood arrived. There was only a thin sprinkling of worshippers on the cushioned benches, that seemed so modern and common-place

amidst their magnificent and venerable surroundings. The men who raised these majestic pillars, who wrought their lives into the tracery of the wonderful screen that has no equal in the world, who hung between earth and heaven, patiently chiselling the perfect details of cusp and finial that only the angels' eyes would ever see, were men to whom comfort was no part of worship. Almost the slight arrangements that were made for it here seemed to strike a discordant note. And yet they were slight enough: a stove, whose hideous pipe marred the outlines of a pillar, a faded cushion to sit upon, a hassock for foot or knee. Eastwood, accustomed to a luxurious West-End church, thought it all a little shabby and uncomfortable; but then, his thoughts were less with the builders and makers of St. Etheldreda's marvellous church, or with the work of their hands, than with the congregation who were coming quietly in, and amongst whom was possibly—Mrs. Damant.

His quick eye took note of each and all as they filed in to their places. The old maiden ladies, who had come there Sunday after Sunday all their lives; the girls, who would so many of them wither silently and uncomplainingly on their stalks, even as these had done; the portly mothers, benignantly careful of their children's demeanour; the wife of some high dignitary, who came in late, in a rusty shabby bonnet, and walked up into the choir with an air of conscious possession, and presently came back into the nave to hear the sermon with a face that carried rebuke to all inattentive listeners; the schoolboys, who clattered in from a side door, with shining faces and big white collars, and hair that was preternaturally smooth. How long was it since he had been an urchin in a round collar, with a tendency to administer furtive kicks to his neighbour's shins, to make faces behind his book, and to glow crimson to the roots of his carefully brushed hair if the master's eye detected him in these unhallowed practices?

Ah, well! it was useless to look back so far as that. Some chance resemblance in one of the boys' faces to a long-forgotten schoolmate had brought Eastwood's schooldays before him for a moment; but as he sat in the back seat he had chosen, and watched the Ely folks go by, quite other thoughts filled his mind.

A sound as of the sea was in his ears, and before him rose a vision of a little Cornish village clinging to the face of a cliff, against which the waves beat and the foam dashed itself, and the wind seemed as if it would blow the little dwellings from their foothold and whirl them into the seething waters below. He was a young man again, and he and his cousin Jack had stout young limbs that made nothing of that steep village street, especially as it led to the Vicarage, where—

Eastwood broke off his musings to look at a girl with fair, banded hair and mild blue eyes. Was not she something like—? Pshaw! Why, this was a girl of eighteen, and the woman he had come to seek could not be less than forty now! But perhaps this was her daughter? He craned his neck to catch a glimpse of her face again, but it was meekly hidden in her folded hands, and he had to wait till she raised it. And when he looked again, there was something in

the contour of brow and chin that assured him this was not Mrs. Damant's daughter. Neither could he see a face that even faintly suggested the mother to his mind. He came reluctantly to the conclusion that they could not be at church this morning, and that he must wait till the morrow to see them.

And then there stole from the choir the faint, sweet invitation, "O come let us sing unto the Lord," and from amidst the still fainter responses from the congregation, there soared a voice the like of which he had never heard before. Up, like a strong-pinioned bird cleaving the air till it reaches the central blue, up to the very lantern above their heads, it floated rich and sweet and true, a contralto of magnificent power and compass, with a strange throb in it, as if it were a live thing, with a beating human heart. Again and again he heard it, and could never see the face; only he knew it came from a tall, dark girl a little in front of him, who held herself in a proud, indifferent way, and looked neither to the right hand nor the left.

How was he to guess that this was Miss Damant, the daughter of the fair, blue-eyed girl he remembered in that far-off Cornish vicarage? He did not guess even when the service was over, and the congregation streamed out again, looking so much larger as they passed through the "Galilee" porch than they had done under the lofty lantern-tower. He saw her again then, and marvelled at the beautiful eyes almost as much as he had marvelled at her voice, but they woke no recollections in him. Had he not decided that Miss Damant would be like her mother? He watched her as she walked away in the direction of the Close with an old clergyman, for whom she had evidently been waiting, and wondered vaguely where he had seen eyes like hers before. And then he went back to his hotel to wait for the morrow, when he might call on Mr. Romaine and perhaps learn more about Mrs. Damant than he had been able to extract from the waiter. He had "pumped" that most courteous of men to the best of his ability, but with little result.

Mrs. Damant? Yes, George knew that there was a lady of that name living in the Close. Her daughter sang a good deal, and was a fine, handsome girl. He believed that Mrs. Damant went out very little, and was a good deal of an invalid. A widow? Oh, yes, she was a widow, and a daughter, he believed, of Canon Treherne's. Altogether, Eastwood felt that he did not know much more than when he first began to talk to the worthy George.

He had arrived in Ely too late the night before to think of calling on Mr. Romaine, and there was nothing for it but to wait for Monday with what patience he might.

CHAPTER III.—MRS. DAMANT.

"Uncertainty!
The human soul,
That can support despair, supports not thee."

MRS. DAMANT was a fair, gentle-looking woman, in whom there were the remains of considerable beauty, and an air of languor and refinement, accentuated, no doubt, by the delicate health which often confined her

to her sofa for days together. The day on which Eastwood looked for her in the cathedral, and looked in vain, was one of these. Her sofa was drawn to the open window in the pretty drawing-room that looked towards the cathedral; and, blended with the song of a thrush and the murmur of bees, came echoes of the worship in which she was not permitted to take her part—the throbbing drone of the great organ, the murmur of prayer, the sound of singing, the silence that meant that the sermon had begun.

She lay back, listening to it all, with closed eyes and a very peaceful smile. There had been a time in her life when she had thought passionately that she would never know peace again; but if it is true that in this life we seldom realise our hopes, it is still more true that we seldom realise our fears. The thoughts in her heart this morning were not those of repining; they were rather a psalm of thanksgiving. God had been good to her, she acknowledged, with a dew of grateful tears. He had given her peace for desolation and joy for mourning—above all, He had given her *Tessa*.

This was the name by which Mrs. Damant thought of her daughter Ermytrude, and it was the name by which she was known to most of their friends. Some people thought that "Ermytrude" suited the girl's stately beauty better; but "Tessa" had grown dear to those who loved her, and the longer name was seldom used. The pet-name was, indeed, a relic of her earliest days, when her baby imperiousness had earned her the title of "Contessa" in her cradle, and perhaps Mrs. Damant loved it all the better for that reason. It is not only their grown-up sons and daughters that mothers love; it is the little ones that sat on their knee, in a helplessness these have long outgrown, that clasped them with a fulness of affection they can no longer expect, whose lives were a part of theirs in a way not possible for these strong-winged younglings who have almost learnt to fly. Where was the toddling darling with the rings of flaxen hair that had once answered to the name of Tessa? Mrs. Damant knew that she lived in the tall, dark-haired girl who towered so far above her; but sometimes the Tessa that was only a memory and a dream seemed the more real of the two.

She came in with her grandfather, after the service, and bent over her mother's couch with anxious solicitude.

"You are sure you are not tired?" she asked. "Ought you to have come down, mother? I thought you meant to keep up-stairs to-day."

"The beautiful day tempted me," said Mrs. Damant. "And, besides, when I cannot get out on a Sunday, it is so nice to lie here by the open window. I can hear the singing, and sometimes I almost fancy I can hear your voice."

"You foolish old mother! It was not worth while to get up for that."

Mrs. Damant did not answer, but a look came into her eyes that said more than words. Worth while! It seemed to her that nothing else was worth while if this was not. To hear Ermytrude's voice, to look at Ermytrude's face, to rejoice in Ermytrude's youth and beauty, and catch a reflected happiness

from Ermytrude's joys, was all that made life worth living to Ermytrude's mother.

"My Tessa!" she said softly, laying her hand upon Tessa's, with a look of ineffable love.

Tessa smiled down on her, wondering a little at an effusiveness so unlike her own reserved nature, but graciously allowing the affection whose display seemed to make her mother's happiness. She was neither unfeeling nor unsympathetic, but she shrank from the demonstration of emotion with the shyness which often means less the absence of feeling than a dread of its secret strength. It is not the docile steed that needs the curb, and the most passionate natures are often the most afraid of giving the rein to their feelings.

Ermytrude Damant was a bright, clever girl of twenty-two, devoted to her music and her mother, and somewhat of a leader in her own little world. Her voice made her welcome in every drawing-room, and if the dangerous gift of mirthful repartee made her some enemies, there was something in her fearless independence, and the generous, upright spirit which characterised her, that won her many friends.

That she was not faultless even her mother admitted; though this was perhaps on principle, and was rather a dutiful acquiescence in the doctrine of human depravity than a vital conviction on Mrs. Damant's part. To err is human; therefore, no doubt, Tessa erred daily. Mrs. Damant accepted the conclusion as a general principle; but if any particular instance was brought forward, no hawk ruffling in defence of its young could show a fiercer front than Tessa's gentle mother. It was seldom, indeed, that such fierceness was called forth, for Tessa was popular with everyone who knew her. The boys—Tessa called every young man under thirty a boy—clustered round her as often as she would let them, and the girls felt that if she outstripped them in the race, or worsted them in the fight, the running was fair and the fighting open. Trickery or meanness were impossibilities to Tessa Damant, as even those who loved her least, and most resented their own eclipse, confessed. For the rest, her grandfather adored her, the cathedral dignitaries had combined to pet and spoil her since she first came amongst them a tiny child of two, and even the old maids let her alone. As for the "boys," there were not many of them, and what few there were were most of them kept at arm's-length. The only one on really intimate terms with the Canon's household was Leonard Romaine, the only son of Mr. Romaine the lawyer. Leonard was privileged to address Miss Damant as "Tessa," to turn over her music or play her accompaniments, to wander with her round the Canon's garden in the cool of the evening—to do anything, in fact, except make love to her. But then Leonard and Tessa had played together in the shortest of frocks and the longest of sashes, had "paidlit in the burn" in stout holland pinafores, if for Scotch burn might be read English dyke, and had "pu'd the gowans fine" many a time on the Canon's velvety lawn, where now no daisy might show its inoffensive head, but where they had then been often left that "the children" might enjoy the plucking of them.

They were "the children" still to Canon Treherne; but Mrs. Damant had begun to weave a woman's romance about them—a fact of which Tessa was perfectly aware, and at which she secretly smiled. It was very absurd, Miss Damant considered; but it could do no good to talk about it. So Leonard's name dropped a good deal out of her conversation, and Mrs. Damant felt more sure than ever that her suspicions were correct.

"The man a girl does *not* talk about is the one of whom she thinks," Mrs. Damant reflected, and then her eyes filled with sudden tears. What would her own sorrows matter if Tessa might but be happy in her love? This was the prayer of her heart, the one great desire of her life; and the thought stirred and moved her even to weeping, being weak with her recent illness, and a little shaken from her usual self-control.

A greater contrast to her daughter's vigorous youth could scarcely be imagined than this frail, gentle woman, who at forty had hair that was already distinctly grey, and a general air of fragile elegance that made her look as if she had walked out of one of the old-fashioned Books of Beauty on her own drawing-room table. She did not wear widow's caps, but a square of delicate lace that was fastened by gold filigree pins of Maltese workmanship; and as Tessa stood and looked down on her mother, she thought how sweet and pretty she was.

"Dear little mother! you look more like a flower than ever," she said; and though Mrs. Damant protested, she liked the tender flattery from Tessa's lips.

"I wonder what flower Mr. Romaine has brought to-day!" said Tessa that afternoon, as, in accordance with what seemed to Tessa a quite immemorial custom, Leonard and his father came up the garden walk.

Mr. Romaine always brought Mrs. Damant a flower, and each week it was a different one. Tessa used to watch with a little amusement the formal bow with which the weekly offering was presented, and the neat little compliment that was fitted to it. But though she smiled, it was with rather an anxious heart.

For Tessa had no doubt at all as to the meaning of her old friend's visits, and no girl of Tessa's age—or, perhaps, of any age—likes the prospect of a step-father. She could not, indeed, remember her own father, so that pang was spared; but not the less was she against the idea of the changes it would necessarily involve. To be sure, Leonard would be her brother then, which would be a distinct gain; but she could trust herself to keep him within a brother's privileges without paying so dearly for it.

Tessa would have been much more alarmed than she was, had she known that ten years ago Mr. Romaine had asked Mrs. Damant to be his wife and the mother of his motherless boy; and that, although he had been gently but firmly refused, he had not given up hope. He had taken his rejection so quietly that there had been no cessation of friendship, and Mrs. Damant never guessed that he still looked upon friendship as a stepping-stone to love. If she had

known this, she would probably have been less kind; but she had no suspicion, and received him with a gentle welcome that could hardly fail to mislead.

To-day Mr. Romaine had determined to try his fate again. He stayed behind when the Canon, accompanied by Tessa and Leonard, went to the afternoon service, and there was something in his expression that suddenly recalled to Mrs. Damant the day when he had made her the offer she hoped he had forgotten long ago.

He was so far from having forgotten it that he was asking her again, before she had half collected her thoughts, or found the words with which she would have tried to stop him. She put out her hands with a wordless appeal. It seemed quite shocking to her, remembering the pretty dreams she had dreamt for his son and her daughter, though she did him the justice to believe that no such idea had crossed his own mind. But, apart from that, there were reasons which made it imperative to stop him at once.

"Don't! don't!" she said piteously, finding her voice at last, and looking at him in extreme distress. "Oh, Mr. Romaine, I thought—I hoped—that you had forgotten all this folly."

"Why should it be folly?" he protested. "Do you mean because of our age? Well, I wish I were younger, for your sake; but many a man marries on the wrong side of fifty; and as for you, do you think I do not know that it is not age that has whitened *these*?"

He touched her hair with the tips of his fingers, but, gently as he did it, she sprang up in uncontrollable agitation. He rose and faced her, wondering and dismayed. What had he done to rouse such a tempest in that gentle breast?

"You are not offended?" he stammered; and she forced herself to speak.

"No, for you do not know. I see now that I was wrong not to tell you when—you asked me this before; but, indeed, I never thought—how *could* I think!—that a man would go on caring all these years."

He was startled at her tone. Somehow he seemed to know that the reproach in her words was not for him; but she went on more calmly, and he did not dare to interrupt.

"Friend," she said gently, "I have been to blame, and I ask you to forgive me. I ought to have made you understand that, though other women may marry again, I never can."

"I do not ask you for the love you gave the husband of your youth," he said quickly; "that, I know, is a thing apart. But, Mary, there are many happy marriages built on affection and esteem. Can you not give me these?"

She looked at him earnestly.

"I will prove it," she said; "for I will tell you a secret that no one but my father knows. You will keep it, I know, as sacredly as he. I cannot marry you, my friend—I cannot marry anyone—because I do not know if my husband is alive or dead!"

(To be continued.)

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.—IV.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.



THE subject on which we shall touch in this, the last of these papers, is full of pathos, and yet full of cheer. It carries a light into a dark place, for we wish to consider, as widely and deeply as we may, the ministry of the passive suffering of the lowly and unknown—of those who perish un-

regarded, or regarded only as criminals or fools, for the sake of seemingly lost causes; of those who wear out long years on beds of fevered pain; of those who pass all life in utter deprivation of one or other of those blessings which are so common to man, that we have come to regard them as his rights; of those who from the cradle to the grave have nothing but poverty, want, and woe, and whose very virtues struggle up, like flowers in dark places, loved rather for what they might have been than for what they are.

Let us consider at the outset whether our faith in God, our experience of His working in our own

viction that there is never one pang endured, one sorrow felt—no matter how hidden or how disregarded—that does not somehow work out its own purpose under the Father's guiding Hand. Could He be our Father if His children's suffering was not a sacred thing in His eyes?—necessary, indeed, but necessary to some good end. And are those less the children of His hand whom He knows, every one, though they have not heard His name yet, sitting in heathen darkness; or have heard His name, indeed, but only in dreadful curses, uttered in the horrid gulfs that yawn beneath our boasted civilisation? Would it not be over such children, torn from him, alienated from him, maddened, tortured, martyred in their separation from him, that even a good earthly father's heart would yearn most tenderly? And this standard of fatherhood is that by which our Heavenly Father asks us to judge Him, only always leaving an unknown balance on His side, by the "how much more."

Sweetly sang the strange, mystic poet of last century, with his inspired insight—

"Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

"Oh, He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan."

And now, having shown our grounds for our conviction in the very character of God as He has revealed Himself to us by Jesus Christ, let us each proceed to ask ourselves a question which each of us can only reply to ourselves. Have not some of our own best influences been derived from the passive sufferings of others—not only their cheerful submission, their courageous faith, or their determined effort, but just from their sheer suffering, perhaps more than half unconscious, and so most pathetic of all. I know somebody who says that the best sermon she ever heard in the days

"When her heart was hot and restless,
And her life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon her
Seemed greater than she could bear,"

came from the hospital crib of a little child of whom the nurse said, "It has only lived to suffer, it can only live to suffer, but perhaps it will soon be over." The little thing was quite quiet. It looked up at the visitor as if it wondered why her eyes filled with tears, and a voice within her whispered, "You cannot believe that God does not care for *that*?" He could not be a Father if He did not, so that you can surely trust that even your petty grievances, about which you are making such an outcry, must also lie within the orbit of His love and wisdom, and you can at least strive to emulate the quiet patience of this great though nameless martyr in this strife which Nature, as by God created, will ever wage with all evil,



"Why was this?" pondered the young man."—p. 534.

souls, and the glimpses He lets us catch between the fast-flying leaves of His Book of Providence, do not encourage us to boldly grasp the glad con-

physical or moral, till it be conquered and slain for ever." Now, what is the greatest blessing that any true soul asks? Is it not to help and sustain another soul? And that was the blessing which God the Father had bestowed on the suffering of that unconscious babe!

have already proposed, let us go on to consider the grand results which we can sometimes clearly trace as growing from nameless and apparently unregarded woe.

Is it not told of one of the great champions of Italian freedom that the impulse of patriotism was



"His master took a warm interest in his case."—p. 535.

Should we not all be able to rejoice with Paul, in our sufferings, if we could only realise, as the Apostle did, that they were filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, for the sake of Christ's body, the Church, His younger brothers and sisters? Noble men and women can always feel that there is one condition under which pain is not an evil but a good, when pain is willingly borne for another's sake. To noble hearts it is only "a daily burden, an intolerable anguish," when they behold it borne by others, under circumstances which make it seem to be without aim or reason, a mere waste of human life, and love, and joy. Sometimes they try to soothe themselves with a vain optimism, about "wonderful compensations," "crooks in every lot," etc.; sometimes they cease their questions only in dumb despair, which, founded in the world, reaches presently to God. But if all pain might be seen in the light of martyrdom; if the least and lowest in man's poor and puny life might be interpreted by its best and highest, would not this great cloud be lifted from their souls?

After we have asked ourselves the question we

awakened in his heart during his visit as a boy to one of the great cities of his native land, on the day that two obscure men had perished on the common scaffold, for daring, possibly in some very feeble and blundering way, to assert the rights of fatherland as against the claims of alien despots? They had failed: "on the side of the oppressor there was power," and their lives went out in darkness and defeat. Their names were to go down to posterity not as martyrs, not as patriots, but as mere felons. We cannot tell whether they found, in the words of the American Quaker poet—

"Strong consolations . . .
That not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
Is worn; nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain,
Since all who suffer for God's truth send forth
Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, His own baptismal rain
Of fire and spirit over all the Earth."

And yet, in reality, it was the torch of freedom, as it fell from their hands, kindled by their lost effort, that set on fire a giant intellect which wrought out, not only all they had hoped for their own land, but

far more, revealing to the whole world the eternal truth that nations must grow up under the eye of God Himself, and cannot be merely built together by the aggrandisement of conquest.

And whose was the hand that struck the death-blow of modern American slavery? Friends and foes alike agree that it was the "rising" of old John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Frederick Douglass, the great African orator, says:—"John Brown began the war that ended American slavery, and made the United States a free Republic. Until this blow was struck, the prospect for freedom was dim, shadowy, and uncertain. The irrepressible conflict was one of words, votes, and compromises. When John Brown stretched forth his arm the sky was cleared—the time for compromises was gone." John Brown stepped from his hard life in his quiet farm to espouse the cause of the slave with all his might, "just to do the thing" that came to his hand; and now his homely, Puritan figure stands among the immortal champions of liberty—historical or mythical—beside Leonidas, Maccabeus, Tell, Wallace, or Hofer.

But what first made John Brown reflect on the wrongs of the negro?—for we must remember that he was born and bred in a period when slavery was an accepted fact with most people of his nation, a fact that did not lie heavy on their consciences, and was only questioned by a few theorists. John Brown himself has told us the secret of his awakening to this injustice. He was a lad, visiting in a house where there was a poor slave boy; he noticed that little traits, or feats, or performances which, in himself, evoked recognition and praise, were not regarded in the humble African, who could never win approval, and could rarely escape blame. There was to be nothing praiseworthy about the poor negro, but it was thought unconsciously wrong if he was ever tired or low-spirited, and quite unpardonable if he ever grew peevish or forgetful. Why was this? pondered young John Brown. Was it because of his colour? So it seemed. Then why because of his colour? And for this question the lad's honest heart found no answer but an ever-growing consciousness of the existence of a great wrong, against which he must throw himself and all his strength, sparing

"Nor child nor wife, nor limb nor life,"

just as men did "in the brave days of old." If a sculptor ever gives the world a worthy presentment of "John Brown of Ossawatimie," let a figure representing that nameless negro boy be placed behind the hero's feet. For if John Brown gave his zeal and courage and quenchless determination for the cause of the slave, did not that lad's quiet daily sufferings direct the course of that heroic spirit? Let him sit as representative of a great multitude, whose work is not less real—nay, is the more real—because God gives no hint of it, but keeps its secret folded in His own bosom, as fathers will often fondly hide the sweetest tributes from their children.

In the year 1840, a young lawyer's clerk, living in London, was smitten with consumption. The doctors told him that it could be arrested "if taken in time"—if he could have perfect rest, pure air, and

suitable nourishment. But these luxuries were wholly beyond his own reach. His master, a young solicitor, took a warm interest in his case, and tried to procure his admission into some hospital; but he found every hospital door closed against one suffering from the early (and only hopeful) stage of this malady. Such was not "a suitable subject" for their help. The young lawyer, with indomitable energy, then resolved that his clerk should have a hospital of his own, in which he should be the first patient! He called together a few gentlemen, to whose sympathy and aid he appealed, with the result that a little house was opened in a by-street at Chelsea, for the reception of consumptive patients. From that small beginning grew the great Brompton Hospital for Consumption, with its kindred institutions in East London, Bournemouth, and the Isle of Wight. Benefactions and contributions poured in, but on no earthly "subscription list" can be registered the suffering of that forlorn young clerk, which was really the Moses' rod which struck the rock of human regardlessness, and let forth the waters of refreshment and healing. Surely that suffering was no less allotted to him by his Loving Father in heaven, to be returned for the good of his brethren, than is the wealth which God spares to others that they may be His stewards thereof. And how far may not that poor invalid's benefaction reach? For not only has it brought about an Asylum for the consumptive patient, but thereby—as its managers testify—it has given an opportunity for the more careful study of this destructive malady and of the laws whose neglect leads to it, so that it may be not only shorn of its terrors, but in time—long stretches of time—eradicated altogether.

And now, from that incident, accidentally revealed, and probably to be utterly forgotten in the lapse of centuries, let us learn to understand what is never revealed. Let us think of the nameless suffering lives which have inspired songs and stories and sermons, which have borne fruits of help and peace and joy! It is an endless vista which opens.

Those who suffer, and perhaps perish, under the result of the bad laws of mistaken legislators, or of the broken laws of God and Nature, are the pioneers of the repeal of the bad laws, or the martyrs for the truth of the good laws that are broken. They give their tortured frames, their blighted minds, their darkened lives, the sad wreckage of all they might have been, where others will presently give their zeal, their knowledge, their energy, their power, their gold! Do not imagine that the gift is worth less because it is what is called "involuntary," which means, really, that it is what God absolutely demands from us, instead of what we merely choose to give Him! The one is generally what we may call our very living—either of heart or body—the other, alas! is often little more than our trappings, our rubbish, something we do not know what else to do with!

It has been wisely said that the waste materials of life are only kept from destroying life by being used to increase life; and so it is with all pain and sorrow, and waste of every kind. We cannot get away from them. We can never keep them from utterly destroying joy, except we can set them to increase joy!

And surely we do this, when we show that they must have beneficent ends, that he who is suffering is working—somehow, though we may not yet see how—for the good of God's Universe!

This does not make us seek pain, or keep us from striving to cure it. No; that would be to lapse into the unwisdom of the Hindoo fakir, or the mediæval ascetic, who would wear a dirty shirt, not because there were not enough clean shirts to go round for everybody, but *because he chose to*. There is no merit in any self-inflicted penance or deprivation. Such are only intended to train us to bear better those pains and penalties which are not self-inflicted. The core of this matter was found by the servant-girl who shrewdly remarked "that her master was very ready to fast when he liked, but there was nobody in a worse temper than he was when an accident spoiled his dinner, or when 'washing-day' curtailed his dainties!" This showed that he had not comprehended the true preparatory function of self-discipline.

Rather let us seek to accept the pains and trials and losses that come to us, cheerfully and patiently, knowing that God has a meaning in them, which it is His will we should find out if we can, but that certainly in them He has given us of His best, a share of His perpetual Christ-sacrifice. Are you

"Longing to bring an offering to your King,
Longing for song that you His name might sing,
Longing for wealth to buy Him incense sweet,
Longing for rank to throw it at His feet?"

But all the while you feel

"That you are poor and lowly and alone,
With nothing but your trials to call your own,
And so you let your heart grow hard and sore,
That some can give so much who love no more."

Will you not let a voice whisper to you—

"The richest tributes come from hands like thine.
Is Love's cup empty? God has poured the wine.
Hast thou no gold? He kept it from thy store.
Hast thou no power? Then He has got the more."

O great army of earth's nameless ones, will you not take your human histories, and your human cravings and efforts, and the sweet human satisfaction of the perpetual sacrifice of your obscure sufferings, and read them all into the mystic beauty of the vision of the rapt Apostle, when he saw—

"A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, who stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands. . . ."

"And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

"And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THE RAIN.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

HE opened the windows of heaven to-day,
And poured us a blessing down—
On the thirsty field, and the stony way,
And the hot and dusty town.

The light on the mountain is faint and sweet,
And bright is the flowery plain;
In the silent woods where the lovers meet
The mosses are green again.

I lifted my plant in my feeble hands,
And held it out to the shower;

For the rain that waters the wide-spread lands
Will freshen a widow's flower.

And there came a thought of the friendless heart
Shut up in a lonely place;
Oh, carry it forth, ere its life depart,
And give it the streams of grace!

Oh, carry it forth to a purer air,
From its dark abode of pain,
Till the dust of self, and the stains of
Are washed away by the rain.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D., DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



AMID all the uncertainties and changes of life, what a comfort it is to feel that an all-wise and kind Providence presides over our destinies, and directs in everything that takes place: that the hand that clothes the lily with its beauty, and feeds the ravens when they cry, is the hand of Him who has told us not to be anxious for the future, and that if we will but seek first His Kingdom and the righteousness thereof, all that is needful and best for us shall be added thereto.

What a wonderful and blessed assurance is given us in that Divine promise, that all things shall work together for good to God's children! Here we are told that His Providence is universal—all things; that it is efficient and sure—not only that all things shall work, but that they are working; that it is harmonious—all things are working together; that it is benevolent—all things are working together for good; that it has for its objects everyone that loves and serves God—them that love God, them that are called according to His purpose.

With this Divine assurance we may well put away everything like anxiety, of which someone has well said, it is "the rust and poison of life, the parent of many sins and more miseries," for whoever is changeable, God is not; whoever is false, He is true; whoever may deceive, He is faithful; He will abide by His word, and ever make good His promise, so that with the Psalmist we may well say, "I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord is my strength and my song, and also my sure salvation." Trusting in Him, we may well exclaim—

"Say not, my soul, from whence
Can God relieve thy care?
Remember that Omnipotence
Hath servants everywhere.

"Commit thy ways to God,
The cares that make thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load:
To Him breathe thy complaint.

"On Him alone rely:
So shalt thou safe go on;
Fix on His work Thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done."

How all this may be, we may not be able fully to explain. To our limited view the ways of Providence often seem mysterious. But we must remember that *mystery is but another name for our ignorance*, and that only if we were omniscient could we expect everything to be plain. We have only to rest, in childlike faith, on the Divine promise, and in the end we shall find that—

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain,"

if not in this world, yet surely in the world to come. As to all the dealings of His Providence we shall "be satisfied when we awake in His likeness." There is an immensity of meaning in the assurance, that "then we shall know, even as also we are known."

There is an old Jewish fable concerning Moses, which, fable though it is, gives us an instructive lesson as to the ways of God's Providence in its dealings with men.

That great prophet, murmuring at some event, was taken up into a mountain, and told to look down upon the valley below. There he sees a soldier, who, coming to a clear-flowing fountain, alights from his horse to drink. Remounting his steed, his purse, filled with gold, drops from his girdle, while he, unaware of his loss, proceeds on his way. He has scarcely gone when a little child comes along, and, picking up the purse, passes on in another direction. Soon an old man, weary and bent under the weight of years, comes to the fountain, and sits down to rest and refresh himself by a draught from its flowing waters. In the meantime, the soldier, missing his purse, comes back, and finding the old man, charges him with having taken it, which the old man solemnly denies. But the soldier, not believing him, stabs him to the heart, and leaves him weltering in his blood. In horror and amazement Moses cries out that God should permit such an abominable deed, when a voice from the skies says, "Be not surprised, Moses, at the way in which God, in His Providence, executes His justice, for that old man was the murderer of that child's father!"

A BUCKS MARTYR SITE AND ITS STORY.

THE county of Bucks is stored with interesting traditions and little-heeded relics of the past which deserve attention. Drawing a line roughly across the shire map from Great Berkhamsted (in Herts) just outside the eastern confines of the county, to a point between Marlow and Cookham on the western boundary, we propose to follow it into a

region made sacred by martyr fires, and to sketch, before the builder removes the ancient landmark, a site of noble confession and faithful sacrifice.

This is at Chesham, a small and somewhat isolated manufacturing town, whose speciality is boots and shoes. From the hill immediately behind the busy streets it is easy even yet to reconstruct in



AMONGST THE BUCKS BEECH-GROVES—CHESHAM CHURCH.

imagination the picture that was presented to the hunted Lollards as they looked—with what anxious, foreboding eyes!—out over the fair landscape from the shelter of the homestead amongst the beech-groves. There through the valley, as to this day, flowed the sluggish stream of the Chess. The houses were few in number, beetle-browed, and clustered in one irregular, winding street at the very bottom of the dale. The rampart of hills, their slopes clothed with the still imposing remnants of a huge forest, stood round about.

"Thomas Harding," says John Foxe in his "Acts and Monuments," "dwelling at Chesham, in the county of Buckingham, with Alice his wife, was first abjured by William Smith, Bishop of Lincolne, an. 1506, with divers other men, which the same time, for speaking against Idolatry and superstition, were taken and compelled, some to bear faggots, some were burned in the cheek with hot irons, some condemned to perpetual prison, some thrust into monasteries and spoiled cleane of all their goodes, some compelled to make pilgrimage to the great block, otherwise called our Lady of Lincolne, some to Walsingham, and some elsewhere."

This beginning of trials of the "aged father" took place in the reign of Henry VII. The accession of Henry VIII. three years later may for a time have lightened the hand of persecution. At best it was for Thomas Harding but a reprieve. Penance had been imposed.

Neither the man nor his wife should leave the

neighbourhood—malice had no intention of being balked of its prey. In the words of the old chronicler:—"Item, that either of them during their life should fast . . . every Corpus Christi even. Item, that either of them should during their lives upon Corpus Christi day, every yeare, go on pilgrimage to Asheridge, and there make their offerings as other people did."

The mention of Asheridge is historically significant. A Monastery or College of Bonhommes was founded there by Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall (and owner of the near-at-hand castle of Berkhamsted), in 1283. The originator took the surest way at that date of conferring fame upon the young institution, by enshrining within the edifice a reputed relic which he had personally brought from Germany, namely, an alleged portion of the Saviour's blood; and long before Thomas Harding's days the place had become a stronghold both of priestly and of kingly power. Edward I. held a Parliament at Asheridge in 1290, and spent the Christmas of the same year with its "Good men." Not a little confusion has arisen from the fact that there is another Asheridge, a hamlet two miles only from Chesham. Even a popular directory confounds the two places, but they are not identical. The great hall of the Monastery was standing even so late as the beginning of the present century. Its demolition left only the crypt. To Asheridge then, unwilling pilgrims, Harding and his wife were under the sternest compulsion to proceed at regular and stated seasons,

And this ordinance of their oppressors they appear to have obeyed for some sixteen years. Then Mistress Alice Harding defaulted.

A new stage was reached in the long procession of troubles borne for conscience' sake by the sturdy Bucks confessor and his family when he was invited to inculcate others who, like himself, were secretly of the proscribed Reformed faith. But though an oath was administered to the reluctant witness, and grievous penalties confronted him in the event of obstinacy, he shrewdly avoided every pitfall, and revealed nothing which could serve his adversaries' purpose. Here alone is striking proof that Thomas Harding possessed native wit and ability as well as firmness, and was able to practise the art of verbal fence with a skill that discomfited inquisitors vastly his superiors in education.

In the result Harding was ordered to wear round his sleeve for the remainder of his life a badge of green cloth or silk emblazoned with a faggot, the emblem of the fiery chariot in which already more than one in his own district, and whom he may have personally known, had been called to depart from earth's scenes of travail and sorrow. He must have thought, in particular, of the fate of William Tilworth, burnt in Amersham, only three miles away, in 1506, and have reflected that his own peril was increasing.

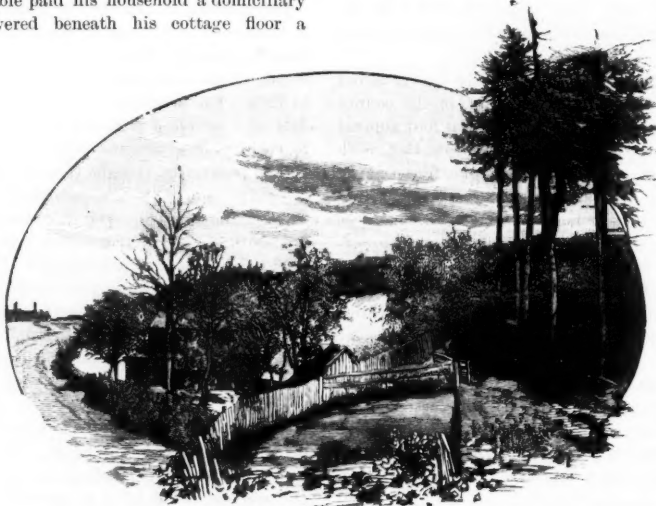
At length the blow fell. It was at Eastertide, 1532. The usual religious observances were occupying the attention of the bulk of the Chesham people. But Thomas Harding was missing. A spy came upon him in the woods worshipping God in his own simple fashion with the help of a book of prayer in the vulgar tongue. The stile on which the brave old man sat is still pointed out. The news was quickly carried to the town officers. Whereupon, with a fierce eagerness to seize the opportunity thus adventitiously provided, a rude rabble paid his household a domiciliary visit, and discovered beneath his cottage floor a

number of English copies of the books of Scripture. It was proof that Harding was incorrigible. He was once more arrested, only to be set free this time by the emancipation of a cruel death. The prisoner was taken to Wooburn, in the same county, where, at this date, the palace of the Bishops of Lincoln was situated. It may be mentioned, as a specimen of the frequent irony of history, that a little more than two centuries after, Lord Wharton, one of the peers who had succeeded the ecclesiastics, was in the habit of welcoming at Wooburn certain eminent Nonconformists of William III.'s reign. Tolerance was emphasised where its opposite had flourished.

Thomas Harding was courageously reticent. Failing to goad him into a spoken aggravation of his offence, his persecutors sent him to the Bishop's prison, neatly named Little Ease. After lying therein "with hunger and pain enough, for a certaine space," he was formally condemned to be burned, and the execution of the sentence was entrusted to Roland's messenger, the vicar of High Wycombe.

Back to sequestered Chesham came the martyr, and in the church the messenger preached a sermon, with Harding standing before him to point the moral that defiance of priestly authority was perilous. The vicar, moreover, challenged his victim as to the faith that was in him. Right nobly did Harding answer, confessing before men that Christ "was born of the Virgin Mary, and that He suffered death under Pilate, and rose from death the third day, that he then ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, in the glory of his Father." But of the questions at issue—at such deadly issue—between the Romish and the Reformed teaching he appears to have said nothing.

The night was spent, as in so many a parallel case, in prayer and meditation, in seeking Divine aid for the approaching ordeal.



THE MARTYR'S DELL.

In the morning of Corpus Christi day, 1532, the end arrived. Roland's messenger came over again, with a strong band to protect him, and to see that his orders were obeyed. The precaution was perhaps not unnecessary, for opinion in Chesham was divided on the question of the righteousness of the sentence, and a popular tempest might easily have arisen. The steps of the procession were bent in the direction of a dell at the north end of the town, nestling under the first curve of a steep spur of the Chilterns. There is reason to believe that the spot is but little altered to this day. But this immunity from change will scarcely long endure, for houses and factories are creeping close thereto, and the signs of the times suggest that in a brief space the interesting site will be walled in. So it is that everywhere memorials of the past are swallowed up by the rising wave of "improvement."

The scene of that early summer morning is too terrible to be described. Charity asks also that a veil shall be dropped over the misdeeds of those who worked—not seldom unwittingly—injustice in the name of Truth and cruelty on behalf of the Church.

Finally, when the crime was consummated, Roland, says Foxe, "not advising belike what his tongue did speak," cried, "Good people, when ye come home, do

not say that you have been at the burning of an hereticke, but of a good true Christian man." And so they had. Thomas Harding's age when he thus suffered exceeded sixty years.

As regards the life of Mistress Alice after this tragic occurrence little is known. She would appear to have been henceforth left unmolested. For her doubtless the bitterness of death was now past, and she waited with unfaltering faith and hope for the summons to rejoin her martyred husband in a brighter land.

Some reader may inquire why this ancient story is here and now retold. Because it is good and wholesome for every one of us to look back on the costly struggles of our forefathers for liberty of thought and conscience, and to find a song of gratitude for present blessings rise involuntarily to the lips. Because the duration of Thomas Harding's experience of oppression may be almost styled lifelong, and surely entitles the Bucks worthy to rank as a valiant Lollard confessor side by side with others whose names are more familiar—with Lord Cobham, William Sautre, Richard Hunne, and the martyrs of Coventry, Norwich, and Lincolnshire: if not with Ridley, Latimer, Crammer, and the more numerous victims of the succeeding Marian persecution.

And because the writer has visited the scene, and investigated on the spot the old records.

W. J. LACEY.

"AND HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS."

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

I.

SHE was blind. She had been blind from her birth. She had never seen the blessed sun. She had never looked upon the pleasant fields that lay on every side of the lonely cottage. She had never seen the stunted elm-tree before the cottage door, nor the little wren that used to sing therein. She knew the elm-tree was there. She knew, too, the song of the wren. She knew the song of most birds: from the thrushes that warbled the livelong day in the woods up the country-side, to the humble sparrows that lifted their little heads to the sun at early morn. She would sit and listen sometimes to the wren, when she was alone. She seemed to know and love that little wren. She would talk to it now and then, too, from the cottage door, and say, "Dear, dear wren, come again to-morrow." She was but a child. She was only nine years of age—and motherless. But she had a drunken father, who in his savage moods would often cruelly beat her.

And this was the whole story of her dreary little life—she was blind and motherless; and she had a cruel father; and she spent the long, weary days in listening to the birds, and tidying the small cottage,

and getting ready her father's frugal meals. And that was all.

Sometimes the golden rays of the sun would fall, warm and bright, across the meadows and corn-fields that stretched away to the slope of the hill, and touch up with a thousand lights and shades the fresh springing corn, and the beautiful green of the mountain-ash trees, and the many-coloured flowers that shyly hid themselves under hedgerows. Sometimes the yellow-hammers would come darting down to the ash-copse by the oatfield, like flashes of golden light. Sometimes the low summer wind would touch up, as if by magic, the long grass in the many meadows, and cause a shimmer of tremulous silver sheen to pass over it. But she saw nothing of these things. She could only hear the wind murmuring, and the yellow-hammers singing "*Chit-chit-chirr!*" about the young-ash-copse. These sounds brought no picture of God's earth to her. She had never seen God's earth. They were only sounds, and no more. She would sit patiently listening, with a wistful look on her face, and try to divine whence each sound came. But it was the faithful, humble wren that sang in the elm-tree that she most enjoyed listening to.

"Dear, dear little wren!" she said, one summer's day; "will you come again to-morrow? And will



you tell the blackbird from the plantation, and the linnet from the little wood, that I love them, oh! so much! and will they please to come with you to-morrow and sing for me?"

The breeze rustled a spray of blackthorn for very pity, and sent a commotion amongst the tall grass in the meadow.

"And will you please to tell them, little wren, that I will give them plenty of food if they will only come and sing! Only they must come close to the door when they want the crumbs; and they must twitter to let me know. 'Cos I am blind, little wren! I can't see. I have never seen you once; but I love you all the same, little wren; and I love all the dear little birds that sing in the trees."

The pitying wind shook the blackthorn quite savagely this time, as if impatient at its own impotence, and breathed a long-drawn sigh down the hazel-bushes in the hedgerow. A few plovers crossed the corner of the meadow. A solitary robin came after them, and perched upon one of the hazel-bushes, and burst forth into a low, mellow song.

"There! that's a robin, little wren. And will you please to ask him too? 'cos I love him as well. I love all the dear little birds—"

She stopped suddenly, and a look of terror came over her face. That was her father's step in the lane; and his supper was not ready for him! She felt her way to the fireplace in a dazed, frightened manner, and with trembling hands hastily took up the poker and lifted the fire a little, that the potatoes might boil. Then she turned nervously to meet him as he entered the doorway. He was drunk, as usual. He closed the door, with an idiotic leer, behind him, and drew himself, with heavy, lumbering step, across the floor to where she was standing.

"My supper not ready again!" he said, with savage glee. "*Nearly* bilin', be they! What's the good o' *nearly* bilin', you little sneak? I tells you I *will* have my supper ready when I gets home. You was idlin' at the door when I comed up the lane. There! take that, you good-for-nothin' slut!"

He had taken a stick down from the mantel-piece as he went towards her; and he laid it heavily across her little shoulders as he spoke.

She said nothing. She only sobbed, and felt her way towards the table, before the little window, and commenced laying the things thereon. She always sobbed when he beat her.

And yet she loved him! Ever since she had been five years of age she had had no one to love but her father—and the birds. As a dog licks the hand that has beaten it, she would sometimes turn round to her father in the midst of her sobs, after he had laid the cruel stick across her shoulders in one of his drunken passions—she would sometimes turn round, in the midst of her sobs, and try to kiss his hand. Even although she feared him so much, she was always glad when he came home; for the days were sometimes very long and lonely when he was away at his work in the fields. And when the birds had ceased to sing, and the wind had grown chill, she would become timid and frightened; for she knew, then,

that the twilight was falling, and the night fast coming on. And when her father was very late, as he sometimes was, she would sit very still on the little stool in the corner near the fire, and cry softly to herself—she knew not why—not daring to move for the fear that was upon her. She was always terrified at perfect stillness. She used to think, in her own wise little head, that it was like death. She had a horror of death. She remembered the death of her mother, just four years ago. And the dead stillness that had fallen on her home since then had well-nigh caused her little heart to break. And she was always glad when her father came, even although she knew that he would beat her the next moment. She always welcomed him with love—dumbly—always with dumb love. Her heart was brimful of love. And so she loved her father—and the birds.

II.

THE yellow-hammers came no more to the ash-copse. They went down, instead, to the valley, wherein rose the grey tower of the little church; for it was warmer there than on the uplands. The blackbird sang no more in the plantation. No more did the pleasant summer wind send long-drawn, mystic whispers along the tops of the springing corn. The sun went away, almost to the line of the horizon, where the low hills rose dimly in the south, and grew red and sullen. But the wren sang on in the stunted elm-tree.

The grey November had come upon the land. From the north-east the biting winds came down. The country-side was still and bare. Dreary and gaunt looked the tall trees, as they loomed fantastic and shadowy through the gloomy mist. But the wren sang on bravely in the elm-tree.

The weary days crept by. The black winter seized the land in its iron grip. It was in the early days of December that the snow began to fall. Noiselessly and ceaselessly it fell, until it was piled up in great drifts against the gaunt banks that bounded the meadows; against the trunks of the bare trees; against the window of the lonely cottage. Sometimes a plucky sparrow essayed to chirp lustily in this land of death-like silence, as he perched on the chimney of one of the cottages on the uplands; but he soon gave up the attempt, for it sounded strange and sad in the stillness. The afternoons darkened into night at four o'clock. And still the wren sang on in the elm-tree.

Little Sarah had never seen the snow. She knew that it was beautifully white; for some of the children, who had run past the cottage playing snowballs, two years ago, had told her so. Now and then she would go to the door, and plunge her hand into it, as it lay piled up against the walls, and try to imagine what the trees in the plantation and the road down to the little church looked like with the snow upon them. That was all she knew of the country-side—the plantation, and the road to the church. Her mother had been used to take her to the plantation of a summer's evening to listen to the birds, and to church of a Sunday morning; and that was all she knew. There was no one to take her any longer;

her father had cursed her one Sunday when she had asked him timidly whether he would take her to church. She had forgotten the way to the plantation: it was through the oat-fields, and down some by-paths: and her only walk now was up and down the lane for a short distance.

So she would take the snow up in her little hands,

She was very lonely and cold in these chill, cheerless days, for she was very poorly clad; and there was for one whole week no coal in the house. Her father had spent his week's wages in drink, and was forced to wait until the end of the week ere he could get the money to buy coal. Their food ran short, too. Once or twice then her wistful little



"He could not hear any singing except that of the wren."—p. 513.

and ask the wren how the plantation and the road to the church looked with the snow upon them.

"I can't go out now, little wren," she would say—"not even down the lane—'cos the snow is on the ground. And it's very deep by the hedges, and I might go into it, 'cos I am blind, little wren. I can't see. Dear little wren, will you come again to-morrow? 'Cos if you don't come, there won't be any birds singing anywhere. 'Cos the blackbird is gone somewhere from the plantation, little wren. I don't know where he's gone to. I hope he'll come back again. Good-night, little wren, and please come again to-morrow."

face was pinched as if with hunger; but she never once complained.

"Dear little wren, I am very cold," she said once; and those were the only words of complaint she uttered.

She had been alone all day. Her father had not come home to his dinner, as was sometimes his wont. It was nearing Christmas-time, and the work was kept well in hand, to enable the labourers to take a day's holiday. The snow was still on the ground, and the dull grey sky, with something of a shimmer of steel colour lying here and there across it, seemed to threaten a second fall. It had been freezing since

early morning. At three o'clock in the afternoon the rooks had gone home to rest. A robin had perched at mid-day on the edge of the water-cask; but he had probably found the ice-bound rim too cold for his feet, for he had flown away almost immediately. He had not twittered even once; so that she had not known he was there. Later on a sparrow came to the same place; and he, too, flew away. Later on still the dull rattle of a cart might have been heard on the turnpike road, across the fourth or fifth field from the cottage; for there the snow had been beaten down by the traffic. These things were the only signs of life that one might have heard or seen near the cottage since the early morning, save for the little wren that still sang on manfully at intervals all through the day.

The black night-shadows came down. The distant hills loomed grimly against the dull clouds. A moaning wind swept across the snow-clad fields, and sang a sad tune through the bare hedgerows. The wren ceased to sing in the elm-tree. Save for the occasional moan of the wind, it was a land of still darkness.

She had prepared her father's supper. Then she had stood at the door for a moment, listening for his footstep. But the stillness had frightened her, and she had gone to the corner and had sat down, with the fear at her heart, upon her little stool. The wind rustled the boughs of the elm-tree just once, and then died away. A piece of hardened snow fell from the roof on to the window-sill with a dull thud. An owl hooted once in the fir-wood on the slope of the hill, and then became disheartened. All these faint sounds caused a painful terror to arise within her. She could hear the quick beating of her own heart as she sat there.

She could not repress a cry of terror when someone suddenly knocked at the door. The snow was deep in the lane, and had deadened the sound of footsteps. She could not keep back the cry of terror that rose to her lips. She shrank into the corner, and put her hands out imploringly, as though to ask for mercy, and almost simultaneously the door was opened. It was a pale, thin woman who appeared in the doorway. She was a foolish woman, or she would not have come to this helpless blind child with such a message.

"Little Sarah Carter," she said breathlessly, "if you don't want your father to be killed you had better come down to the 'Crown' at once, and try to get him home. He's goin' to fight with three men, and they are all on 'em drunk, him and the three men, and they'll kill Joe Carter as sure as life if they begins on him!"

The child had put her hand to her heart when she heard the first sentence.

"Oh, take me down to him!" she said, sobbing. "I don't know the way, mum; I am blind. Oh, please take me down to him!"

And a few seconds later these two were running down the dark lane, hand in hand. The cruel snow bit its way through the blind girl's poor little shoes, and numbed her feet; but she knew it not. She kicked violently against the sharp-edged stones that

lay scattered about the lane; she did not feel the pain. These men were going to kill her father—her dear father; and she must go and try to get him away. On through the snow; on, struggling through drifts, and striking her tender feet against these large stones. Twice she fell; and once a briar, protruding from the hedge, caught her cheek, and scratched it so deeply that the blood trickled down to her neck. But they were going to kill her father; that was all she knew.

The public-house was at the foot of the lane. In the snow, in the centre of the lane, the four men were struggling. They could hear their brutal oaths as they came nearer. This foolish but kindly woman never knew what happened afterwards; but the next moment the blind child, guided by the sounds of the oaths, was in the midst of the men, with her hands stretched out imploringly, as she had stretched them out in the kitchen a few minutes before, and crying—"Oh, my dear father! Oh, please do not hurt my dear father!"

It was all the work of a moment. The woman ran forward with a scream of horror. There was a dull thud, and the child was lying senseless on the ground. Her own father, aiming in his drunken rage at the face of one of the men before him, had struck her to the earth.

III.

THE yellow-hammers came darting down to the ash-copse as of yore. As of yore the blackbird whistled in the plantation; and the plovers piped '*Wee-ah-wee! wee-ah-wee!*' about the cornfield; and the children shouted at play as the reapers reaped the corn; and the breeze rustled the tremulous leaves, as it sang a low, sweet song up the country-side.

As of yore the wren chanted gently in the stunted elm-tree. But Sarah could no longer go to the door to speak to him, for she was forced to be from morning till night, and from night till morning, in her little bed in the back room up-stairs. Sometimes, indeed, she would try to speak to him, but her voice was too weak to go further than her bed-room door. And then she would whisper, with a smile on her face, "Dear little wren, will you please to come every day until—until I am better, and—sing loud for me to hear you? I am listening, little wren, although you can't see me," and here she was forced to gasp for breath.

Since that cruel night, when she had run through the snow and the darkness, she had lain thus: her face a little whiter than usual, and her breath rather short at times. There did not seem to be much else the matter with her; only she could not get up. And her father (who, strange to say, had not drunk a single pint of beer since that terrible night) would come up-stairs, after his day's work was over, and look upon her wistfully, and sob quietly, as though his heart were going to break; and would sit by her side the whole evening, holding her hand and smoothing her hair.

"Oh, but she would be better soon! Oh, yes, she would be better soon! The summer would come before long, and then she would grow well again,"

he would say to himself; and then he would lay his head between his hands and sob.

The summer came, and made music in the land; the yellow-hammers darted hither and thither, as of yore; the thrushes warbled in the distant woods; the golden light of the sun fell across yellow corn, and through the green leaves of the copses; the summer came, and still she lay in her little bed.

And could any woman have been more tender with her than her father was now? He would sit for hours and watch her face, while the big tears crept down his cheeks. He would live upon dry bread for days together, that she might have some little luxury to eat. He knew her every want, almost before she knew herself. He would stand by her, and smooth her hair, and coax her to eat the dainties which he had so carefully cooked.

One evening he came home earlier than usual; he did not know why, but he was restless at his work in the fields, and asked to be allowed to go an hour sooner. His heart bounded within him for joy when he saw her sitting up in bed.

She threw her arms about his neck. He did not notice the strange light in her face.

"Oh, father dear," she said, "the blackbird in the plantation has been whistling all day! I could hear him quite plain. Listen! Can't you hear him now?"

He could not hear any singing, excepting that of the wren; but he was sobbing so, that he could not answer.

He sat down by the bedside and held her hand.

"My dear," he said, when he had steadied his voice, "you must make haste to get better, and I will take you out to the plantation, and to the fir woods, and

we will go down the fields to the stream, and you will hear the linnets."

Not yet—that strange light—he could not see it yet, for his face was laid against her hair. But he went down on his knees with a hoarse groan when he heard her panting as if for breath. And then he ran for the medicine.

She had turned round to the strong sunlight that poured in through the window.

"Dear—wren—please—come—again; dear—dear—father——"

The wren sang on in the elm-tree; from somewhere down the country came the cooing of the doves; the tremulous shadows of twilight quivered, and fell, and quivered again, as though they would fain stay for consolation with the man who knelt, sobbing, at the side of the little bed.

"*He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*" The cadence of the old clergyman's voice stole among the arches of the grey-towered little church in the valley, and fell upon the ears of a man who sat, with bowed head, in a secluded pew. And is it not said somewhere in the Old Book that a little child shall lead them? And there is an old man who is living alone to-day, in that little cottage on the uplands, in the full, strong hope of a glad life to come. And he never hears the singing of the yellow-hammers in the ash-copse, nor the whistling of blackbirds in the woods, nor the humble song of a wren from a hedgerow, but he thinks with falling tears of the low, sweet voice that has so long been silent, and of the little hand that, with tender and patient love, led him out from the black darkness of sin into the marvellous Light of God.

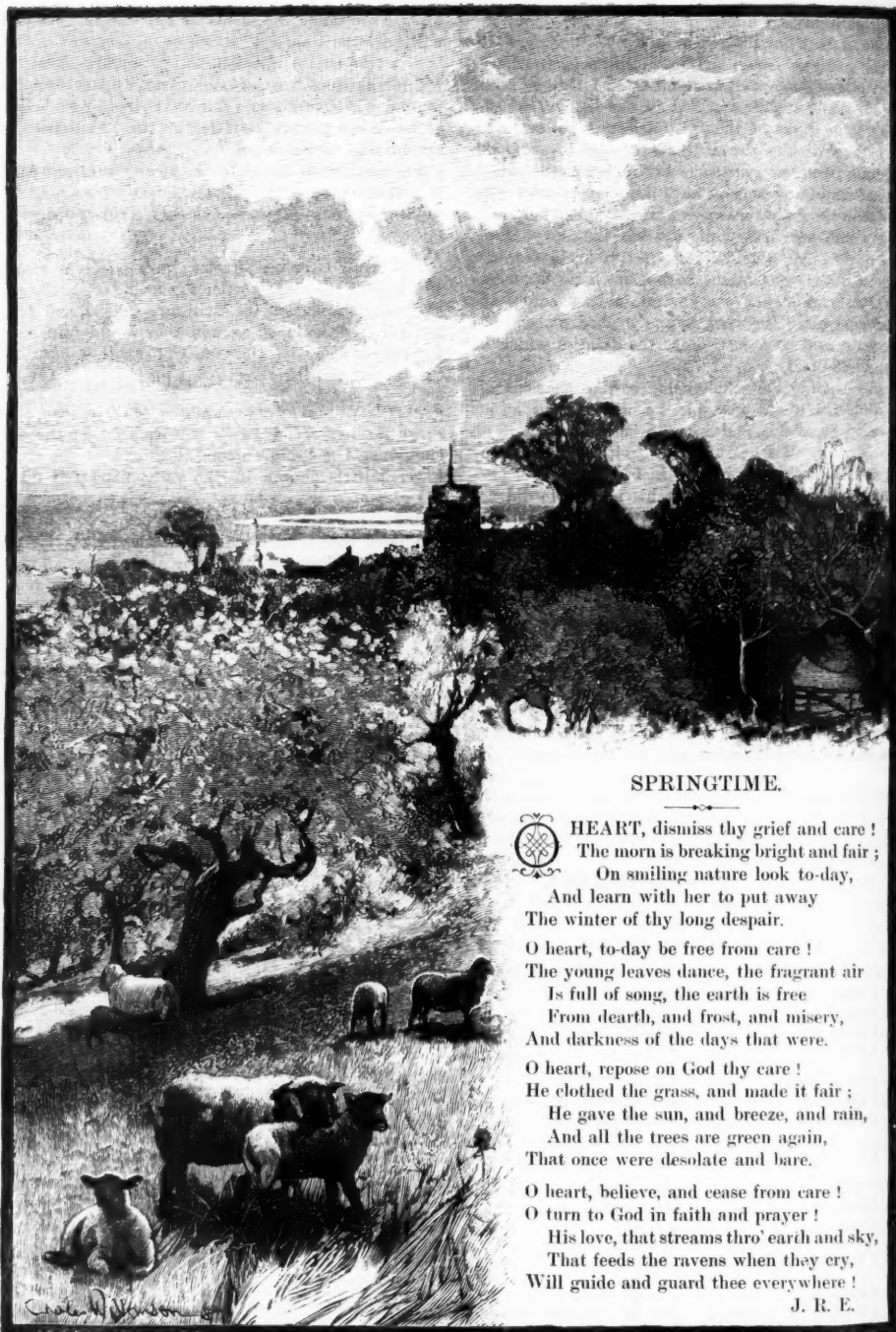
HARRY DAVIES.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR MAY.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	1 Kings xi., ver. 43; xii.	Acts i.
2.	1 Kings xiii.	Acts ii.
3.	1 Kings xiv.	Acts iii.
4.	1 Kings xvi., from ver. 29; chap. xvii.	Acts iv.
5.	1 Kings xviii.	Acts v.
6.	1 Kings xix.	Acts vi. 8—15; vii., to ver. 36.
7.	1 Kings xxi.	Acts vii., from ver. 37; viii., to ver. 4.
8.	1 Kings xxii., to ver. 38.	Acts viii., from ver. 18; ix., to ver. 9.
9.	2 Kings ii.	Acts ix., from ver. 10.
10.	2 Kings iv.	Acts x., to ver. 35; xi., ver. 1, 18.
11.	2 Kings v.	Acts xii.
12.	2 Kings vi.	Acts xiii., from ver. 14.
13.	2 Kings vii.; viii., to ver. 6.	Acts xiv. 8—18; xv., to ver. 11, and from ver. 36 to end.
14.	2 Kings ix.	Acts xvi., from ver. 9.
15.	2 Kings xi.; xii., to ver. 5.	Acts xvii., from ver. 16; xviii., to ver. 17.
16.	2 Kings xiii.	Acts xix., from ver. 13.
17.	2 Kings xv. 27—31; xvii., to ver. 29.	Acts xx.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
18.	2 Kings xviii., to ver. 8; ver. 17, 28 to end; xix., to ver. 5.	Acts xxi., to ver. 39.
19.	2 Kings xix., from ver. 6.	Acts xxi., ver. 40; chap. xxii.
20.	2 Kings xx.	Acts xxiii.
21.	2 Kings xxi. 1—3, 10—14; chap. xxii.; xxiii., to ver. 4.	Acts xxiv.; xxv., to ver. 12.
22.	2 Kings xxiv., from ver. 10; chap. xxv.	Acts xxv., ver. 13, and 22—27; chap. xxvi.
23.	1 Chron. x.; xi., to ver. 3; chap. xiii.	Acts xxvii.
24.	1 Chron. xv., to ver. 3; xvi., to ver. 36.	Acts xxviii.
25.	1 Chron. xvii.	Rom. i., to ver. 17; iii., from ver. 20.
26.	1 Chron. xxi.	Rom. iv.
27.	1 Chron. xxii.	Rom. v.
28.	1 Chron. xxviii., to ver. 10; chap. xxix.	Rom. vi.
29.	2 Chron. i., to ver. 12; chap. ii.	Rom. viii.
30.	2 Chron. v.; vi., to ver. 11.	Rom. ix., from ver. 18; x., to ver. 15; xi., ver. 22—24, and from ver. 30 to end.
31.	2 Chron. vi., from ver. 12.	Rom. xii.



SPRINGTIME.



HEART, dismiss thy grief and care !
The morn is breaking bright and fair ;
On smiling nature look to-day,
And learn with her to put away
The winter of thy long despair.

O heart, to-day be free from care !
The young leaves dance, the fragrant air
Is full of song, the earth is free
From dearth, and frost, and misery,
And darkness of the days that were.

O heart, repose on God thy care !
He clothed the grass, and made it fair ;
He gave the sun, and breeze, and rain,
And all the trees are green again,
That once were desolate and bare.

O heart, believe, and cease from care !
O turn to God in faith and prayer !
His love, that streams thro' earth and sky,
That feeds the ravens when they cry,
Will guide and guard thee everywhere !

J. R. E.

THE INCONSEQUENCE OF AARON.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

"And there came out this calf."—Exodus xxxii. 24.



THIS is almost the perfection of moral imbecility. Full of great lessons as the tragic narrative is, there is in it nothing more pitiable or instructive than this weak and incongruous excuse of Aaron for what he had done: "I cast the gold into the fire, and there came out this calf."

A weak man and priest thus accounts for the idolatrous sin which had been deliberately prepared for and committed. It was the result of circumstances—it happened.

What had Aaron done?

The story is wonderfully dramatic. On the part of Aaron and the people there had been inexcusable sin, and almost incredible folly: on the part of Jehovah a stern righteousness—the frequent and necessary manifestation of the Divine character in these rude, half-civilised times. The first essential lesson in the religious and moral education of men is the sentiment of righteousness. Hence in the Flood, in the destruction of the Cities of the Plain, in the Lawgiving, and in the retribution for idolatry, the awful holiness of God is strongly presented. Nothing in the Bible is more wonderful than the successive stages of its religious development.

On the part of Moses—the leader, the legislator, the prophet of the people—there was, first, the noblest religious indignation at their folly and sin. A holy anger prompts him to dash on the ground the Tables of the Law which he had just received from Jehovah, and break them to pieces. Of what value were written laws to a people so weak and infatuated! Next, the prompt, determined action of a great leader equal to any emergency. It was one of those crises in which the resources and heroism of great leaders of men come out. A single man opposes himself to the mad torrent of popular feeling. In a sublime passion of religious zeal he breaks to pieces the portentous idol; he silences Aaron; he sets up a kind of assize, and executes instant justice upon the worst offenders. And then, with sublime magnanimity and self-sacrifice, he pleads with Jehovah for the deluded people, and offers himself a propitiatory sacrifice if they may but be spared. Holy anger blends wonderfully, as it often does, with unspeakable tenderness.

It is, I think, an instance of the moral sublime that has no parallel save in the supreme self-sacrifice of Him who "lays down His life for the sheep." The whole scene is wonderfully presented, both morally and religiously.

The key to the whole is the half-emancipated intelligence and religiousness of the people. For

many generations they had been slaves in idolatrous Egypt, and no doubt the spirit of idolatry had eaten deeply into their souls. Hence their constant tendency to relapse into the idolatrous ways of the nations around them. Their emancipation from the evils of idolatry, and the establishment of a pure theism among the idolatrous nations, were the great purposes of the theocracy. It was a long and gradual process. Again and again the people fell into idolatry, until they were finally cured of it by the Babylonian captivity.

It was a great lesson for them to learn that Jehovah was present when there was no visible symbol of Him; and that, however well-intentioned, the tendency of material symbols was always to lower and misrepresent Him. It seemed to them a religion without a Deity; even wise and pious heathen thought this a kind of atheism. And the tendency in human nature is strong even yet: so Romanists often judge Protestantism; so merely ritual Protestantism often judges more spiritual forms of worship. Lessons of pure spiritual worship are slowly learned. God's first great lesson to the Israelites was the Lawgiving at Sinai, and during the very Lawgiving this lapse into idolatry took place. Even the very priest of God—after the common manner of priests—pandered to their craving for visible symbols: throughout the history of Israel the priest set up what the prophet had to destroy.

Moses seemed lost in the mountains. They were bewildered about the spiritual Jehovah. "Make us gods!" such as they had seen in Egypt. The religious instinct in them was strong: they got restless and impatient. A god they must have to go before them. Moses had been six weeks lost to them: surely he is destroyed by the fire of the mountain. Their conceptions were too gross for the worship of an invisible God, who gave them no token of His presence. Of course they did not think that their image of gold was a god; nor did they turn away from Jehovah, the true God, to any Egyptian idol, or any other pagan deity. What they demanded was probably only something that should be a visible symbol of the true Jehovah—some outward and tangible object upon which they could concentrate the worship which they wished to offer to Jehovah. This was their sin and their peril.

THE ESSENCE OF IDOLATRY.

DOES not this throw light upon the true essence of idolatry? It is not necessarily the worship of a false god; it is rather the wrong worship of the true God. The religious ignorance and superstition of men have had recourse to both. The grossly

ignorant or superstitious conceive a false god, and worship him under all manner of symbols, as the heathen do. The partially ignorant or superstitious recognise the true God, but worship Him in unspiritual, material, and superstitious ways. The image-worship of the Greek and Roman Churches, the imperative symbolism of ritual worship, are not the worship of a false god; they are false, superstitious, and unspiritual ways of worshipping the true God. Some symbolism our nature demands. It may not always be possible to say when natural and necessary forms of worship pass into superstition and idolatry. Is it not a perilous approach to it to connect special grace with a priesthood or with a sacrament? Does not this palpably limit and condition spiritual influence beyond the natural moral power of truth? The Spirit of God is not bound either to priest, or sacrament, or worshipping act. He moves directly and freely upon human hearts. Wherever and however human hearts seek Him, the degree of His energy is determined solely by the susceptibility and intensity of the heart that seeks Him. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

The essence of idolatry is substituting material approach to God for spiritual approach; making any material thing, be it church, or priest, or sacrament, a condition of either our coming to Him or His coming to us. We may commit idolatry in the severest forms of Nonconformist worship, just as much as the Romanist at his altar. All idolatry begins in wrong methods of approaching God, in an undue exaltation of churches and rituals; the gross idolatry of heathen worship is the ultimate development of a false worship of the true God. The tendency of material symbolism is to degrade and despiritualise. The pagan comes to regard his bit of wood as a fetish; the Romanist comes to believe in his winking madonna, and to pray to his graven image: this is the peril of all excess of symbolism or ritualism. Instead of men being trained to more and more of spiritual recognition, then spiritual recognition is arrested, then spiritual faculty is superseded by material things and ritual performances, then they are disqualified for spiritual recognition of God, and for spiritual discernment of men. So that they will turn away with a kind of holy horror from the holiest and most consecrated of men, from the most spiritual and self-sacrificing work, if it be not connected with their priest or their church. Thus the spiritual eye is blinded. It cannot see the pure "grace of God" and be "glad."

This, then, is the essence of idolatry—turning from the spiritual worship of God to something more material and less onerous. Whatever act of worship, or habit of thought, interposes to hinder the direct approach of the soul to God, and substitutes for it some intermediate person or rite as the essential condition of approach, is idolatry.

This, then, was the sin of Aaron the priest. He

helped the people in their material symbolism. And Moses the prophet of God, with his truer spiritual conceptions of worship, has utterly to denounce and destroy the false worship of the priest. He who, in the absence of Moses, ought to have sustained the people in true spiritual ideas, yields to their false and superstitious desires. Whether, as he said in his excuse to Moses, he did it solely through fear of the people, or whether he participated in their superstition, makes little difference. If he was not a bad priest trading upon the superstitions of the people, he was a weak and unfaithful minister of God. He makes the golden calf, and proclaims a feast to Jehovah—a feast in which, as might have been expected, not religious worship and gratitude, but eating and drinking and licentious excess were the characteristics. Instead of taking his stand upon high and uncompromising principles, he acted weakly and wickedly for mere expediency. Let a man do this—compromise the standard of eternal right—and there is no evil to which he may not be urged. It is one thing to sin against acknowledged standards of right, and to feel the shame of so sinning; it is another thing to say your standard of right is impracticable, and not pretend to act up to it. Let the sentiment of a man or of a nation come to this, and there is no evil that may not be justified. "Here I stand, I can no other, so help me God," is the only position of a true man.

AARON'S EXCUSE.



WHAT was Aaron's excuse? Its falseness and absurdity sufficiently betray his guilty conscience. "I cast the gold into the fire, and there came out this calf."

Like all weak men who do wrong, he was terrified at what he had done. The licentious revelry round the golden calf alarmed him; and yet it was only the natural effect of his false expediency. They chose a bestial symbol, and became beasts themselves in their celebration of it. Men never rise higher than their gods. Such a feast would have been morally impossible in the Temple at Jerusalem. The degraded religious conception and the immorality stand in direct sequence. Let a man reject true ideas of God, and he will soon degenerate in moral character. His practical morality will correspond to whatever may be his conception of God; as the character of all pagan nations shows.

But the point of emphasis is the moral imbecility of Aaron's excuse—"there came out this calf;" as if it had been to him quite an unexpected result—as if he were the helpless victim of mere circumstance.

And yet he does not appear to have ventured upon a single remonstrance with the people; so soon as they expressed their desire, he directed them how to realise it. They were to bring all their gold ornaments. He received them at their hand, prepared the mould into which the molten metal was to be poured, and fashioned the product with a graving-tool after the pattern with which they had been familiar in Egypt. When they saw it they cried out, "These are thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt." Then Aaron built an altar before it, and proclaimed a religious festival for the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings.

One scarcely knows what to think of such a character. Was it that kind of weak cunning which incompetent leaders sometimes have recourse to? Did he really think to deter them from further idolatry by his proposed sacrifice to Jehovah? He only compromised himself still further by his failure. Can we conceive a more unfaithful witness for God? A cowardly time-server, he compromised the honour of God by his weakness as much as he could have done by purposed wickedness. It is really a moot point which works the greater evil in the world—the weakness of good men, or the wickedness of bad ones.

No wonder that Moses, having given vent to his holy anger against the people, turns fiercely upon Aaron—charges him directly with the people's sin. If he did not formally originate it, he was morally responsible for it; by his guilty compliance he enabled it. "What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?"

Then comes out all the pitiable weakness of the man. He throws all the blame upon the people, and poses as the helpless victim of circumstances. One would have respected him more had he taken bolder ground and tried to defend himself for what he had done. Clearly no strong moral sentiment had actuated him, or he would never have whined out this ludicrous imbecility—"There came out this calf." What could such a man do before the strong personality of Moses? It is almost as egregious as the contention of the so-called philosophers who tell us that the wondrous organism of the universe resulted from "a fortuitous concourse of atoms." Atoms and forces came together, and there "came out" the heavens and the earth. Moses felt unspeakable contempt for such maudlin nonsense. He does not vouchsafe a single word in reply; and ever after Aaron bears the reproach of this grievous sin.

Now what is the moral worth of this plea of circumstance? Is not Aaron the type of thousands who affect to be astonished at issues for which themselves have prepared? They put causes into operation, they indulge habits, they weakly yield to influences—and when the inevitable consequences follow, they are astonished, and bemoan themselves as the victims of circumstances: "Was ever anybody so unfortunate as I am?"

THE FORTUNATE AND THE UNFORTUNATE.



HE weak and the wicked are always "unfortunate." But is it really fortune that gives success to the strong and virtuous? You go to the man who has developed a truthful and upright character, who has built up a prosperous business, who has acquired a high professional reputation, who has risen to social honour. "What a fortunate man you are! How lucky things have turned out for you!" Well, there is always room for a thankful recognition of God's goodness—His spontaneous gifts; His efficient blessing. He blesses the labour of our hands, the culture of our character. But He blesses according to great moral laws. The good and the strong are fortunate because they work in harmony with God's great laws. Favourable circumstances do not favour the weak and the wicked because they violate these laws. Strong men use circumstance for their purposes. They could not succeed without the opportunity; but they help to make the opportunity they need, and they then use it effectively.

And by the strong I do not mean the greatly endowed, but the morally strong—the true and the good; the man of high intrinsic principle, of holy, reverent feeling, of wise and earnest purpose. A weak good man is not equal to a strong good man; but goodness makes the most of the man—the goodness that will always do the right thing, never the wrong one; the goodness that makes industry a religious obligation. Some good people have no sense of the wrong, the sin, of idling away life. They waste days and years given for acquiring knowledge, training habit, fixing character; and the days of manhood find them incompetent, not in any sense wicked, perhaps singularly pious and amiable: they are simply weak, easy-going, vacillating; they have permitted opportunity to slip away. More is done by goodness than by cleverness.

Thus a boy at school idles over his lessons: he has no fixed aim, no strong purpose, no care for acquirement; and by-and-by he finds that school-days wasted in idleness result in an ignorant, disorderly, incapable manhood. He can find no situation; no path of life opens to him. He *almost* succeeds a hundred times over; but he never altogether succeeds; and so he goes through life—a waster. He has lost his opportunity. "Was anybody so unfortunate as I am?" "There came out this calf."

So with moral character. A youth gives way to temptation—is untruthful, indulges in little falsehoods and deceptions; his integrity is lax; he goes into bad company; he drinks; he is impure: the consequence of which is that vague suspicions gather round him; he fails to produce a good impression;

people do not feel quite sure about him; a loose texture of character becomes manifest; he cannot get on; men fight shy of him; the eligible situation is given to someone else; he becomes a waster—a by-word; he hangs on to his circle of life precariously—miserably. “Was ever anybody so unfortunate as I am?” “There came out this calf.”

So parents bring up their children—neglect instruction, discipline, training of principle and habit. Their children grow up vagrant, indolent, flabby; without fixed character, without self-control, perhaps vicious. “Was ever anybody so unfortunate in his children?” And yet they have developed precisely according to the preparation. “There came out this calf.”

So a tradesman neglects his business; is tricky with his customers, and finds them fall away; or is too sanguine, and adventures beyond what his capital warrants, hoping that the rash speculation may turn out well. But the toss turns up tails instead of heads, and he finds himself ruined—the victim of adverse fortune! So an artisan spends all that he earns in wasteful living or habit, perhaps in joviality or drunkenness. He makes no provision for bad times, or sickness, or old age; he puts nothing into the savings bank; he belongs to no provident club. When depression of trade comes and employment fails, or he is disabled by sick-

ness, he has no resources. Almost at the first pinch he has to appeal for charitable help—to beg for bread—and, to his surprise, finds that people are but little disposed to help him. He thinks himself the hardly-used victim of adverse circumstances and selfish feeling. “There came out this calf.”

All this is simply the working-out of wholesome, eternal law. For pure misfortune all will feel sympathy, and few will refuse help. But, for the most part, men prepare their own miseries. They do not prepare for success; they do not qualify themselves for the use of opportunity. They trust to chance: “Something will turn up.” They are indolent, disorderly, wasteful, or vicious. They do not seek qualification: they take no precautions against disaster. They sow wild oats, and expect a harvest of wheat.

So with a thousand other things in social, moral, or religious life. The moral imbecility of the wondering and complaining at the issue is as great as in Aaron. The calf does not “come out”; it is made; the mould is prepared for it. “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” It is the natural, inviolable law of things—thank God. Without its orderly, wholesome, and beneficial working, life would be an inextricable tangle. He who prepares the mould and pours into it the molten metal will inevitably have the shame, the sin, the retribution of seeing come forth of it the molten calf.

“THE QUIVER” BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

41. In what parable does Jesus set forth the great long-suffering and forbearance of God towards sinners?
42. Which Evangelist records the parable of the Two Debtors, and on what occasion was it spoken?
43. What parable was spoken by Jotham the son of Gideon?
44. In what way did God allow Gideon to choose the men who should go with him to fight against the Midianites?
45. How is it that we have Annas and Caiaphas both mentioned as High Priests, when, according to the Jewish law, there could be but one High Priest?
46. At what place were the bones of Joseph buried after they had been carried to the land of Canaan?
47. In what way were the children of Israel taught to keep the Commandments of God ever before their minds?
48. To what people did Ruth belong?
49. In what parable did Jesus set forth the danger of covetousness?
50. In what way did God tenderly encourage the weak faith of Gideon?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 480.

31. Deut. xviii. 15; St. John vi. 14.
32. All the people were gathered together at the Feast of Tabernacles, men, women, and children, and the words of the Law were read to them. (Deut. xxxi. 10—12.)
33. Just as Moses had been commanded to tell the people of the passage of the Red Sea, so Joshua was commissioned to tell the people how God would provide a passage for them over Jordan. (Joshua iii. 7, 11—13.)
34. Joshua vi. 18, 19.
35. At the time of King David there were twenty-four families of the descendants of Aaron, and the king commanded that each family in turn should take the services in the Temple for one week, the family of Abia or Abijah taking the eighth course. (St. Luke i. 5 and 1 Chron. xxiv. 10.)
36. When He was preaching in the synagogue at Nazareth. (St. Luke iv. 28, 29.)
37. Samson and Samuel. (Judges xiii. 5 and 1 Sam. i. 11.)
38. Deut. xxxi. 19.
39. Moses commanded that great stones should be set up in Mount Ebal and covered with plaster, upon which the Commandments were to be written. (Deut. xxvii. 1—5.)
40. Judges xvii. 6.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



MR. WEBB-PEPLOE'S STUDY.



IN a large and lofty apartment looking on to a square of substantial town-houses in South Kensington, sits one of the busiest clergymen in London, the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square.

Before him on his writing-table bloom several vases or glasses of subtly scented winter flowers, and beyond these again, on another table before one of the windows, is quite a little forest of graceful palms and pretty green plants. On his right hand is another window, from which a view can be obtained of the well-kept garden in the centre of the quiet square. Large cases of books, with cupboards for papers, are ranged around three separate sides of the room, and in the middle of the apartment stands yet another wide table, bearing also its complement of papers and volumes.

Here Mr. Peploe spends almost all his time when he is at home. "I have only attempted to sit in my drawing-room throughout three evenings," he says,

"since I have been here—that is about eleven and a half years—and on two of those three evenings I was called away!"

"We work in this house," he said again, "about seventeen hours a day, and there is scarcely a night passes that some of us are not posting letters, over there, between eleven and one o'clock." As he says this, there is a ring in his voice and a pleasant look on his face that seem to add, "And we thoroughly enjoy our busy life!"

Mr. Peploe has been incumbent of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, since 1876. It is a very large church, accommodating two thousand people. Affiliated to it are two large missions in the poorer districts of Chelsea, and many different agencies of religious and philanthropic work are carried on. Of all these Mr. Peploe is president, while he is also largely engaged in public work outside the pale of his own district, such as the conduct of special missions, particularly to young men, speaking at the meetings and committees of the Church Missionary Society, the London City Mission, Evangelical Alliance, etc. Moreover, he is one of the leaders of the movement for the Deepening of the Spiritual Life, and the

autumnal gatherings connected with it, known as the Keswick Convention. But first and foremost he gives his attention to his own people and the agencies connected with his own church and districts. He aspires to be the friend of his parishioners, and is constantly going in and out among them.

On two days in the week also he is at home to receive them. "Yes," he says, "on Monday and Thursday mornings I am always at home to receive my people. And at other times, also, for matters of vital importance I am ready to see them, but those two days are specially reserved. People come to see me mostly on spiritual questions—sometimes, of course, on matters of business connected with Church work, but usually on these other questions. People are constantly troubling themselves on all sorts of religious questions. See here now," and Mr. Peplow took a letter from a large bundle on the table: "here is one who is troubled because of an apparent difficulty in the life of David, which, according to him, must overthrow the inspiration of God's Word."

But the explanation, when the subject was gone into, proved to be very simple. And no doubt there are many people who feel it a source of comfort to come in an open and straightforward manner and find their difficulties explained sympathetically and simply.

Mr. Peplow comes of an old Herefordshire family, and was born in 1837 at Weobley in that county. His mother was the authoress of "Naomi" and other well-known books. He was educated at Marlborough and Cheltenham, and went to Cambridge in 1856. There he met with a sad accident which greatly hampered his power of work; not long after he had entered college he was one day in the

gymnasium, and practising on the ladder, when it swayed, and he fell from a height of fifteen feet, and hurt himself severely. This accident kept him in bed for some time—until the day before the University athletic sports, the approach of which acted upon him almost like magic.

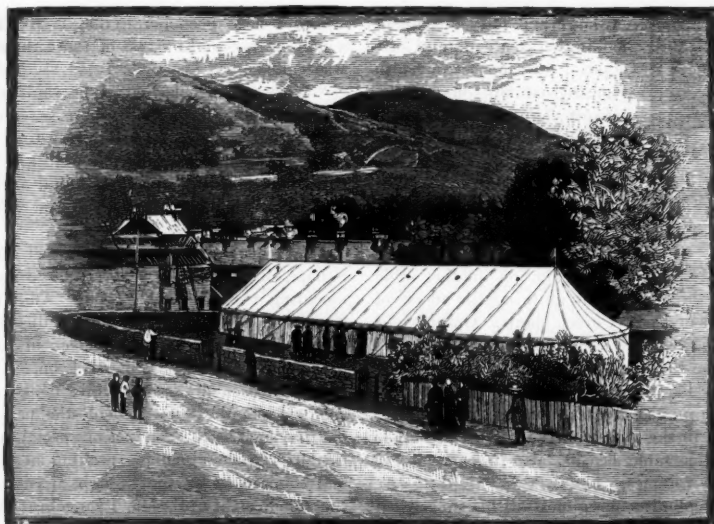
"Doctor," he said, "may I get up to go and jump?"

The doctor, Mr. Humphrey, who afterwards became Professor Humphrey, told him ironically that he might.

Quickly he ordered a cab, and driving to the scene of the sports took part in the games. So well did he jump, both in height and distance, that he came out "Champion." But next day he had to return to bed again for some time. Next year the same thing occurred, and on this occasion he won the swimming championship. But his system was overstrained, and again he had to go back to bed. So when the examinations came he had hardly been to any of the lectures, or even to chapel, but yet he came out head of the "Poll," or ordinary degree list, with more than four hundred competitors. Had he been able to apply himself, he would no doubt have stood high in mathematics, his favourite study.

Before being ordained, he travelled on the Continent, and his misfortune in athletic exercises followed him still, for when skating in Dresden one day, and practising a difficult figure, he had an ugly fall, and cracked his left hip-bone! Once more he was laid upon a sick-bed for many months.

Recovering, he was ordained in 1863, and his father gave him sole charge of the parish of Weobley, without his having acted as curate. The church was a large one, and sadly needed repair. Addressing



THE KESWICK CONVENTION TENT.

himself to the work with characteristic energy, he raised £3,500, and accomplished the task, with most happy results.

It was not recognised at the time, but was discovered afterwards, to the astonishment of all, that he was the only Churchman on the committee, which was chosen in vestry, to obtain funds for this purpose. Some time afterwards, this fact was recalled to his mind. He was revisiting the parish, when a leading farmer said—

"Well, sir, you did a most wonderful thing when you were here, in regard to the restoration of Weobley Church."

"What was that?"

"Why, do you not remember that you were the only Churchman on the committee appointed to carry out that work?"

It turned out that of the gentlemen who accepted the task of collecting funds for this church restoration (when nominated thereto by Mr. Peploe and his father), one was a leading Baptist, another was a Methodist local preacher, and the third and only other besides Mr. Peploe was a Roman Catholic. All these were such cordial friends that they would not mention their own particular views when helping to repair the old parish church.

This is an instance of true Christian unity upon which Mr. Peploe may look back with no little pleasure.

Not long afterwards he was appointed to the living of King's-Pydon-with-Birley, in the same county. Here, again, his great energy was manifested in the restoration of both the churches at great cost, and the building of a fine new vicarage and other buildings. For thirteen years also he was chaplain of the union workhouse. And this he regards as among his most successful spiritual work; for during the later years of his chaplaincy he was permitted the happy confidence that not one of the inmates died without leaving good witness of having accepted God's offers of mercy through Jesus Christ.

After the first year of his ministry (in 1874), Mr. Peploe's health broke down, simply and entirely from overwork, and he was ordered abroad. Anxious still to do what he could, he went to the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and was appointed to what was thought to be a light post, viz., the English Chaplaincy in the town of Lille. But, on the contrary, he found it a position involving much work. Returning, after the lapse of some few months, to Weobley, and being afterwards removed to King's Pyon, he remained there until 1876, when Sir Charles Freake offered him the incumbency of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, in London, where he has ever since remained.

This large church is not noted for its beauty. In fact, Mr. Peploe bluntly brands it as "very ugly." But its immense congregation can all hear distinctly, and, the pulpit being in the centre of the building, all persons present can see the preacher, the light

iron pillars of the galleries forming but little if any obstruction to the view.

The church was erected for the Rev. Capel Molyneux, before he left the Church of England. "Build me," said he, "a preaching-box," and, adds Mr. Peploe, "they built it him!"

It is the centre of much evangelistic work. Shortly before Mr. Peploe came, his predecessor, the Rev. C. D. Marston, had taken a district in Chelsea with four thousand poor, but had not had time to organise it when he was called away by sudden death. When Mr. Peploe succeeded to the incumbency, the work in this district was in quite a state of embryo. One of the first things that had been done was to obtain a "penny-gaff" theatre and convert it into a mission-hall. Work was organised, and was so successful that after a time a "slum" which two policemen would not willingly enter was rendered so comparatively safe that the youngest married ladies could visit it in safety and with pleasure. This delectable spot is known as Manor Gardens—in pure irony, no doubt! It was a court with fifty-six wretched little hovels ranged round three sides. There were but two rooms to each hovel, one apartment above the other; yet in this vile place were crowded some 660 people, an average of nearly twelve to each house. It was, said Mr. Peploe, a "marvellous thing that they could live at all!"

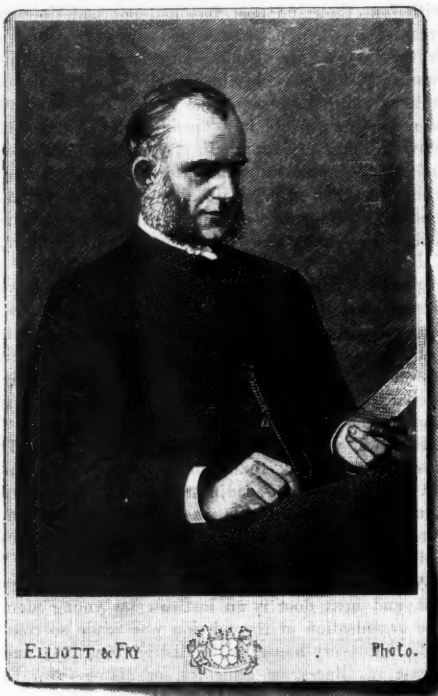
Here was work indeed for the most energetic. It was a greater task than rebuilding churches, but Mr. Peploe and his condjutors bent themselves to it, and the Augean stable was soon much changed. Part of it has since been pulled down, and the remainder is comparatively decent and respectable.

A coffee palace was soon added to the mission-hall, and next door is an institute for young men. The organisation of the mission was made so complete that every house in the district is visited, and a case of illness, or difficulty, or distress can be made known within twenty-four hours. Slates are hung in the hall, and on them the name of anyone needing assistance is placed. By looking at them it is known at a glance who may be requiring the services of the clergyman, sick-nurse, missionary, etc. It may here be mentioned that Mr. Peploe keeps four or five curates, and has always two or three young men training for the ministry engaged in work under his care. This neighbourhood is known as the Oakley Mission district.

Some five years after Mr. Peploe came to St. Paul's, the Vicar of Christ Church, Chelsea, resumed his lawful charge of a portion of the mission district, and therefore Mr. Peploe was able to undertake charge of another. This is called the St. Matthew's Mission, and is worked in much the same way as that just described. There are some 3,500 of the truly poor living there—for it is quite a mistake to suppose that the London poor are to be found only at the East End—and, in addition to the mission-hall, there are boys' schools, etc. These two affiliated mission districts are worked by from 130 to 140

Sunday-school teachers, and from fifty to sixty district visitors; there are also two missionaries, two Bible-women, and other workers. The administration of relief is believed to be tolerably complete.

Yet another important work is the Coachmen's and Men-servants' Club, which has between two and three hundred members. A free registry is kept here, and



THE REV. H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE.

no charge is made to members for obtaining them situations. Men out of employment may find here a comfortable and cheap lodging, and lectures and entertainments are given during the winter months. An assurance fund for sickness, a lending library, reading-rooms, etc., are also among the advantages offered for the small subscription of three shillings annually.

This Club is entirely an outgrowth of the Men's Bible-class connected with the church, and Mr. Peploe attributes the very remarkable success attending it to the fact that the men have come to the club through the class, and not to the class through the club.

Yet another great centre of work and influence is the Church House in Clairville Grove. Here is held a Sunday-school for the children of servants, and it is also the scene of much of the Temperance Society's

work and several other parochial organisations. It is, moreover, the headquarters of the Flower Mission; for nearly all the hospitals in the neighbourhood are visited by workers from St. Paul's Church. Further, on Wednesday mornings a large number of ladies meet here to carry on the operation of cutting out work for the Work Society, through which poor women are enabled to make articles of apparel and then purchase them at the cost price of the material; payment being given for the work they do. Receptions of the congregation have also of late been held here by Mr. and Mrs. Peploe, when the Vicar and his wife—a daughter of the late Lord Justice Lush, and an earnest co-worker with her husband—meet their friends and members of the congregation, and after a pleasant evening Mr. Peploe closes with family prayer.

Next to the church itself is a useful Church Room, where, besides many other congregational or occasional meetings, on Tuesday evenings is held a conversational Bible-class for men, and on Tuesday afternoons a large class for women-servants. One of the marked features of the work carried on at St. Paul's is decidedly the powerful influence exerted in various ways over the servants, both men and women, so many of whom are engaged in the large houses of the neighbourhood. At all these buildings connected with the church, addresses and sermons are constantly being given, and Mr. Peploe and his curates, with their many voluntary workers, are responsible for an average of no fewer than seventy-eight every week!

Mr. Peploe has the reputation of being a "good beggar;" and certainly his own church is not behindhand in giving. The amount collected annually averages some £7,000, in addition to which £2,000 was subscribed in 1886 for a new organ, and in the following year, after the February simultaneous meetings of the Church Missionary Society, he made a special appeal, and £2,620 was collected for the work of the society.

Gifted with great fluency of speech, Mr. Peploe yet prepares his sermons with care. "I never take anything into the pulpit to speak from," said he; "but I make my sermons carefully with notes, and sometimes write a great deal. I am accused of being too rapid a speaker. Sometimes I have been amused to see a reporter sit down and try to report an address. Out comes his pencil, and he takes down the text, but soon he stares at me with open mouth, and then down goes his pencil, and he gives it up! and I see afterwards in the local paper that 'in the course of his remarks the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe said so-and-so'—perhaps something quite different from what I did say. But, of course, this applies only to those reporters who are not accustomed to rapid speakers."

A staunch Evangelical, he is yet not unmindful of the Sacraments. "People say," he remarked, "that we Evangelicals are given to neglecting the Sacraments. This is not so with us. We have generally a thousand communicants every month; and one

year we had, I believe, 13,700. This clearly shows that where Evangelistic work is actively carried forward, it does not militate against a due attention to the Holy Communion, or other Church rites."

"I have found," said he again, "that as I preach and put forward the keeping power of Christ, people have been drawn to Him, and rejoice in the freedom which He gives from the dominion as well as from the results of sin." And again, "I seek to preach Christ, and Him alone—the Christ who died for us, and is prepared to live in us, if we accept Him by the power of the Holy Ghost. That seems to be the power that really changes men's lives. I do not believe it is a question of eloquence. The power that tells upon the life is to offer men the Death and the Life of Christ."

Mr. Peploe is one of the acknowledged leaders of the movement known as the Keswick Convention for the Deepening of the Spiritual Life. This gathering commenced after the great Oxford meeting held for this purpose in 1874. Canon Battersby, Vicar of Keswick, then organised the Convention, with the ready assistance of Mr. Wilson, of Broughton Grange.

Mr. Peploe was present, and became a chief

speaker, and from that time forward he has been connected with the movement. After Canon Battersby's death, a large tent, capable of holding 2,000 people, was bought, and also a piece of ground as a memorial to him. In the last week of July thousands of people are gathered from all parts to be present at the meetings held therein. There are five meetings each day, some 1,900 people assembling at the early morning prayer-meeting, and the green outside the tent being crowded in the evening, when the fickle weather of the Lake District permits.

But, with all his outside work, Mr. Peploe never neglects his own church and his own people. Full of abounding energy, he unites in a remarkable manner the power of organisation with the power of public speech; yet he attaches no undue importance to the value of organisation alone. He has, as he himself said, a "deep belief in the necessity for spirituality of life and tone in all that is carried on in parish work," and holds "that organisation, however perfect, unless it be vitalised by God the Holy Ghost, will become a practical hindrance instead of a blessing." And that he is one of those who act persistently on this belief, no one, we think, who knows him well will deny.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"WHAT HAST THOU GIVEN TO ME?"



WE wonder if it would be trespassing on too delicate a subject to remark upon the general inquiry there is on Saturday evenings and Sunday mornings for the small coin of the realm. It would seem as though the preparation for the Sabbath necessarily involved the laying-in of threepenny-pieces, with which the shepherds of the flock and church-treasurers are so familiar week by week. "Has anybody a sixpence?" was the agitated inquiry of a certain worshipping, whose cup brimmed over with plenty:

and we fear this is only an example of the general state of feeling. We are coming into the courts of the Lord, and we feel it is the right thing to bring an offering: how little can we decently give to His service? Coppers look bad, but the consecrated threepenny-bit is quite respectable, so it is procured, often at some trouble, and the conscience is satisfied. If the heart of God were satisfied to give to us as sparingly as we give to Him, our lives would be very different from the mercy-crowned paths they are at present; if we tried to reckon up His benefits

—if we remembered that He gave *Himself* for our salvation—surely our question would be, not how little, but how much, we can render unto the Lord for His gifts surpassing thought! None who have given freely, liberally to the service of God have ever been poorer for the offering; let us not emulate the widow's mite so closely as regards the amount, for we do not real that *she* took the trouble, in a home teeming with comforts, to make special search for those farthings as the *least* she could respectably offer.

"All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
As Thy prospering Hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best."

A WORKING MEN'S BIBLE ASSOCIATION.

The idea seems prevalent with some that the working classes are inclined to be freethinkers, and to set themselves in opposition to the simple truths of the Gospel. In many cases, alas! this is doubtless the fact, but hundreds and thousands of our working men to-day are naming the name of Christ, and standing forth as His witnesses. A noble work amongst the masses has been done by the Manchester City Mission, which, since its establishment in 1837, has arranged for over fourteen million visits to the homes of the poor. The harvest of the Great Day alone will reveal what sowing of seed these efforts have meant, since the one aim of this Mission is to

"bless the people in every way that love can devise." The managing Board includes alike members of the Church of England and all the principal Nonconformist bodies; the missionaries visit large numbers of public works, to address the men at the close of breakfast or dinner-time, in addition to the systematic house-to-house visitation. Last year a new offshoot of the Mission came into existence—an association of Bible students, taking for their motto the words—"Bear ye one another's burdens." This league has been established to unite the working men of Manchester in searching the Scriptures, also to band them together in fighting godlessness, intemperance, impurity, improvidence, etc. Do the labouring classes respond to such endeavours on their behalf? An encouraging reply to such questioning might have been found in a meeting held in February in Manchester Free Trade Hall, when the masses poured in with eager interest to hear of the work of the City Mission, and the members of this league of "Bible Student Abstainers" thronged the centre of the hall.

"PROSPERITY OR PAUPERISM?"

Under this title the Earl of Meath has collected a number of essays advocating reform in our "physical, industrial, and technical training." The publishers are Messrs. Longman and Co., and among the contributors, in addition to his lordship, are Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., and Sir Philip Magnus. At a time when, on Lord Aberdeen's motion, our Poor Laws are under consideration, this volume should have special interest.—A well-known worker among the poor passed away last year in the person of the Rev. G. M. Murphy, whose labours in South London for the social, intellectual, and spiritual improvement of his neighbours are ably sketched in the interesting "Life" published by Mr. Elliot Stock.—From the same publisher we have received "Love and Honour," a story by J. K. Ritchie, which gives a pretty picture of Scotch country life.—"Ripples in the Moonlight" (Nisbet) is the title of a thoughtful series of meditations by Dr. J. R. Macduff. The brief passages in which these "Ripples" are expressed do not profess to have any connection with one another. They are intended, and admirably adapted, to suggest and direct meditation, when our hurried life leaves us an opening for it.—We have already referred to the previously issued parts of Messrs. Nisbet's work entitled "Seek and Ye shall Find." The third volume, dealing with Ezekiel, is now before us, and fully bears out the promise of its predecessors.

A MODEL MOTHERS' MEETING.

It is not the easiest thing imaginable to make a mothers' meeting a success; but what work can be grander than to influence Christward those who are influencing the men and the children day by day—those who are the hearts of their homes, whether *home* mean the pretty rural cottage or the room in the crowded street? A mother's power is beyond that of an army of teachers and schoolmasters. How

important, then, that Christian efforts should reach on to the oft-times wearied mother, with little to cheer and recreate her, and bearing in her heart and mind manifold burdens beyond those of the bread-winner, whose



"Some lady sings them a sacred solo."

part in earning the daily wage she has frequently to share. A mothers' meeting *can* be a very depressing spectacle, when a few jaded, bewildered-looking women gather round their well-meaning leader, to listen to a dissertation beyond their powers of thought, or some little book instructing them how to prepare the food which is conspicuous at home by its absence. The general disapproval is shared by the babes that lift up protesting voices, and one by one gradually decides, "Tain't the sort of meeting for me," and is seen therein no more. Like all successes, prayer and preparation are the secret of working up the mothers' class. Time and thought *must* be given to each meeting if it is to be worth attending, and the needs of the individual mother-hearts must be wisely, tenderly considered. We know of a model mothers' meeting in the North of England, and we feel sure the lady who conducts it would be willing that her plans should impart some hint and suggestion to friends who may think of starting such a class. When all are assembled, some lady, musically gifted, sings to them a sacred solo; then all join in a hymn, followed by prayer (in which special requests for supplication find place), Bible-reading, and a bright, interesting address, full of illustration, anecdote, and practical suggestion. After another hymn, the mothers repeat Bible texts from memory, and then for a quarter of an hour the leader reads aloud a helpful story. There are about 450 at each meeting, but the leader has a shake of the hand and a special word for each by name at the close of the class.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

A beautiful incident within our knowledge impressed upon us more than ever the fact that the Divine message shall not fall to the ground void, but is mighty beyond our comprehension, through His power. A lady was summoned to the bedside of a friend, the mother of a family, and whose mental faculties had become deranged. "What could I say or do?" she said. "All was wild excitement; my heart wept over her, yet I had no power to calm her or do her good. But I felt for her so deeply that I could not leave her without one whisper of comfort. I bent above her, and said softly, 'Underneath are the everlasting Arms!' It seemed as though she glanced up at the words—hers was a Christian life—but she showed no sign of comprehension, and I left her, believing my whisper unheard." But, hours after, to that delirium there came a lucid interval, and, in that period of quiet, what were the words that the invalid spoke? "*Underneath are the everlasting Arms!*" Amid all the strange fancies of the restless brain, that one text of heavenly calm had been victorious, and reached to heart and memory.

TWO MORE HEROES.

We have awarded the Silver Medal of the Fund to Captain Brian Williams, for the gallant rescue of Mrs. Crowther at Dowderry, St. Germans, Cornwall, on August 31st last. Mrs. Crowther and her daughters were bathing in a rather rough sea, when three of the daughters were carried out of their depth. Seeing their danger, the mother endeavoured to swim to their aid, but was unable to reach them. An alarm having been raised, Captain Williams—who was at the time at home, half a mile from the scene—ran hard to the beach, and, throwing off some of his garments as he ran, plunged in to the rescue of Mrs. Crowther, who had managed to keep herself afloat for nearly half an hour. A boatman who swam out with Captain Williams was obliged to turn back; but the latter battled on through the heavy sea, and was rewarded by the rescue of the unfortunate lady, whose three daughters were all drowned.—The following declaration gives so interesting an account of the most recent case brought under our notice in connection with THE QUIVER Heroes Fund that we give it as it reached us. We would add that we trust soon to be in a position to publish a portrait of James Williamson, to whom we have forwarded one of THE QUIVER Silver Medals on behalf of our readers. The statement is:—"That on the 9th day of December, 1887, James Williamson, Andrew Williamson, Peter Gilbertson, and John Simpson, fishermen, belonging to Brough, Whalsay, Shetland, proceeded to the fishing ground about five miles to the north of Whalsay Island, weather being very fine. After lines had been put out, a storm of exceptional severity, accompanied by blinding snow, came on suddenly about four p.m., when the lines were hauled in and the small boat turned towards land. Ere this was reached night had come on, while there was an increase of the storm of wind and snow. That about seven p.m. the crew found a very heavy sea, and surmised that they

were near some land, but could not see to make for a place of safety. They therefore kept the boat's head towards the wind, and after toiling in this way for about two hours, when finding the seas getting heavier and threatening to swamp their small boat, they determined to let the boat settle in for the land as the only means of saving their lives. That on coming to the shore James Williamson and Andrew Williamson sprang out of the boat and gained a footing on the rocks, calling to their companions to follow, but while they were in the act of doing so a heavy sea struck the boat, capsizing it on both of them. That James Williamson, seeing the imminent peril his two comrades were in, with great presence of mind jumped into the boiling surf, seized hold of the boat, and held on to it, though losing his footing by being carried seaward along with the boat, till another sea came in. As soon as he felt the rocks under his feet, with an extraordinary effort he lifted the side of the capsized boat, and instantly seizing one under each of his arms, he carried both his comrades several yards over the rocks till they were out of reach of the heavy surf, when he found that Gilbertson's face was very much hurt, and several of his teeth knocked out by coming in contact with rocks while under the boat. Simpson escaped with a few bruises on his head from the same cause, but both were almost unconscious. That but for the heroic and praiseworthy exertions of James Williamson on this occasion these two fishermen would undoubtedly have perished, as they were quite unable to extricate themselves from under the boat—Is attested by—

"ANDREW WILLIAMSON, jun.—one of the crew of the boat.

"PETER GILBERTSON—one of the rescued.

"JOHN SIMPSON—one of the rescued.

"I sign the above statement as substantially correct. "CHARLES STOBIE, Minister of Whalsay.

"*Manse of Whalsay, 17th February, 1888.*"



THE ORPHANS AT WORK.

THE ORPHANS' KINDERGARTEN.

The name of Epsom is with many associated only with the idea of racing; but there, as almost everywhere in these days of Gospel light, the Lord's people are widely unfurling His standard, and proclaiming His righteousness and love. And here stands the

Orphans' Kindergarten—the home for destitute and deserted children of which Miss Mittendorff is president. Visitors to Epsom frequently see a throng of



Miss Mittendorff

red-cloaked little maidens about the streets and lanes, or perched—robin-like—upon the fences, or wandering amidst the sweet, fresh breezes on the Downs. These are Miss Mittendorff's children—her vast family of girls, whom she takes in between the ages of three and ten to train and educate and fit for domestic service. And the longing and prayer of those who take charge of these little maidens is that all of

them may definitely and openly be living witnesses for Him who is the Father of the fatherless. The wants of the large household are supplied from the Lord's treasury. Many Christian friends esteem it a privilege to help Miss Mittendorff with gifts of money or kind, for almost everything in the way of food, clothes, house-linen, etc., can be utilised here, and there is a continuous call upon the fluctuating resources.

"Once," says Miss Mittendorff, "when in great distress, I seemed to hear the words, 'Is the Lord's hand waxed short, that He cannot help?' The history of the Home is one long record of Almighty aid. Contributions have been received at the time of greatest need, and prayers alike for spiritual and temporal blessing have been richly answered; again and again has the crooked been made straight, and rough places have been made plain. The Kindergarten can be inspected on Mondays, Wednesdays, or Fridays, after 2.30 p.m. May many new friends be moved to make room in their interest and sympathy for this institution, where "nearly a hundred children are in hourly dependence upon our loving Father's bounty."



THE POOR FRENCH IN LONDON.

Year after year Monsieur and Madame Barbier continue their good work amongst poor Frenchmen.

Belgians, etc., who dwell in our midst, caring alike for body and soul, and endeavouring to find employment for those who are searching for work. There is a home for governesses, maids, etc., and an agency has also been opened for the benefit of young foreign men seeking service in English families. In two years, more than 600 men have applied for employment; for many of the French in London have been in great straits, and the commercial crisis has been the means of bringing over yet more strangers to our shores. Like water in a thirsty land must be to such the sympathetic words and Christian help of the workers in this mission. Madame Barbier conducts a Sunday-school, chiefly attended by children born of French parents, and there is a full day-school where the children are likewise prepared, under Bible influences, for a life of usefulness and virtue. At the chapel in Portland Street there are three services a week, and open-air preaching in French is carried on in Hyde Park when the weather permits. Last year the preacher was insulted at the first service, and the second was very discouraging, but the third meeting was a success, and all the summer there were large audiences. "We had more blessing," says Monsieur Barbier, "than we have had for fourteen years."

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS COME.

We all of us know that if we have any reading to do, it is advisable to get it done before the long, light evenings come, with their lengthened temptations to spend time elsewhere than in the study or sitting-room. Events have been moving fast of late, and books have consequently been appearing with even more than their wonted speed. The Emperor-King William of Germany has at length laid down the crown to which he succeeded as an old man seven-and-twenty years ago. Four days after his death Messrs. Cassell and Company issued a sketch of the great monarch's life, "William of Germany," by Archibald Forbes, the distinguished special correspondent who followed the fortunes of the Emperor's forces in their terrible struggle with France. The work shows us the Emperor as a humble, God-fearing man in private life, unflinching in his stern determination to do his duty at all hazards. Throughout his long and chequered career his simplicity of character never left him.—An old contributor to THE QUIVER, the Rev. Prebendary Daniel Moore, is the author of a volume of very suggestive "Thoughts for Church Seasons" (Nisbet), which we have every confidence in commending to our readers, especially those who are preachers or teachers.—From the same publishers we have received Canon Driver's admirable little work on "Isaiah: his Life and Times." The volume is one of Messrs. Nisbet's series of "Men of the Bible," and, like its fellows in the series, is more than a mere record of the prophet's life—it is a most useful sketch of the political and religious condition of the Jews in his days.—Readers who take an interest in temperance work will be glad to welcome Dr. Norman Kerr's exhaustive work on "Inebriety" (H. K. Lewis), which offers guidance in the mental, moral, and physical treatment of those who are suffering from the curse of intemperance.

FIRESIDE DORCAS.

"You are just in time; Mrs. — wants somebody to hold her baby; she ought to be getting dinner," said a clergyman to a district-visitor entering a cottage. The lady in question soon supplied the want, leaving the grateful mother free for her cooking. It is only in visiting the homes of the poor that we understand their real needs; tracts and books and good advice can scarcely be over-estimated, but there is a time when caring for a child while the mother goes to a service, or even for a breath of fresh air, or laying a fire and getting a cup of tea for the wearied mother, is doing Christ's work as truly. Some of our poorer neighbours, surrounded with olive-branches, are at their wits' end for time; is there any little duty that now and then we can take off their hands? It has been suggested, by one who carries out the idea herself, that many of our lady-friends, unable to do outside work these winter evenings, might lift heavy burdens from poor mothers by making up some of the garments vainly waiting for the housewife's leisure. "Some poor woman has bought material," says our young friend; "I give her nothing but my sewing, beyond, perhaps, a tucker or bit of edging now and then. I can make the things in the midst of my home circle, as they prefer me to be in of an evening; and you should see the gratitude of the mother when I carry home the work!"

THE SHAFTESBURY INSTITUTE FOR GIRLS.



A WORKER.

Some time since, two ladies, deeply interested in the needs and surroundings of factory girls, disguised themselves with aprons, "fringes," old skirts, etc., and went out personally to see what Saturday night was like in Lisson Grove, and how the working girls, whom they were endeavouring to teach, spent their evening

hours. To such the busy streets were far more attractive than the close, noisy room which they called "home." These ladies found them in theatre and music-hall, shouting vociferously from street to street, and at the bars of gin-palaces. And at midnight some of these young girls still roamed about in the darkness—respectable girls, many of them, but unwilling to go in to the unwholesome, over-crowded home, and becoming daily more wild and uncontrollable for want of gentle, uplifting Christian care cast round these evening hours. "After to-night's experience," said the amateur factory girls, "seeing their lives are such, and seeing what places are open to them nightly, we

marvel they should ever be content to come to our evening classes, and sit, and sew, and spell!" A factory girl can prove a very lively example of



AT THE BAR.

wildness and insubordination. We know of some who can use hands as well as tongues, and of one lady, working amongst them, whose bonnet was seized and crushed by a gang of such out in the street; indeed, we believe one of the girls endeavoured to intimidate her by jumping upon her back! "But they would not do it to me now," said the lady placidly; "my factory girls have got to know me now, and we understand each other." There are thousands of girls in the West-End factories making flowers, suits, shoes, jam, etc.; and for the help of some of these the new Shaftesbury Institute has been opened in Lisson Grove. Here, under the care of a matron and resident lady workers, the girls will enjoy the benefits of instruction and recreation, the proposed organisations including evening classes, weekly entertainments, cheap meals, cookery lessons, and, of course, religious meetings. Miss Meredith Brown, 18, Upper Montagu Street, W., is honorary secretary, and ladies who would like to devote themselves towards the uplifting of these girls, and are able to pay their own expenses, are asked to communicate with Miss Brown.



"ROUGH, BUT GOOD-NATURED."

"BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."

Christian workers know what it is to feel tired and discouraged; sometimes it seems to them as though they have spent their strength for naught, the barriers of indifference and unbelief seem so hard to break down. Our one concern must be to do the Master's work earnestly and faithfully, leaving to Him the results; and the record stands to His glory that oftentimes in cases of which we have almost despaired He has proved Himself mighty to save, and tenderly rebuked our faint-heartedness. A district-visitor

lately told us of two such cases that have occurred within her immediate knowledge: a poor woman in her district declined to converse at all on the subject of religion, and, while glad to see her, and pleasant enough in her manner, always changed the subject when it turned upon things eternal. The visitor's efforts seemed all frustrated here; but one day she heard this woman was ill, and, though very busy, she hurried to her bedside, and found her apparently in a dying state. She no longer objected to speaking about her soul, but cried out sorrowfully, "It is all dark—all dark—everywhere;" the visitor said that in those tones there was indescribable solemnity, for the woman seemed face to face with eternity. She prayed with her, pointed her to Jesus, and visited her with like Christian comfort day by day. At last she herself could no longer go, being taken ill; but the messages of salvation had been received and appropriated. The visitor who went in her place brought home these words, "Tell the lady it is like a bright light within my heart." And the threatening danger passed away; the patient recovered, to prove by her consistent life the reality of the change of heart. The other case was that of a drunken woman, the terror of the wild neighbourhood wherein she lived. Many of us know what hard work it is when we try to effect the reformation of the inebriate, and some have said that when the craving has seized a woman the task is almost hopeless. But with God nothing is impossible; the wild, fierce creature was drawn by the music into a mission-hall, and there God's Word seemed to lay mighty hold upon her. She stayed behind for prayer, and begged a lady there to keep the penny she possessed, lest she should drink going home. This poor woman was made the subject of earnest supplication, and at the present time she is a monument of saving grace; she has remained sober for more than a year, and not only regularly attends the mission services, but has even changed in her outward appearance from wretchedness to respectability and womanliness.

A YEAR OF CHANGE IN CHINA.

"And yet it moves;" that surely, if slowly, the great Celestial Empire is advancing in the march of modern material improvement, and in mental expansion, the few following records of 1887 will show. Two railroads have been commenced—one near Peking, one in Formosa: a specially striking fact to us dwellers in Shanghai, passing constantly as we do along a road where not long ago a new-made and most useful railway was destroyed by the jealous conservatism of the natives. Between Formosa and Foochow an ocean cable has been laid down by the Chinese themselves. Two large colleges have been established in Chih-li and Kwang-tung, where not only are Western sciences taught by European professors, but rank high in examination marks; while twenty Chinese graduates have been sent abroad to study and report the condition of Western nations. It is evident that such measures have important bearing on the evangelisation of China. While the Government manifests no intention to foster Christianity,

it is yielding formal acknowledgment of the treaty rights of missionaries, including the protection of native Christians; and recently published statistics show a considerable extension of missionary work this past year. There are now in the field 1,040 foreign labourers, 121 more than in December, 1886; of native ordained helpers there are 175, an increase of 35 within a year; while during the same period the contributions from native churches have been largely augmented.

BLIND AND HELPLESS.

By the kindness of a number of our readers we have been enabled to pay over a first instalment of £25 to the treasurer of the fund being raised for the blind organist, concerning whom we have received many suggestions, accompanied with expressions of sympathy. As the poor invalid has a wife and family of small children dependent on him for support, it would be impossible to remove him to an institution for incurables (as one correspondent has suggested) without providing also for his family, and he is still able to earn a trifle towards their support—hardly so much, however, as a labourer's wage. If £100 could be raised, he would be relieved from actual want for a few years at least; and those of our readers who have not yet subscribed, may like to have this opportunity of contributing to the relief of this most pathetic and deserving case. At the end of our "Short Arrows" we give a list of acknowledgments up to the date of going to press. We are glad to find that some of our American readers have sent us aid—as one of them has expressed it—"in the name of Christ."

"IT WAS IN THE STORM."

Two ladies were rowing between Exmouth and Starcross with an old Devon seaman, and the conversation between them took a religious turn. "Ah," said the fine old man, uplifting his weather-beaten face with earnest reverence, "it was in the storm that God met with me. I was careless and thoughtless, but the vessel in which I was then employed was nearly wrecked in a terrible tempest, and I fell on my knees and called upon my Maker. Help and safety came, and I have never since forgotten Him. I am His now and ever, and the best news I have had for many a day is that my boy in America has just found Him too, thanks to Mr. Moody's preaching." The old man's words struck home to his hearers—"God met me in the storm:" there is no change, no billow, no tempest that need cause us doubt or fear, for even in the whirlwind are the footsteps of our Father.

GREEN PASTURES.

The poet has loved to sing of the "sweet-voiced May," and the young have welcomed its dawn with singing and waving garlands. This is a month of hope and promise—this is the herald of summer sunshine—and all around us the birds are singing that the triumph of life over seeming death is perfected

and complete. Thrice welcome, after the long reign of winter, are the singing brooklets, the sweet wild hyacinths that carpet the woods, the blue, sunny skies, the grassy fields, gemmed with silver and gold.

"When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day—
To some new bird each hour we listen."

The very shadows that have gone before have caused us to rejoice amid the green pastures, now the clouds have been tenderly lifted. So thy lingering trial—oh, mourning heart!—is tuning the prelude to the thanksgiving that thou shalt yet outpour when, in His own good time, the Master shall lead thee into

his grassy nest he flies heavenward, leaving earthly things so far behind that our yearning hearts crave sometimes for wings as glad, as triumphant. And a sweet bard of Scotland has whispered how the wistful soul can rise higher than the lark—"gang up on a prayer!" One travelling in Palestine relates how he met a shepherd going hither and thither to seek fresh pastures for his flock on the morrow, ever keeping in mind their future needs. Is the Heavenly Shepherd forgetting *ours*?

"Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;"

let all the peace, the beauty around, assure us that great is God's goodness—greater than our cares, our



"These fair, bright meadows."

light. Some of us have known what it is to go out on a spring morning perplexed by worries, burdened with care, weary with spirit-problems; and to forget them all in the golden sunshine, listening to the voices of the waters, and watching the wayside flowers that drink the heavenly dews. We shall not soon forget the feeling of rest we knew, amid manifold bewilderingments, going right away one morning to the ministry of nature, and seeming to hear the still, small Voice among the blowing trees. One's care seemed after all so little, and the depression of spirits so mistaken, so unnecessary. Trees, grasses, birds, and the calm heavens seemed witnessing to the eternal strength and restfulness of God, Whom will it be that His children should not drink of His peace as a merely passing comfort, but that their hearts should be *stayed* on Him, and so for aye be rested. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." He would have His child so free, by faith in Him, from distracting anxieties, that life shall be as these fair, bright meadows, wherein we find peaceful resting now. Carlyle has said that from the lowest depths there is a path to the heights, and the lark has found it to-day. Up from

fears—and we can safely, hopefully, thankfully leave the morrow and the days to come with *Him*.

"SPRING BLOSSOMS AND SUMMER FRUIT."

Spring blossoms are already with us, with all their rich promise of summer and autumn fruit. And with the spring blossoms comes a little volume of addresses to children, whose title heads this note. Originally delivered by the Rev. J. Byles to children in his Ealing congregation, these addresses, now issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, ought to reach a far wider congregation. The subjects are varied and the style is attractive.—In the "National Library" Messrs. Cassell have given us Bishop Jewel's famous defence of Protestantism, entitled "An Apology for the Church of England," which loses none of its interest in the present day.—"The Family Physician," of which Messrs. Cassell have just issued a new and revised edition, is a work likely to prove very useful to all heads of families, and especially to all who work among the poor. In pointing out the first symptoms of disease, and directing first help, this work is a very

valuable guide.—“Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew” (Hodder and Stoughton), is a pretty story for children, by Margaret Sydney.

“A MITE IS WORTH SOMETHIN.”

There has been a “Sunbeam Society” at Portishead, shining for the purpose of helping medical missions; some of the members have gone abroad ere this, but let us hope the sunbeams will not fade away, “for when God takes *one* friend away,” says the secretary of the Children’s Missionary Society, “He often has another to put in the same place.” The poet tells us that children whose lives are glad are veritable sunbeams, with a radiance brighter than their namesakes ever knew. Certainly these little ones who get up working-meetings, and sales, and lending libraries, and arrange all sorts of plans for the furtherance of missions, are scattering rays divine that are destined to fade nevermore. We hear of even little mites in the Kindergarten entertaining a company with their flags, exercises, etc., and so helping the funds that the children have undertaken to maintain. One little maid of six sent her subscription of threepence to the collector with the following communication: “Der Miss Butler, father gave me this threepence because I passed in my writing paper in school, so I send it to you for the poor children. I were going to spend it in sweets, but I would like you to havit, the boys said it was not enough for you; I am sure that it is worth somethin, for a mite is worth somethin. I am Rowena.” The self-denial of those sweetmeats meant a good deal to the child of six; such a gift, to our thinking, represents more than the well-filled cards which juveniles sometimes present, at the cost of little or nothing to themselves, but for which they are publicly clapped and lauded. We cannot approve of the practice existing here and there of sending round troops of children, missionary card in hand, to beg money for certain societies from door to door; in this

case the juveniles with the most confidence prosper most, and the begging system seems a degradation to the noble object and a source of vexation to the neighbourhood. Nor does it seem wise and prudent to entrust little creatures, many of whose parents are very poor, with the sums thus indiscriminately collected; the class and family missionary-box are decidedly preferable arrangements, and there are many ways of helpfulness that loving little hearts can find besides becoming house-to-house collectors before their ages even reach two figures.

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS.

Perhaps we all have known at times a strong impulse towards some action to which we are unaccustomed—a feeling that a certain course is laid upon us, and we are required to obey. Such a feeling came upon a gentleman who had lately become a Christian, while riding with another passenger in a railway carriage. He felt he *must* address his companion on the subject of religion; and he gazed at him so earnestly, that at last the other looked up inquiringly, and then the words were spoken: “Sir, are you joined to Christ?” The gentleman addressed looked surprised and indignant. A few earnest words followed, but the speaker had soon to leave, and, as he passed out, he drew forth a penny and offered it to his companion. It was refused, but afterwards accepted on his urging the offering. “To me,” he said, “your salvation, my friend, seems as simple an act; Christ offers you eternal life, but you have the option of refusing or taking it. Which will you do?” He left the carriage and he forgot the incident. Eleven years later he was greeted in the street by a stranger, who drew from his pocket a penny. “I have kept your penny,” he said: “and now I have met you again I want to tell you that penny preached me a sermon which has brought me out of darkness into light.”

“THE QUIVER” WAIFS FUND.

LIST of Contributions received from February 28th up to and including March 23rd, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

Mrs. Cartho, Harleston, 10s.; R. A. H., 5s.; S. H., New Hampton, 2s. 6d.; J. J. E., Glasgow, 5s.; Prevention, Dunvegan, 2s. 6d.; S. O., Sleaford, 5s.; Maud Fallowfield, Peurith, 2s.; J. R. A., Motherwell, 2s.; Ralph, Hurst Green, 1s.; Readers of *The Christian*, £1; Bartie, Exeter, 5s.; Mrs. Compton, Uppingham, 2s. 6d.

BLIND AND HELPLESS.

IN response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number we have received the following subscriptions from February 28th up to and including March 23rd, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

R. N. Ward, Urnston, 5s.; Anon., Perth, 5s.; E. M. P., Edgware Road, 5s.; Nellie Douglas, Burgess Hill, 2s.; Mrs. Whereat, Stroud Green, 4s.; A Sympathiser, 5s.; Anon., Kingston, 2s.; H. H., Barnsley, 2s. 6d.; H. H. Ten Broeck, Carnelton, Missouri, 5s. 2d. (2); A. Dawson, York, 10s.; M. H. S., Dunkeld, £1.

The Secretary of the Young Women’s Christian Association requests us to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from “Winter Rose,” for the Hyde Park Branch of the Society’s work. The Editor also begs to acknowledge, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo, 10s. from “A Jersey Clodhopper”; and 8s. for the Destitute Children’s Dinner Society from C. Boehme.

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"He loves the changing music of her voice,
And seems to be a little child again."

"THE OLD AND THE YOUNG."—p. 575.

PLAY-ROOMS FOR POOR CHILDREN.



"The place was full of children of all ages."—p. 501.



HERE is nothing, perhaps, seems so sad, to anyone working in the poor parts of London, as the sight of such numbers of little children—boys and girls—about the streets at all hours of day and night. The long, dark winter nights, through fog and frost, there they are.

They seem never to go home, unless to bed; and, perhaps, if we could see their homes, we might not wonder much.

One small room, for the most part. Perhaps mother not home from her day's cleaning; or, if she is at home, gossiping on the doorstep with her neighbours. Father in the public-house; if in, not much inclined for the noise of half a dozen children within the space of a few yards.

Is it any wonder that the children prefer the run of the streets, even though they are cold?

There they can run, and shout, and shriek, to their hearts' content. There is an occasional barrel-organ to dance to. Sometimes some one of them has a farthing or a halfpenny to spend on hot chestnuts. Very often there is the excitement of a fight between a man and his wife; or there is a cat to chase, a dog to throw stones at.

Once we saw a little boy, perhaps five years old, making his way along the dark, muddy streets—an



"Treat us in! Treat us in!"—p. 561.

expression of proud contentment on his face; in one hand a dead cat, in the other a dead hen—discovered, no doubt, in some neighbouring ashpit. On he went with his prizes, surrounded by a troop of covetous and admiring babies of his own age.

These are the playgrounds—these the toys—of the children of the very poor.

Here, out in the streets, amidst drink, and oaths, and foul language, our little ones are growing up—familiar with vice from their very babyhood; learning to swear just as soon as they speak; rough, and rude, and wild as young animals.

Is it any wonder that our prisons, our refuges, our reformatories are full? No; rather the wonder must be that so many of these neglected babies do grow into decent men and women.

And yet what is the remedy for this state of things? Have we not excellent day-schools—Sunday-schools of all denominations—children's breakfasts, dinners—Bands of Hope?

Of late years there has been a great effort for the little children; and yet the evil seems almost untouched.

We have taught them to read and write and do their sums, to pass their standards and tremble before the "inspector;" but who is going to teach them to play?

"Play-rooms for Poor Children."

This was the advertisement we saw one day. It seemed like an answer to our question; and we resolved to go and see them.

We had not a sufficient address, and it was rather difficult to find. We consulted policemen, who were very lofty and scornful at the notion of the poor "playing;" went into shops, where the proprietors had never heard of such a thing, and were sure there was no such thing, furthermore. At last there was a little light thrown on the subject.

"You must mean Holloway. Take a Finsbury Park 'bus—that will bring you there."

Accordingly, one murky November night, we found ourselves rattling through the wilds of Islington in search of Campbell Road, wondering much if we were not coming on a wild-geese chase, or what manner of place we should find when we got there. On and on, past streets of gay-looking shops—drapers' and fruiterers', tripe-sellers', cheesemongers', without end.

We had been nearly three-quarters of an hour in the 'bus; at last came the welcome sound—

"You want Campbell Road. Here you are."

It was a dark little street of smallish houses, chimney-sweeps' brushes sticking out of many windows.

We asked in a little shop.

"Mrs. Bartley's Play-rooms for Children? Oh, yes; a little higher up."

We should not have needed any direction, for, as soon as we reached the door, we were surrounded by a group of little shock-headed girls. "Oh, lady, treat us in! Treat us in!" The admission fee is one halfpenny.

"May we see the rooms?" we inquired of the door-keeper.

"Certainly."

Before going any further, we must say that the first

thing that struck us, coming in out of the dark, muddy street, was the wonderful brightness and cleanliness of everything.

We were taken up-stairs to the play-rooms: first of all, a good-sized room on the second floor. A lady was playing the piano; the place was full of children of all ages—rough-looking girls, with straight fringes hanging into their eyes—little shawls knotted round their shoulders—impish boys—little children. Perched on a chair beside the piano was a fat, dirty baby, staring, round-eyed, quite happy at the music. In this room were some delightful rocking-horses for the little ones, dolls' houses, books, brightly coloured pictures on the walls. Up-stairs, again, to a cosy little room, forms and floor scrubbed as clean as hands can make them. Cooking classes are held here for the girls once a week; some simple dish is cooked by the children, and they are allowed to buy portions afterwards to take home.

Then we went down-stairs again to the ground floor. Here the little yard at the back has been asphalted, and roofed over, and fitted up with swings.

Some biggish girls were swinging here.

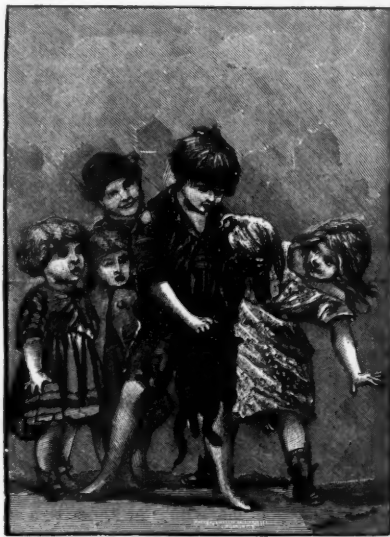
"Yes, we all go to work," they said; "we work hard. We go out cleaning ladies' steps."

Are not most people familiar with these forlorn-looking little creatures?—their rough heads crowned by a battered old hat, which is generally ornamented by a straight feather, or a big red rose, their dirty faces, their—for the most part—poor little stunted bodies.

Late on Saturday nights, early on Sunday mornings, there they are.

"Clean your steps, lady? do them beautiful for a halfpenny!"

"And we have a sewing class and a cooking class,"



"Surrounded by a troop of covetous and admiring babies of his own age."

they announce triumphantly; "and we can come in at four o'clock, and play games, or sing, or do just what we like. Oh, yes, it's a lot better than the streets, specially these dark, wet nights."

The sewing room was on the first floor, with a cupboard of neatly folded garments. Mrs. Bartley supplies materials at cost price, but the girls can bring their own or their mothers' mending or making.

"They take greatly to their sewing class," the teacher in charge said.

Up-stairs again to play "musical chairs" with the girls before we went. Very prettily they played, keeping time to the music, singing the choruses of the songs, very anxious "the lady" should not be left out. All at once the piano struck into "God save the Queen," the usual signal that it was nine o'clock, and time to go home.

The children sang a verse and then commenced reluctantly to bundle up their respective babies, and say good-bye until next evening.

In a minute or two the place was clear, and we ourselves had said good-night, and were taking our way down the dark street, which seemed muddier and gloomier than ever, by contrast with the bright scene we had just left.

Surely these ladies who have started this play-room deserve all credit for their idea. Is it not a great thing to provide a cheerful, bright, home-like shelter for children every day from four till nine, with music, and books, and classes?

It is meant to be a home in every sense of the word. Mothers are welcome to bring their babies and their sewing; fathers are invited to drop in to hear the news or read the newspaper; big boys and girls, as well as little children. There is a home and a welcome for all.

So good a work does it seem to us, that we think it ought not to be left to the few, but that ladies and gentlemen too ought to come forward to help.

"The bigger boys are tiresome," is the complaint; "they torment the little ones, and get so rough they don't seem to care to play."

"Well, then, teach them."

Every mother of upper-class children knows how necessary it is to teach her little ones to play. She understands perfectly how, if there comes a long, wet

afternoon that the children are obliged to spend indoors, even in a school-room or play-room full of all sorts of toys, it is yet necessary for mother and nurse to be provided with little suggestions and novelties in the way of games; otherwise, leave the children too long to themselves, mischief and quarrels and general discontent are sure to ensue. And if that is so with our well-to-do children, is it not a hundred

times more so with our little rough street boys and girls? They must be taught to play, and shown how to enjoy their leisure. The boys are always more difficult to employ. Sewing, and cooking, and musical chairs have no attraction for them. But get them dumb-bells, Indian clubs, a vaulting horse, something that will work off their superfluous steam and mischief. Teach them, by-and-by, a little carpentering or wood-carving. The roughest will soon learn to take a little pride in his own work; and with idle brains and mischievous hands employed, they will soon learn to behave themselves.

And then the girls. How much is to be done for them! Little

girls, at the bottom of their hearts, however rough they may seem outside, *like* behaving prettily. They will at once take to a lady who is gentle and softly spoken, and becomingly dressed.

Unconsciously, they will learn to copy her words and ways; to play their games quietly and gently; to lower rough voices, and tidy their untidy little persons a little.

And once you have won their hearts, there is so much to do, if you would teach these poor little ones to stand out against the evil that surrounds them on every side.

Only last week we met a lady who seemed very low-spirited and depressed. She had health and strength, and sufficient means; but she had "nothing to do." She said "her time hung so heavy on her hands."

And no doubt there are many like her. Then, in these play-rooms for poor children, is there not something for them to do? Can they not give up part of an evening a week to read aloud a pleasant book, to play the piano, or sing, or teach the games of their own girlhood?

We hear a great deal now of the bad times, of the



"Then commenced reluctantly to bundle up their respective babies."

numbers of unemployed. All thoughtful people must feel a sensation of despair as they look round our poor neighbourhoods, and see the men and women of our back slums. What can be done for them? How can their condition be bettered? How can work be found for them? What can they do?

As they are now, so it seems they must go on. But the little children, with their lives all before them—surely there is much we can do for them.

To teach children to play does not seem a very

arduous undertaking. Perhaps there are some people who would even smile at such an idea.

But it seems to us almost impossible to over-value the influence for good that such teaching, properly carried out, would have.

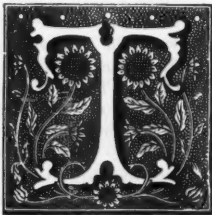
We feel sure that any of our readers, finding their way to Campbell Road, will like to do what in them lies, with gifts of toys or games, books or pictures; above all, with willing service to help on these play-rooms for poor children.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF JUDAH.

No. 28. AN ASSEMBLY.

To read—*Nehemiah viii. 1–12.*



THE LAW READ. (1–8.)

Ezra once more comes into notice—twelve years passed since last heard of him. Remind of the reforms he had made in Jerusalem. Now the people give him a charge. How would his duties differ from Nehemiah's?

Nehemiah, as governor,

had general charge of the people; protected them from enemies; arranged the building of the wall of the city, etc.

Ezra, as scribe, right person to arrange services, read and explain the Scriptures; also, as priest, to offer sacrifices. Notice—

(1) *The time*—first day of seventh month—day on which Feast of Trumpets kept—appointed as a Sabbath or day of rest—holy convocation to be held for religious worship. (See Lev. xxiii. 24.)

(2) *The place*—the open street in front of the water-gate. Large multitude gathered—whole people as one man. (Verse 1.) What an interesting sight!

(3) *The preacher* Ezra the Scribe—an old man—probably feeble voice. But supported by thirteen others. A wooden pulpit made for the purpose.

(4) *The congregation* came of own free will to hear Word of God. Just as crowds followed Christ (St. Luke v. 1) and multitudes listened to St. Paul. (Acts xiii. 44.)

(5) *The service.* Notice the different parts—

Reading distinctly—that all might hear.

Explaining—that all might understand.

Worship—praying with bowed heads.

Responding—all the people said "Amen."

Blessing the people by Ezra in God's Name.

LESSON. *Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.*

II. A FEAST HELD. (9–12.) Now Nehemiah the governor comes forward. Announces a public holiday—i.e., holy day. Work to cease, a feast to be held.

A day of happiness, not of mourning. Why had the people mourned!—

For their *sins* spoken of in former lessons.

For their *neglect* of God's Word.

But God's Word teaches of pardon for sin, grace to amend, joy in the Lord. (Ps. li. 12.) Therefore feast to be kept.

Notice how the feast was observed—

1. *Rejoicing* in the good things God gave them.

2. *Distributing* to the poor.

So Christ also teaches to call the poor to feast. (St. Luke xiv. 13.)

LESSONS. 1. *Attention* to the hearing and teaching of God's Word.

2. *Charity* or love to others.

3. *Thankfulness* for all God's mercies.

No. 29. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

To read—*Nehemiah viii. 13–18.*

I. THE LAW READ. (13.) Again the people assembled. Had had long day before of praying, preaching, feasting—not yet dismissed to own homes. The Law of God so new and delightful to their ears, they want to hear more. All ranks and classes are there—

The Fathers and Elders—setting good example.

The Priests and Levites—the appointed teachers.

The Law of God again read and explained.

Remind how this was carrying out God's orders. For—

(a) Copy of the Law was kept in the Ark. (Deut. xxxi. 26.)

(b) Law was to be copied out by the king. (Deut. xvii. 18.)

(c) To be publicly read every seven years. (Deut. xxxi. 10.)

Similar instances of reading of the Law—

Josiah, the good king. (2 Kings xxiii. 2.)

Christ at Nazareth. (St. Luke iv. 16.)

St. Paul at Thessalonica. (Acts xvii. 2.)

LESSON. *Search the Scriptures.*

II. THE FEAST ORDERED. (14, 15.) People had been mourning over their sins and their neglect of God. Solemn yearly feasts been ordered (Deut. xvi.)

but not observed. Now found out that this seventh month the right one to keep Feast of Tabernacles. Why was it to be kept? (Lev. xxiii. 43.) To remind them—

(a) They lived in tents and booths in the Wilderness.

(b) God preserved them for forty years.

Also to be a type of Jesus Christ, living in loneliness among men. (St. John i. 14.)

So a proclamation is made—branches of trees are to be fetched and booths set up in Jerusalem.

Olive branches—types of peace.

Pine and myrtle—of sweet savour.

Palms—of victory.

III. THE FEAST KEPT. (16—18.) A beautiful sight. Cool leafy arbours set up all about Jerusalem. Feast kept up seven days, as appointed—a kind of harvest festival. Notice these points:—The feast was—

(a) *Universal*—kept by all. God's blessings for every one.

(b) *Time of joy*—rejoice in the Lord always.

(c) *Time of revival*—no such feast since days of Joshua, a thousand years before.

(d) *Time of instruction*—God's Word read and explained daily.

LESSONS. 1. *Religion for all*. Nobles, priests, people—all to take part in God's worship.

2. *Religion a thing of joy*. Designed for man's happiness. Her ways are ways of pleasantness. Is it so with us? (Ps. cxxii. 1.)

NO. 30. A SOLEMN COVENANT.

To read—*Nehemiah x. 28—39.*

I. GENERAL. (28. 29.) Religion not merely praying, singing, hearing, etc., but practising in lives. Remind of Christ's words, "Blessed are they who hear the Word of God and keep it." St. James says (ii. 26), "Faith without works is dead."

So Jews now determined to bind themselves together to serve God. Notice—

(a) All the people joined—priests, singers, and common people.

(b) Their families joined also—wives and children.

(c) They separated themselves from the heathen around.

(d) They made a solemn covenant together.

Remind of similar occasions—

Israelites before Joshua's death. (Josh. xxiv. 25.)

Israelites under Samuel's guidance. (1 Sam. xii. 20.)

II. PARTICULAR. (30—39.) This is what they agreed to do—

(1) *Not to marry heathen*—lest be led away, as Solomon and Ahab, into idolatry.

(2) *To observe Sabbath*—weekly day of holy rest ordained in Paradise (Gen. ii. 2), and every seventh year as rest for the land and giving up debts. (Lev. xxv. 4.)

(3) *To keep up services of the Temple*. Daily sacrifices would cost money, also repair of vessels, etc., besides things for special feasts. A tax established for all to pay. Also arrangement made for constant supply of fuel for the altar.

(4) *To bring first-fruits*. Remind of Israelites coming out of Egypt when first-born of Egyptians slain. All first-born to be dedicated to God. (Exod. xiii. 2.) Afterwards redeemed with money, and Levites appointed instead. Now arranged for first-fruits of cattle, fruit, wine, corn, etc., to be regularly brought and stored in the Temple for use of priests and Levites, etc.

What did all this show?—

(a) Zeal for God's house—to make it worthy.

(b) Zeal for God's ministers—to support them properly.

(c) Zeal for God's law—to fulfil it carefully.

Often read rebukes of those who refuse to pay these tithes—are said to rob God. (Mal. iii. 8.)

LESSON. *God loveth a cheerful giver.*

NO. 31. A REFORMATION.

To read—*Nehemiah xiii.*

I. THE TEMPLE CLEANSED. (1—14.) All things in Jerusalem being set in order, Nehemiah now returns to Babylon. Has had two years' leave of absence from Artaxerxes. How often thoughts would revert to Jerusalem—would wonder how they were going on. What does he hear on his return? Alas! all kinds of wrong-doing. Sets to work at once to make reforms. Previous lessons have shown him as a man of prayer, pains, perseverance. Begins reforms with God's house. What does he do?—

(a) Turns out Tobiah—the Jews' enemy—from the Temple. (Vcr. 8.)

(b) Cleanses the Temple of all profanity.

(c) Restores the holy vessels.

Remind of similar cleansings of the Temple—Josiah in time of Kings. (2 Kings xxiii. 4.)

Christ at beginning of His Ministry (St. John ii. 15.)

Christ at end of His Ministry. (St. Luke xix. 45.)

But where were the Levites? Had gone away to their farms, because they had not received proper tithes. So these once more collected—corn, wine, oil; treasurers appointed to collect them.

II. THE SABBATH OBSERVED. (15—22.) No use cleansing the Temple, unless day of rest and worship properly observed. What did Nehemiah find?—

(a) Sabbath openly profaned.

(b) People at work on Sabbath day.

(c) Markets and shops open.

All this put down at once with firm hand. But merchants waited outside gates till six p.m. (moment Sabbath over), waiting to come in. This not allowed either.

Principles for observing Sabbath—

(a) Rest from work—recruiting energies of mind and body.

(b) Worship—as seen by examples of Christ, the Apostles, etc.

LESSON. *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.*

III. STRANGE MARRIAGES. (23—31.) This old trouble begun again. Why were marriages with heathen forbidden?

(a) Jews were to be a separate nation.
 (b) Jews might learn their idolatry and other sins.
 Even the priests had made these unlawful alliances. (Ver. 28.)

No wonder Nehemiah was angry.

Strange wives ordered to be put away.

This the last thing told of history of Jews. For 400 years Bible silent about them till coming of Christ.

What have these Lessons about the Captivity and Restoration taught us?—

1. How easy it is to fall into sin.

2. God's great mercy in pardoning repentant sinners.
 3. The importance of keeping up religious observances.

4. The duty of observing the Sabbath.

5. The duty of supporting God's ministers.
 From Nehemiah we learn—

1. The blessing of prayer.

2. The good which a righteous man may do.

3. Not to be weary in well-doing.

[N.B.—Next month will be begun a course of Notes on the Lessons in the International Series.]

IN HER OWN RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER BASIL," ETC.



"Mrs. Damant stood before him."—p. 573.

CHAPTER IV.—IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
 Makes ill deeds done."—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. ROMAINÉ'S house was one of the oldest and pleasantest in Ely. It was a plain white house, standing flush with the street, but possessing, as such houses often do in country towns, a large and sheltered garden at the back: a garden

where the snowdrops bloomed and the plums ripened a week before anyone else's; where the apple-trees were a hundred years old, and were espaliered on each side the long lines of soft green turf that made such pleasant summer walks; where the gravel walks, that ran rather formally round the old garden, never showed a weed, and were edged by a constant succession of old-fashioned flowers.

It was here that Mr. Romainé culled week after week his Sunday posy for Mrs. Damant; and it was here that he was walking, and musing sorrowfully

enough, the day after his rejection by that lady. He did not blame her, even in his heart. He understood that there had been no coquetry in the evidences of friendship she had bestowed upon him, that she had not understood he was still seeking more than friendship at her hands. Neither did he blame her that she had not told him ten years ago how impossible it was that she should marry. It was not a story that any woman would care to blazon abroad. A deserted wife! There had been no need for her to bind him to secrecy. He knew too well the unkindness of gossips' tongues, the injustice which always blames the woman, which judges and condemns unheard. She had a perfect right to silence all this by calling herself the widow she believed herself to be, that perhaps indeed she was. No, he did not blame her—he was only sorry for her, and for himself.

He was not a young man, to talk of daggers and broken hearts, but the elderly wooer suffered after his own fashion as much as many a younger one. There was, no doubt, a certain consolation in the thought that the woman he loved had rejected him for reasons quite apart from himself; but he cared too much for her to derive much consolation from her anomalous and painful position.

Before he went away, she had told him all her story. He had learnt how the girl of eighteen had given her heart to the picturesque young artist who had come to her father's out-of-the-world village on a sketching tour, and whose long sojourn there would have been a banishment from civilised society if the Vicar had not taken pity on his loneliness and asked him to his house. It was the only house for miles round except the fishers' cottages, and the young painter was evidently a gentleman—at least in appearance and manners. It was not the wife—or widow: which was it?—who put in that qualifying clause. It was Mr. Romaine, who sat by, listening grimly to the faltering accents that betrayed how well she had loved this other man, and making his own comments on her story in the silence of his heart. He let none pass his lips, but as he heard how the good Vicar's kindness had been rewarded, how the man he had taken to his hearth had used his opportunities to win Mary Treherne's love, and at last to persuade the motherless girl to elope with him, Mr. Romaine's honest brow grew stern and dark, and he had hard work to keep down the words that rose to his lips. Then there had been a brief period of happiness of which the widowed wife could evidently not trust herself to speak; and then—

"You see, I was not as clever as he was," she said humbly. "But I don't think he meant to leave us for ever. I think he would have come back to us, if—if he had lived."

Her head was bowed, and a few slow tears dropped down.

"And have you heard nothing since?" asked Mr. Romaine.

"Not a single word. My father thinks he must have gone abroad, but we never knew. Only, if he had been alive, he would have come back to us, I think. I believe I am a widow, but you see I do not know."

And so the pitiful story had ended; and Mr.

Romaine was thinking it over as he walked between the espaliered apple-trees, laden with golden fruit, relieving his mind from time to time by the utterance of some of the unflattering epithets it had cost him so much to restrain.

"Villain! Double-dyed villain!" he muttered as he walked along; and his dog took the tone of indignant reproof as directed to himself, and slunk to heel with depressed ears and tail.

Mr. Romaine was not much like a hero of romance. He was a stout, elderly man, a little over fifty, with hair that was streaked with white, though his eyes were still bright and blue. He had been a handsome man in his youth, and was a very fresh and pleasant-looking one now, with a good-humoured twinkle in his eye, and a shrewd, kindly smile. Decidedly not a man to die for love; but, for all that, he was feeling very sad as he walked amongst his apple-trees and thought of Mrs. Damant. He understood at last that his hopes of calling that sweet and gentle lady his were as vain as—well, as vain as they had been ever since he entertained them. And out of the ashes of the love that had died so sharp and cruel a death, rose a most chivalrous desire to spend and be spent in his lost love's service. She was his love no longer; between them must ever come the shadow of the husband who, as it seemed to poor Mr. Romaine, was neither honestly alive to set the crown of wifehood on her head, nor honestly dead to leave her free. Lover he was no longer, but friend he must always be, and that all the more for the confidence with which she had honoured him, and the need of friendship which the future might even yet bring. Suppose that this blackguard—this was how, in the seclusion of his apple-walk, Mr. Romaine spoke of the unknown Damant—suppose that this blackguard were to turn up again, what protection would the gentle old Canon be? Mr. Romaine felt that a stronger and more pugnacious friend might be needed, and that as long as he lived such a friend would not be far to seek.

He paced up and down, unconscious of the flight of time, till the four bells sounded from the Minster tower that told another hour had winged its flight. He looked at his watch and found it was eleven o'clock, and almost at the same moment Leonard came to say that he was wanted in the office, where a gentleman was waiting to see him.

"Or shall I see him?" asked Leonard, looking at his father's disturbed countenance. "You look as seedy as if you'd been up all night."

"Nonsense! I'm all right," said Mr. Romaine, a little ungraciously, as he went past Leonard into the house.

Leonard opened his eyes and whistled softly. Something must have put his father out, he thought, but he had no suspicion what it was. He was not as observant as Tessa, nor—as he openly declared himself in love with her—could his mind be supposed to be so free for other people's troubles.

"The dad makes a great deal too free with these apples," thought Master Lenny sagely, helping himself to two of the finest specimens. "They don't hurt *me*, of course, but at his age he ought to be careful."

And meanwhile Mr. Romaine was walking into the house, and wondering who his visitor might be. Then he opened the door of the office, and saw that it was Algernon Eastwood.

The two men had met during Algernon's recent visit at Eastwood Park, but they had not "taken to" each other. Eastwood thought Romaine "a meddling old duffer," and the lawyer, without formulating his opinions, felt that he did not entirely trust Mr. Eastwood. "Too pleasant and too plausible," thought the shrewd country lawyer. "He's the sort of man would put one's mettle up in the witness-box, and then I doubt if one could get more out of him than he chose."

Eastwood was standing by the window, apparently lost in thought, but he turned round as the lawyer went in, and held out his hand, with the pleasant smile to which Mr. Romaine so ungratefully objected.

"You are down at Eastwood, I suppose?" said Mr. Romaine, when the first courtesies had been exchanged. "I hope it does not mean that Lord Eastwood is any worse?"

"I am not at Eastwood," Algernon explained. "I am here on—on business. Or rather, I came to see—to inquire about a friend who I hear is living here. And as I was in the place, I thought I would look in and see you."

"Yes?" said Mr. Romaine blandly. He had recovered his professional manner, but he looked at Eastwood inquiringly, and with a good deal of surprise. Who could the friend be? Mr. Romaine knew everyone in Ely, from the Bishop and Dean downwards, but he was sure that none of his friends had ever mentioned Algernon Eastwood as one of theirs. He almost began to think that his first idea had been correct—that Eastwood had come to make some inquiries about the advertisement, and that the "friend" was only a clumsy device to conceal his real purpose.

"We have had no answers yet to that advertisement of ours," he observed, intending to relieve any anxiety his visitor might be feeling. But Eastwood only looked at him with a faint sarcastic smile.

"Did you expect any?" he asked. "Dead men are said to tell no tales, Mr. Romaine, and I don't think they are particularly likely to answer advertisements."

"It is hardly a subject for jesting," returned the elder man gravely. "And, Mr. Eastwood, though I confess I do not expect to receive any answers, I must remind you that to assume that we shall not is to assume that your cousin is dead, and that he died unmarried—facts of neither of which have we any proof."

"There is no need to prove a negative," rejoined Eastwood quickly. "The onus of proof will lie with the other side."

He threw his head back, and looked at this captious lawyer with a curious defiance.

"The relation in which I stand to the Eastwood family precludes my taking a side," said Mr. Romaine, with unruffled dignity. "I am on the side of the rightful heir, whoever he may be. At the same time, Mr. Eastwood, I can sympathise with the trying

position in which you are placed, and I hope this advertisement will be the means of establishing your claims."

Eastwood bowed somewhat stiffly, telling himself that, but for this pestilent advertisement, his claims would never have been doubted. However, the deed was done, and it was neither politic nor necessary to enlighten Mr. Romaine as to his opinion of it. Eastwood had no wish to quarrel with the lawyer, who, after all, had only carried out his client's instructions; and he was, besides, anxious to avail himself of Mr. Romaine's knowledge of Ely and Ely people to learn something more about Mrs. Damant.

But, anxious as he was, he seemed to find it a little difficult to begin his inquiries. He got up from his chair, and went to the window again, looking out at the level green, and the almost deserted road. Then he turned round and faced Mr. Romaine.

Consciously or unconsciously their positions had been almost reversed, for whereas Eastwood had been sitting opposite the window, with the light full on his face, and Mr. Romaine, who sat at the side of the room, had necessarily turned from the light to speak to him, Eastwood was now with his back to the window, and when Mr. Romaine faced him he faced the light as well.

"You know everyone here, I suppose," said Eastwood; "do you happen to know a Mrs. Damant?"

It was not wonderful that poor Mr. Romaine changed countenance—a fact that the full glare of the morning light sufficiently revealed. The surprising thing was that Eastwood seemed as discomposed as himself. It was as if the agitation of the one had infected the other.

"What—what is it? What do you mean? What do you know?" Eastwood cried blankly.

Mr. Romaine could see nothing but the outlines of a face shown against the light behind it; but the voice and attitude betrayed a discomposure he could not understand.

"About Mrs. Damant?" said Mr. Romaine, recovering himself. "Mr. Eastwood, I do not understand. Is Mrs. Damant the friend you spoke of—the friend you have come to see?"

"And what if it were?"

There was almost a note of defiance in the tone, but Mr. Romaine did not answer. "What indeed?" he was asking himself. Nothing about Mrs. Damant could surprise him now; not though friends of whom he had never heard should come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. Only, was this man a friend? Mr. Romaine sat silent, watchful and alert, and waiting, in a sort of dreary patience, to hear what he had to say. Eastwood resumed, after a pause, in which each was wondering how much the other knew—

"I hardly know if I may venture to call Mrs. Damant a friend. I knew her slightly many years ago; so many that it is quite possible she may not remember me."

"I think it is very probable. I have known Mrs. Damant intimately for fifteen or sixteen years, and I have never heard her mention your name," said Mr. Romaine, with some instinct of defence which made

him inclined to discourage any desire on Eastwood's part to renew the friendship of which he had spoken. What but sorrow could any friend of those bygone days bring to the woman whose story he had heard yesterday? If he had not been too much engrossed in his own reflections, or if Eastwood had not been standing with his back to the light, Mr. Romaine might have inferred from the look in his face that the desire he deprecated existed only in his own imagination. Eastwood looked unfeignedly relieved to hear that he was probably forgotten by the object of his search.

Mr. Romaine resumed, with quite unnecessary earnestness—

"I think you must make up your mind to find yourself forgotten, or, at least, not remembered. Your name has naturally been a good deal talked about here lately, and I think if Mrs. Damant had remembered you she would have spoken of it when the advertisement was mentioned."

But would she? The doubt suggested itself even as he spoke. How silent he had learnt that this fragile little woman could be! And how unlikely it was that she would refer to anyone who had known her in the past that must be so full of bitterness!

"She saw the advertisement, then?" said Eastwood, with a curious restrained eagerness. It seemed as if, even yet, he could not speak of that obnoxious advertisement in his ordinary voice or with his ordinary manner.

"Yes, she saw it, I know, for I showed it her myself. I am bound to overlook nothing that may throw light on your cousin's disappearance, and I thought there might possibly have been some connection between Mrs. Damant's husband and the Damants from whom your cousin took his second name."

"Well?" said Eastwood. He turned round and looked into the street again, and Mr. Romaine could not guess how fast his heart was beating, or how interminable the slight pause seemed to the dark figure outlined against the window.

"Well, there was no connection, or none that she knew of. And I do not suppose we could have learnt much if there had been. I believe your cousin's

mother was a Damant of Thorney Fen, and we know all about them."

Mr. Romaine stopped with a sigh. He understood now how much pain his questions must have given Mrs. Damant. If he had known as much as he knew to-day, he would not have put them, though the barony

of Eastwood depended on her answers! And after all, it had been in vain. Mrs. Damant had been unable—or was it unwilling?—to tell him anything.

Eastwood turned round, with the frank, pleasant smile that most men, and all women, found so irresistible.

"To tell you the truth, I had the same idea myself," he said, taking up his hat. "My cousin's name in that big type seemed to recall my old acquaintance, Mrs. Damant, and I thought I would come and look her up. But, if you think she has forgotten me—"

"I am sure of it," said Mr. Romaine eagerly.

"Then it hardly seems worth while to introduce myself to her acquaintance," said Eastwood, drawing on his gloves. "I must apologise for wasting your valuable time in

gossip, but I was anxious that no stone should be left unturned—"

"Naturally," nodded Mr. Romaine. "It is more for your interest than anyone's that the uncertainty should be cleared up. But, Mr. Eastwood, I have satisfied myself that Mrs. Damant cannot help us, and as her friend I ask you to say nothing that may revive the memory of her married life. You knew her husband, I suppose?"

It was a simple enough question, but it seemed to discompose Eastwood more than anything that had gone before.

"I knew him, certainly, but—but almost as slightly as I knew herself," he said, after a moment's hesitation, which seemed to the lawyer confirmation strong of the suspicions he entertained as to the character of John Damant. "Naturally," thought Mr. Romaine, "no one would be very eager to claim acquaintance with a man like that;" and perhaps he liked Eastwood all the better for the reluctance his hesitation had seemed to betray.

"The more slightly the better, I should say," said Romaine, as he opened the door. "Anyone who



"He was walking and musing sorrowfully."

knew Damant must have known one of the biggest scoundrels that ever went unhung. I beg your pardon, if he was in any sense a friend of yours; but when I think of that poor lady's wrongs I cannot contain myself."

"Evidently not!" thought Eastwood; but he only murmured some expressions of sympathy and acquiescence, and took his leave, but before the door closed he turned back.

"I look upon you as the Ely referee," he said, smiling. "Can you tell me who that dark, beautiful girl was who sat a little to your right at the service yesterday morning? A tall, dark girl, with a magnificent voice."

"That? There is only one young lady in Ely who answers to that description," said Mr. Romaine; "that was Mrs. Damant's daughter—Ermyntude Damant."

Eastwood made no remark. He lifted his hat, and walked back to his hotel; but, as he went along, his thoughts were still busy with the lawyer's parting information.

"So that," he mused, "*that* was Ermyntude Damant! The solution lies as near to the problem

as the dock to the nettle. At the risk of offending the worthy but irascible Romaine, I shall do myself the honour of calling on Mrs. Damant this afternoon."

CHAPTER V.—A TENNIS PARTY.

"Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
... Why should I vex and chafe my spleen
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine?"—ORWAY.

"You will find them all in the garden, sir," said the neat parlour-maid who answered Eastwood's ring at Canon Treherne's door. "That way, sir," indicating a path that seemed to lead round the side of the house; "or would you prefer to go through the conservatory?"

An open door at the other end of the hall showed a conservatory gorgeous with autumn's profusion of colour and of bloom, and beyond, a stretch of velvet lawn, with tennis in full swing. Eastwood declined to face the garden party, and, explaining that he was not an invited guest, committed his card to the maid, and was shown into the drawing-room.

It was a low, pretty room, with a window opening into the conservatory, and another looking on to the garden, and showing the cathedral rising above the lilacs and laburnums, and feathery acacias at the end of the lawn. There were flowers all about the room, not loading it, as some rooms are laden, or overladen, but set here and there in vases of softly coloured glass, in china bowls, or quaint shapes of art pottery of still quainter hues. The air was not oppressive with perfume, as it was at Lady Maria Grantly's, but only scented



"I wonder which side Lenny's is?"—p. 574.

with a faint, delicate fragrance, like that of a briar-hedge in June. A grand piano seemed to take up rather more than its share of room; a couch was drawn up by the open window; there was the pleasant litter of work-baskets, and books, and magazines, that makes a room look as if it was lived in, and not kept for company use. Eastwood took note of it all, glancing round with the natural curiosity which seeks to discover in an unfamiliar apartment some indication of its owner's character or tastes. That there were ladies in the Canon's household would have been evident to Eastwood, even if he had not been aware of it before, and that their tastes were cultivated, and perhaps somewhat eclectic, was also tolerably apparent. A glance at the table showed a religious quarterly, a yellow-labelled book from the library, and the last number of a weekly; on the piano a sonata of Beethoven's and an aria of Handel's lay side by side with the bluish-grey cover of the latest extravaganza and the reigning ballad of the hour. The walls were hung with some exquisite line-engravings, whose beauty Eastwood was connoisseur enough to appreciate, and with water-colour sketches that were feeble even for the amateur productions they evidently were.

It was before one of the weakest of these that Eastwood pulled himself up. The sky was as lumpy, the sea as solid, the greens as impossibly aggressive as ever amateur achieved, but he recognised Trevelleck, the little Cornish village by the sea, the home of the Mary Treherne who was now Mrs. Damant. A flood of recollections came over him at the sight, but he put them resolutely aside. He had not come to indulge in sentimental memories, but to make the acquaintance of Mary Treherne's daughter, Ermyntrude Damant.

He could see her as he turned again to the window, a tall, bright, fearless creature, quick of eye, deft of hand, sure of foot, flitting about the court with a swift grace of movement that was never betrayed into awkwardness. What hoydens the other girls seemed beside her—how they jumped and slipped and lurched in their efforts to take the ball! He wondered who her partner was—a slightly built young man, with a blonde, boyish face, or what seemed boyish to a man of Eastwood's years. There was evidently an *entente cordiale* between them of which he did not approve, for Eastwood was regarding this girl to whom he had not yet been even introduced with a sense of possession which would have astonished Miss Damant as much as it would have angered Leonard Romaine. It was Leonard, emancipated from the office for this afternoon, and looking particularly well in the tennis-flannels that are so trying to older men, who was her partner in the game. "It was Leonard, of course!" as the other girls were whispering in significant asides, and as Mrs. Damant was noticing with secret satisfaction.

"You'll help me make up the sets, Lenny?" Miss Damant had asked at the beginning of the afternoon; and Leonard had promptly responded, "All right—if you'll let me put myself with you."

So, as there were only two courts on the smooth old bowling-green which was Canon Treherne's tennis lawn, and as Miss Damant insisted on her guests being

all placed before herself, Leonard had to wait till the afternoon was well advanced before his turn came, and this game which Eastwood was watching with such unreasonable jealousy was the first he had had. He was a good-looking boy, Eastwood owned rather grudgingly; and then the door opened, and his observations came to an end.

Mrs. Damant stood before him, with enough likeness to her former self to be easily recognised, and for the moment, at least, everything else was forgotten. He had no difficulty in recalling himself to her recollection as the Algy Eastwood who had been her husband's friend, but the interview was not as agitating or as painful as Mr. Romaine had feared, or as Eastwood had secretly dreaded. There was just a moment's wild wonder and amaze, a passionate inquiry if he had brought her news either of life or death, and then the habits of nearly twenty years had resumed their sway, and the palpitating, agitated woman had subsided into the serene and gentle Mrs. Damant whom Ely knew so well, and had given her husband's friend the half sad and wholly sweet welcome that any other widow might.

And Eastwood had been gently sympathetic, without any of the suppressed indignation that had marred Mr. Romaine's sympathy to that loyal and loving heart. Damant must be dead, he agreed, or he would certainly have returned before this to the wife he had loved so well; and Eastwood was even able to suggest a reason for his flight in the pressure of debts of which the deserted wife had never even heard.

And so she made him tenderly welcome, and took him out amongst her friends to introduce him to her father and her daughter, only bidding him remember that she called herself the widow they both believed she was, and that nothing must be said to suggest a doubt to her daughter's mind, or to the friends who were gathered on her lawn.

Canon Treherne was courteous, but not genial. That a man had been his son-in-law's friend was scarcely a passport to his affections; but Tessa glowed into a warmth of welcome that amply atoned for her grandfather's shortcomings.

A friend of her father's! The girl had heard so little of that long-lost father, there had been so little it was right or kind to tell, that there had been all the more room for imagination to raise an ideal image sufficiently unlike the real Damant. The silence that had charitably veiled his memory was full of tender fancies and poetic regrets, of an unuttered and unsuspected hero-worship to which its object might never have attained if he had not been left so vague and unsubstantial a name.

Eastwood understood that it was all for her father's sake that Miss Damant smiled on him so kindly; but he was more concerned to enjoy the smiles than to inquire into their origin. He devoted himself to her with the sort of chivalric homage a man of his age may naturally pay to a girl so much younger than himself; and for her father's sake Tessa allowed herself to be engrossed a little more than a hostess should—at least, in the opinion of Mr. Leonard Romaine.

For his daughter's sake the Canon had striven to be

civil to his unwelcome guest, and had introduced him to one or two long-coated dignitaries, one of whom had recognised him as Lord Eastwood's cousin. Eastwood Park was not very near Ely, but the old lord was sufficiently well known there to make his heir-presumptive an object of interest to the rather exclusive circle gathered round Mrs. Damant's lounging-chair; and Eastwood might have paid his respects to very exalted dowagers if he had not preferred to sit by Tessa and talk to her till it was time for him to go. He had an appointment in London, he explained in a tone of regret, but when he came down to Eastwood again he should hope to be permitted to renew his acquaintance with his friends in the Close at Ely.

"Then let us hope it may be long before he is invited to Eastwood Park," said Leonard unkindly, when Eastwood had bowed himself away. "Tessa! how could you sit and let him prose away to you like that?"

"He talked very sensibly. He didn't prose at all," protested Tessa.

"Everyone proses when they talk sensibly," said Lenny sententiously.

"Hear him!" cried a man standing near. "What a flood of light that throws on your conversation, Lenny!"

Leonard laughed good-humouredly.

"I'm not a Senior Optime, and all the rest of it," he observed. "Come, Tessa, isn't it our turn, now this set's over?"

"Is it?" said Tessa, looking round. "But, Leonard, there's Miss Colbrant all by herself. Would you *very* much mind—?"

"Mind! I should think I should! Why, you know she can't get a ball over the net, and is always getting in the wrong court, and fouling her partner's stroke."

"Yes, I know; but I don't believe she's had a game all the afternoon."

"Because no one would play with her," ejaculated Lenny.

"Oh, then there's all the more reason," said Tessa, looking so distressed that Lenny's good-nature was not proof against her appealing eyes.

"All right, I'll go and ask her," he exclaimed, and strode away swinging his racquet, and looking as nearly sulky as it was possible for Lenny to look.

Tessa's eyes followed him gratefully.

"How good he is!" she murmured, half to herself and half to the man who had been standing silently by, and listening to her colloquy with Leonard Romaine with a half-amused and half-satirical smile. He was a Romaine himself, a cousin of Leonard's, and owner of a small estate a few miles out of Ely—on the strength of which the Romaines claimed to be considered county people, and held up their heads with the best.

Austin Romaine was fair, like his cousin, but without Leonard's almost feminine delicacy of colouring, and with features less regularly formed. He had the same clear, large-pupilled eyes, but the mouth was decidedly firmer, though perhaps it lost in sweetness as much as it gained in strength. He was a little taller than his cousin, and more stoutly built,

but he had the same air of high-bred courtesy, and a dignified manner that made Lenny's seem almost boyish.

"Good?" he said, looking at Tessa's eager face all aglow with gratitude. "It is at least a goodness that is abundantly repaid."

She did not understand either his words or the bitterness in his voice, and looked at him reproachfully.

"Do you know, Austin, I think you are a little—just a little—unjust to Leonard sometimes?"

"And do you know, Ermyntude, I think you are a little—just a little—unjust to *Austin* sometimes?"

"In what way?" she asked quickly, and a little proudly.

"Oh, I am not complaining," he said quietly. "I will not—I do not—grudge Lenny his privileges; but I don't know that you need bestow such lavish gratitude upon him for saying 'Yes,' when you remember how very much easier that always is to him than saying 'No.'"

"That is true," she owned; but she thought that in this case Austin could not appreciate the sacrifice Lenny had made. What would it have mattered to Austin Romaine whether she were his partner or not? She reared her head proudly, and looked at him with a sort of unconscious defiance.

"Lenny is weak, I know, but that is only because he is so kind-hearted. Now, I believe you quite enjoy saying 'No,' don't you?"

"Sometimes," he admitted, with the faintest possible smile touching the corners of his mouth. "We are not much alike, Lenny and I. We are like fruit grown on different sides of the wall."

"I wonder which side Lenny's is?"

"The south, for he catches all the sun."

"Oh, Austin! When you have Elibank, and he has to grind at the office all day!" A slight movement of Austin's eyebrows made her add hastily—"Of course, I don't mean days like this. But he could not have so many holidays if his father were not so kind."

"His father is not the only one who is kind to Leonard, I think. I might well say he has the south side of the wall."

There was a bitterness in his tone that struck her, little as she understood its source. She looked at him shyly, with a softened regard, but he was staring straight before him, and she did not venture to speak. With Austin Romaine Miss Damant was always curiously shy. She stood by him, as silent as himself, and tried to give her attention to the tennis, where Lenny and his partner seemed to be getting decidedly the worst of it, and their opponents were very jubilant indeed. She could hear Miss Colbrant ordering Lenny about, giving him impossible directions, and getting in his way as he had predicted.

Tessa smiled at Lenny's exasperated face, and then she glanced at his cousin, who was frowning and looking as if anything so frivolous as tennis was beneath the attention of a rational being. So at least Tessa interpreted the grave and almost stern expression, but Austin's thoughts were far enough from tennis balls,

The young owner of Elibank had indeed a good deal to make him look graver and older than most men of twenty-four. He had come into an encumbered estate about three years ago, and they had not been years to bring prosperity to anyone whose income was derived from land. But then Austin Romaine was not a man who aired his troubles. It was known that his father had been extravagant, but the extent of the difficulties he had bequeathed to his eldest son no one even suspected. He forced himself to smile now as he met Tessa's wondering glance.

"I'm afraid I've been very rude, have I not? Why don't you scold me like you do Lenny?"

"How do you know I scold Lenny?" she laughed.

"I've heard you, dozens of times."

She did not attempt to deny it, and Lenny, coming up after finding Miss Colbrant a distant seat and a cup of tea, added his testimony.

"It's a true bill, Tessa! you bully me frightfully. Are you giving Austin a turn now?"

The shy, deprecating glance was sufficiently unlike bullying to make both the cousins smile; but perhaps there was some truth in Austin's remark that the sun never thawed enough on *his* side the wall. There was always a little stiffness between Austin Romaine and Ermytrude Damant. To him she was never Tessa, but always Ermytrude, and the stately and formal name seemed a type of their relations with each other. Neither was ever quite natural and unconstrained when the other was by, and Leonard congratulated himself that Tessa had so different a manner to him.

"For really, she's as jolly as a girl can be," he said to his cousin, as they walked away from the Close an

hour later. "You needn't sneer, Austin! She's like another girl when you're not by."

"I wasn't sneering," said Austin. "I was only wondering what *jolly* might mean when applied to a girl like that."

"Jolly? Why, any duffer knows that!" cried Leonard; and Austin inquired no further.

And, meanwhile, Eastwood was waiting at the bleak and windy station for the London express.

A little while he paced the platform in deep meditation, and then he raised his head and showed a face resolute, determined, and triumphant.

"They know—*nothing!*" he said, under his breath. "It is lucky I traced them out, for now my course is clear. The girl is a beauty, and makes it all smooth sailing. I am willing to do my part, and it will be her own fault if she is not some day Lady Eastwood."

He shivered, half with excitement and half with the chilly east wind that was tearing over the windy flats, and went into the waiting-room.

There was the usual furniture in it, and a few people waiting like himself for the train. Eastwood did not sit down, but walked up and down the room looking aimlessly at the time-tables on the table, and the texts that hung in the usual manner on the walls, till one of the rows of thick black type seemed to detach itself from the rest—

"Is Thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Eastwood read the words as if there had been no other text upon the page; and then, to the astonishment of the other passengers, he tore the tablet from its place and hurled it into the empty grate.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD AND THE YOUNG.

SEE on the lawn the self-absorbèd pair:

His load is eighty, she is scarcely seven:

Through lengthened hours of sadness orbèd
with prayer

His eyes have lost the grey of worldly care,

And caught the blue of rest, as though for heaven.

And she is but an artless little maid,

As nigh the dawn of life as he the night,

With passing sweetness on each line and shade
Of child expression—transient now: now staid;

To sorrow strange, her toys her sole delight.

Behold her now: how daintily she goes;

Oh, she is proud as any queen self-willed!

Though o'er his furrowed brow the gentle snows

Hang agèd-like in silken-soft repose,

Yet he will have her every wish fulfilled,

She is his Sovereign: he, her willing bond;

He smiles to see her winsome wayward-
ness.

The sunlight shimmers on the glancing pond,

And kisses all the landscape far beyond,

And folding hills enframe their loveliness.

Her ceaseless prattle makes his heart rejoice.

Hard now his fading eyes he seems to strain

To catch some passing fancy of her choice.

He loves the changing music of her voice,

And seems to be a little child again.

And there absorbed in never-tiring play

They sit and frolic, till the shadows creep

In soft luxuriance on the golden day.

Then in his arms he hears her gently pray,

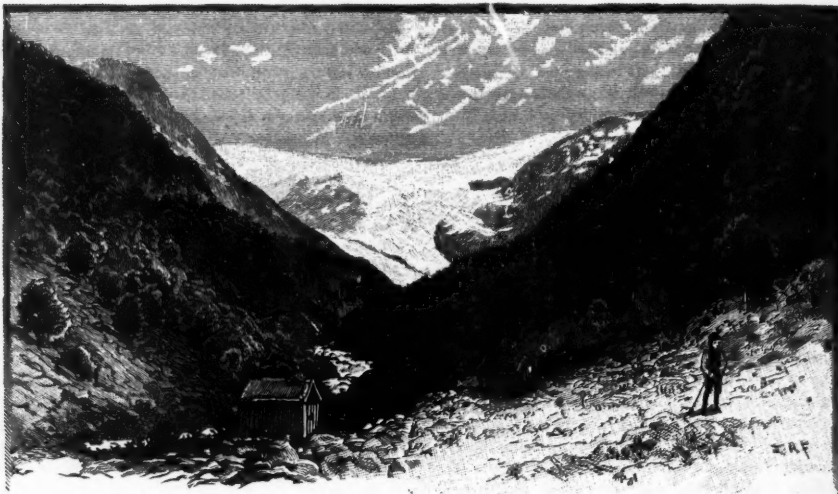
And bears her to her long and peaceful sleep.

W. F.

THE NEW PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE.

A TRIP TO NORWAY.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON GORE, M.A.



THE BUARBRE,* NEAR ODDE.



HARDANGER COSTUME.

OUR passage from Hull to Bergen was declared by stewards and stewardesses to be the worst on record, and certainly it was bad enough to prompt the wish breathed by some that they might never return to England again. But the worst experiences come to an end. We were brought into harbour, limp and lifeless, and fifteen hours behind time, as the bell tolled the hour of midnight. At first, no happier

fortune seemed to await us on shore. The hotels were all full. Weary as we were, we were sent on a mournful tramp, just as the street lamps were being extinguished, to look for lodgings. The house to which we were directed, tall, gaunt, absolutely silent

and asleep, for a long time gave no response to our appeal at door and window. At last, a casement high up was opened, and the door-key was thrown to the pavement at our feet. It gave entrance to the common hall, the house being tenanted in flats, but what seemed to us hours of parleying had to pass before a friendly and welcome voice bade us come up higher. The wheel of fortune had turned. Presently we found ourselves in the bright and comfortable rooms of the Russian consul, whose kindness at once dispelled every memory of fatigue and hardship. English matrons are proverbially hospitable, but even their hospitality would be put to a severe test if they were called upon, as the consul's wife was, between one and two in the morning, to provide beds for three unknown pilgrims from the sea. By this lady's personal exertions we were laid comfortably to rest by two a.m. It needed no pressure to induce us to remain the guests of such admirable hosts. Everything was done to make our visit pleasant: we received, besides, all sorts of useful information and guidance, and we came readily to the unanimous conclusion that no brighter memory would be left by our tour than that of our sojourn with friends who found a pleasure in being kind.

An obvious danger besets anyone who would give an account of a picturesque tour. If he begins in raptures, what is he to do by-and-by? If his first adjectives are in the superlative, where shall he afterwards find a higher degree? But whatever the risk, Bergen must have its meed of praise. Its pure, clear atmosphere, wholly free from smoke, its wide

* "Brae" means Glacier.

streets and spacious market-places, its fine public buildings, and its pretty wooden houses painted in low greys and yellows, picked out in brighter colours, its fjords and lakes, its villa-decked hills and sheltering cliffs, its well-dressed, well-mannered, good-natured if somewhat sober-faced inhabitants, photograph themselves vividly and permanently on foreign eyes. A carpet of juniper twigs strewn the footway before a hospital, and betokening that a body—the body of a young officer—had just been carried thence to the grave, reminded us that in Bergen, too, sorrow has entrance; but to us it seemed just the place where tears need not fall, nor nerves quiver, nor brains ache, nor spirits droop any more.

It was pleasant to look upon Bergen rather than Hull, as the starting point of our tour. We felt we were beginning when we took the train for Vossevangen. The journey of four hours was interesting in many ways. It confirmed our impressions of the joys of Bergen life, as we travelled at first through a well-watered and cultivated country full of pretty villas standing in gardens where art had helped but not hindered nature. All looked pure, and fresh, and clean. Afterwards it gave us our first fjord views; and if this had been the only fjord in Norway we should have indulged freely in sounding its praises. The water, the overhanging cliffs well wooded up the greater part of their heights, the ever-changing vista, as one inlet after another disclosed some new combination of beauty, must always be attractive. Scotland can furnish scenery of the same type, but not on anything like the same scale, nor of like variety. And Scotland and most other pleasure resorts seldom provide the leisure which tourists in Norway enjoy. The train moved in the most easy-going fashion. There was no hurry, and how much does that mean to a tired Englishman! The little quiet stations came at short intervals, and people got out and chatted, and sauntered about the train at their will. There was freedom, too, in the carriages, constructed on the Continental system, and allowing more movement and choice of seats. In fact, the idea that you might do much as you liked unmarshalled by porters and unharassed by whistles, was something worth coming for. And, if we had been engineers, we should have had one more interesting experience in observing how cunningly the railway threaded and cut its course over lakes and under mountains, piercing the latter by some sixty or seventy tunnels in as many miles.

We spent our first Sunday at Voss, and attended the Norsk church. To our English taste the form of worship lacked brightness and variety. The people, seated, sang many hymns to one and the same monotonous tune or chant; the pastor, in black gown with white ruffles round the neck and wrists, offered prayers, facing eastwards; and

turning to the congregation, read portions of the Holy Word. While he read the people stood. The sermon occupied fifty minutes. The preacher was a man of good delivery, and was listened to with attention. During his discourse members of his flock, especially women, would seek relief or show particular interest by standing up for a few minutes.

Voss is a pretty place by a lake, to which it gives its name. Beyond the lake rises a snow-capped mountain, which, however, during our stay wore another cap—a turban of clouds.

On a first visit to a country it is probably wiser to confine one's footsteps to the beaten track. The best places are sure to lie on it. If you have a chance of coming again, you can pick and choose with the discretion which comes of knowledge. To this beaten path we kept. The names of Eide, Odde, Gudvangen, Nærødal, Faleide, Balholmen, Molde, are well known to all tourists in Norway. To describe their charms would require a rich vocabulary. Each place in turn seemed to excel the last; at each point we felt a jealousy lest the new love should displace the old. Now and then the appetite for seeing became cloyed; we could not take in any more.

But even where all is beautiful, it must be that some scenes shall stand out super-eminent. The view at Stalheim, between Voss and Gudvangen, is said to be unique—"nothing like it in Europe." It comes suddenly, and it is impossible to suppress a cry of delight when it comes. You have been gradually



ON THE NÆRØFJORD.

ascending to a height of 1,200 feet, and then, in a moment, you look over an almost perpendicular wall, we might call it—deep, deep down into a dark valley. As we saw it, a rainbow arched it. Stupendous cliffs hedged it in. One of them stood out a little by itself, a perfectly symmetrical though truncated cone, 3,600 feet high. The others, often higher still, towered and surged against each other like the waves of some gigantic sea. Gudvangen, to which the valley leads, sees no sun through the winter months, buried beneath the shade. It may be the point of view, half-way between heaven and earth, that makes this scene so unlike any other and so strangely attractive. Whatever the cause, its fascination is not to be doubted. Many travellers turn back to renew the impression. Not so we; first impressions cannot be renewed.

As we descended by a wonderfully constructed zigzag, two beautiful waterfalls, one on either hand, met us, each in turn claiming the palm of beauty; and then we traced the course of the stream which they fed, its waters so transparent that only its rippling and its foam revealed the surface to the eye.

The Nærødal, to which this scene belongs, was not afterwards excelled in grandeur; but there are tracts which compare with it. In them, whether on fjord or lake or road, we were sunk down, almost or altogether to the sea-level, mighty cliffs of four or five or six thousand feet overhanging us. Such memories we have of the inner Sogne fjord; of the Geiranger fjord, which, branching from the Nord fjord, pierces in among glacier basins of oppressive depth; and of the solemn Eikisdal lake near Molde. It is difficult to connect these places with any thoughts of man or of the populated world at all. They do not suggest life. They stand in eternal solitude, eternal strength. Norway may be above or beyond; and you long for wings to mount and look and see; but this that you do see is not Norway, nor any other land of man. Bears may haply lurk in those dark fissures which lacerate the rocks, or among that stunted brushwood, but not men; and yet, while you are thus pondering, you have but to fix the eye attentively—there, half-way up to the blue heavens, on a sloping ledge which it makes you giddy to look at, is a mountain farm of many-tinted green, baring its bosom to the sun. There, men and women and children live all the year. And beneath, you can discern a boat-house: some perilous path there must be between the farm and the sea. And sometimes the silence is startled by a yodel from a woman's rich voice, wakening oft-renewed echoes among the crevasses in the rocks, and then you discover the *seter* where the milkmaid lives among her flocks and herds, perhaps alone, perhaps the guardian of one among many rocky pastures.

Other scenes of great magnificence, though not so shut in or shut out from the world, are to be found—on looking back, for instance, towards Red from the Utvig road, on the way to Faleide; and again, on the descent to Hellesylt. In these instances you obtain greater distance and more proportion, without losing anything of the beauty of outline or the sense of

massive strength. In the Red view the mountains stand together in a great assembly, separate, but within speech of one another—a mighty parliament. The words of the old prophet came to mind, "Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth." Here, too, we gained height sufficient to enable us to look up and over a glacier to the wide snow-land of the Jostedal, the surface of which measures 500 square miles. Cliff over cliff of ice, field beyond field of snow, it stretched away, at last dimly, towards the east, far as eye or glass could carry. What was its depth? We might guess at it from the heights of the mountains which buttressed it; and we might shudder as the mind travelled back to the drear ages long ago, when all Norway, and more than Norway, lay dead, fettered in ice and shrouded in snow.

But Norway is not all as we have described it. Sometimes the fjords open out, and the hills are lower, and the valleys widen, and the silver birch mingles with or replaces the pine, and the lake-sides are dotted with red-roofed villages, gathered about pretty white churches; and all round are fruit gardens, and on the waters the lightest, most graceful boats are pulled by men or women with such skill that they seem to be endowed with an intelligence of their own. And the roads, when the undulations are slight, are as smooth as a park-drive, and pass, unfenced, through park-like lands, where tiny cattle feed among abounding foliage; and the peasant proprietors, with wives and sons and daughters, are seen shaving the grass, or hanging out the hay like clothes on long railings to dry, or building up the rye into thin, tall stooks; and where the root-crops, and especially potatoes, grow in luxuriant healthiness.

For fjord scenery of this kind we should choose Balholmen, on the Sogne fjord. The guide-books compare it, not inaptly, to Lucerne. There are the four arms of the lake, the farther one darkening into shadow; and there, no doubt on a reduced scale of height, imagination will show you the Righi and Pilatus on either hand; but there you have what Lucerne wants, the freshest air, every draught satter than many glasses of champagne, and many draughts bringing no headache after them; and there are bathing and boating, and a beautiful walk by the waterside for wearied or aged feet; and then easy ascents to milk-stored *seters* for the sober-minded and middle-aged; and then sharp *arvretes* and bits of snow for the young and enterprising. Balholmen is a beautiful place, abounding with attractions. We are afraid it must grow; we were thankful to have seen it while it was still left to Nature and the Norse.

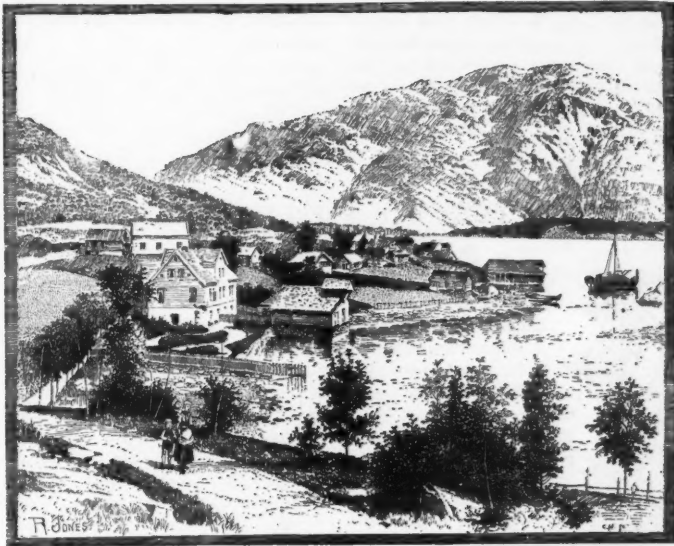
Faleide, too, has a charm of its own; but it is rather pretty to look at than to tarry in. It is too much shut in. It owes its fame partly to being on the high road for tourists, and still more to its giving access to the famous glacier valleys of Loen and Olden.

Often we found ourselves in more secluded spots, scarcely less to be desired in their own way. Of these were Forde, with its inn by the salmon stream;

and Nedre Vassenden; and Aardal, quite primitive, where they got out of bed at midnight to be hospitable to us; and Grodaas, with its cataract falling almost on the doorstep; and Red, where the drawing-room was decked like a conservatory, and the dinner was of the daintiest and most tempting.

Out from all the rest stands Molde, in a category of its own: sea and mountain, range beyond range through and around the Romsdal. From east to west the eye can traverse fifty miles. In the immediate foreground the wide but landlocked waters, with a steamer here and there to mark distance and magnitude; beyond, a belt of lowland islands;

The Vorningsfoss pours the contents of a real river—no mere streamlet—down 700 feet into a dark cauldron from which volumes of spray are driven back to a height considerably exceeding that from which they fell. This foss is approached by a ride through a savage pass. It is a curious sensation to sit on your pony while it ponders for some seconds where it shall next plant its footsteps. The way to the Lotefoss, on the contrary, is by the smoothest of drives from Odde up a charming valley, while, beside you, the river sometimes loses itself in the placid waters of a lake, but more often plunges through the riven rocks with surpassing fury. It forms a fit introduction to



BALHOLMEN.

further back the mainland on which Vestnæs lies, and then the great mountains, strikingly bold and varied in outline, and full of all manner of lights and shadows and gradations of colour.

A little space must be given to the Hardanger fjord by itself. Generally, it is wider, more roomy than the others. Its mountains meet it with an easier slope, and the intervals are more frequent where the farms lie. Even the mountains which support the Folgefond, a great snow-field forty miles in length, are decked with gardens at their feet. Glaciers flowing over the mountain tops sometimes descend low into the valley without marring their greenness. For some reason or other, "Nature" is in a gentler mood on the Hardanger than elsewhere. Here is the region of waterfalls. True, they are everywhere, and must be everywhere in a country like Norway. Beautiful gauze veils, like the Staubach, meet one at every turn; but here the Force—the Foss they call it—is found in the greatness of its strength. The Skjæggedal is spoken of as the finest fall in Europe.

the fall—or rather falls, for there are three of them—flanking on both sides a long bridge by which the torrent is crossed. In a moment you are blinded and drenched by the spray and deafened by the roar. We had to escape behind a projecting spur, and to climb it before we could gain any vantage ground for our view.

But if we were commending a tour in Norway to a jaded brother, we should not be content with telling him of scenic attractions. We have indeed spoken already of the exhilarating air and the freedom from restraint. We may add that there is much to obviate ennui and fatigue by the frequent change in the mode of conveyance. True, the fjord voyages are sometimes long, and a pleasant book is then a pleasant companion; but grand drives in carriages intervene and fill up three or more hours of the day. The carriage is by no means a rude carriage, and we have seen some of sufficient elegance to awaken a wish that they could be transported to England. The ponies vary in quality, but most of them are stout and sure, and some are fleet of foot. The hotels have their

defects. The beds are short, the basins small. But all is clean. The food is good, the cooking often excellent, the coffee superb, the supply generous, even lavish; and no pains are spared in providing for the comfort of the guest. We say "guest," for the old idea of host and guest still lives. No doubt you pay—moderately—when the visit is over, but while it lasts you are a guest. Your host is your guide, philosopher, and friend. You salute him with uplifted hat when you arrive, you shake him heartily by the hand with "*Monge tak!*" when you reluctantly leave. Indeed, the Norwegians are the best part of Norway. The men are well grown and well made, athletic and handsome, like Englishmen of the fair-haired, blue-eyed type. The women are comely, often pretty, always innocent looking, their faces readily lighting up with smiles and brimming over with good nature. Their dress is simple: a common feature being a handkerchief folded diamond-wise and tied beneath the chin. A dress of serge or, in higher circles, of

fine cloth, the colour uniform in the same region, but varying as we passed from place to place. The children are warmly clothed in the same material, but in long gowns, rather than frocks, which look dowdy, and seem to unfit them for play. The young girls, on Sundays and holidays, wear loose white sleeves, with bodices of bright colour, usually scarlet. There is no tight-lacing, and if Venus ever appeared among the glaciers or sprang from the torrent foam, it was not with a slender waist.

Norway has not much to learn in regard to the comforts of civilisation, and it may be we have something to unlearn as to its arts. We often sighed out a somewhat hopeless prayer that England might emancipate herself, and return to the simple, unsophisticated life which is still exemplified in these descendants of one section, at least, of our illustrious ancestors.

. The illustrations to this paper are engraved from photographs by Messrs. T. Frith and Co., Reigate.

MISS CHESNEY'S SAPPHIRE BROOCH.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

ONE! At first what had happened seemed so impossible, Phyllis could only stand paralysed with amazement, incredulous of the fact. But there it remained blankly confronting her.

All else was in the room as when she had quitted it; the window closed; the chair straight and orderly in front of it; no slightest token of any intrusion; the very box as she remembered laying it, by one of those freaks of memory which sometimes take note of insignificant trifles, the lid at right angles to it just above a big star in the pattern of the tablecloth. No one was

in the house but herself, her mother, and John Maryon. Yet without sight, sound, or visible agency that costly trinket had vanished!

Vanished from her keeping! Phyllis felt herself growing cold as ice. Never would Miss Chesney forgive her the loss; and yet—shaking herself as from the grip of nightmare—lost it could not be. Had she by ill-hap lifted the brooch out when John Maryon knocked, and had she carelessly carried it to the door? Dropped it perchance in those joyful seconds? She *knew* she had not touched the ornament, yet felt constrained, lamp in hand, to go slowly up the

little hall, searching at every step; but it was not there.

"Phyllis," cried her mother, "what are you doing! Are you not coming, dear?"

"Presently, mother," the girl answered, trying to make her voice sound natural as she turned back from the fruitless hunt. She would not tell her dismay a minute sooner than she needed to one whom she always longed to shelter from all care.

Again, in futile hope that she must have forgotten some movement of her own, she examined every nook of the—surely haunted—room; but vainly. Then she drew up the blind, moved out the chair which stood a bare six inches forward, opened one side of the window, and peered out. Not a rustle, not a movement was to be heard. The light of her own lamp streamed over the narrow strip of grass, bounded, suburban fashion, by seven feet of rough glass-surmounted wall on either side, and by a tall hedge at the bottom, which separated them from the two-acre garden of John Stopes, Matty's father. Everyone had long since gone home from work. The whole place was dark and still. Away between her and the lights of Crouchester she saw the red blinds on Miss Chesney's upper floor; still beyond, the many gleams from the rows of hospital windows. Shivering and cold with fright, she drew in again, sat down and tried to think. But in a minute Matty's single rap resounded through the house, and Phyllis dragged herself up to admit her.

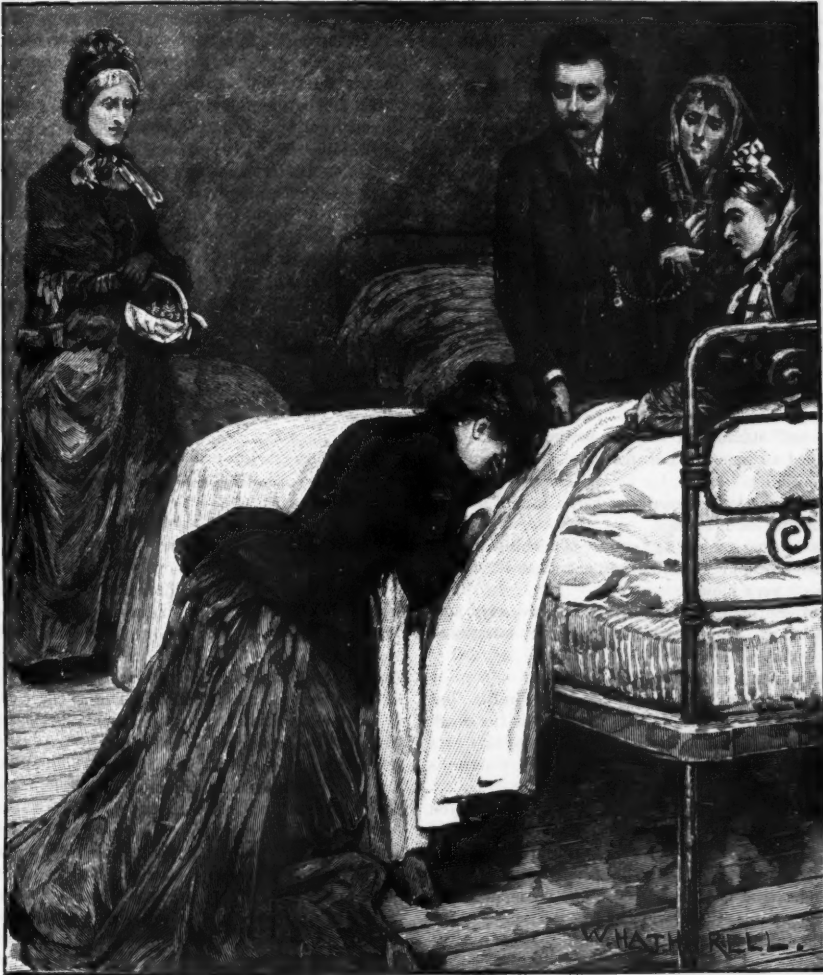
"I was obliged to come this way, as the kitchen door is bolted, miss," apologised Matty. "Have you been in long, miss?"

"Yes," Phyllis answered. "I mean—no—oh, I forget. Be quick and make tea now; mamma is wanting it."



The girl looked askance at her young mistress. What made her so unlike herself? Maybe glad that, whatever the upsetting, she had no finger in it, Matty hurried off, and presently announced the evening meal was ready. But it was a sadly troubled one. Try as she would, Phyllis could keep no secret

share in it; therefore they would not even tell her of it. The two, alone, debated and rejected every possible explanation of the impossible disappearance; then, each endeavouring unavailingly to comfort the other, sat hand-in-hand together the evening through, thinking, till they were sick at heart, what had best be done.



"Light was breaking in upon them all."—p. 581.

long from the mother who read every line of her child's face, every inflection of her voice.

The strange calamity that had overtaken them was soon shared with vivid anxiety by Mrs. Furneaux. Together she and Phyllis once more went over every inch of possible concealing-place. Matty by no chance could know anything of their loss. Her half-hour's absence entirely exonerated her from any

Nothing was in their power but to tell all as quickly as possible; so said Mrs. Furneaux. Phyllis winced, but knew it was the only course; and for that they must wait for the morrow, as Miss Chesney was dining out this evening. Presently the much-desired cloak arrived; but Phyllis laid it aside without a word to her mother. They had no spirit now for pleasure such as she had planned.

With morning, both got up, pale and harassed. Before ten o'clock Phyllis was at The Beeches with her unfortunate tidings.

Miss Chesney at the news was at first absolutely speechless. Her cherished jewel, the ornament she prided herself upon above all others—and she had plenty of handsome ones—gone! Gone without hands. Spirited away in a sort of conjurer's-trick fashion. Nonsense! The tale was not to be believed. Common sense refused to give it credence. Long living alone, and accustoming herself to ferret out the peccadilloes of domestics, had fostered habits of suspicion in Miss Chesney; now this trait came to the fore. The story, as told to her, was so palpably absurd she was exasperated at its even being offered.

"Why, Phyllis Furneaux!" she exclaimed at last, "you must take me for a fool; there *must* be something else you've not told me yet. You say you got the brooch, or the brooches—it was stupid of the man to do them up together, and you ought to have made him re-pack them separately—but you *did* get them from Hall's, and went straight home?"

"No, I don't think I said 'straight' home," said Phyllis hesitatingly; she was so dazed she forgot her exact words.

Miss Chesney caught her up sharply. "I believe you said 'straight' home. But where did you go besides, then?"

"To—to," stammered Phyllis, feeling now totally disinclined to mention her purchase, "to Raynes—for—something."

Miss Chesney looked keenly at her, a sort of divination working in her brain.

"Was it the 'something' you were wishing to buy the other day and wouldn't tell me what it was?"

"Y-e-s," very slowly.

("And she hadn't the money for it two days ago, but she had yesterday," thought the questioner grimly.) Then aloud—

"Can you tell me what it is now?"

Why she wanted to know puzzled Phyllis, but rather than offend again, "It was only a fur cloak for my mother," she answered; and was totally at a loss to account for the odd look Miss Chesney's shrewd eyes flashed on her.

"I don't think," said the lady, "it was wise of you to run in debt, even to make your mother a present."

"Oh, I never should; I certainly did not run in debt."

"I understood last Tuesday you had no money with which to purchase this wish of yours."

Phyllis crimsoned. "I had enough for that, only—only it was put away for something else. I had not wanted to touch it."

"In-deed!" said Miss Chesney, very drily. "Well, can you positively assert you did not leave my sapphire brooch on Raynes' counter?"

"Oh, positively," cried the girl, and once more faithfully repeated every detail of the marvellous disappearance, her hearer attending, but uttering never a word.

As Phyllis ended, her mother followed her to The Beeches, unwilling to let her child unaided bear the brunt of Miss Chesney's probable and reasonable

anger. "Juliet," as Mrs. Furneaux recollected, was always hasty-tempered, and might spend her wrath hotly upon Phyllis. But Juliet was singularly self-contained for once; received her former schoolfellow with perfect, though pitying civility; heard for the third time of Phyllis's despairing search alone, of her only revealing the loss an hour after she first knew of it; and made no other remark than "Poor Hester! poor Hester!" till, suddenly looking up, she said—

"Now, you would have given your new fur cloak not to have had this happen, I'll answer for it."

"My new fur cloak?" repeated Mrs. Furneaux; "I don't possess such a thing."

"Oh, but your daughter does for you," said Miss Chesney curtly.

"Phyllis!"

"Oh, mother," said the girl, so weary and tired the tears started to her eyes at mention of the luckless gift, "I had bought one for you yesterday, that's all."

"But—but how—how, dear child?"

"With—with just the three or four pounds I had hoarded up little by little against when—I was married," almost whispered Phyllis, shamefaced and shy.

"My poor girl," said Mrs. Furneaux, "how ever have you saved anything out of the trifle you always kept for yourself? Oh, Juliet, even in all this trouble what a comfort it is to see what a daughter will do for me!"

"I'm very glad you feel it so," was the guarded reply to this; and then the interview came to an end, Miss Chesney signifying she would dispense with Phyllis's company for the rest of the day: and as to what had happened, she must think it over and write a note about it.

Scarcely had mother and daughter left The Beeches, when over came Mrs. Maryon to invite Miss Chesney for the evening. Forthwith into her astonished ears was poured the whole story, "which, as you are unfortunately bound to hear it sooner or later, you may as well have first-hand, though I'm as sorry for you as I am for everyone concerned," said the mistress of The Beeches. But to Dorothy the incensed lady cast off all reticence, and Mrs. Maryon sat aghast, less at the loss of the brooch than at Juliet's now unconcealed conclusion on the matter.

"You are not cruel enough to say Phyllis *stole* the horrid thing!" she exclaimed; "for pity's sake remember what a frightful accusation that would be."

"I don't make it!" cried Miss Chesney. "Oh dear no! I'll say no more to anyone; I'll do nothing further; I'll let it drop; though I know very well, if I put the matter in the hands of the police, what they would advise."

"Police, Juliet!" gasped Mrs. Maryon.

"They could only infer one thing from this ridiculous story, and the cloak combined. But they shall not be called upon; I promise you that much; I'll hold my tongue."

"After having said what will make us feel all wretched," put in poor Mrs. Maryon.

"And I'm sure," retorted Miss Chesney, "I'm wretched too. I was as fond of the child as if she belonged to me."

"But oh, whatever will John say to it all?" groaned Mrs. Maryon. "You seem to have forgotten, Juliet, that the girl you lay this frightful imputation on was to have been his wife—my daughter."

Miss Chesney looked scared, but resolute still.

"I can't help it, Dorothy. What I think, will out: that always was my disposition. But you need not spread my opinion. Keep it to yourself. Don't tell John at all."

"I think, Miss Chesney, you've strange ideas of confidence between mother and son if you advise that, and strange notions of honour," said Mrs. Maryon, rising with dignity very nearly allied to distress.

"Oh, pray don't begin to talk about confidence or honour," returned Miss Chesney bitterly; "I don't suppose I shall ever believe either in one or the other any more. Good-morning, Mrs. Maryon."

Then these two friends of forty years parted most coldly.

The spinster lady sat down while her anger was yet seething, made out a cheque, and wrote a brief note to Phyllis, "considering it best under all circumstances for her services to be discontinued from the present date." The matron went home indignant, perplexed, and sorely disturbed about what course she must take as to John and his engagement.

That cruel piece of business speedily arranged itself.

From his mother John Maryon got at lunch-time news of what had been occurring. First the bare facts, which he scornfully declared must be explicable somehow; he would soon go and find it all out. Then vaguely—entreating him to be careful (for had she not his future, his professional standing, his name, his father's name to guard?)—Mrs. Maryon let fall hints of Miss Chesney's suspicions, and begged her son for her sake to wait, to be prudent, just to make sure—not that she doubted Phyllis! And that brought about the catastrophe.

Wild with anger at the calumny cast upon his love, John Maryon suddenly lost his usual calm judgment, went straight to Ivy Cottage, caught pale Phyllis in his arms, and bade her tell him the quickest day she would be his wife, so he might shelter her from all the infamous lies that were afloat concerning her.

"Lies!" questioned the startled girl; "John, what is it you mean?"

"Why," trying to draw her back, for she had shrunk from him at his words, "why, pure inventions of the evil one, my darling, or rather of Miss Chesney, that have been upsetting them at home. Merely," laughing ironically, "that you—you took that trumpery thing of the old lady's and sold it somewhere to buy—"

"Mother," cried Phyllis, a swift agony like the stab of a knife piercing her, "mother! oh, mother!"

And she fell forward into those two, fond, trembling arms, white and insensible as death.

"Please—pray go away," begged Mrs. Furneaux vehemently. "Nay, but you *shall* go, John. My child shall have no one near her now but me. Heaven help her!" And perforce, doubly miserable at what his rashness had brought about, the young man had to leave.

At dusk he ventured to the cottage again. Phyllis,

or the very wraith of Phyllis, met him, and told him that because she loved him so dearly they must henceforth keep apart; his name should not be linked with hers while this miserable stigma was upon it. From that, *pled* as he would, urge what he might, nothing moved her. Free, and hopelessly wretched, they separated that chill January evening. Was it to be for ever?

Bleak February and bleaker March passed by. Grave and taciturn was John Maryon now, devoting himself to nothing but work, shunning the home where Phyllis, if not actually doubted, had not been loyally trusted. Broken up was the little triangular coterie, for Mrs. Maryon tried her best to meet Mrs. Furneaux rarely, and both, naturally, avoided Miss Chesney. Sad at heart, each in her own way, were these three women, but sadder than any was Phyllis.

All her love, all her patience, all her pride, she summoned to tide her through these dark, dark days, when the mystery that had fallen like a pall upon her life enshrouded her. But her step grew heavy and heavier, the light seemed dying out of her large, tired eyes; the face that, since its first conscious smile from the cradle, had been Hester Furneaux's keenest earthly delight, could smile no longer; and as the spring waxed fuller and lovelier, the girl just faded and drooped, till her mother met every fresh day with a fresh aching dread of what it might bring forth.

At first Phyllis had forced her energies into work of some sort. Small Peggy had been ill; she was excitable and delicate, and a slight epidemic had soon made prey of her. Phyllis went often to the child, and would nurse her in her arms for hours. Then, when Peggy revived and trotted off to school again, she tried with etching and painting to while away time and earn that narrow margin of money she knew their purse was always needing.

But her hands grew so weary and so unclever. By the time when the days were long, pen and pencil were laid aside, and the May sunshine shone on a slender, wasting figure that grew frailer almost every hour. Once John Maryon caught sight of it. He never went to the hospital by his old route now. Every inch of Linden Road he could escape he did. Never once had he met Phyllis since the night she bade him leave her. Now, one sunny, joyful day a senior physician had got him by the arm, and, deep in discussion of a case, steered him straight down the well-known path by Ivy Cottage. Phyllis, at her mother's urging, was standing out in the tiny garden, fragile as any flower there. One glance only John Maryon gave at her. Then he bluntly cut short the doctor's dissertation. Went home, his features all set with pain, and wrote a letter.

"Mother," he said, "I've seen her, and I can't stand it. I won't stop at Crouchester any longer. I shall go out as ship's surgeon as soon as the Western Line will find me a berth;" so he took his letter up and carried it to the post, and left Mrs. Maryon fretting over the mutability of human happiness. Here was her husband coming back for good that very month, and now her boy was going—never, perhaps, to come and live by her again! And then there was poor Phyllis.

too, and Heste Furneaux. Oh, she could not keep them from her thoughts; and very unhappy indeed she felt that fair May day!

Miss Chesney, too, was particularly out of sorts the same afternoon. When perambulating her lawn in the morning, Matty had run by in haste; on the spur of the moment, she had stopped her to ask how all were at Ivy Cottage.

"Missis keep wonderful for her," Matty answered promptly; "but oh, ma'am, poor Miss Phyllis!"

"What's the matter with her?" asked the old lady shortly; she had grown much older these last few months.

"I don't know," said Matty; "but," with a choke, "a many says for certain she's going to die."

Miss Chesney felt inclined to choke too. "Where are you going?" she inquired, "for a doctor?"

"No, ma'am, and yes, ma'am. Not for Miss Phyllis, 'cause she won't have none. But I'm going to the hospital. My sister Peggy broke her arm on Saturday, and I run in to see her every morning. She've bin tewly the whole spring through, an' she's that feverish and fretful no one can't do nothing with her scarce."

On the foundation of Peggy's fracture Miss Chesney, long tortured by doubt and compunction, laid a plot. She'd dozens of ripe red strawberries hanging in her hot-house; with some she would presently sally forth to yonder hospital, there make her gift to the invalid, and then see if she could get a few words with the young house-surgeon, who had shunned her as if she had been the plague ever since last January. "Might it not," she meant to say to him, "have been a magpie or a mischievous monkey that gained ingress to the cottage that fatal evening, and made off with her property? She had heard of such things. Suppose they all determined to believe it in this case, and so heal over the troubles of these last months?" This would she do, and see if peace could be restored. But for this she must wait till the flock of poorer visitors had left the hospital. Then callers detained her, so it was nearly five o'clock when Miss Chesney sallied forth on her errand at last.

It was perhaps half an hour later in the day, and Mrs. Furneaux sat writing and watching Phyllis, who lay on a couch in light, unrestful slumber, when a loud knock sounded through the house, followed by an urgent ring at the bell.

In an instant the sleeper started into wakefulness, with a strange sense of something wonderful impending; and Matty, running breathlessly in, made good the anticipation.

"Please 'm, here's the man that keep the door at the hospital come with a cab, to say will Miss Furneaux go directly, this very minute? Peggy's very bad, and keep on crying for her. And the doctor say will Miss Phyllis be quick; and, please 'm, may I go to Peggy too?"

Phyllis trembled. On such a mission she might have to meet someone besides Peggy. Her small stock of strength quailed at the trial. And yet, again, the child wanted her, and even might be dying. For very few seconds she weighed herself against the little sufferer.

"I will go, mother," she said, and quickly all three were speeding the short distance down the Linden Road.

In the smallest children's ward, where only one little white bed was occupied, Phyllis found what she had dreaded—and more.

Peggy, with yellow curls all tumbled, and blue eyes fever-bright, was chattering fast and wildly. Beside her stood John Maryon, soothing her, holding the splintered arm down with firm, kind hand. Helping him was his mother, whose before-dinner hour was often spent at the hospital. And near by stood Miss Chesney. All with varying expression hailed the entrance of Phyllis. She, quivering at sight of her one-time love, went straight to Peggy, and, kneeling by her, said simply—

"Well, little one, did you want me so much? You see I have come."

Instantly the child stopped her incomprehensible babblings, and, gazing hard at Phyllis, seemed trying to think.

"I was doin'," she said—Peggy's consonants were all shaky as yet—"I was doin' to tell Miss Lissy somesin'. No, she's dot to tell me somesin'."

"Well, what is it, dear?"

"'Dive us our trespasses as we fordive'—oh, Peggy can't say it!"

"'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,'" said Phyllis softly. "Yes, Peggy, you used to learn all about that with me—that's right, dear."

"But—but," cried the child fearfully, "does you fordive people, Miss Lissy?"

"Yes, Peggy, I"—the sweet, grave voice low, but very firm—"I do forgive, I hope, all I ought."

(Someone was distinctly sobbing. It was the lady with the basket.)

"Then He will. Oh! will He, if Peggy's bin very bad?"

"Yes, little one."

"If Peggy," getting very shrill and holding in grim fear to Phyllis's hand, "if Peggy's been a thief?"

"Hush, poor child! you are not well; you are only dreaming, dear."

"No, no, no! The pretty blue glass round the red man—that's what it was."

"She cried out so about the blue glass, Miss Chesney made us send for you, Phyllis," whispered Mrs. Maryon.

"What glass, Peggy?" said Phyllis, shaking from head to foot. "Don't be frightened: tell me."

"The shiny glass in a box. And I took it for my dolly. She hadn't dot no pin to pin her nice pink shawl on. An' she looked so p'itty. An' I creeped in f'rough the window, an' I creeped out, an' no one see me 'cept Him! And, oh!—and, oh!—very piteously—"will He fordive me?"

Phyllis was white as a sheet, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Light was breaking in upon them all. Matty, bewildered but honest, added her thread to the tale.

"Does Peggy really mean she took something, miss, the night I sent her for the letter I left on the

kitchen table? She never told me. I took her home 'fore I went to post, then see I only got two letters 'stead of three; so, to save time, I took her up to father's hedge where it join ours, an' she creeped through, being little, and slipped in and out of the glass door so she didn't disturb missis. I bid her be as still as a mouse, but I did not mean her to do no harm or touch nothing."

"An' I didn't—not a mite of sugar, nor yet a bistik! Only the red man in the blue glass," cried Peggy. "An' did he matter, Miss Lissy?"

For very faintness, Phyllis laid her head beside the child's. "Tell me where it is now, Peggy."

"I hid it up. I was afraid of it. When I dot it I didn't like my dolly wiv it on. I laid it, when no one see me, deep down under the red rose by our gate. Does you fink, Miss Lissy, our Father will fardive Peggy?"

Tears of joy, so intense it was almost pain, fell fast from Phyllis's eyes.

"Yes," she said softly, "I know He will."

"Then," said Peggy, settling down with inexpressible relief, "I think I'll go to sleep now."

"Can I ever be forgiven too?" said poor old Miss Chesney, crying like any baby.

For answer Phyllis stretched out one hand right freely to her old friend; the other was already in her lover's clasp.

In their great thankfulness, reproaches were buried once and for all; but Miss Chesney's penitence took substantial form, for it was owing to her that, when Captain Maryon came home, he found wedding preparations already on the way, his son's scheme of sea-going totally discarded, and the pretty gabled house next to Ivy Cottage being furnished from top to toe as the spinster's bridal gift to a certain young couple.

So happiness has salved the wounds of those weary months. The friends of long-ago girlhood are friends once more, and John Maryon and his wife remember only as a test of their true love that strange adventure of Miss Chesney's Sapphire Brooch.

A FEW SHORT NOTES ON PEWS.

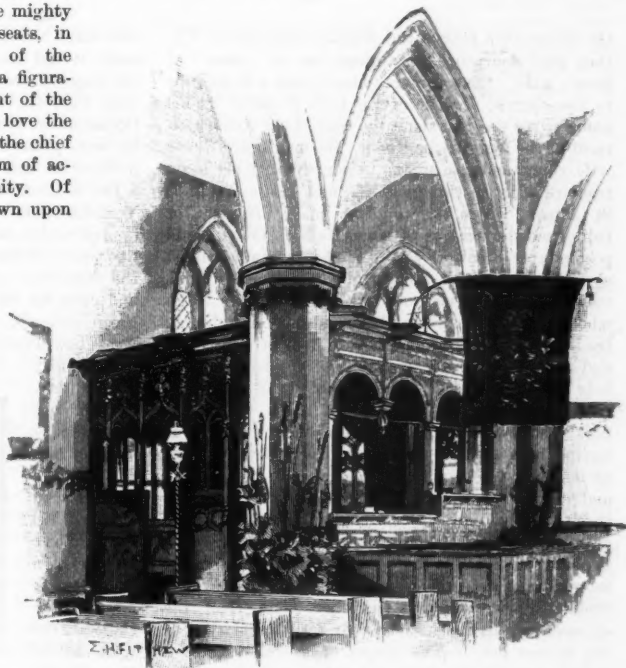


have allusions to the seat of the scornors, the judgment seat, and the seat of justice in the Scriptures. To put down the mighty from their seats, in the words of the Psalmist, is a figurative statement of the

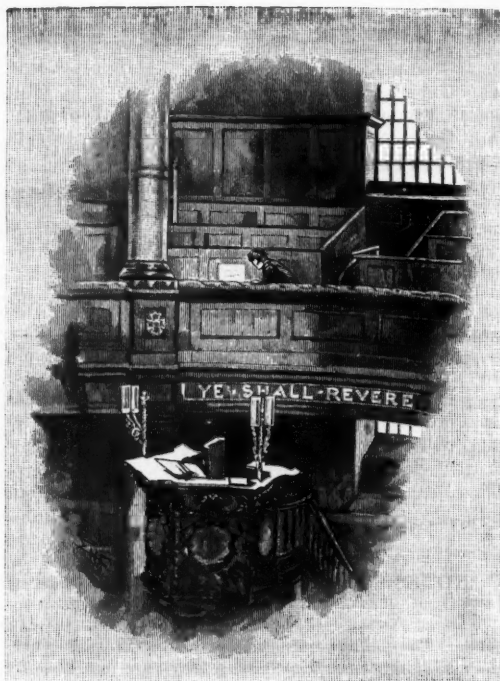
Creator's power; and to be said to love the uppermost seats in the synagogue, or the chief seats in the synagogue, is but a form of accusation of self-sufficiency and vanity. Of veritable appointed places to sit down upon there is only the scantiest mention.

It is sometimes thought that pew-seats in churches were not in use till after the Reformation. This is not the case, as some of the accounts of churchwardens in the fifteenth century mention various sums paid for their repair at that date. The churchwardens' accounts for St. Michael's parish, Cornhill, mention them as early as A.D. 1457. A volume of churchwardens' accounts dating from 1540, relating to Ludlow, has been carefully preserved, in which there is frequent mention of them also. And it is probable that a closer scrutiny of the contents of the chests of country parish churches would reveal many further particulars.

The churchwardens' accounts of St. Michael's, Cornhill, have been printed; they may, therefore, be easily read. They set forth, among many other items, that in



SEIGNIORIAL PEW IN WENSLEY CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.



DR. JOHNSON'S PEW IN THE GALLERY OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.

the thirty-sixth year of the reign of King Henry VI., they paid fourpence for a hinge for the "pewe" of Russ's wife. Russ appears to have been a benefactor to the church, for one of the bells is called by his name. This was just about the time of the commencement of the Wars of the Roses. We may fancy Russ's wife, young and fair, sitting in her pew with her heart troubled with the tidings of the first battle fought at St. Albans, where the king was made prisoner; or full of wonderment as to what Halley's Comet could portend; or of curiosity as to the books newly printed abroad with wooden blocks, and subsequently with metal types. We may read there were other ladies who also owned pews in this handsome city church, for in 1467 there is an entry of an item of one penny and a halfpenny for "amendying of the lede over my lady Stokker's pew," besides a charge of fourpence paid to a smith for "makying of a lok to Maister Stokker's pew." In 1468 eighteenpence is entered as having been paid for making two new pews, as well as tenpence for mending the old pews in the church; and in the following year there is another entry of threepence paid for "amendying of olde pews in the chirche." In 1473 Master Stokker must have arranged to change his seat, for there is an entry of a payment of ten shillings and twelpence for makying of Mayster Stokker's pew, which is sixpence more than the amount paid in the ensuing year for "translatyng of the meyres pue." The hinges of pews were often called garnetts in these old times, and the trifles

required by joiners were written down as "trashe."

From the Ludlow account-book we may gather people sometimes bought sites for their pews in the church, and then had them made at their own cost. Apparently, additional space was gained occasionally by the removal of structures put down as "chauncels," which was then sold for the purpose of erecting extra pews. Thus, in 1549, sixteenpence was "received of John Newton for the ground that his pew stands on, wher Cooke's chancel was;" and again, "received of hym for timber to make the pew, ijs." It is clear, too, that seats had different values according to their position. Elizabeth Glover only paid eightpence for her "knelynge place" behind the north door, while Mrs. Poton paid six shillings and eightpence for the pew "under the pilpitt;" and Alis Rogers paid three shillings and fourpence for her "mother's pewe." There are at least sixty of these entries relating to the payment of rents or repairs for pews, written promiscuously pewes, pew-place, pue, sett, and seat. In 1542 Mr. Langford received three shillings for six boards to make "the comyn pewis." Another entry makes a distinction between pews and benches:—1549. "Item, for a forme for folkes to sytt upon, viijd."

In the course of alterations made in Hexham Abbey church about twenty years ago, a large pew covered with green baize was taken down, when it was seen that those who made it had used up in its construction an ancient painting on three panels, representing the Resurrection, with the Virgin and St. John on either side. Occasionally, too, fragments of rich carvings are to be seen preserved in old pews that have formed portions of still older work.

Let us look into Wensley church, in Wensleydale, Yorkshire. It stands in a very large churchyard, around which, at its uttermost boundaries, are some fine trees. Some pleasant-fronted cottages look across the main road towards it, and close by, in its own green grounds, stands a large bow-windowed residence, not of our day, though not so ancient as the grey fabric we are about to enter. We may note there is a square tower of three stages at the west end of the church,



STONE STEPS AND SEAT AT POICTIERS.

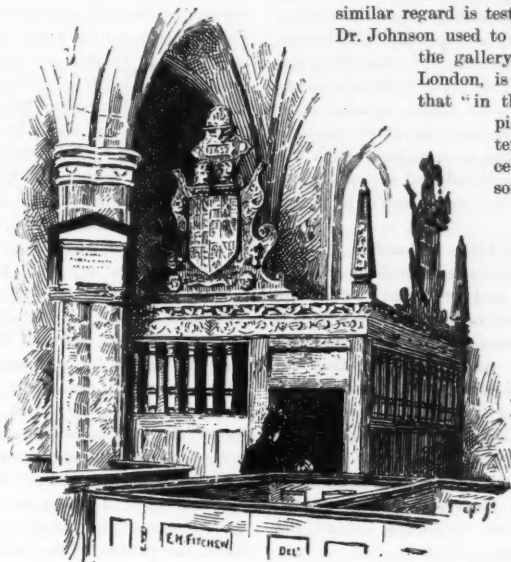
which has small, plain, pyramidal pinnacles at each angle on its summit, capped with tiny vanes, and a clock on its north side. A date, 1719, over the west window of this tower evidently records the last alterations made to the fabric, for all the masonry is mellow, and there is an air of undisturbed sanctity about it. And we may note, too, all the buttresses along the nave are enriched with niches in which are shields carved with armorial bearings; and that there are two ancient grotesque gargoyles on the north side of the nave, and two more on the south side. There are two porches, both of the most venerable and inviting aspect, but we will choose that on the south side, that we may read the inscription above the sundial on it: "As a shadow such is life." On entering, the font is close at hand to this southern entrance; it is dated 1662, we see at a glance.

Two arcades of octagonal columns meet our eyes, and passing on to the chancel, which is rich with dog-tooth ornament round all the windows, including a low side window, we find, beyond a long array of low benches, with here and there an ordinary square pew, a white and gold enclosure close to the chancel arch on the north side of the nave. It is called a seigniorial pew, and is ornamented with heraldic emblems. But over and above, it is made of superb carved work, said to have been brought from Easby Abbey three hundred years ago. There is a light screen across the chancel arch, not so rich as this fine work, and from the apex of the arch hangs an oval tablet, which contrasts curiously with a large banner floating near it. The floors are paved with large stones, except at one spot on the chancel floor, where there is a fine brass memorial. There are several white marble mural monuments with black inscriptions on them, as well as several wooden tablets on the walls, and another ancient brass. And over all these interesting old-world items, look down the flat old oaken roofs the carpenters of the fifteenth century erected. There is not a sound. An exceeding peace, as of centuries of piety, fills the edifice, and connects, as with a "silver cord," the seigniorial pew with the memory of those who worshipped in Easby Abbey in the dim past.

Another carved and canopied pew, bearing date 1627, still stands in the old church of Brendon-on-the-Hill, in Leicestershire. It is in the north aisle, and belongs to the Ferrers family.

In a recent paper on "Some Curious Pulpits" mention was made of the care taken of the pew in which the "Man of Ross" worshipped. A similar regard is testified for the pew which Dr. Johnson used to occupy. In a corner of the gallery of St. Clement Danes, London, is a brass plate notifying that "in this pew and beside this pillar for many years attended Divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson." "That church," says Carlyle, "where Johnson still worshipped in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place."

In some of the finest churches in Italy, as well as in some parts of Germany, there are still no seats in the churches. But in the sixteenth century, when sermons became a considerable feature in Divine services, benches and pews were furnished for the hearers, and their use has since



CANOPIED PEW AT BRENDON-ON-THE-HILL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

been very general on the Continent, though not, as we have said, universal yet.

The absence of seats in old times may have led to the undesirable practice of moving about in the course of the services. As the roads were bad, and people resorted to the use of clogs to raise themselves out of the mud and keep their feet dry, the noise they made must have been, in reality, a considerable distraction. An old French author, writing in those bygone days, tells his hero not to make a noise with his clogs when he goes into church and walks about looking for the heroine.

From an artistic point of view, it is contended that much of the grand effect of the interior of churches is lost by the introduction of pews, and that the idea of intensity of devotion is also lessened by their use; and, it must be owned, the sight of an immense crowd of persons upon their knees on a vast mosaic pavement like that of St. Peter's, Rome, is truly an imposing spectacle. Nevertheless, it is certain the need for resting-places was acknowledged as early as the end of the twelfth century, when the cathedrals of Poitiers and Rheims were built with fixed stone seats along several lengths of the interior walls. There is a stone seat sixteen inches high all round the interior face of the walls of Salisbury Cathedral.

S. W.

THE DIVINE TRUTH OF THE ATONEMENT.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, D.D.



THE influence which any doctrine has on the life and conduct of those who believe it, is a decisive test of the character of that doctrine. Error never tends to promote virtue; truth always does. We may therefore conclude that, in accordance with the importance of the truth believed, and its relation to our highest interests, will be the measure of its power over the heart and life.

Now, if we find in the Bible a doctrine holding a conspicuous place, and often insisted upon with great force of language and argument, we should most naturally expect that, being Divinely revealed, it would produce an effect in harmony with its nature and importance. And if we saw that the effect was always good, and always the same in everyone believing it, however varied and diverse the social condition of such believers might be, whether barbarous or civilised, we should justifiably conclude that the doctrine producing uniformly a good effect was true. To this test, however severely applied, we may, with the utmost confidence, submit the doctrine of the Atonement.

We invariably find that, in Holy Scripture, faith in this doctrine is inseparably connected with holiness of heart and life. "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you. Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." (Rom. vi. 17, 18.) The great change from sin and death to holiness and life is here distinctly ascribed to faith in the doctrine of the Atonement. And wherever the Apostles went preaching the Gospel, they boldly and most emphatically taught this truth, and in all cases, when it was believed, the effect was the same. And faith in this vital doctrine produces, in every penitent believer, this identical change now. By delivering us from the dominion and penalty of sin, it makes us freemen of the Lord, and we have holiness of life as our service of God, and the future reward thereof, everlasting life in heaven.

There are many important truths with which this doctrine of the Atonement is closely connected. From that connection with these truths we may gather some striking illustrations of its nature and power.

I. *Look at it in relation to the Divine Law.*

It is not enough, to secure the end of good government, that just and wise laws be enacted. That the nation may enjoy their beneficial influence, such laws must be respected and obeyed. If the people be convinced that the laws are good, obedience will be prompt and general. On the other hand, if they

are regarded as excessively severe, or are loose in their application, or fraught with injustice, obedience will neither be cheerful nor common. Obedience will be the exception, not the rule. In either case, a criminal is not likely to feel any sorrow for the crime on account of which he suffers, nor will the public care very much whether he is punished or not.

Let us suppose then, for a moment, that the Atonement were taken out of the Divine government, and the doctrine of forgiveness still retained. Pardon for sin must then depend on our perfect obedience to the Law. Now, that Law requires that we love God "with all our heart, and mind, and strength." Does any man, be he who he may, pretend to fulfil that requirement? If not, then his obedience is not perfect; and, consequently, if his sin is pardoned in virtue of that imperfect obedience, then the Law is too rigorous in demanding from us what we cannot render, or becomes loose and uncertain in accepting much less than it demands. But if the Law be holy, just, and true, its demands cannot be too rigorous, nor can they be relaxed, without dishonour being done to the righteous government of a righteous God. If the doctrine of the Atonement be blotted out of the Divine government, the pardon of sin becomes impossible.

But by the Atonement, the Divine Law, as a standard of right and wrong, is not relaxed, and therefore made loose and uncertain, but it is magnified and made honourable. It still remains in all its original force, and yet ample provision is made for the pardon of every true penitent. That provision is found in the all-abounding merit of Christ's perfect obedience. The sinner is condemned by the Law, and he dares not say unjustly. But when he believes in the atoning sacrifice and death of Christ, that perfect obedience becomes his by faith, and the Law, which condemns him as a sinner, justifies him as a saint.

Now, which view of the Divine Law is most likely to secure respect for it? That which makes it loose and uncertain, or that which regards it as unchangeable and true? Which is most likely to bring a sinner in deep humility to the footstool of the Heavenly mercy, and to fill him with adoring wonder and gratitude for the marvels of that grace which, in its exercise to guilty man, exhibits a perfect combination of justice, wisdom, and love?

II. *Look at it in relation to sin.*

According to the unvarying testimony of Scripture, "Sin is the transgression of the Law;" consequently, our notions of the evil of sin will accord with those which we cherish of the rectitude and holiness of that Law. It has been described as "a transcript of the Divine Mind." To uphold and obey it is essential to the glory of God, and the

manifestation of that glory is the primary end of the Divine government. Sin, therefore, must be judged by the effect which it has on that government.

What, then, is the direct tendency of sin? Just suppose it were universal and uncontrolled, what would follow? The throne of God would be overturned—His glory blotted out of the universe—and His authority nullified! It is therefore a crime of the deepest dye, and as there is nothing in the government of the Almighty to suggest any adequate motive for its commission, or to lessen its guilt, it richly deserves the awful punishment attached to it: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Does the doctrine of the Atonement present to our minds a view of the nature of sin correspondent to the description we have given of it? Think of the purity, dignity, and glory of Him who died to expiate its guilt, and that the Divine Father deemed such an expiation necessary to the exercise of mercy. If we think lightly of that Atonement, we shall have little hesitation in committing sin. But not if we have any right views of Christ's agony in Gethsemane, His sufferings on the cross—not so much His physical suffering, though that must have been intense beyond conception, because of the exquisite sensibility of His perfect humanity—as of that awfully mysterious mental woe which drank up His spirit, and found expression in the direful wail, "*My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*" Who that thinks rightly of this scene of unparalleled distress can think lightly of sin?

But if we think lightly of it, we shall think lightly of its punishment, and by-and-by come to think that it will not be punished at all. Should any reader of these lines have fallen into this perilous state of mind, let me ask such a one, is not the expiatory death of Christ on account of sin a pledge that sin will have its deserts? Do not forget that from His lips, whence flowed words full of compassion, entreaty, pity, and love, there came also words about the "agony of the worm that never dieth, and the fire which is never quenched." This awful description of the final condition of the impenitent was uttered by Him who died to save them from the very doom which He Himself describes. As no other doctrine presents sin in its true character, or supplies motives of such power to abhor and abandon it, one may rest assured that its practical influence is an irrefragable proof of its truth.

III. *Consider it in relation to the character of Almighty God.*

It has often been asserted by those who deny this doctrine that it represents Him as vindictive and cruel! But in Scripture this doctrine is ever held to be the highest manifestation of the Divine love, in all its extent and glory. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv. 10.) Moreover, the gift of Christ to our fallen world is called God's "unspeakable gift."

Hence we invariably find those who have the

clearest and most Scriptural views of this doctrine are most distinguished for their fear and love of God. They do not think of Him as cruel and vindictive. They do see in it His inflexible justice, and His abhorrence of sin. But they also know that He is full of compassion and pity for the poor sinner. Before the great change had taken place in their views and character, if they thought of God at all, it was with emotions of dread, and if possible, they would rather not think of Him at all. But now that His anger is turned away, and they know that He is Love, they are drawn to Him by an irresistible attraction. To commune with Him is now their highest joy. With the profoundest impressions of His infinite majesty, and of that justice which is the basis of His throne, they view all His glorious perfections through the medium of His mercy and love. Hence they are filled with "a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory." As these results invariably follow a cordial belief of this doctrine, and that by it believers are elevated in feeling, motive, and action, they are assured that the doctrine is Divine and true.

IV. *Look at it in relation to its moral influence on all who truly believe in it.*

Apart from the question of salvation by Jesus Christ, our relation to God is that of creature to the Creator. But by Redemption we sustain a new and a nobler one. "Now are we the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty." "We are a chosen people, a royal priesthood."

From this new and spiritual relation springs the obligation to obedience and a holy life. This is continually insisted upon in the Apostolic Epistles. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 11.) "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." (Coloss. iii. 1, 2.) Believers are the purchased possession—the property, so to speak, of a Holy God. Hence we are brought under a double obligation to a holy life—the obligation of consistency and the obligation of gratitude. "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ. . . . But as He who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." (1 St. Peter i. 13, 15.) But there is no obedience to the Divine commands, and there are no holy lives, except among those who have fully received this doctrine into their souls. Christ's people are "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And this is the uniform effect in all those who do believe it. No matter what may be their condition or character, of what colour or what race, whether endowed with a powerful, or only a feeble intellect, whether cultivated or ignorant, civilised or barbarous, it is true of them all that "if any man be in Christ he is a new creature."

Uniform results such as these, and all tending towards the highest purity, leading to a full surrender of the will to Christ, bringing the ruined sinner back to God, to receive anew His image, and fitting this renewed soul for fellowship with the Almighty, prove beyond dispute that the doctrine of the Atonement is Divine.

Devout, sustained meditation on this vital doctrine of Christianity cannot fail to deepen our love to Christ, and to give life and vigour to our resolves to obey and serve Him, while it will awaken within us

intenser longings after holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord." We shall not only have the form of godliness, but its power too. Having fellowship with Him in His sufferings, "we shall be conformable to His death."

To be destitute of a saving faith in this doctrine is to be destitute of what is essential to our salvation. This is to be in a condition of the utmost peril, and while we continue in it we are neither fit to live nor to die, nor to enter heaven!

SOME HISTORICAL HYMN TUNES.



It is not too much to assert that the *chorale* proper owes its dignity of style almost entirely to the example and influence of Luther and the enthusiastic, earnest band of men of whom he was the head. For Luther was much more than a reformer of the doctrines of the Church. Not only was he the first to give the people a collection of hymns written in the vernacular, but he was the first to bring into the service of the Church a rhythmic music

which appealed to the worshippers in a new and more lively sense than the old-fashioned music to which they had been accustomed could ever have done; and though nearly four centuries have passed away since his great work first began, the specimens of psalmody which he has left to us have been rarely equalled, and certainly never surpassed. We shall search in vain through the whole range of Church music for anything so noble and so stirring as the "Ein' feste Burg" of Luther.



The vigorous character of the Reformer breathes in every line, and it may truly be said that the composer who would give us another tune like this must be, Luther-like, ready to meet the enemies of religion face to face, trusting for strength only to that Power on which the Reformer so firmly relied. How fittingly the music expresses the sentiment of the words need scarcely be pointed out. The rugged but fundamentally melodious rhythm of the hymn itself, its panting intensity and clang as of charging squadrons, its tender, picturesque touches here and there—all these characteristics find their counterpart in the accompanying music as naturally as if hymn

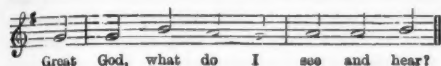
and tune had been simultaneously conceived, as in all probability they were. Heine, though, as we shall see, mistaken as to the place where the hymn was first sung, has described its spirit so well that we cannot forbear quoting his words. "Luther," he says, "loved music, and has been called 'the swan of Eisleben.' But he is very unlike a swan in some songs in which he animates the courage of his friends and excites himself to the fiercest ardour. The hymn with which he entered Worms, followed by his companions, was a true war-song. This hymn, the Marseillaise of the Reformation, has preserved to this day its energetic power, and perhaps we may soon have to raise again these old words, flashing and pointed with iron."

The history of "Ein' feste Burg," like that of most of our old *chorales*, is invested with some degree of uncertainty. Dr. Burney and other historians plainly assert that Luther wrote the hymn, set it to music, and sang it as he entered Worms in 1521. According to the testimony of several of the Reformer's contemporaries, the tune was composed in the Castle of Coburg, during the period of the Diet of Augsburg, 1530. The latter date is the one which has been generally accepted, a strong point in its favour being the fact that Luther left at Coburg a copy of the tune in his own handwriting, dated 1530. The first publication of the tune was in Köpfl's "Psalmen und geistliche Lieder," printed at Strasburg about 1538. The original form of the melody, as seen in this collection, is somewhat different from that now in use, being almost entirely free from "passing notes," and having several other variations in the rhythm. The form which is now employed was first adopted by Sebastian Bach.

Several of the great composers have made use of "Ein' feste Burg" in their works. In "Les Huguenots" Meyerbeer puts it into the mouths of the old Huguenot soldier and his companions—not very appropriately, as we think: the death-song of the Huguenots was not likely to have been a German *chorale*, but rather one of the melodies set to Marot and Beza's Psalms. A more fitting use of the tune was made by Mendelssohn in his "Reformation Symphony," where, by the

way, it is given without the passing notes in the initial strain, and without the repetition of the first two lines. Other notable uses of the melody are—by Bach, in several of his cantatas; by Raff, in an Overture; and by Wagner, in his "Kaiser Marsch."

"Luther's Hymn" is the popular name by which the hymn beginning "Great God, what do I see and hear?" and its accompanying tune are known:—



The hymn is, however, incorrectly called Luther's, and the tune cannot with probability be ascribed to him. The hymn has had a complicated history. It is founded upon one written by Bartholomew Ringwaldt, a village pastor in Prussia. Dr. Collyer, a Dissenting minister in London at the beginning of the present century, met with a translation of the first verse made by some unknown person. He composed three additional verses; and this, with one or two changes, is the hymn which we possess. Though generally regarded as Luther's, the tune, as we have indicated, is not distinctly ascertained to be his. Winterfeld does not include it in his collection of Luther's Spiritual Songs, published at Leipzig in 1840; and although another editor gives it, he adds a widely credited story to the effect that Luther picked up the melody from the singing of a travelling artisan. The tune was first printed in 1535, but it had served before that as a second melody to the hymn "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein" written by Luther in 1523. The most, therefore, that can be said for the tune is that it is ascribed to the Reformer with uncertainty. At one time it was frequently to be heard at musical festivals and sacred concerts in our own country. It was sung by Braham, and Harper, the celebrated trumpet-player, accompanied it with very telling *fanfares* between the lines, such as may be seen in the version of this tune given in "Cheetham's Psalmody."*

Another tune we must notice before leaving the land of Luther is that very fine melody associated with the hymn "Nun danket alle Gott":—

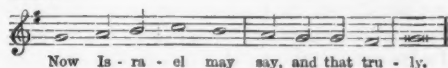


This has very appropriately been called the "Te Deum of Germany." The hymn was written by Martin Rinkart, pastor of his native town of Eilenburg, in Saxony. The tune is by Johann Krüger, one of the most prolific composers of *chorales* who ever lived. Its first appearance was in a collection

* The following curious note in regard to this custom is from La Trobe's "Music of the Church," page 223. The italics are ours: "The fashionable fondness for Luther's Tune to his Hymn on the Judgment would be perfectly unaccountable, were it not considered that it is fashionable, and that the *blasting of the trumpet between the lines*, than which nothing could be more silly and out of character, *releases it from total condemnation*."

of his tunes, arranged for four voices and two instruments, published at Leipzig in 1649. This work passed through innumerable editions; the thirtieth bears date Berlin, 1703. Krüger was born in 1598, and died in 1662. In 1622 he was appointed cantor at the church of St. Nicolaus, Berlin, a post which he retained till his death. The tune of "Nun danket alle Gott" finds a place in almost all our English collections, and is, besides, well known from its use by Mendelssohn in his "Lobgesang."

Turning to the Genevan Psalter of Calvin (the first edition of which was published in 1543 and the complete work in 1562), we find a melody which has exercised a powerful influence over the feelings of men on many occasions—the spirited "Old 124th" tune:—



In Scotland the second version of the 124th Psalm, with this bold, marching melody, is known as "Durie's Psalm," the name having its origin in a certain remarkable occasion when the inhabitants of Edinburgh gave emphatic evidence of their zeal and ability to express their feelings through the medium of sacred song. In 1582 John Durie, one of the ministers of the capital, had been banished from his pulpit and from the town for his boldness of speech in criticising some of the high-handed acts of James IV. His banishment, however, was of short duration; and on his return he was met at the Netherbow Port—one of the gates of the city—"by the haill toun," the vast multitude marching up the High Street with their heads uncovered, and with ringing voices and in enthusiastic spirits singing to "such a pleasant tune in four parts known to most of the people," the old version of the 124th Psalm:—*

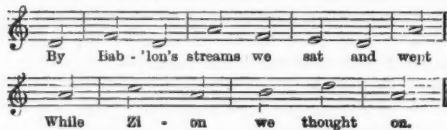
"Now Israel may say, and that truly,
If that the Lord had not our cause maintained,
If that the Lord had not our right sustained,
When all the world, against us furiously
Made their uproars, and said we should all die —"

Reading such an account as this, one is forcibly impressed with the conviction that in the early days of the Scottish Church a knowledge of sacred music was much more prevalent than it has been of more recent date. These were the days when "Sang Schules" were warmly supported and patronised, and when the practice of singing formed a chief element in ordinary education. But to return to the "Old 124th:" the tune, as we have already remarked, is found in the Genevan Psalter of Calvin. No names are attached to the tunes in that Psalter, but it is generally believed that they were written by the musical editor of the work, or made up by him from the current melodies, both sacred and secular, of the time. The evidence which we possess goes to show

* The incident is graphically told by Calderwood in his "History of the Church of Scotland." See also the "Diary and Autobiography of James Melville."

that the editor of the Genevan Psalter, certainly from 1545 to 1557, and almost certainly from its commencement, was Louis Bourgeois, and we shall therefore not greatly err if we attribute the melody of the 124th Psalm to him. Several writers have asserted positively that the tune was composed by Claude Goudimel, but the assertion cannot be upheld in the light of recent investigations. Goudimel, it is true, set *four-part* music to Marot and Beza's Psalms in 1564; but the tunes themselves had been extant more than twenty years before that date, as is attested by a preface written by Calvin himself to an edition of the Psalms dated June, 1543, wherein it is said, "all the psalms *with their music* were printed the first time at Geneva." Of course, in reading this statement, we have to bear in mind that this early edition did not include the psalms which were versified by Beza, and of which the 124th is one; but the whole Psalter was completed with music in 1562, two years before the publication of Goudimel's harmonised edition. The tune, we should also add, has been attributed by some to Franc, but there is no sufficient evidence to show that Franc had a part in the preparation of any edition of the Genevan Psalter.*

Readers of Burns will remember his reference to the tune which he describes as "plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name," in that beautiful picture of Scottish peasant life, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." And we may well include the tune in our list, not only because of its historic character (it comes to us from the first Scottish Psalter of 1615), but because it is the only *living* representative tune written in the Doric mode—that is, the mode founded on what we should recognise as the second of our modern scale:—



* Those who wish to pursue this subject further will find full details in Douen's standard work entitled "Clément Marot et le Psautier Huguenot," published in two vols. at Paris, 1878-9.

Doric melodies are to be found in most of the old collections of Church music, but "*Martyrs*," so far as we know, is the only specimen in general use to any extent. Shame to say, it has been altered by modern editors in the vain attempt to suit it to harmony, but the Scottish people still hold fast to the original form. Most of the old modal tunes have been tampered with by succeeding arrangers; either by alteration of the melodies themselves, or by the employment of such accidentals and such progressions in the harmony as give to the melody a meaning altogether different from that which first belonged to it. The well-known Scottish air, "John Anderson, my Jo," was originally a Doric melody, but it is now generally written, like "*Martyrs*," in the minor mode of the sixth of the scale, and for no other reason apparently than to render the writing of the harmony a little easier. These unwarranted alterations suggest the pertinent inquiry, Why should our old mode tunes be harmonised at all? Why should not the advocates of unison singing in psalmody introduce it first in connection with some of the old Doric tunes, wedded to time-honoured psalms and hymns? We can conceive of nothing grander and more stirring than such a melody as "*Martyrs*" sung in unison, especially if time, place, and circumstance were unusually favourable: if, for instance, at some crisis in ecclesiastical or political history the melody alone were chanted by the voices of some hundreds or thousands of earnest-minded men and women, the effect produced might astonish even its most ardent admirers, and might even communicate a new sensation to the musical *literati* themselves. One thing is at least certain—that musical skill can do nothing for these old modal tunes, of which "*Martyrs*" is a type: they are treated best when not treated at all.

Such are a few of the psalm and hymn tunes which are sung by Protestant worshippers in every quarter of the globe. The list might be extended indefinitely, but we trust we have said enough to awaken some fresh interest in a department of musical study which is but slightly cultivated even by those who would benefit most by a search among its treasures.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

AN UNEXPECTED LEGACY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF PLEASURE."

THE REV. HERBERT EVANS was in great distress and perplexity.

That could be seen at a glance by the way in which he knitted his brows and ran his fingers restlessly and uneasily through his hair.

Before him lay an open letter telling him of the death of his Cousin Annie, by whose decease her little daughter was left alone in the world. In her last hours she had committed to his charge her doubly orphaned child.

And he, poor man, having just entered upon his

first curacy at the age of three-and-twenty with an income of £150 a year (in a parish full of poor people), with a generous heart and an earnest desire to help the needy in body and spirit, felt this a grievous burden almost too heavy to be borne.

What was he to do, he asked himself, in these dingy apartments with a little girl of seven? How was he to find the means to clothe and provide for her? how to amuse and instruct her?

His heart stood still at the prospect. Yet, like the brave and God-fearing man that he was, he never

wavered for a moment in his resolution to take up this burden thus unexpectedly laid upon him.

"Let her come," he said to himself, "and God will provide—somehow."

Two days later Ivy Bevan arrived, and he found her, as he had always remembered her, the sweetest but most self-willed of little maidens.

Before she had been a week in the house she was in full and entire possession, had conquered the heart of crabbed old Sarah, his housekeeper, and had

you crawl three times round the room, and then I will go to bed without a word."

"But consider——"

"Oh, Cousin Herbert, will you refuse little Ivy the first thing she asks for? Oh, you *are* unkind!" and the blue eyes threatened to brim over, and a dangerous pout appeared on the lips.

What could he do but what he *did* do, namely, carry her three times round the room on all-fours, and enjoy her merry laughter!



"Is there any bad news, Cousin Herbert?"—p. 505.

established a certain rule over the earnest and somewhat austere young curate. The first night, even, there had been a contest in which he had been worsted.

"Cousin Herbert," she had said, timidly, "you always gave me an elephant-ride before I went to bed when you came to see dear mamma; you will do so now, won't you?"

"My dear child!" he exclaimed, aghast. "Think one moment—you will see that it is impossible for me to do so. I am a clergyman now, and it would look very strange to see me crawling round the room as I used to do in those days. Besides, you are getting too old for such a game," he added, hoping she might like to be considered above such childish sport.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Besides, it will be such fun!" and she clapped her hands in glee. "See, here is a scarlet rug that will make a splendid howdah. Now

Strange to say, he never felt himself a whit the poorer by this addition to his household. His coats might be threadbare, and his clothes generally remind one of better days; but not a child for miles round was dressed more tastefully or prettily than little Ivy Bevan. Nor was any child happier or merrier. And the curate found, ere long, his dull home had a joyousness for him which it never before possessed, and of the real source of which he was only dimly conscious.

True, there were times when he felt disconcerted at her waywardness.

She had asked him, as a great favour, always to give her a look before he began his Saturday evening lecture, and he had promised to do so. Indeed, his eyes naturally wandered down from the platform to where she sat—just below—ere he proceeded with his

address. One evening, however, his mind being full of thought and care, he forgot to do so. A minute or two after, he became conscious of a tapping on the side of the platform, and, looking down, he met Ivy's frowning eyes and knitted brows, whilst with her parasol she had occasioned the unwonted noise, which created no small amusement amongst some of the audience.

Reproving her afterwards for thus disturbing him, he was met by the sweetest of smiles, and a gentle, confiding voice said, "Ah, but you *did* look; and, Cousin Herbert, I hope you will *never* forget your promise again."

Then, a moment later, with a ringing laugh and a face brimming over with merriment, the little one added, "But, oh, you did look so droll!"

"Droll! What *do* you mean, child?"

"Well, dear, you know the other day, when Harriet and Amy Seaton were here, we wanted a little amusement, and I proposed that we should have a mad tea party, like they had in 'Alice in Wonderland.' Amy was the mad hatter, and I lent her your high hat, on which we put a card, 'In this style, 10/6.' Harriet was the dormouse, and I was the March hare. I wrote on a slip of paper, 'Mad as a March hare,' and pinned it just under the collar of your best coat—and—and I quite forgot to take it off. Well, as I looked at you going up the room, I could see this; and, oh! if you knew how I pinched my fingers, trying to keep from laughing, you would love your little cousin so much."

"But, Ivy," he exclaimed, in dire dismay, "what must the people have thought—"

"Oh, they couldn't read the writing, Cousin Herbert—it was so badly written; but old Mrs. Jones (who is very short-sighted, you know) said to me, 'Lor, miss! parson's got a new coat at last, and he's forgotten to take off the price-ticket.'"

"And my hat," he groaned. "Did you forget to take the card out of that too? I noticed one or two people looked at me in rather a strange manner."

"I believe I did. Oh, I am so sorry! But," brightening again, "they know how absent-minded you are, and will be sure to think it was some person's card where you wanted to call."

How happy his home was now, how merry Ivy's laughter, how seldom those grave, melancholy visions of past days ever occupied his mind!

One evening, when he returned, he found to his surprise that the house was empty. Neither Ivy nor Sarah was to be heard of.

At last, by dint of persevering inquiries, he learnt that they had been seen on their way to the Smiths', whose youngest child he knew but too well had been seized with scarlet fever. Full of alarm, he hurried on, hoping to overtake them, but as he passed the cottage window he saw Ivy sitting by the bedside of the little boy, talking softly to him, and feeding him with grapes, which the child was eating with feverish satisfaction. Hastening in, he met Sarah in the passage.

"Sarah!" he cried indignantly, "how could you allow her to come here?"

"You may well say that, sir," said Sarah, wringing

her hands, "but she's that wilful I couldn't have kept her at home by main force. She heard the postman say to me that Mrs. Smith had gone out to fetch Dick some medicine, and that he had been crying for something to cool his thirst."

"Ivy darling," he said, entering the room, "how could you come here?"

"Because—because," she said, hesitating, "you said last Sunday that a little child might become in reality a ministering angel, and though I know I can't be that, yet when I heard little Dick was all alone, and hot and miserable, I thought I must come and try to comfort him. And see," she added, smiling, "he is looking better, is he not?"

Without the loss of a single moment, Herbert Evans hurried her away home, hoping, and praying, oh, so earnestly, that no harm might have befallen her.

Alas! next day her head ached, and she was sickening for fever, and ere a week had passed she was tossing restlessly to and fro in pain, for scarlet fever had developed itself in all its intensity.

How he lived through those days he never knew. Now, at last, he perceived where all his joy and brightness came from.

He could not leave the bedside except in cases of urgent necessity, for the child's hand always sought his, and her moaning was hushed when she knew he was near, whilst a happy smile often stole over her face as she looked up and saw him beside her.

The crisis was at hand.

"Can she pull through it?" he asked the doctor with trembling lips, as he saw her lying almost lifeless, now that the fever had run its course.

"We must hope and *pray*," said the doctor, kindly but solemnly.

How serious the case was he then knew, and with a half-stifled groan he fell on his knees and asked God to take anything that he possessed, but, if it were His will, to be merciful and spare that little one to him, his only joy, the light of his existence. And as he prayed, a feeling of resignation full and complete took possession of him.

All must be for the best, whether it ended in life or in death. And his prayer grew from the feverish longing to the inward peace which comes from entire trust in the Heavenly Father.

The spiritual change in his own mind seemed to be reflected in the condition of the child. She took nourishment, and, best of all signs, slept calmly and peacefully, whilst hope and confidence dawned with the morning on those who had watched so long and anxiously.

"And so, Cousin Herbert, you are really glad I am better?" she asked, a few weeks later, when they were sitting together.

"My child, how can you ask me that?" he said, drawing her gently to him.

"Well, you see," putting her little pale face close to his, and kissing his cheeks all over, "I thought when I came what a terrible trouble you must think me."

"Yes, but you have wound yourself round and round my heart now, darling, so that life would indeed be a blank without you."

"No, not quite so, cousin; but I cling to you with

all my strength, as the ivy does to the firm support which gives it power to grow up."

Five years have passed away—happy, peaceful years for Herbert Evans and his young charge. But now a winter of unwonted severity had set in, and it grieved his heart sorely to know of the real distress which existed amongst his beloved flock. True, he laboured from day to day bravely and devotedly, exhorting by word and example those who had the means and power to give, to experience the blessedness which follows work done and alms given in the name of Christ; comforting the needy in their distress, cheering the faint-hearted, ever the leader and promoter of good works.

And yet often his heart involuntarily sank within him, and he wondered how the pressing need of his people could be met from day to day. The continued strain was beginning to tell heavily upon him, and one morning at breakfast he was looking so pale and harassed that even Ivy's loving tenderness could not altogether banish care and anxiety from his face. A letter had come for him, addressed in a handwriting he could not recall, and he opened it with some little curiosity, to discover that it was from an old college friend—a solicitor—from whom, indeed, he had last heard at the death of his Cousin Annie, telling him of her latest request. The letter ran as follows:—

"DEAR EVANS,—What a strange world this is! The last time I wrote to you was, I believe, at my mother's request, to tell you of the legacy of an orphan child. Now I have to communicate to you a yet stranger tale. My mother, as you know, was a relation of Mrs. Bevan's, who had, it seems, an only brother. For some reason he had become estranged from her. He went out some years since to Australia and realised a large fortune. About a year ago he fell into ill-health, and apparently his conscience reproached him, as he wrote asking for all particulars about his sister. My mother could only tell him of her death, and of your having

taken charge of the child at her request. Now comes the most marvellous part of the story. We have just learnt of his death, and that by his will he leaves you £5,000 as some slight acknowledgment of your kindness to his niece; and as to Ivy herself, I gather she will become an heiress. There is also a special stipulation that you are to act as her guardian.

"I am expecting fuller details by next mail, when I will, of course, write further to you.—Yours sincerely,
"ALFRED WILLIAMS."

Ivy, who had been pouring out tea, happened to look up, and saw him turn ashy pale as he laid down the letter.

"Is there any bad news, Cousin Herbert?" she asked softly.

"None, dear; but it is strange and wonderful news, which I cannot realise at present."

Then he told her briefly and carefully the purport of the letter.

"Cousin Herbert," she said simply, "I hope I am not very wicked, but I cannot help rejoicing. Poor uncle!"—looking grave and serious—"how sad he should not have loved dear mamma! But," and her face became glad and bright, "I know how much good you can do with this money. Why," she continued with animation, "those poor little Smiths who have been shivering with cold can have new woollen dresses and strong boots, and you can have your tea for the old men every week as you want." And so she continued with quite a long catalogue of charming possibilities, concluding with, "And, Cousin Herbert, you can have a new coat at last. Only," she added, laughing, "don't leave the ticket on, or old Mrs. Jones will tell the whole parish about it."

"And you, little heiress—what shall I do with you?" he asked, smiling.

"Teach me to be humble and grateful," she said, stepping gently to where he sat, and putting her arms lovingly round his neck, "and perhaps I may one day be like you—always thinking of others first and myself last."

WORKING MEN'S WORRIES.

BY THE REV. F. HASTINGS.



THOSE who have everything that heart can desire of this world's goods will not care for this subject. Nor will those who know not what work really is, but whose life is dress and pleasure: those who rise late, dress leisurely, are clad in silken-lined coat, whose intellectual repository is propped by a large stiff collar, whose feet are cased in well-varnished boots, and further protected by gaiters of evident colour—whose burden is a massive ring, and support a light cane, who fortify themselves for the day's engagements with an early mild cigarette, whose language is a drawl,

whose looks are lofty, who are so accustomed to "mash" hearts of the gentle that they become still more vain and indolent.

The men who will understand it are those who have to rise early, go forth in the dark, eat a hurried breakfast, toil at carrying hods of bricks and mortar or bales of goods, mending pipes, examining sewers, grooming horses, sweating in bakeries, creeping along roofs, steadying chimney-pots, sweeping streets, carrying coals, making furniture, fashioning brasses, stitching coats, riveting boots, and in many other ways getting a living.

No man knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it. No man knows what sized corns

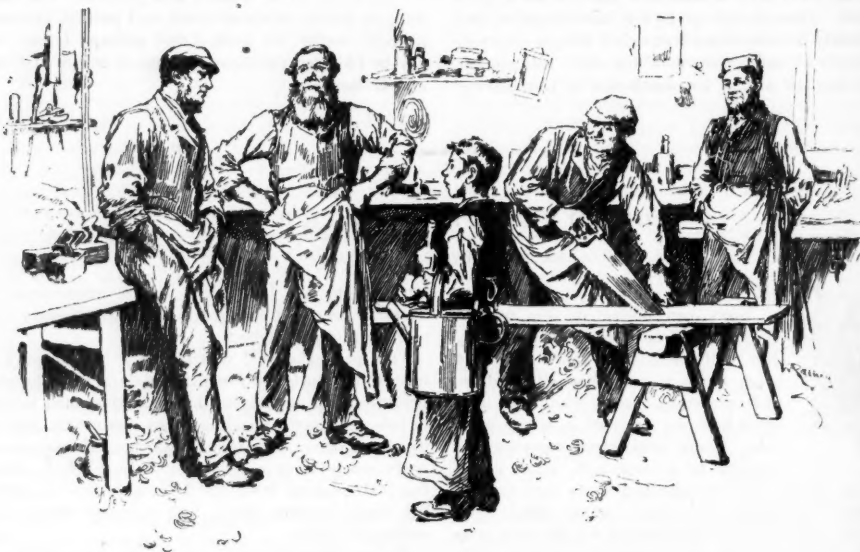


"One of the greatest difficulties of the workman is to get work."

and bunions another may have to make him limp. Very few of us can easily put ourselves in the place of another. It needs imagination. It needs effort. We shrink from the exercise of mind required, but it is good to try. One-half of the world does not know how the other lives, and one-third does not know how the other two-thirds toil.

Any man may be thankful if he has well-developed powers, and can do something. We are intended to be useful one to the other. We might weep if we were condemned to uselessness. Alas! many have had to know this pain, for one of the greatest difficulties of some workmen is to get work. It has been very scarce of late, not only in England, but in the colonies and on the Continent. We pity the poor fellows who have to trudge the weary round of the workshops or yards, or who go miles and miles into the provinces, only to hear "Nothing for you." And we pity still more the careworn wives and hungry children who have to remain waiting at home, trusting that the prop of the household will have found something to bring "grist to the mill." Sometimes men have to blame themselves for their non-success. They might have plenty of work if they would only take the advice a wife gave to her husband, who was accustomed to much tippling. She said, "If you would keep your head above water, keep your nose out of brandy-and-water." We might add, not merely out of brandy-and-water, but out of beer, which is sugared, and often salted, as well as malted water.

In order to get into work, a man must sometimes know how judiciously to place a "tip." He may have occasionally to subscribe from his hard earnings to certain funds, or join a "watch club," and buy a watch he really does not want. He must, further, be careful not to work at a greater rate than others. It is understood to be his duty not to make work scarce by doing it too rapidly and well. If an active man, he will have to "put on the brake," or he will receive various hints from his fellows to that effect. He has to keep in with his fellow-workmen, or they will mark him if he should get out of employ. He would probably be blamed by some if he did that



"Men have to be ready to 'shell out,' as it is phrased."—p. 597.

which I saw in a daily paper a writer complain of. A man, in mending a broken slate, left two more cracked through the effort. Many would only smile and condone the oversight.

In some places men must be ready to "shell out"—as it is phrased—in order to pay the share of the beer

fault that the conditions are so trying, for their attempts to promote the health of their people, by ventilation, are often frustrated by the obstinacy and ignorance of the men. We have pitied the poor tailors whom we have seen in many sweating shops, who have had to work rapidly and incessantly while



"The rent, or out you go."—p. 598.

that may be desired by the rest, if not by himself. He may wish to husband his wages; but others have no such desire. They have an interest in spending them. This is hard on the man who wishes to take to his wife all he possibly can.

Again, if a man has a family, he is very heavily handicapped, and this becomes a serious worry. He is then likely to "get the sack" first. The unmarried men often lodge with the foreman, and it will not be to the advantage of the foreman to throw them out of employment. Up to the last moment the man who by his weekly rent helps the foreman to keep his own house going will be "kept on," but the married man may "clear out."

The conditions under which men have to do their work are often very trying. I have known men who work in piano factories complain of the terrible exhaustion that follows on having to work in top rooms, where all the heat, and gas, and smells from below gather, and no outlet is permitted. Sometimes, also, the strong will protest against any opening for ventilation, because of draught. This makes it harder on the men lacking vitality, or troubled, perhaps, with incipient disease. It is not always the employer's

a sweltering July sun has beaten on the many-windowed roof. Many a room in Gilechrist Street, off Whitechapel, is like a conservatory in shape and quantity of glass, and with a large coke fire in the centre to heat the irons. It is endurable in winter, though most unhealthy, but the coke fire in a small room in summer-time! Bah! Perhaps this is one of the reasons for the use of the term "sweating."

The competition for work also is so keen, and the English workman is worried by the foreigners who come in now to crowd the English labour markets. From Germany and Sweden, from Italy and Switzerland, from Greece and from Russia, they come. Gipsies and Jews and natives of every land find a refuge on *our shores*; we are proud of our freedom and capacity to receive all these strangers, but it is unfortunately an extra worry, and makes it very hard for our home-workers. Meanwhile the sweater, with large or small capital, has a splendid opportunity, and he makes the most of it.

Then think of how, when men work hard in their own homes or close workshops, they find they are beaten down below living-price by the great capitalists, the "smashers" and "slaughterers" who purchase

their wares. The great firms are always ready to purchase "at a price," and the toiler has to beware of spoiling his market. In trying to persuade the member of one large firm to purchase the goods manufactured by a poor toiler, that member said to me: "The man knows he can bring them to me at any time, and they are sure to be taken *at a price*." The need of the man is evidently taken advantage of.

Working men's difficulties are increased by the persistent cry for cheapness; but let not working men blame others alone. Let them blame themselves. They are part of the public who raise and sustain the cry for cheapness. They are all ready to purchase slop-made articles of dress or furniture, and often prefer quantity to quality, and show to solidarity.

But one of the greatest worries to a working man is when he gets into debt. Whenever a working man begins to borrow he is sure to have sorrow. His difficulties will then be greatly increased. We have known men borrow a shilling on Monday, and have to pay fourteenpence the next Saturday. We have known men borrow a sovereign, and have to pay four shillings a week interest. This is, I think, about one thousand per cent. per annum! The one who told me that he had to pay this was a steady, hard-working, conscientious Christian man; but he had a large family, and he had to get bread for them. Another profited by his need when he was out of work. If also he had got too far behind with his rent, he knew very well that his few sticks and his invaluable tools would soon go. The landlord will be paid somehow. The broker shelters himself

behind the landlord, and says that he must do his work. "The rent, or out you go!" is the word. Then there are expenses to be added. It is very hard. No other place can easily be found if he has no furniture to put in as a guarantee of payment, or cannot pay a week in advance. The lodging-house, so uncomfortable and expensive for a family, or the workhouse alone is before the man. He will struggle hard and pay anything rather than lose his home, even though it be only in an attic or in an underground kitchen. How many cases we have known which have been most pitiable! and yet a man who has done the greatest amount of brokering and distraining in the district in which I reside told me—wrote and told me—that, "out of the many thousand warrants that he has enforced, there has never been one case calling for sympathy." This man thought himself an authority, but his calling had evidently hardened his heart.

We pass over the worries that arise at election times, when a man is tormented by one and another of differing political opinions, to speak of that which arises from the fact that a man can be discharged so easily. He may go on comfortably for a time. His wages suffice by great care to meet weekly necessities, but leave nothing to be laid by for a "rainy day," sickness or discharge. When he is paid off, his position is most painful. We have known men to be driven almost mad by the imperative claims for food and the lack of the weekly wage wherewith to supply them.

The changes in fashions affect grievously many classes of toilers. Sometimes the changes are an improvement, but that does not lessen the worry to a man who has depended on the continuance of a certain fashion for a living. For instance, graining was once a very favourite mode of decoration, and many men lived by imitating the grain and knots of various woods and stones, but a new and certainly a more admirable and honest fashion came in. Men preferred plain paint of certain shades, or solid, or oiled, or stained, or varnished wood. This preference threw out a number of men. The chests of drawers and tables that had formerly been grained to look like maple or oak were simply stained and varnished. The woodwork of houses was no longer a deception, but covered with honest paint. This, however, made it no less worrying to the poor fellows who lost their employment.

Ofttimes work has to be taken far away from where a man dwells. He cannot afford to transfer his few goods and chattels. He is uncertain as to how long he may be engaged at the place of present employment, and he has, therefore, by starting early and getting home late, to do an extra day's work beyond his ordinary exhaustive toil. He does not get paid for that, but of course it is not the employer's fault. Other men can be found, who live nearer, to do his work for the same money. It must be said that railway companies might materially lessen this difficulty for *bonâ-fide* working men by giving still greater advantages of cheaper travel.

A workman's worry often arises from the fact that



"Another met me one evening."—p. 599.

he has to live in damp and unhealthy places. "Second Floor Back" is bad enough because cramped, but the kitchen is worse. The underground kitchen as a sleeping-room does not tend to invigorate him for work. His strength breaks down. He cannot give satisfaction to his employer. He must stay away. He has nothing coming in. The infirmary or work-house soon stares him in the face. Again, the possession of too many children will be a serious drawback to his getting anything more suitable as a dwelling-place. He has to take the place he can afford to pay for.

Possibly the greatest trouble that can beset any working man is to have a wife who is not trustworthy, one who does not make his hard earnings go as far as they would, but who only scatters them. Living in houses occupied by other families, a woman will easily form acquaintance with other women. If there be one who is thriftless or given to tipping, a corrupting influence will spread. Then, about eleven, the women get together: they will either send for ale or go and drink it at the bar of the corner public-house. Money flies. Coats, garments, utensils, articles of furniture, will find their way too rapidly to the pawn-shop, and the money to the publican's till. The husband comes home. No dinner is ready, or possibly only a bloater or a slice of cooked meat brought from the nearest ham-shop awaits him. He cannot keep up his strength on these. He wants vegetables. None are cooked. He complains; words rise high. Evening comes, and he buries his sorrow, possibly, and hides his worries too, in the pewter pot at the

publican's bar. Said one, who met me as he came from his work at the factory, "What am I to do? My wife is ruining me. She is ruining my children too. I left her boozing this morning, and she will be drunk when I get back, as she has often been. Would to God I could be separated from her! but what is to become of the children? Can you help me to get them into any reformatory or place of refuge? Any place would be better than leaving them under her training." And these were the words of a total abstainer, of one who strives to live a Christian life, who loves the ordinances of God's house, and has done everything he can to lead his wife to love them too.

Another working man whom I knew well, and who stands high in the estimation of his employers, one who himself never touches the alcohol, met me one evening, and said, "When I came out this afternoon I left my wife dead-drunk on the sofa. She will probably be like it when I return. She makes away with everything. If I should find her dead when I return home, I should think myself in heaven." These were terrible words, and recalled to me as never before the possible depth of a workman's worry. The toiler in the city and the plodder in the country alike demand sympathy. Everything that can be done to elevate, instruct, influence thought, to fill up leisure pleasantly, should be done by those who have the means and Christian desire. It is a good sign that to-day there is more sympathy for them, and more ready helpfulness than ever before in the history of our race.

WHEREFORE RAISED?

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

"And He delivered him to his mother."—ST. LUKE vii. 15.



SOME portions of Scripture are like the diamond: they flash forth light in all directions. Such are many of the prophecies of the glories yet to come. And some are like the pearl: they are of still beauty, but of great price. Such are the precepts of

purity, and the promises of peace.

And some few are like the opal, changing in each sentence from light to light, but ever with hues soft, tender, and subdued, as though the rainbow had come from heaven to earth and found a home for its softly shading colours in the precious stone. Such portions are the three raisings—of Lazarus, Jesus' friend, the ruler's daughter, and the widow's son. Only, as nothing of earth can in all things symbolise what is of heaven, but the heavenly must in something overpass the earthly, so is it here. Amid all the tender hues of these death scenes, there sparkles, flashes,

bursts one dazzling beam of light: it is when the resurrection word is spoken—"Talitha cumi;" "Young man, I say unto thee, arise;" "Lazarus, come forth."

As I read these words, "And He delivered him to his mother," I felt that they had in them inexpressible tenderness and wonderful teaching; and I thought that their chastened light, so simple, so soft, might help us on our way if we looked steadily at it for a few moments, and were willing to see such humble yet such precious things as it could show.

The three raisings from the dead were Christ's greatest miracles, and it seems a strange thing that He should have wrought so great a wonder just to deliver this young man back again to his mother.

But it is well that there is here no call like that given to St. Matthew; that Jesus is here claiming no follower; for the mind is kept fixed on the one tender thought: He came to heal the broken-hearted. Each soothing promise of a prophet must find its echo in

the story of an evangelist; what is promised in Isaiah is fulfilled in St. Luke. Therefore, whenever you are sad and lonely, when you weep, when you are alone in your grief and loss, as this woman was in her stricken motherhood amongst the crowd, remember these words, "And He delivered him to his mother." "Mother!" Jesus had a sympathy with and feeling for human relationship. There were much people of the city there, but I believe Jesus saw only the young man with the heart stilled in death, and the widowed woman with her heart bursting, breaking, dying in life; and He felt to the very full. For a mother He felt, and to the mother He restored the child.

Never say, "I am so placed that Jesus can neither understand nor feel for me." If you are a child and have to obey a parent—He obeyed His earthly parents; if you are a servant and have work to do—He was a Servant and did His work; if you have to learn—He had to learn; but over and above all these things which He understands by actual experience, He has knowledge of all other relationships, works, and trials, and you may go to Him about them all.

Seeing how great the miracle was, we might have said it ought to issue in some nobler end than simply delivering the young man again to the

mother. If Jesus carried him about with Him as a trophy of His might, surely it would help His cause; all dying men would flock to Him who had in train one that He had raised from the dead. But all that Jesus did was to leave that young man to fulfil a very ordinary mission, that of a son, with a son's duties to a widowed mother. It is here as elsewhere, where Jesus dignifies the few loaves and fishes at hand by making them feed a multitude; here, as where Jesus dignifies the lilies to be our teachers, He puts honour on what is but humble in itself.

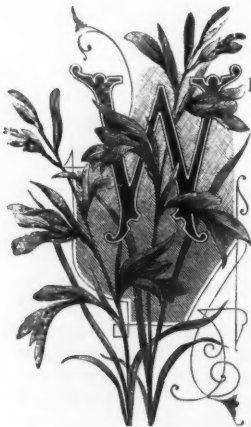
By this formal act of delivering this young man to his mother, He marked his sphere of action.

We may have had a great miracle wrought on us, even resurrection from spiritual death, and yet outwardly not be marked with anything that the world calls great. Home duty, home life, an humble ministry like that of tending a widowed mother, may be all God's will for us. But, however humble, if appointed to us of God, it is worthy occupation for our new, our spiritual resurrection life.

Let anyone who is above humble work remember this: when Jesus spake, He said, "Young man—young man, I say unto thee, arise;" and when he that was dead sat up and began to speak, "He delivered him to his mother."

HILDA'S SACRIFICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FAITHFUL HEART," ETC., ETC.



HAT a beautiful world it is, and what a happy girl I have been all my life long!" Such were Hilda Luttrell's prevailing thoughts as she strolled about the gardens of her home at Luttrell Park, one lovely summer evening. The roses were just bursting into bloom; the air was filled with fragrance. Thrushes were making melody with their rich and varied song, that

in the twilight hour may be so easily mistaken for that of the nightingale. Hilda moved along with buoyant, elastic step, for she too was in the early summer-time of life. She appeared even younger than her years, for circumstances had prevented her introduction to the gay world the previous spring, and she had remained in the seclusion of her country home, ignorant alike of care and evil.

She turned from the garden into a thickly planted shrubbery that had once been a wood, and

still retained much of its pristine wildness. It was intersected by winding walks, and about the mossy roots of the trees in springtime primroses and violets flowered in rich abundance. This was one of Hilda's favourite haunts; but as she walked along under the shadow of the trees, a shadow, too, fell over her fair young brow.

"I cannot be altogether happy now that father is ill, and mother looking so sad." So ran on her musings. "Dear, darling mother! There is nothing I wouldn't do to bring back the smiles to her face: I would die for her willingly, if that would do any good! I think I should like to be called upon to do some great and noble thing for her sake: I have lived such a useless, butterfly life—just being happy, and thinking of nothing else. I wonder what makes mother look so grieved as she does at times? I often see the traces of tears on her cheeks. It must be because father is ill; and yet he has no complaint with a name—Dr. Ashurst says so—though I thought he looked grave when he went away this morning. I wish Mr. Hamilton would go: I wonder why he is here again! Father is always worse when he is here, and that tiresome lawyer from London. I am sure they worry father, and then that worries



"Give me your blessing, mother!" she cried.—p. 605.

mother too. They say Mr. Hamilton is immensely rich—his father was a manufacturer or something. How different he is from Arthur Rivers! But, then, is there another in the world like Arthur?"

Hilda's reverie here became more vague and dreamy; and a young maiden's reverie is for her own heart alone, and not to be even whispered to the unsympathetic ears of strangers.

As Hilda followed the windings of the path—sometimes stopping to gather a spray of honeysuckle, or to listen to the full-throated birds' song—she became aware that others had found the shady shrubbery pleasant that summer evening, besides herself. Footsteps were approaching along the same path; and the next turning would bring her face to face with Sir Arthur Rivers and Mr. Hamilton. She recognised their voices, and—not wishing to meet the latter—she stepped aside amongst the trees to allow them to pass, herself unseen. She had neither wish nor intention to play the eavesdropper; but she could not help hearing the conversation as they came along.

"You might tell a fellow; I know you are in old Luttrell's confidence," grumbled Sir Arthur Rivers.

"If I were, as you say I am, in Mr. Luttrell's confidence, that is the very reason why I should not tell," replied Mr. Hamilton, in his grave voice.

"Oh, come, now! what's the use of keeping things so close?" rejoined Sir Arthur. "If Luttrell is really ruined—cleared out, you know, as it is said—I ought to know it."

"Perhaps you are better informed than I am," was Mr. Hamilton's answer, and there was a touch of scorn in his voice as he spoke. "If it is not an impertinent question, may I ask why you *ought* to know?"

"Well, a fellow doesn't like to be taken in, you know, and it might be out-and-out awkward," said Sir Arthur. "There's Hilda—a nice girl, and awfully fond of me. I did think of proposing; but if the father is ruined, and all this place is to go away from her, it wouldn't do, you know. If it is so, I've had a lucky escape!"

Hilda did not catch Mr. Hamilton's answer as they passed on. Indeed, she would scarcely have been able to comprehend, for her head felt dizzy—the ground seemed to be giving way under her feet. She put her arm about a tree-trunk to steady herself. As the mist cleared away from before her eyes, hot, fierce anger, such as she had never before experienced, took possession of her. She ground her little white teeth and clenched her hands, while she cried, half-aloud, with a sort of hysteric sob, "How dared he! oh, how dared he!"

We are told that "to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain;" but Hilda Luttrell could not be said to love Sir Arthur Rivers. His handsome person and fascinating manners had taken her girlish fancy; and she had

given him credit for all sorts of good qualities that he did not possess. He was the Prince Charming of her young imagination, the first who had approached her in the guise of a lover, and she had accepted his attentions, nothing doubting.

Poor Hilda! It was her first disappointment—her first glimpse of evil. To have it said that she was "awfully fond" of him—and to hear it from his own lips, too, in that cold, half-contemptuous tone—and for him to imagine that he had nothing to do but to make his offer, if it suited him to make it, was humiliation more than she knew how to endure. She only wished he would make his offer, that she might reject him with the disdain he deserved. And then for this speech to have been made to Mr. Hamilton seemed to intensify the insult. What must Mr. Hamilton think of her? Burning tears rose to her eyes. She flung away the honeysuckle she had gathered—its scent sickened her. The evening seemed no longer lovely; the singing of the birds distracted her. She hurried into the house, and to her own room; and, ringing the bell, told her maid, when she appeared, to let her mother know that she had a bad headache—that she could not come down to dinner, but thought she would go to bed.

The other part of what she had overheard scarcely affected her—it seemed to have no meaning to her. How could her father be ruined, when beautiful Luttrell Park was his, and there was no change in their manner of living? Of course, it was all an absurdity. It was too ridiculous to trouble about for a moment. She would not think any more about that!

Hilda had thrown herself on the bed, and when her mother came in to see what was the matter, she turned her face to the wall.

"Hilda dear, are you feeling ill?" asked Mrs. Luttrell, as she placed her cool hand on the girl's burning forehead. "Does your head ache so very much? You have been out too long in the sunshine perhaps. Let me put this handkerchief with eau-de-cologne on your forehead."

Hilda longed to throw herself into her mother's arms, and tell her all that had happened, but shame kept her silent. It was the first time she had hidden anything from her mother. She scarcely dared to speak, for fear of the burst of tears that would be sure to follow. Her mother, thinking quiet would be the best thing for her, kissed her and bade her try to sleep. She drew down the blind, and left the room, not suspecting anything beyond the headache to which Hilda had confessed.

Hilda went down to the breakfast-room the following morning, looking much as usual, only a little paler, a little less bright and gay. Her mother was alone when she entered; but Mr. Hamilton came in soon after. As he passed Hilda's chair he laid a blush-rose beside her plate. She looked up with a grateful smile. "He does not

believe what Sir Arthur said—he does not think me quite horrid,” she thought; and, for the first time, she noticed what a pleasant voice and what kind eyes he had.

George Hamilton was not handsome, but he had a good sensible face and a manly figure. He was about four- or five-and-thirty years of age, and had only lately come into his large fortune on his father's death. He had never himself been in business; but since leaving college, where he took a good degree, he had travelled much, indulging his taste for art and literature, and forming friendships with men of eminence, both in his own country and abroad. He was rather grave and taciturn by nature, but when he did talk he talked well, so as to interest and hold the attention of his auditor. His father had never changed his mode of life. He had continued to reside in the busy town where he had made his money. Nor did he launch out into expense in any way, so that, in spite of the handsome allowance he made his son, his wealth went on accumulating, till George, when he inherited it, found himself a richer man than he had anticipated. A town residence did not suit him, and for some months he had looked about for a country mansion and estate, such as his means could well afford.

Some days passed. Hilda rejoiced to hear that Sir Arthur Rivers had left home. She did not know how to meet him again. Her fancy had quite died out, killed by a few words. He was no longer Prince Charming, but a man to be shunned. She rode with Mr. Hamilton, at his invitation, and he often joined her in her rambles about the park and gardens. He exerted himself to amuse her, but he was apt to talk over her head. Hilda's education had been superficial. Her governess had been a French Protestant lady, very amiable and accomplished, but little fitted to lead her pupil to climb the hill whereon knowledge sits; and Mr. Hamilton's conversation made Hilda feel how ignorant she was, though at the same time it inspired her with a wish to learn. She looked up to him as someone very superior, very wise, and was a little afraid of him.

Mr. Luttrell was worse; and Hilda, perceiving that her mother became more and more dejected, took alarm. She often found her mother's eyes bent wistfully upon her. Sometimes Mrs. Luttrell said a few words, as if she was about to unburden her heart, and then stopped short with a deep-drawn sigh, wanting courage to continue. Hilda did not like to question her mother; she was afraid of adding to her distress.

One day she stopped the doctor as he was crossing the hall after visiting his patient, and begged him to tell her the truth about her father.

“I can bear anything but not knowing,” she said tearfully.

Dr. Ashurst took her hand kindly. “My dear

young lady, I wish I had a better report to give,” he replied. “I can do little good. Mr. Luttrell's disease is more of the mind than the body, and I grieve to say that I fear the result.”

“On the mind?” Hilda questioned, with a look of surprise. “Do you mean that he has anything to distress him? But how can that be!”

Dr. Ashurst shook his head. “Perhaps I ought not to have said this to you, but I think it is right you should know; you are no longer a child, Miss Luttrell,” he answered.

“Thank you for telling me,” said Hilda simply; but, when Dr. Ashurst had gone, she thought, “I will let them see that I am no longer a child, but a woman, and as such I have a right to bear my share of trouble, whatever it may be.” Thus thinking, she went straight to her mother's dressing-room, where she found her dissolved in tears.

How familiar was every object in that pretty room to Hilda's eyes! It had been her task since childhood to fill the large vase that stood on the side-table with fresh flowers every morning; and, when she was little, she used to nod to a water-colour drawing of her mother, taken when young, that hung on the wall near the table, and say, “Good-morning, pretty mamma!”

Hilda, finding her mother in tears, knelt on the floor by her side, and took her in her arms. “Mother dear, why will you not let me share your grief, whatever it is?” she cried. “Are you alarmed about father?”

Mrs. Luttrell leaned her head against her daughter's shoulder for a moment, while she struggled for composure. Then she said, in a broken voice—

“Hilda darling, I have been wanting to tell you, but my courage has failed. Oh, my child, my child! your father is dying, and my heart is breaking, and you only can save us both!”

“I? What can I do? I do not understand,” replied Hilda, in amazement and dismay.

“Hilda, you believe your father to be a rich man, do you not?” Mrs. Luttrell looked at her daughter earnestly as she spoke.

“Certainly; is he not Mr. Luttrell of Luttrell Park?” Hilda answered, with a touch of pride.

Mrs. Luttrell burst into tears afresh. “Not now,” she murmured, her voice interrupted by sobs; “he has not now a rood of ground to call his own—he has nothing! All is gone—everything! We are utterly, irretrievably ruined! Luttrell Park is no longer ours—it is Mr. Hamilton's!”

Hilda clutched her mother's arm with a look of terror. For a moment she feared that her mother's brain had given way, then what she had overheard in the shrubbery flashed upon her, and she knew that it was true. She could not speak for a moment—the shock had been too great. Her ideas were bewildered.

“Mr. Hamilton!” she cried, after a while; “has he taken all from father? Is he our enemy?”

“Mr. Hamilton has taken no advantage. He

has, on the contrary, behaved nobly, generously, in every way," Mrs. Luttrell affirmed, recovering her self-possession. "He has nothing to do with our ruin. The estate had to be sold, and he bought it, knowing nothing of us."

"Then we are living in Mr. Hamilton's house?" questioned Hilda, with a bitter sense of humiliation.

Mrs. Luttrell bowed her head. She did not tell Hilda the cause of their ruin; not to his daughter would she speak of the father's losses on the turf—of reckless speculation, in the struggle to retrieve himself, that only made matters worse and worse, till at last the end had come.

"Mother," resumed Hilda, after a pause, "you said I had the power to save you. What was it you meant?"

"Oh, my child! listen to me patiently, and do not decide too hastily. Remember what hangs in the balance. Mr. Hamilton has been so good; he would not disturb us while your father was ill, though he had the right to turn us out, if he had so chosen. And now he would leave us in our home; your father might still be Luttrell of Luttrell Park to the world, but on one condition."

"What is that?" Hilda asked, with quivering lips. This sudden grief had shaken her whole being: she felt as if everything to which she had held fast was crumbling away from her.

"The condition is that you will be his wife, Hilda," said Mrs. Luttrell, with solemn accent.

Hilda sprang to her feet as if a dart had pierced her. "Mother!" she cried. A wave of crimson colour passed over her face, and then left her cold and rigid as a statue. "But that cannot be! It is impossible!" she added, in a voice from which all the sweetness was gone.

"It must be as you will," returned Mrs. Luttrell, in a tone of despair. "I have said I would do nothing to force your inclinations. But oh, my child, what is to become of us?"

The poor lady wrung her hands, and then buried her face in them. She was a beautiful and charming woman, devoted to her husband and daughter, by both of whom she was adored; but she was not strong-minded. She had always been surrounded with every luxury that money could purchase, and she could not imagine life without it. Poverty, to her, was something too dreadful to contemplate; though, to do her justice, her dread of such a fate was even more for her daughter's sake than her own.

Hilda still stood as if frozen, her dark eyes wide open, gazing on vacancy. But all at once an object attracted her attention. It was a small statuette in Carrara marble that Mrs. Luttrell had brought from Italy, amongst other articles. It had stood on the cabinet ever since, and Hilda had looked upon the marble figure with great indifference. But now, suddenly, the expression of the face seemed to appeal to her. She saw there

self-renunciation, and a holy peace born of tribulation. Not yet, however, could she take the lesson home.

"Mother, you say he is generous; will he not let you and father stay here? I can go anywhere; I should not care what I did!"

Her words were scarcely articulate, so cold and stiff were her lips. Mrs. Luttrell rose and drew her daughter to her arms, fondly stroking the glossy dark hair, as the girl's head rested on her breast.

"My darling, you do not know what you are saying," Mrs. Luttrell murmured. "How could such a thing be possible? Your father could not take from a stranger what he might from a son. Do not answer now, my child. All this has come upon you with too sudden a shock. Listen, at any rate, to what Mr. Hamilton has to say."

"Oh, mother, need I?" pleaded the poor girl, a shiver running through her frame.

"Hush, dear! try and compose yourself," said her mother, kissing her fondly. "You now know all, and you are not called upon to decide in a moment. But remember how good Mr. Hamilton has been to us. He at any rate deserves a hearing."

When Hilda had sought her own room, Mrs. Luttrell's eyes followed her lovingly. A sigh escaped her, though a half-smile hovered on her lips. She knew Hilda would yield, and she firmly believed that by any pressure she might use she was securing her daughter's happiness.

It was not till evening that Mr. Hamilton found an opportunity of speaking to Hilda. She was sitting in the oriel window of the library when he joined her. She did not dare to make her escape; but she shrank back a little as he approached. She gained confidence, however, as he spoke; his manner was so gentle, so tender. He made no passionate protestations such as would have frightened her, but told her simply what had been his object in returning to Luttrell Park.

"I had learnt to love you dearly," he said, "and if you consent to be my wife you will make me very happy."

Hilda took courage to open her heart to him. She told him how much she esteemed and respected him, but that she did not love him. He replied that he would be contented with esteem until he could win her love. That he was not afraid, as long as her affections were not given elsewhere. He said this with a little hesitation, watching Hilda's countenance as he spoke. She confessed, with many blushes, to having overheard part of his conversation with Sir Arthur Rivers in the shrubbery; she told him frankly that she had never really loved Sir Arthur, but that she might have loved him had he not proved himself so different from what she imagined.

"That conversation was fortunate for me, then," said Mr. Hamilton, with a smile.

He did not press her for an answer. Indeed, he

would not allow her to make any definite reply she might afterwards wish to retract. But Hilda felt that from that hour the matter was settled. She had been telling herself all day that it was too much; it was impossible she could marry a man she did not love, even though, at the same time, it seemed equally impossible that she should allow her father and mother to be driven from their home, when by an act of sacrifice she could save them from such misery. Now, she knew that she must make the sacrifice. Her mother was right. Her father could only accept such a gift as Mr. Hamilton had in his hands from a son.

When she had given her consent, everything appeared to Hilda as in a dream. Her mother's thankfulness, her father's slowly recovering strength under renewed hope, scarcely seemed to affect her. Mr. Hamilton's affairs had summoned him away; but the wedding preparations went on rapidly. Hilda made no opposition to anything proposed. She was pale and calm; and any stranger might have supposed that she had no interest, no part in the ceremony that was fixed for the end of August.

The wedding-day arrived. Mr. Luttrell was still too ill to leave his room, and his wife remained in attendance upon him. An uncle, who was to give the bride away, an aunt, and several cousins—the two youngest of whom were to officiate as bridesmaids—were in a state of delighted excitement. Hilda allowed herself to be robed in her simple white silk, her wreath, and long tulle veil—herself as white as her dress. She had still the same feeling of the unreality of all that was taking place, or as if someone not herself was the chief actor in the scene. She spoke and moved like an automaton,

and went through the ceremony that made her George Hamilton's wife in the same cold, mechanical manner. Her responses were made clearly, without hesitation, but without any appearance of emotion.

Only on their return from church did this stony calm give way. Leaving her newly made husband and her friends, she rushed up-stairs to the dressing-room, where she knew her mother would be waiting for her. Tossing aside her bouquet, she threw herself on her knees before her mother, clasping her hand.

"Give me your blessing, mother," she cried, "tell me that I have made you happy, that I may think of that, and learn to be content."

"Heaven bless you, my dearest!" exclaimed Mrs. Luttrell fervently, laying her hand on her daughter's head; "God reward you for what you have done for your father and me! and He *will* reward you!"

And Hilda was rewarded. Her husband took her for a tour on the Continent. She returned from her journey the bright, happy Hilda of old. In those few months she had learnt that she really loved her husband with her whole heart and soul, and could no longer understand how she had once considered her marriage a sacrifice.

Mr. Hamilton took a house in a pleasant part of London, but the most of their time they spend at Luttrell Park. Mr. Luttrell in a great measure recovered his health; but he never resumed the management of his affairs, leaving them in abler hands. Hilda no longer leads a butterfly life, but lends a helping hand wherever help is needed. Happy in her own home, she seeks to spread happiness around her, amongst those whose lot she feels has been less fortunate than hers.

THE GENTLE CHRIST.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BROOKS.

"The meekness and gentleness of Christ."—2 COR. x. 1.



PERHAPS there is no passage in the New Testament which indicates more clearly than this why Christ was so much misunderstood. Even the best and wisest of His contemporaries were perplexed and baffled by His character. The Baptist, his forerunner, and the Twelve, His chosen disciples and friends, failed, while He was yet with them, to understand Him; when He had left them they began to realise that He was in very deed the Revealer of the Father, the Manifestation of the Divine glory, the world's true Shekinah for all time. He was too great to be seen in His infinite majesty by the men who lived near to Him. He had to be removed far away from them, that His noble proportions might come fully into view. St. John the

Beloved more clearly perceived the glorious beauty of his Lord when, as an aged teacher, he exhorted Christians as his children to "love one another," than he did when he leaned upon His breast at the Supper. During all the Christian centuries the greatness of the Christ has been growing upon men, and it will continue to grow upon them. We see Christ more clearly, and know Him more fully, than did the men who walked and talked with Him; those who come after us will see and know Him better than even we do. He is the Wonder of all time, revealing Himself in brighter glory and richer fulness to each succeeding age.

But how comes this so to be? Why have we a truer and more complete conception of the greatness of Christ's character than had His contemporaries? Mainly because they regarded God as the personification of

Power; while we have learned to regard Him as the personification of Love. To the men of old time mere Almightiness was the most Divine of all the attributes of Deity. They believed in a stern, severe, inflexibly just God—strong to avenge Himself upon His foes, and swift as He was strong. Hence, when Christ claimed to be the Son of God—the expression of the Divine will, and idea, and disposition: the incarnation of the Divine in the human—they looked for these stronger, and, as they thought them, higher, attributes of the Godhead to be prominent in His character. And when such attributes were subordinated to others of a gentler, and in their view inferior, nature, they were filled with bewilderment and doubt. They could understand power dominating love; what they could not understand was that love should dominate power.

Wonderfully suggestive is that incident which is told of St. John the Baptist. When that brave preacher of repentance "had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto Him: Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" What St. John heard concerning the Christ, so far from comforting and encouraging him, filled him with doubt and distress. And wherefore? Because the very gentleness of Jesus was to John unattractive and inexplicable. St. John himself was rugged, monastic, demonstrative; Jesus was mild, sociable, quiet. St. John had all the austerity, severity, sternness, and gloominess of the prophet; Jesus all the meekness, charity, geniality, and hopefulness of the teacher. The fierce preacher of the desert moved men—as they might be moved by an earthquake or a tempest—to terror; the gentle Teacher of the mountain and field influenced men by gracious words, which fell upon their weary hearts like "the gentle rain from heaven," or like the healing and reviving sunshine. Such gentleness and benignity St. John could not comprehend. A loud, demonstrative, majestic Christ he could have understood; but not a modest, meek, and lowly Christ. So he had doubts as to His Messiahship, and inquired, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"

The Apostle Paul, writing to the fickle and erring Corinthians to vindicate his Apostolic authority, intimates that he has no desire to exercise that authority among or over them, but would rather approach them in love as a brother. Hence he says, in effect, "Remember how gentle the Master was, and force not me, His servant, to be otherwise towards you. As Christ was meek and gentle, so ought I, His Apostle, and so ought you, His disciples, to be. His mind should be in us, His spirit breathe in all our words and deeds. I prefer gentle to severe measures, and if your conduct will admit of it I will use only mild methods. Severity shall be resorted to only if I am driven to it." Such an appeal was as honourable to the people to whom it was addressed as it was to the noble man who made it. By imitating Christ's spirit St. Paul had brought

himself into contempt with those factions in the Corinthian Church which had departed from the purity and simplicity of the Gospel. Had he been capable of stooping to the baser methods, the more worldly arts, employed by the teachers who were opposed to him, he would have stood higher in public estimation, though he would have lost self-respect and forfeited the approbation of his Master.

But these words not only manifest St. Paul's spirit and action, and indicate the nature of his relations to the believers at Corinth; they also set forth the great characteristic of Jesus. He was meek and gentle. The Gentle Christ! Bengel, singularly enough, objects to these words being understood of Christ's meekness and gentleness, and actually asserts that gentleness is nowhere else attributed to Him. This is a most striking example of the blindness which is induced by the worship of the letter. If it is not anywhere else said in explicit terms that Christ was gentle, the idea of His gentleness stands out boldly on every page of the Gospel record.

The prophets who bare witness to Him—and notably the great prophet Isaiah—foretold that He would be gentle. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." (Isa. xl.—11.) "Behold My Servant, Whom I uphold; Mine Elect, in Whom My soul delighteth; I have put My Spirit upon Him: He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law." (Isa. xlii. 1—4; compare St. Matt. xii. 18—21.) Surely this is gentleness!

How significant it is that the Messiah should have been so spoken of! Yet it is not surprising—not so, at any rate, to us who live in these times, if only we reflect on the matter; for Christ came, not merely to reveal God, but to give to mankind the most exalted and complete revelation of the Divine Love and Glory, not only that had been made up to that time, but that ever could be made throughout all time. In the Son dwelt the fulness of the Father, and through Him it was manifested. What Christ had to tell and show men of God was an infinite advance upon all their previous knowledge. Yet men who lived ages before Christ understood something of the Divine gentleness. David could say of God, "Thy gentleness has made me great;" "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" "He healeth the broken in heart." Surely He who was to declare to men the Father, to enlarge and enrich their conception of the Divine perfection, could not have been other than gentle.

The actual Christ corresponded with Isaiah's ideal Minister or Servant. In every great event, as in every

small incident, of His life, meekness and gentleness are manifest. How sweet, tender, and graceful must have been His life at Nazareth as child, youth, man! That Divine Child could not fail to exhibit the gentle spirit which is of the essence of Divinity. To regret that the biography of Joseph's son, the Peasant of Nazareth, has not been written were foolish, since it is evident that the biography of such a one could never be told in our poor human language. At the baptism of Jesus the Spirit rested on Him "like a dove." Why like a dove? There is deep meaning in that. The dove is the emblem of gentleness and inoffensiveness. "Be ye harmless as doves;" more harmless they could not be. In the Canticles the modesty and beauty of the dove are thus set forth: "Oh my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs; let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely." (Song ii. 14.) The inspired bard, when describing the coming exaltation and glory of his nation, could find no more beautiful figure than this: "Ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." The moral beauty of the character of Jesus is the sublimest fact of human history. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners;" and yet He was nearer to sinners than any other man that ever lived. Of Him we may say, "Thou art fairer than the children of men: *grace* is poured into Thy lips; therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever. Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O most mighty, with Thy glory and Thy majesty. And in Thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and *meekness* and righteousness; and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things. . . . All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made Thee glad." (Psalm xlv.) Sweet, fragrant, glorious is the Gentle Christ!

Seraphic John tells us that the Spirit "abode upon Him." Thus were fulfilled the predictions, "And the Spirit of the Lord shall *rest upon Him*, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord; and shall make Him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and He shall not judge after the sight of His eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of His ears; but with righteousness shall He judge the poor, and reprove with equity *for the meek* of the earth: and He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked." (Isa. xi. 2, 4.) And, "Behold My servant, Whom I uphold; Mine Elect, in Whom My soul delighteth: I have put My Spirit upon Him: He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." (Isa. xlii. 1.)

When entering upon His ministry, Jesus was anointed with the spirit of meekness and gentleness; while carrying out His ministry, He made it His boast that He was meek and gentle. At Nazareth He declared in effect that His ministry was to be

one of gentleness to those who had hitherto been treated with harshness: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Compare Christ's description of His own mission with that given by the Baptist (St. Matt. iii. 11, 12), and it will not be difficult to perceive why St. John found it so hard to understand Jesus. To the miserable and down-trodden people among whom He moved, Christ said: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me—for I am meek and lowly in heart—and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

The spirit of gentleness ruled Christ in all His conduct. How seldom He was angry! Never was He angry with sin as such, or rather, with the sinner as such; it was always with hypocrisy. He drove the money-changers out of the Temple with a whip; He fiercely denounced false and faithless teachers; He hurled anathemas at the men who devoured widows' houses, laid burdens upon the people grievous to be borne, and closed upon them the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven. With insincerity, prejudice, hardness, and treachery He could be indignant; but for ignorance, misfortune, misery, and sin had only sorrow and mercy. He moves among the people with more than angelic grace, with more than womanly tenderness. He speaks, O so quietly and sweetly, the greatest thoughts in the simplest words. He works mighty and wondrous miracles, but without noise or show. With gentle touch or word He casts out devils and heals malignant diseases, and then charges the recipients of His bounty not to speak of it. He associates with publicans and sinners, with dignity always, with pride never. The Gentle Christ! Sweet and pure, patient and pitiful, full of grace and truth, glorious and majestic, the Divine Love Incarnate among sinful men! To conceive of Him as boisterous and violent is impossible; that would mar the perfect beauty and grace of His character.

Brother, let us strive to be like the Gentle Christ. We can have no nobler ideal. Do not be anxious to fill a large place, and make a great noise in the world. Life may be spent far more usefully, profitably, and comfortably, than in seeking to satisfy vulgar ambition. Be meek in spirit, inoffensive in word, gentle in deed. Bear with men when you must; yield to them when you can. Meekness in temper, gentleness in conduct—these make the gentleman, the noble-man. He who has learned how hard it is to be and do this will best appreciate the perfection of Him Who, because He was the Divinest, was also the gentlest man that ever trod this scene of passion and strife.

THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

A LEGEND OF GETHSEMANE.

THE following legend has reference to the six pearl-like drops which hang in each drooping bell of this singular flower:—"Tradition, that sweet deceiver, tells us that these tear-like drops did not exist in the crown imperial formerly. The flower was white—not of that peculiar, dark flesh-colour, deepened with blushes, as it now adorns our gardens. The bells stood upright, and opened their pure, silvery calices to the refreshing dews of heaven, slightly and gracefully protected by the emerald leaves above them: a bright, majestic flower! Thus it stood in full glory in the Garden of Gethsemane."

I.
As at even, slowly wandered
 Our Redeemer, worn with care,
 Lone, in silent meditation,
 Through Gethsemane so fair;
 Deep, in lowly adoration,
 Bowed each beauteous blossom there.

II.
 Every crown, and bell, and cluster
 Earthwards turned; each lovely flower
 Its air-woven beauty bending,
 Meekly owned His sovereign power;
 All in homage to Him blending
 As He mused in that still hour.

III.
 No! not all things; one proud lily
 Would not hide her lovely face;
 Radiant in her perfect brightness,
 Fairest gem of that fair place,
 Still her crown of snowy whiteness
 Reared to heaven in matchless grace.

IV.
 Conscious of her peerless beauty,
 And her charms beyond compare,
 Showed no token of devotion,
 Would not in that homage share,
 While all else, with meekest motion,
 Bent before their Master there.

V.
 But our blessed Lord came near her,
 Watched her with His loving eye;
 Could she still refuse to render
 Tribute to His gentle sigh—

To His glance, so fond and tender?
 No! not with the Master nigh.

VI.
 Humbly bowed the conscious blossom;
 Downwards sank her petals bright;
 All her proud rebellious bearing
 Vanished with the fading light:
 Quickly with her sisters sharing
 In the homage of the night.



VII.
 Still the Master paused beside her—
 Watched her blushes growing deep;
 Still He gazed on her submission,
 Till her proud heart sought to weep;
 Till bright tear-drops of contrition
 Through her mournful petals creep.

VIII.
 When the morrow's sun awakened
 All the lovely buds again,
 And the incense of their fragrance
 Wafted high a grateful strain,

Shorn of all her former radiance,
 Meekly drooped the lily's train.

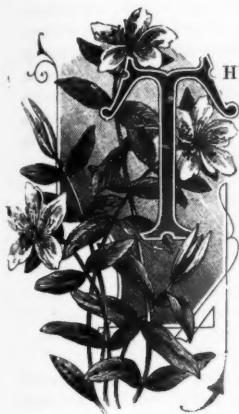
IX.
 Still her guilty head was bended,
 Still her aching heart was sore,
 Downwards every petal tended,
 And the flower so bright before,
 Stained with blushes, filled with tear-drops,
 Turned her face to heaven no more.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

THE GOSPEL AND THE MASSES.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH ARMY.

BY THE EARL OF MEATH.



THE Church Army, like the Salvation Army, has not escaped criticism. There are many who conscientiously object to all methods of bringing the Gospel to the masses which are not strictly in accordance with those with which from their youth they have been familiar. There is an advantage in this conservatism, inasmuch as it checks extravagance and puts a drag on those whose excitable natures

would lead them to adopt innovations without due consideration, or from love of change rather than from any solid motive. But we should remember that everything in the material heavens and earth is in a perpetual condition of change and progress. Why should we therefore imagine that religious organisations and methods of work should alone be exempt from this universal law? Our Saviour Himself released mankind from much of the Mosaic Dispensation, the strict observance of which, up to His coming, was considered essential to the salvation of a God-fearing man. We must separate those observances and customs which we consider of Divine origin from those which are of human, and must then submit the latter to the test of reason; and if we find that the work which Christ came into the world to accomplish, and which He has commanded us to carry on, can be better performed by some alteration of machinery (which, after all, is of human invention), it would be absurd, and even traitorous, to decline to avail ourselves of the best means at our disposal for fulfilling our Lord's commands.

It cannot be denied that the old-fashioned methods adopted by the Church for bringing the Gospel to the people, though admirably suited to the requirements of the educated and the well-to-do, have not always been successful when the lapsed masses have had to be dealt with. They decline to attend our churches, and often even our mission services; in other words, they refuse to take the trouble to hear the message which the Church has been Divinely commissioned to give. It is impossible (even were it desirable, which it certainly would not be) to compel them to come inside our ecclesiastical buildings.

There is, therefore, but one alternative, unless they are to be left altogether outside of the ministrations of the Church, and that is—for the latter to go to them. This is effectually done by the Church Army, which—avoiding the sensationalism, the profanity, and the flippancy which have sometimes characterised the proceedings of the *Salvation Army* (though here

I would wish to pay my tribute of respect to the true and genuine work accomplished, and to the self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christ exhibited by many members of that body)—has, in a business-like and orderly manner, under proper rule and discipline, and with the sanction of, and in co-operation with the Church, brought the Gospel to the masses in a way which it would have been impossible for the more regular ecclesiastical forces to have accomplished.

We are so accustomed to look upon religion as connected with the material fabric of a church, that it requires some exercise of thought to remember that the most famous sermon ever preached, as well as the most beautiful, was that which was delivered from a Judean mount; and that our Saviour, when He desired to commune with God, retired into the wilderness or to the hills; whilst His voice was constantly heard in exhortation in the streets of the city.

Whilst we are mindful of the above, however, let us not forget that the Pharisees were rebuked for making long prayers at the corners of the streets to be seen of men, and let us beware lest hypocrisy or Pharisaism should spoil that which should be a good and useful work. Let us also beware lest, in our zeal to preach the Gospel and to bring the unwilling to Christ, we overstep the bounds of common-sense and of courtesy, and irritate where we wish to soothe, repel where we desire to attract, and bring discredit on the cause of Christ by our thoughtlessness in regard to the rights and comfort of others, and by our selfishness even in the cause of religion. Ah! selfishness: what a curse this is to all good causes. How difficult it is for the best of us entirely to eliminate self from our hearts in the prosecution of even the most sacred of subjects. The perfectly simple-minded man is, alas! difficult to find. Even when we believe that we are working from the purest of motives, do we not often, to our shame, discover that self has been at the bottom of our energy and zeal? Ambition—the desire to make a good impression on others, and to advance ourselves rather than the cause—how frequently do we, if we are honest, have to confess these faults upon our knees! And if we are conscious of them, we may be sure that the enemy, who is ever on the look-out for some flaw in our armour, has discovered them long ago. In fact, the world is ever ready to impute wrong motives as the mainspring of religious action. Let us diminish by earnest prayer all cause for such accusations. Finally, be most careful in the selection of those who are placed in positions of authority. If a hypocrite gain admission to your ranks it is bad enough; but if he be promoted to offices of influence and trust the harm which he will do to your cause is greater than the good which fifty honest Christian men will be able to accomplish. For murder will

out, and sooner or later his hypocrisy will be discovered, and the world will scoff and sneer, and pretend to be convinced—and by dint of asseveration lead many to believe—that the black sheep is a true specimen of the entire flock.

Let not my words of warning discourage you. It is the part of the enemy to lull an army into false security, so that it may be more easily overwhelmed. It is the duty of the friend to point out possible dangers, so that they may be avoided; to criticise keenly the discipline where it appears slack, so that it may

be improved; to exhort to vigilance where over-confidence seems to exist, and generally to point out the weak points of the defence rather than lay stress on the strong ones, so that, trusting in God's Providence, you may confidently look forward to certain victory, knowing that you have done all in your power to insure success, and that you are fighting in a cause which cannot fail; for we have heard it from the lips of our own great Captain of the Host, that if we are true and faithful soldiers the final triumph shall be ours.

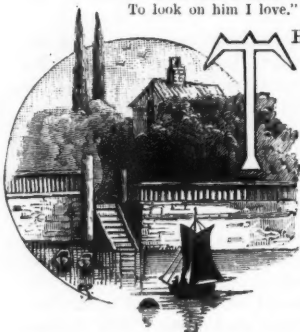
NOT ALL IN VAIN.

BY LAMBERT SHEILDS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY LAKE LEMAN'S BLUE WATERS.

"There was the sun in heaven; and the birds
Sang once more in the great green waving trees
As I had heard them sing—I lived once more
To look on him I love."



HE night express from Paris was nearing the Swiss frontier. It was early dawn, and all night long, through the hot, stifling, dusty August night, the engine had panted on and on, shrieking through way-side stations, stopping brief moments at the

greater ones, and the weary travellers, dozing, wished for the morning. Stephen Wray was one of these. He roused himself now, and looked out over the level country stretching for miles and miles beneath the eye. He was hurrying into Switzerland in obedience to a call from Mary Owens. She had, after weeks of silence, at last written to him, and, giving no reason for her absence, had requested him to come to her at Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva. Stephen—surprised, irate, offended—moodily obeyed, as in stern duty bound, the behest of his betrothed. Merely telegraphing to say he was coming, he started the very day he received her letter.

He felt wearied in body and sad in mind, and too dejected and hopeless even to admire the beautiful Jura passes, as in the sunshine of early morning the train crept along them. Waving pine-tree and rushing mountain torrent had lost all charm for him. It seemed to him that never again could any sound or sight of nature give him pleasure.

Arrived at Lausanne, he found there were yet two hours ere he could continue on his way. He resolved to breakfast, wash, and rest, going on to Vevey in the

afternoon. Mary had hidden herself for months. There was no need for him now to rush to her arms with such frantic haste. He knew Lausanne well, and its stony narrow streets; for he had passed a winter there, ostensibly to acquire the French language, really to skate from morning till night and take part in amateur performances gotten up by the English residents.

It was at an advanced hour in the afternoon that he walked down to Ouchy and took his place on the little lake-steamer bound for the eastern end of the lake. He seated himself on deck under the awning, and looked languidly out over the lake, with straight-gazing, uninterested eyes, in the midst of tourist raptures of delight all around him. There were samples of all European nationalities on board; amusing enough in their distinctive vagaries, but he heeded none of them. What good was this fair blue lake, these environing mountains, these sunshiny vineyards, since Hilda could never look upon them?

Some of the passengers took an interest in the moody-faced Englishman. Two young French women, in startling, striped costumes of blue and white, with wonderful high-heeled Parisian shoes, and poppies and wheat piled up on their high-peaked hats, in the absence of "papa" and "maman" in the salon below, dared to look at him coquettishly. He was so big and splendid-looking, evidently an English lord. A fat German *frau*, much belted up in a trim English tailor-made gown, sitting opposite him, gravely regarded him, considering in her large well-stocked mind that they made men, as well as dresses, splendidly in that foggy little island in the northern seas. She knew some English, and would have liked to air it. But Stephen, although he courteously sprang to pick up the large white parasol she dropped, gave her no provocation to begin. Arrived at Vevey, he elbowed his way through the crowd of idlers on the landing-stage, and made his way into the town. After some searching and inquiries, he found that the villa where Mary was staying was a short distance outside the town. It was hot work, fagging along the white dusty road, villa-bordered towards the lake, and on the other hand slopes of vineyards; and he felt more than

ever inclined to upbraid Mary in the depths of his mind for putting him to so much trouble. At last the words "Villa Reynât" staring at him from a gate met his eyes, and with a sigh of relief he turned under the welcome shade of the avenue of trees. The villa was a pretty one, with wide-open French windows, shaded by green "jalousies" and smothered by the clinging tendrils of the large-flowered purple clematis and starry clusters of the smaller white one.

A smart little maid opened the door.

"Monsieur would see Miss Owens? Well, Monsieur was expected. Would Monsieur be so good as to give himself the trouble of descending the little steps in front of the house? and on the terrace he would find Miss Owens."

Monsieur had sufficient benevolence to descend the flight of rustic steps indicated. A small path led away to the right through a grove of dwarfed sycamores, amongst the pleasant shade of which ran and leaped and gurgled a merry little streamlet, hastening to the lake below. The path led out upon a broad terrace, upwards from which sloped a grassy lawn with a great outspreading plane-tree in the centre. The stone balustrade of the terrace was interwoven with the crimson and golden glory of the Canadian vine, and away at the end of the terrace, under the shadow of a high wall, was a small arbour facing towards the lake. A few chairs and a table were in front of the arbour, and a lady in white sat there, reading.

Stephen walked boldly forward; then stopped suddenly short. Were there two people in the world who possessed that queenly poise of head, that wealth of sunny brown hair, that curve of ivory cheek and throat?

The lady rose as Stephen approached, and looked at him timidly.

"You have come to see Madame Reynât?" she said, making a movement as to go toward the house. "I shall tell her."

"Hilda!" he cried, then could say no more. She knew the voice, and a great delight leaped into her eyes. She sprang towards him with outstretched hands.

"It is you, it is you!" she cried. "And to think I did not know you! You are so changed. When did you come? I did not know that you were coming. Who told you to come? And oh, Stephen, Stephen, I can see—I can see!"

He stood holding her hands, looking down into her face, while all her happy speech was broken up by joyous laughter.

"Does Mary know that you have come?" she went on eagerly. "She will be so glad! We so often sit and talk about you."

"Tell me all about it, Hilda," he said, flinging himself on a chair, and looking at her in a stunned, stupid way. "I did not know I should find you here."

She stood before him, leaning against the stone balustrade of the terrace, her white dress thrown up against the crimson vine leaves, and between the pillars glimpses of blue lake far below.

"I do not know where to begin," she said, with a happy laugh. "It has all been so sweet and strange, and so wonderful. But listen, and I will tell you all as well as I can."

No need to tell him to listen, as he sat there gazing at her, marvelling at her, worshipping her with silent eyes, hearkening to her, as he had scarce listened to an angel speaking from heaven.

"Two days after you went away and left me in Kate Peters' Cottage," she began,—"oh, how far away that seems!"—and the laugh which now seemed never far away, again rang out—"Mary Owens came to me; your Mary, Stephen; the Mary I never liked, because you were always praising her. You men are so stupid in some things! Your Mary came to me; she is my Mary now; I love her—I love her, as indeed I must. You never said half enough about her in those old days. But you are not in my place, and so you cannot ever quite know what Mary is. You were never a lonely girl, so you can never even faintly imagine what it is to suddenly find a woman friend—one who knows just how you feel, and just how weak and silly you are, and yet never blames you. I do not know how she managed it, but she did; she took me away with her, first up to London, that great marvellous London of yours. Oh! the roar of it is yet in my ears, though I saw none of it. I smiled then to think I had come so near you, and how surprised you would be if you knew. Mary—do not be surprised at me speaking of her just like this, for I love her, and she has taken me to be her friend—Mary took me first to some great London doctor. He examined my eyes, and said they might be cured, but he would not attempt the operation. He knew but one man in the world who would attempt it, and he was a great oculist living in Geneva; and then my heart sank low. How could I afford to go to Geneva, and pay this great oculist's fees? But Mary did it all. I don't know how she managed; we travelled on and on, it seemed to me, a long, long time, and at last she told me we were in Geneva; and there, in that dear Geneva," turning and stretching out her hands with a dramatic little gesture to where, at the western end of the lake, Geneva lay lost to sight, "I was cured. I saw nothing as yet, because for many, many weeks my eyes were bandaged up; and then Mary brought me here, and here by degrees, first in a darkened room, the bandages were taken off one by one, and at last I might go freely in and out; I could see once more. Yes, and even better, more clearly than ever I saw before."

"Thank God!" said Stephen, reverently baring his head, while a great sigh, half of sorrow, half of joy, went shuddering up from his very heart.

"How changed you are!" she said, regarding him curiously. "I should never have known you if you had not spoken. When you look at me, I can see your eyes are still the same; but otherwise you are changed. You have become so grave-looking, and very dignified, I feel half afraid of you. You are not the boy I used to know; he was always laughing and making fun."

"I think I have forgotten how to laugh," he said gravely. "One must cease to be a boy some time or another, you know."

"Yes," she answered with a little sigh. "But those

old days were pleasant, after all. You were a very conceited boy, too," she said, flashing a look of bright audacity on him.

Stephen smiled.

"I believe I was," he said slowly. "Well, the

stupid eyes; "there are not words to tell you what I feel."

"Do you know," she went on, turning away from him, and gazing dreamily across the lake to where the green hills of Savoie rose steeply from the sapphire



"Are you not glad for me, Stephen?"

conceit as well as the laughter is pretty well taken out of me by now."

"Are you not glad for me, Stephen?" she asked him softly. "You were very sorry for me when you came to me and found me blind. Are you not glad now that I can see? I can see this dear world I love so well, and the faces of those I love also."

"Glad!" he said, still looking at her with dull,

water, "I think that it was almost worth while being blind, just to feel the exquisite joy of seeing once again. You can never know just how it feels, to gather one of these vine-leaves and look at it, how delicately it is traced, how graceful its outline is, how beautifully its yellow runs into gold, and its gold blends into scarlet; and then to think, only a month ago and this in my hand would have been a senseless, meaningless little thing,

with some sap in its fibres, or heat upon its surface if the sun had been shining on it. You can never know just what I feel standing on this terrace looking from the heights where that lovely mountain lifts its seven snowy peaks against the blue sky, down to the lake there with the busy little darting steamers, and the white-sailed boats drifting lazily along. But why do I talk like this to you? You cannot understand me; but at times I feel beside myself with joy. Nothing that comes, I think, can ever make me sad again, now that I can see after being blind."

She stood silent, looking out on the fair scene spread before her. Stephen kept silent, too; unmanned by fierce passion of love and joy, and tortured by the shadows of vain regret. He looked on her happy, radiant face, feeling forlornly how much farther she is from him now than ever before; while even if he might bend himself anew to the task of winning her, the face of another woman must come between.

"Where is Mary?" he asked, in hoarse, broken tones, when a little of the wonder had faded from his whirling brain and throbbing heart.

"She is in the house, I suppose. I left her there in the drawing-room, reading. Mrs. Clare is lying down with a headache. The heat tries everyone but me. I am too happy, I think, for anything ever to try me again. But you—you look so grave. I believe you are not glad that I can see."

"My child, I cannot tell you what I feel; I may not even try to tell you," he answered, looking at her with hungry, sorrowful eyes. "I may seem dull and stupid. It has all come upon me like a shock, finding you here. As I came along that lake, only an hour since, I was longing that you could see how beautiful it all was. And then to find you here, and to find you as you are, cured and happy, stupefies me. Forgive me!"

"I never saw anyone changed as you are," she said, turning away from the lake and looking at him musingly. "Only when I hear you speak can I believe it is really you."

"I suppose everyone changes more or less as the years pass," he replied.

"Yes; but you look so staid, and grave, and solemn, I feel afraid of you. You are not the Stephen I knew in the old days at Biffey."

"No," he said, with a heavy sigh; "that Stephen is gone for ever. But the man that remains in his place will always wish you well, Hilda."

"I don't like that sort of a remark," she replied; "it has a sound of lofty indifference which displeases me. When a person wishes me well, I always feel as though they snubbed me, and coldly pushed me from them."

"It was always rather you who thrust me from you," he said reproachfully.

The quick colour leaped into the girl's face, and she turned away.

"It is not friendly of you to sit there, looking so cold and silent," she said, with a sound almost of tears in her voice. "If this good fortune had happened to you, I should have been glad for you. I was so happy when I saw you. I thought, now that

you had come, we should all be so happy and pleasant together in this lovely place. Now you spoil all."

"I am sorry," he said heavily, "I am sorry if I spoil your pleasure; I have grown very stupid of late, I believe. I cannot make the pleasant speeches that I ought; I must only get away soon, and not spoil your pleasure any longer."

"Let us go into the house and find Mary," she said, shivering a little, as though something had passed between her and the sunshine.

Stephen stood up obediently, and walked along the terrace by her side, his face more gloomy and overcast than ever. His heart was aching within him, and he could not force his eyes to smile, or frame his lips to pleasant words.

As they passed through the cool shade of the sycamore grove, Hilda's dress caught upon an out-reaching branch of the undergrowth. Stephen stopped and gravely disentangled it, but he said no word. Neither did she speak, though the thoughts of both of them flashed back to that bygone summer day when they had gone up the hill together, and her dress had caught in a bramble, and he, as now, had stooped to disentangle it.

In the shaded drawing-room they found Mary Owens. She greeted Stephen with a calmness he was very far from feeling. It was not easy to see her face in the semi-darkness.

"I am glad you were able to come to us," she said in low, even tones, after Hilda had left the room to see how poor Mrs. Clare's headache was. "I told the servant to send you down on the terrace, as I knew Hilda was there, and I guessed she would like to tell you her happy news with her own lips."

"It is wonderful," said Stephen, still with the pre-occupied air of a man speaking in a language foreign to him, and in which he has to think more of the construction of the sentences than of their meaning.

"It was a splendid operation, and splendidly performed," went on Mary enthusiastically. "And her courage and endurance were splendid also."

"Yes!" said Stephen questioningly, and said no more.

Mary wondered a little at him. She had looked for raptures, not for stupefied indifference. Stephen felt she was disappointed, but he could not rouse himself to a more manly part.

"I daresay you are tired," she said, looking into his face for the first time since he entered the room, and noting how haggard it was. "Perhaps you would prefer to go to your room and rest till dinner. Madame Reynât has a room prepared for you in the coolest part of the house. We are all feeling this hot weather keenly. Most of the *pension* have gone up to Les Avants for coolness. We are thinking of going to-morrow. Hilda has been looking pale, and Mrs. Clare suffers greatly from the heat. We have been only waiting for your coming to be off."

Stephen listened mechanically to the low, even voice—flowing like cool waters in a shady place, he thought. He longed to throw himself at her feet and passionately thank her for what she had done. But he knew that if he once gave reins to his tongue he should reveal too much of his love for Hilda. And was he

not the affianced husband of Mary? So, in stupid silence, he adopted her suggestion, and went to his own room.

It was a bright, lovely morning when they started for Les Avants, the four in a small open carriage. As they wound upwards along the valley, the air became fresher and cooler, and breezes tempered by the snow peaks in the far distance fell softly on their faces. Mrs. Clare, delighted at Stephen's advent—yet greatly puzzled by it—declared herself better with every breath she drew. Hilda laughed and talked incessantly, with fresh rapture at each upward bend of the road. Mary's eyes gently reflected the girl's bright, innocent enjoyment. Her own face was tranquil with the tranquillity of one who has fought a bitter fight and conquered, and who now is resting after strife. Stephen alone kept silence. He smiled and answered when Hilda addressed a remark to him, he was kindly and courteously considerate for the comfort of the three ladies, but he did not volunteer any conversational tributes, nor did he dare to meet Mary Owens' wondering brown eyes.

It almost seemed to him that she was testing his faith and honour this bright morning among the hills; or, if not testing him, at least putting him to needless pain—so many times did she suggest that at such a bend in the road they should get out and walk, taking a short cut beneath the spreading chestnuts and oaks, to meet the carriage higher up. And then when the time came she had always some excuse not to leave the carriage, but, since Hilda would enjoy walking, Mr. Wray would accompany her to see she did not lose the way.

Was it exactly kind to send him thus alone with the woman he loved, following her light figure as she sprang along the leaf-strewn track, where the ivy tendrils lay so thickly, and the pale autumn crocus gleamed in the sunlight filtering through the trees, with all his heart in his eyes, but with honour locking his lips? It was a hard trial, but he supposed he must soon grow used to proofs like these, as since Mary and Hilda had become such close friends, it was likely they would be a good deal together in the future.

"You seem very happy," he could not refrain from saying to her once, as they went along together through the wood, and her happy laugh rang out frequently.

"I am very happy," she replied. "I am perfectly happy. Sometimes I am almost afraid to consider how happy I am, because it surely cannot last. Something *must* happen. Have I not enough to make me happy? My sight given back to me, and a friend like Mary granted to my heart that was before so friendless. And happiness, too, to be here in this lovely country, where everything is so beautiful. And now *you* are here also."

She said this with a suddenly lowered tone, and a wistful little glance into his face.

"I fear I do not enhance the situation much," he replied, with a harsh laugh.

"You are so changed," she said, with a soft sigh, "I have been asking myself ever since we left Vevey, 'Have I offended you in any way?'"

"Offended me? No, Miss Romney; certainly not."

The light died out of the girl's face as his cold, formal tone fell on her ear. She turned aside from the track to gather a small bouquet of the pale pink Alpine crocus, mingled with ivy sprays and fern leaves; and she spoke no more until they reached the carriage again.

The next time Mary suggested a walk, Hilda pleaded fatigue; and, indeed, she looked fatigued. All the brightness seemed to have vanished from her face, and not even the sudden sight of Jaman's grey cone, encircled with dark pines, raising its sharp summit far into the blue sky, had power to warm her into enthusiasm. Mary looked more wonderingly than ever from her listless face to Stephen's moody one, and her gentle eyes took on an expression, half of sadness, half of disappointment.

Arrived at the big hotel at the bend in the valley, their former friends of the Villa Reynât crowded out to welcome them with effusion, with many a curious glance cast in Stephen's direction.

After the early luncheon Stephen departed to take a long, solitary walk through the woods. He knew every inch of ground about him in this beautiful valley. He walked on through the woods until the chestnut and oak trees were left behind and he reached a mossy glade, where the sombre pines made pleasant shade from the fierce heat beating down from the cloudless sky. He threw himself on the ground to rest, and think. First, he fiercely upbraided himself for his ill-humour. To himself he acknowledged it was not ill-humour that had made him silent, unresponsive, surly even, since his arrival yesterday afternoon; but to the others it must have appeared as the most evil ill-humour, the most flagrant want of sympathy in their joy. He remembered the look in Hilda's eyes when he answered her so curtly. He thought remorsefully of the pains Mary had taken to give him pleasure. How she had planned this surprise, and how ill-naturedly he had received it all. He read a whole Communion Service on himself there, in the warm shade of the fragrant pines, with a vista of the green slopes of mountain meadows seen dimly towards the distant lake, and breathed a hearty Amen to every clause.

And then he reviewed matters, and just how they stood. He was to marry Mary Owens, his old friend, the faithful woman whose love had never failed him his life long; she who had even now given him such an all-convincing proof of the large nobility of her heart. Was it such a hardship after all? "God do so and more also to him if he failed aught in the duty, the reverence, the love he owed her." This was the solemn vow the whispering pines heard that summer afternoon. As for Hilda, he must only school himself to the pain of frequent intercourse with her. He must learn not to thrill all over when her hand lay in his a fleeting moment. He must school himself to drown the intense consciousness of her mere presence which now beset him. Mary had done much for him—he would do this for her.

Strong in the resolve to follow right at all costs, to keep his honour untarnished in thought, word, or deed, he sprang to his feet and began to retrace his

steps towards the hotel, anxious to put his brand-new resolutions into immediate practice. His face was now unclouded, and his eyes looked almost happy, for it is almost happiness to see clearly the right, and then have courage to accept the duty.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the hotel, for his wanderings had taken him a considerable distance, and his meditations had lasted long. Hilda was in front of the hotel, being initiated into the mysteries of lawn-tennis by two comely-looking young Englishmen. They were mere lads, but Stephen instantly conceived the strongest aversion to them, and then suddenly remembered he had no right to nourish any such sentiments. Mary was sitting on the terrace above the tennis-court, reading. She looked up with a bright smile as Stephen approached her, and laid a small posy of wild flowers on the open pages of her book. She placed them in the laces of her dress, where Hilda's offering of earlier in the day was beginning to wither.

"Is it not pleasant to see her enjoying herself?" she asked, nodding her head in the direction of the tennis-players, as Stephen sat down at her side. "She has had so little pleasure in her life, she is just like a child."

"She has much to thank you for, Mary," he said gravely; "and so have I. I have just been thinking how cold and ungracious you must consider me, that I have not said one syllable of thanks for all you have accomplished. That last night I saw you I besought your kindness for her, but I never dreamed of anything like this. I felt literally stunned yesterday when I arrived at Vevey, and found her there on the terrace. It is because I have no words with which to thank you, Mary, that I have been silent. That must be my excuse."

"I want no thanks, Stephen," she said gently. "If I sought her at first for your sake, I love her now for her own."

And her eyes went with loving admiration to where the girl was laughing over her game. Mary possessed an admiration and an adoration of beauty which was simply masculine. Your beauty, or your ugly woman who considers herself a beauty, can never see loveliness in any woman's face but her own. It is only the ugly woman who knows she is ugly and accepts the fact as a part of her destiny, who ever honestly admires another woman's face.

"She is lovable," said Stephen curtly.

"Yes, now that I know her I can understand how you must care for her."

Stephen made no immediate reply. When he did speak, his voice was calm and measured.

"That is all past now; do not let us speak of it."

Mary looked at him in utter surprise. But at this moment the tennis-players finished the set, and came laughing and talking along the terrace.

Stephen rose to make room for Hilda. She took the place, but did not raise her eyes to his face. When he spoke to her she answered him with brief coldness, turning away from him as soon as politeness permitted to speak to one of her youthful cavaliers in flannel.

Stephen could overhear the conversation where he stood. It was all about tennis, and how jolly that

was; and in spring this place here, every field and meadow, was white with narcissus: it was really ever so jolly. She would think the ground was still covered with snow if she saw it then—in May, say. And would she come out boating on the lake when they all returned to the pension Reynât? It was no end jolly, boating on the lake.

Stephen listened, half-contemptuous, half-amused. Hilda seemed perfectly contented and happy, and presently went for a stroll before dinner with the young fellow, and before breakfast next morning was out playing tennis with him again. And all day long he basked in the light of her smiles, though it must be acknowledged she smiled just as graciously on his shyer brother, or anyone else in the place who sought her favour. Stephen Wray only, she kept at arm's length; and he meekly accepted the situation. And daily the wistful surprise in Mary Owens' eyes deepened.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPLANATIONS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

"Earth's tender and impassioned few,
Take courage to entrust your love
To Him so named, Who guards above
Its ends, and shall fulfil."—MRS. BROWNING.

MARY OWENS tapped gently at Hilda's door.

"Come in," cried Hilda from within, and Mary entered.

The girl was standing by the open window, her face and figure bathed in the flood of moonlight pouring into the room. The little party had returned to Vevey from Les Avants. A few famous thunderstorms had cleared the air and cooled the atmosphere wonderfully; so Mary suggested they should return to the pension Reynât, and from thence start for England. No one had raised a dissentient voice, not even Hilda, to whom Switzerland was as an earthly Paradise, hitherto undreamt of in her philosophy.

She turned to greet Mary with a smile.

"Come and look how lovely it all is," she said.

Mary looked out of the clematis-framed casement: close by, beneath the window, the tops of the sycamore-trees lay silvery in the moonlight; below, the lake glittered whitely; and although the moon rode high in the heavens, a crimson gleam yet lingered in the western sky above the dim outline of the distant Jura. Mary looked, then turned away, so that the moonlight should not fall upon her face.

"It is very lovely," she said, "but I did not come to talk about that. I have many things to say to you, Hilda. Are you ready to listen?"

"Yes," said Hilda, trustfully slipping her hand through her friend's arm, and looking out thoughtfully on the lake gleaming and glittering below.

"We have all been making a series of the most absurd mistakes," Miss Owens began with a slight tremor in her voice. "I have only found them out just now. Since dinner I have been walking on the terrace with Stephen, and in our conversation everything has been cleared up."

"Yes," said Hilda again, as she paused.

"It seems he has been considering himself bound

to me. That figment of an engagement between us which I had forgotten, has been holding him fast."

"Yes," Hilda answered for the third time, as Mary again paused.

"That engagement was such a slight, absurd thing that I never thought of it since the day I knew you cured, and that the last obstacle between him and you was swept away. Did you think of it, Hilda? Is that the reason you have been treating the poor fellow so coldly ever since he came?"

"I did not think of it. I believed there was nothing between him and you. I think it is he who has been cold to me. I tried to be kind, and he would not let me," faltered the girl, drooping her face against Mary's shoulder.

"We have all been playing at cross-purposes. I sent for him, believing when he would find you cured that he would speak again, and that you would accept him. I could not make out why things were not going as I wished and hoped they should. He, on the other hand, considered himself bound in honour to me, and so would not raise his eyes to you; and you amused yourself by adding to his woe by your flirtation with Jack Nason."

"I did not flirt," murmured Hilda indignantly.

"Something very like it, then," said Mary, laughing. "Now, dear, Stephen is down there on the terrace. Suppose you run out to him?"

"No," cried Hilda, raising her head indignantly; "he has shown me that he has ceased to care for me." Mary sighed helplessly.

"Was ever mortal woman so afflicted as I am?" she asked. "There I have been for the last hour trying to argue Stephen into being reasonable; now I find you even more difficult to deal with than he was."

"It would be far better for him to marry you," said Hilda. "You are so much better, and wiser, and nobler than I am, in every way."

"Don't be perverse, Hilda," said Mary.

Was it only the moonlight made her face so pale, and the shadows in the room made her eyes so deep and hollow?

"We will agree, for the sake of argument, that I am the best woman ever created, and that you are the most frivolous and good-for-nothing. But Stephen loves you, and he does *not* love me. That makes all the difference."

"I don't think he cares for me," said Hilda, with the wilful perversity of her sex.

"I don't think it, either," answered Mary Owens calmly; "I know it."

"Did he tell you?"

"Not with his lips. But have I not seen the misery in his eyes, watching you and Jack Nason? Have I not seen how his face brightened, spite of himself, when you entered the room, and fell when you left it? Oh, Hilda, Hilda! I wonder do you quite know the tremendous value of this which you have won—the honest, faithful, unflinching love of a good man! Of his engagement to me you need not have so much as a passing spasm of jealousy. You need not set it down against him as a proof of inconstancy. He is one of those big, stupid, altogether

lovable men who cannot do without affection of some sort in their lives; and this was how he ever came to ask me to marry him. There was no disloyalty to you; he never even pretended to me that he loved me."

"And you—oh, Mary, forgive me if I say what I have no right to say—did you ever love him?"

Mary's eyes brightened with a strange, steady light in them. She wound both her arms round the slight, trembling form.

"If I loved him"—she spoke slowly, and her voice was a little harsh—"could I give him up as I do now?"

"Did not I love him, and give him up?" flashed Hilda, raising her face from Mary's shoulder.

Mary was silent.

"I cannot go to him, if to go to him means stepping to my happiness over your broken heart."

Mary started as the soft-spoken words fell on her ears. Was not this what was actually happening? Courage, brave heart; this pain will soon be past.

"I care for him so much," she said softly, in her tender, thrilling voice, "that if you refuse to make him happy, you will break my heart. Stephen is no more to me than a very dear brother."

Slowly, unwillingly, yet very firmly, the words fell on the silence. Hilda raised her face and kissed her.

"Then I shall go to him now," she whispered.

Mary wrapped the fur-lined cloak she wore round the girl's shoulders, and, drawing the hood over her head, returned her kiss. Then quietly went away to her own room.

Stephen, pacing up and down the terrace in the moonlight, was amazed to see Hilda's slight figure emerge from the gloom of the sycamore grove and come towards him. He came hastily forward to meet her.

"Is not the night lovely?" she asked him. "I have come out to enjoy the moonlight on the lake. I am so sorry to leave Switzerland."

"You will return here some other time, I daresay," he said, trying to speak coldly. "I shall be glad to get home again; my business must need me."

Hilda looked up at him, amused.

"You used not to be so very particular about your business," she said quaintly. "But—as I have said, until I am tired of saying it, and you must be tired of hearing it—you have totally changed in every way from the Stephen Wray I knew in the years long ago."

"Perhaps Hilda Romney has not been altogether guiltless of a hand in the change," he replied moodily. "I am sorry if it displeases you. One cannot be a boy always."

"Oh, it does not displease me at all," she said carelessly, pacing up and down the broad terrace, white in the moonlight, by his side. "In some ways you are vastly improved. You are not quite so hot-tempered, I think; neither are you so conceited or so masterful as you used to be. But, then, in some other ways you have disimproved. You have become haughty and proud in your manner, and silent and surly. Altogether, you inspire fear in the hearts of those about you."

Stephen laughed harshly.

"Since we are on the complimentary tack this evening, Miss Romney," he said, "suppose, for variety, I tell you in what respects you are altered. You used to be gentle, kind, and sympathetic; you would shrink 'in the old days,' as you call them, from

the placid waters of the lake lapping upon the pebbly shore below.

"It is too lovely, too peaceful a night to quarrel as we are doing," she said gently, with a long-drawn sigh. "Let us be friends."



"The tears rise slowly into Mary's eyes as she watches these three."—p. 621.

giving pain to a fly or a gnat. Now you are hard and merciless. You trample on a man's heart with a laugh upon your lips."

Hilda did not answer. In silence they paced along the terrace, while the great yellow moon rode in the liquid sky, touching the Savoie hills into brightest lights and deepest shadows. The silence of the night was so intense that far off faintly they could hear

"With all my heart," he answered, but not taking the hand that came for an instant from under the fur cloak.

Hilda stopped short in her walk, and rested her arms on the low parapet of the terrace.

It was a fair and lovely scene. Away across the lake sparkled the lights in the village homes of Meillerie and Bouveret, nestling at the foot of the

tree-covered hills. Far in the distance, down the Rhone Valley, rose the great Dent-du-Midi, with the silent mystery of its seven solemn sublime silver horns ever uplifted against the dusky sky. Down the misty, shadowed valley glimmered an occasional light; and then the lake, with storied Chillon to the left, spread itself out smoothly in the lavish moonlight. The red light in the western sky had paled to wan yellow behind the purple Jura range. Close beneath where they stood a vineyard sloped to the lake, and in the silence the ceaseless melody of the little brook in the sycamore grove at hand came softly to them.

"How long is this to go on?" she asked at length, turning dewy eyes on him in the moonlight, as he stood tall and moody by her side.

"How long is what to go on?" he replied harshly.

"This coldness—this want of friendliness between you and me," she went on, gaining courage from the sound of her own voice. "It used not to be so; you used to care for me a little."

"A little!" he said in suppressed tones.

"Have I offended you?" she asked abruptly.

"No," he replied, not altogether truthfully. But could he confess to her the puerile jealousy of the past few days?

"Do you care for me less than you did?" she went on. "Oh! it is hard to speak to you like this. But you are so stupid, you will not help me."

"I don't know in what respect you need my help," he said bluntly. "But you know, as well as I do, it is my misfortune to love you now as much—yes, a thousand times more than ever I did. I suppose it is my fate to carry this idiotic love with me to my grave."

"It is not very polite of you to call it idiotic," she replied. "Oh, Stephen, you are dense!"

"I suppose I am," he said. "I never was accounted particularly brilliant. And I suppose it is dense of me—not to call it by a worse name—to go on caring for a woman who has over and over again told me she did not care for me."

"Listen, and I shall tell you a story," she said, with a slight gesture of impatience. "Once upon a time there was a young prince rode out into the world to seek his fortune. He came at last to a gloomy old castle beside the sea, and living there he found a princess. She was young, but she was neither beautiful nor rich nor witty, nor anything else that a princess ought to be. But the prince was under some spell of enchantment, and accordingly he loved this princess so much that he asked her to leap up before him on the saddle, and ride with him to his beautiful palace far away. But the princess would not consent. Not because she did not love him, but because an evil fairy had come to her christening, and thrown a curse, instead of a blessing, into her cradle, and the princess knew by reason of this curse that she could never be the bride of the prince. And so she told him to go away from her, and to forget her if he could. She loved him so well, Stephen, that she would not shadow his life with the curse which lay so heavily upon her own. She would not tell the prince why she sent him away, because she knew he was too noble to go and leave her to her fate if he knew all. So she pretended she did not love him."

Her voice faltered and broke. His face, looking very white in the moonlight, bent nearer to hers, and he seized the hand that so nervously played with the vine leaves wreathing the parapet, holding it in his firm warm grasp.

"She pretended she did not love him," he said huskily. "Oh, Hilda, what is this you are saying?"

"The poor little princess had a heart, Stephen," the girl faltered. "And it was just because she loved the prince so much as she did that she sent him away from her."

"And you loved me all the time, Hilda?" he said, unable to take in the sense of the words she spoke.

"Yes," she whispered softly.

"And yet you put me from you. You made me undergo such sorrow, such heart-broken loneliness, as I trust my worst enemy need never know."

"I knew I must be blind," she faltered.

"And your confidence in me failed?" he went on reproachfully. "Did you not know I loved you—you, your own sweet self? Would it have made any difference to me your being blind?"

"It would have made great difference to me," she said forlornly.

Was his love indeed dead, that he scarcely seemed to heed her confession, only stood and reproached her for what she had done?

"It was for your sake I did it all," she said, with sudden fire. "And were it to do again, I would do it again to-morrow. Do not blame me too harshly."

"Blame you!" he said, his voice breaking into great tenderness.

"Yes," she said, almost tearfully. "It is not very pleasant for me just now to stand here and lay bare my soul and heart to you, only to be met with reproaches."

"Forgive me," he said, drawing nearer to her; but she drew back a little from him. "So the princess was not quite so hard-hearted as I thought? So in those dear old days you loved me?"

She drew still farther from him, with her face white and her eyes downcast.

"And now that the curse is gone, gone quite away, never to return—for a good fairy has come and undone the spell," he continued softly, bending his stately head to hers—"the prince comes back to the princess. A stupid, blundering, 'dense' prince he was at the best of times, but he loves her just as deeply as ever; and again he asks her to be his own dear love for evermore. What does the princess answer, dear?"

He clasped her in his arms, and drew her trembling figure to him. He could not see her face, for it was hidden against his breast.

"What does the princess answer?" he repeated, tenderly laying his cheek against her soft hair.

"There is nothing for her to answer," the girl replied, lifting her face, "since she is *here*. That is answer enough."

"And this," he said, touching his lips to hers. With boyish passionate eagerness he had kissed her once before; now his lips reverently express the tender, steady devotion of a true and manly heart.

"I cannot believe all this is true," he said presently. "It is too much happiness to find that after all these

hopeless years you loved me all the time. Is it really true, Hilda darling?"

"It is really true that I was so silly," she said, with a happy little laugh.

"Yes, it *was* silly of you to love a conceited boy, as I was when first I knew you. Do not contradict, dear; I have it from your own lips that I was conceited, so I must believe it. I am not conceited now, my darling; I feel all unworthy of your love. I cannot yet believe that I possess it—that it has been mine all these weary years."

"Do you remember the day, long ago, when we went up the hill together?" she asked. "I don't mean this last time, when I was blind, but long ago?"

"Yes, I remember," he said; "I tried that day to tell you that I loved you."

"And I would not let you speak. I was always battling off the evil day just then, I think."

"Yes, but what in particular about that day, my love, makes you remember it now?"

"This," she said softly, drawing her cloak aside and showing him a founce of the white muslin dress she wore.

He bent his head, and in the moonlight saw a narrow blade thread interwoven with the lace.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This is the blade of grass your hands plaited that day idly into the lace upon my dress," she said. "I have never worn this dress since until this happy summer, and I never took that piece of grass out, brittle and withered as it is now—just because you had put it there. Now will you believe that I always loved you?"

"My darling," he murmured, deeply moved, and passing his broad hand tenderly over her brown, clustering hair, "I shall try to believe it. It shall be the dearest treasure my heart holds to believe it in the future years before us both. I cannot yet realise that after these weary years of longing you are mine."

"If ever I was cruel to you, Stephen," she whispered softly, "I was far more cruel to myself. I can never forget what I felt that day you came to me—when father was dying, you remember—and pleaded with me to go away with you: how my heart went with every word you said, but yet I had to send you from me."

"And to think that, but for Mary, I should never have gone back to you again, and never have known that you were blind; and all that has happened since, would never have been: most of all, this happy evening, when I know that you love me, and that I love you, and that, come what may, nothing can separate us now ever again."

"We both owe more to Mary than we can ever repay," she said, lifting sweet, solemn eyes to his. "And, dear as you are to me, Stephen—do not think me unmaidenly to speak like this; I have repressed myself so long, that it is joy to tell out all that is in my heart at last—dear, I say, as you are to me, I should never have come to you, never have told you so, except that I knew for myself first that Mary did not love you."

"Mary never cared for me in the way you mean,"

he said musingly. "It was a fallacy to which you always clung devoutly; but I always knew there was nothing in it."

And then the gong for supper sounded, and all unwillingly they went to the house.

Mary did not appear at supper—she had a headache and was gone to bed, Mrs. Clare explained; and I am bound to say the happy lovers did not miss her. They would not have missed an archangel, in their present blissful state of uttermost content.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"And every shadow rolled away
That darkened, love, 'twixt you and me."

THE surprise, the wrath, the indignation of the worthy Mrs. Wray when her son announced to her his approaching marriage, were simply magnificent. Who was this Miss Romney, she would like to know? A penniless adventuress who had picked him up in Switzerland! What would his dear sainted father say if he could know? And that a son of hers should so cruelly use poor dear Mary Owens must be a sorrow she should carry to her grave.

Louise was astonished, but contemptuous rather than indignant. Stephen was old enough to be allowed to please himself, of course, but he had acted foolishly, madly—his best friend must allow that. Annette gave one of her jolly laughs, and said Stephen was rich enough, too, to please himself, and that, for her part, she was very glad he had done so; and she meant to be very friendly to his wife.

And Hilda, just because they were Stephen's relations, met them with sweet tranquillity, not seeming aware if they were unkind or rude to her, as indeed they could scarce help being, such was the ingrained vulgarity of their disposition. She even suffered Mr. Hawthorne Whyte's heavily complimentary speeches, until Stephen confided to her that his brother-in-law was obnoxious in his sight; after that he was no longer sacred in hers, and she snubbed him, gently but firmly; so firmly that the offence was never repeated.

And "so they were married, after all." The ceremony was performed, by Hilda's wish, in poor old Biffey church. The place was marvellously improved, though Hilda was sentimental enough to wish that it had been left just as it used to be in her father's time. Although Mr. North Bird had been warring all this time against tremendous odds yet he had succeeded in bringing a fair amount of order out of chaos. The ancient three-decker arrangement had vanished, and a neat pulpit and reading-desk had taken its place, while a small organ replaced the asthmatic harmonium.

Mr. North Bird remembered Stephen perfectly when he called upon him to make arrangements for his marriage, and he was rather amused when Hilda was presented to him in the room of the antique maiden lady he had imagined her to be.

Mrs. Wray did not come to the wedding. It was a fresh instance of Stephen's utter want of consideration

for her well-being when he decided, or let his bride decide, to be married in such an out-of-the-way place. Any one might know a poor weak old woman, suffering under a sense of bereavement too, could not undertake a journey like that at her time of life. But Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne Whyte were there—he a little blighted at not having been asked to assist in the ceremony; and Louise, gorgeous in green satin, and with a bird of paradise in her Parisian bonnet, was green of heart also, for Hawthorne was just foolishly extravagant in his admiration of Stephen's bride. Mrs. Frazer, looking jolly and good-natured, and profusely kissing almost everyone, was there also, inclined to flirt a good deal, notwithstanding her widow's garb, with the fine-looking man who appeared as Stephen's supporter. Stephen himself did not appear in much need of support; he looked radiantly happy as he stood on the chancel steps awaiting his bride. Miss Hartson, the confectioner-postmistress, from the vantage point of a distant pew, wondered what a splendid man like that could see to admire in that pale, puny-faced Miss Romney. There were, besides Miss Hartson, a good many ancient inhabitants of Biffey present, who, remembering Hilda, had come to see her married. Tom North Bird was there also, not in the distance with his brothers and sisters in the rectory pew, but a special guest by Stephen's invitation. The little man looked rather alarmed, the whole ceremony through, rather than gratified; but he and the other nestlings perfectly understood the feast of good things that came their way when the service was over. Good Kate Peters and her children, and her big, sheepish husband, were there also as guests—Kate with tears of joy in her dark eyes, the rest wofully unhappy in their unaccustomed grandeur. And Mary Owens was there—gentle Mary, with her brown eyes so soft and kind that the children involuntarily drew nearer to her, and the steady smile upon her lips making her face as sweet as an angel's face might have been, but with a seriousness underlying the sweetness that no angel's face can ever know. And then the bride came, dressed in a simple dress of white, and with white flowers in her hands and in the soft masses of her brown hair. Just once before the service began she raised her eyes to Stephen's, and in the look that passed between them Mary knew that all she had suffered had now its full reward in the true, pure devotion, each for each, of these two happy souls.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Just five years later. Stephen Wray has given up business, and gone in for the life of a country gentleman, which indeed suits him vastly better in every way. He never was fitted to be a City man and watch the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange. As he said himself, he had not brain enough, and he has plenty for this new life he has chosen. Hilda likes this fresh country life also. She possesses the same simple tastes, the same keen sense of innocent enjoyment in out-door life that her husband does; and when he had brought her down to see this place in flowery Kent, strong had been her desire for its

immediate purchase. It is a romantic old place, built at many eras, and after many forms of architecture. By adding a room here, or knocking out a bay window there, Stephen managed to make it a gem of a place ere he brought his wife to live in it. There is a lovely old garden also, reminding one somewhat of the Parsonage garden at Biffey. Hilda soon, with a small army of gardeners under her control, converted it into a smiling paradise of flowers. In the summer Stephen takes her away somewhere, generally abroad, and she enjoys to the full these wanderings, returning with ever fresh delight to the home-nest among the orchard-gardens of Kent.

Mrs. Wray comes at times on a visit, but not often, nor does she stay for long. Her daughter-in-law meets her with such steady serenity that she finds no comfort in grumbling or fault-finding while with her. Neither can she shake Stephen's imperturbable good-humour, nor his great content with his life. He is that greatest anomaly, a contented farmer. His crops are always good, and the weather the most seasonable that could be imagined. So Mrs. Wray flits away, and prefers rather to abide with Louise than with any of her children. Louise gets daily thinner and sourer, and keeps a sharper eye than ever on the Rev. Hawthorne's little vagaries; so that in her elder daughter Mrs. Wray finds a more congenial companion than in either the cheery Stephen or Annette, who is always laughing and getting fatter and jollier, in inverse proportion as Louise gets thinner and more suspicious of all around her—mother, husband, servants, all alike coming under condemnation.

Mary Owens sometimes, but very rarely, is a visitor at that pleasant home in Kent. She is too busy to come oftener, she says; and this is not a mere excuse, for she has thrown herself heart and soul into mission-work at the East-end. She is following, as well as she knows how, in the footsteps of her old friend; her money, her time, her influence, all thrown into the scale. Where the small mission-chapel stood, a stately church of stone is now slowly rising beneath the builder's hand.

And as for her inner life, is it peace? Yes, peace at last through much sore unrest of tribulation. She is sitting under the trees now with Hilda, working, and she can see without a pang, nay—even with gladness—how the wife's eyes shine with wifely tenderness and pride as the garden gate opens and Stephen comes stepping across the grass towards them.

Mary is not without a great love in her life to brighten it now, for the little lad of two playing on the grass at her feet loves her almost as completely as he loves his big, strong father and his pretty mother; and he is all the world to Mary. She knows more pure happiness than she ever dreamt would fall to her lot, when the fat baby hand of Stephen's little son is thrust within her own, or the pure baby lips kiss her cheek. She thanks God often for the love of this little child.

He toddles off gravely now to meet his father, and is swung up by Stephen's strong hand to his shoulder. From this splendid vantage point he waves his little hands in triumph. Hilda, going near,

has those two small hands cruelly twisted into her hair, and cries for mercy.

"Come, come, young man," says Stephen promptly, "I can't allow this; you must not hurt your pretty mother."

"Pitty mother," lisps the little one, reaching down to kiss her; and Mary, looking on, agrees that she is indeed a pretty mother. A lovely soul looks out through those sweet eyes. There are lines of pain, and a shadow on what had been so bright, but something much deeper than of old is there. Life is very bright for her now, with love of husband and of child; but underneath her beauty that touch of pathos—learned when the shadows had lain so thick and dark upon her soul—must remain. The tears rise slowly into Mary's eyes as she watches these three as they stand before her in their happiness—the little son stooping from his father's shoulder to wind his

soft arms round his mother's neck; a chain of love, perfectly complete. Tears, but not tears of jealousy or pain. For she has learned her life-lesson at last, wearily, through mists of tears and much sore stumbings by the way; but now she has won to a great content, to a beautiful patience. When the flesh wearies and the soul within her faints, she has learned to lift up her eyes to the hills from whence help cometh. Her life is a lonely life enough—an outside life at the best. She is welcome at many firesides, but to no one of them does she belong. But she goes bravely on, uncomplaining, without envy of those more blessed than her. She knows her time is to come, that she, too, shall be satisfied with fulness of pleasure when the day breaks and the shadows of earth flee away; then, and not till then.

THE END.

"I'S AND ME'S."

A CHAPTER ON INDIVIDUAL EXISTENCE.

BY THE REV. CROISDALE E. HARRIS.



LEADING divine of our time, who was taken from us not so very long ago, wrote down among the notes and experiences which have been left to us in his biography, the following statement:—"The less individual existence a man has, the less is he of a moral and religious being." He further goes on to explain that the measure of individual existence is the amount, more or less, which each one has of personal thoughts and personal feelings.

When we come to use this standard of measurement many of us will shrink back from the crushing realisation of how very little individuality there can be in any unit of mankind. The knowledge that so many, if not all, of our personal thoughts and feelings are also the property of millions of our fellow-creatures will almost lead us to cry out in doubt, "What can I be among so many?" Or, in the words of despair, "Where is the *I*, the *Me*, the Individual, among the vast, countless multi-

tudes of *I's* and *Me's*?"

It is indeed a stern truth that we are living in an age which has multiplied the number of mankind to such an extent that the individual has lost the old characteristics, the old independence, the old morality and religion. Shakespeare says in one of his sonnets—

"My nature is subdued to what it works in;"

and in these words lies the truth of many of our modern difficulties. The increase of capital and commerce has meant the increase of the individual, until the individual is lost in the mass. Never until this age have there been such enormously populated cities. The result of this wonderful gathering of men together, so that life is one continual round of association, is the crushing out of individualism—

"The individual withers, and the world
Is more and more."

There is nothing in the city but the crowd, and "the crowd is eternal." There is nothing for the crowd except daily toil and daily business, which never ceases, let what may happen to any individual. Opinion in the city is *public* opinion. No single individual creates it, or has but little control over it. There is a universal custom in the city that one man shall do what another man does; and that means what the million do. This is the unwritten law, more binding than any edict of the Persians and Medes, of the city civilisation. If the crowd is eternal, then the individual is only a part, and a very small part too, of that awful, unfathomable eternity.

Thus it is that humanity under the gas-lamps fulfils the first elementary characteristic of water—it all finds one dead level. All that is best and noblest, or might be if there were room for its expansion, is beaten down by its utter incongruity amidst so much that is base and feeble. Thus the crowd loses the high-born instincts of man's primeval birth; all its possibilities are lost in the one great entrancing fact that what is, is; the only evidence that appeals to thought or feeling is the evidence of

"the things which are seen." Individual manhood is lost in the mediocrity of the unthinking mob, and "nature is subdued to what it works in."

Out of the fitful fever, beyond the smoke and stir away from the noisy thunder of machinery, the ceaseless roar of wheels—right away in the silence of God's own country, in the quiet sleep "that is among the lonely hills"—we may perhaps find a soul untainted with the social fever of the age. But, alas! there are few country hamlets which know not the scream and roar of the railway train; or even if engineering difficulties have prevented the iron road from invading the actual precincts of the village, the fact that quick means of moving about is within measurable distance has changed the aspect of rural life. The labourer is now as fond of picking and choosing his quarters as fifty years ago he loved to abide at home in the old place, attend the old church, sit in the old seat, hear the old sermons, and be buried with his forefathers under the old yew-tree. He is possessed with the fever of change. His individuality has withered. The great wide world, with its universal opinions, has taken possession of his life. His one end and aim is to emulate the general unrest which the railway and the weekly paper have shown him is the heritage of the times to which he has been born. As an individual he grows less and less—the world becomes to him more and more.

Many and varied have been the theories and systems of philanthropists and reformers for the improvement of the masses. Partial success and complete failure have been the history of most of them. It is fast becoming apparent that the secret of success in any movement of this kind is the recognition of the truth, which the poet so graphically portrays in the line—

"Each creature holds an insular point in space."

As it is with one, so it is with many. Each of us must rise or fall according to personal merits. Each is the responsible bearer of the precious gift of life—to be made a blessing or otherwise according to the disposal of each. The fundamental basis of all improvement, socially, is the realisation of the personal responsibility of each one individually. We must each of us learn that the darkness of the world about us, and the darkness veiling our own individual life, is often the result of failing to realise the

"Power to feel I am I."

There are two great reasons why we should be careful to bear in mind this truth of individual existence:—

1. Our thoughts and our feelings are our own, however much they may appear to be shared by the rest of mankind. Our memory is, above all, our own possession; it is the great proof to us that we each of us have a distinct existence from one another. We know by this that we are, in our own individual selves, utterly independent of surrounding objects. However narrow and limited may be the sphere of life in which we are set, there is no limit to the breadth of view to which our thoughts may reach, nor height of sublimity to which our best feelings may attain.

It is therefore necessary for us to rise above the

mere passing shadows of time and space, and try to lift ourselves towards the eternal substance which lies at the back of life's earthly "city." It must be a continual portion of our desire to prove that "we seek one to come."

To accomplish this purpose, we must detach ourselves sufficiently from the social machinery to realise that we are not integral parts of it. This is the only way to bring over the cloudy horizon of life those wondrous hues of truth, beauty, and love which are the most glorious reflections of the soul.

There is very little in our modern world to excite any true feelings of reverence; little to chasten and subdue the vulgar taste for bauble and show; little to awe the ferment and upheaval of wild panaceas. The commonplace rules an empire on which the sun never sets.

It alone remains for the individual to recognise the claims of beauty and truth. These, if made parts of the daily life, must even imperceptibly refine and exalt the whole of the individual existence. They will become, as it were, a spiritual chemistry to purify all inward thought and emotion into nobler and more perfect action. "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things." Why? Because this is the moral consecration of the individual life.

2. In realising in this way the fact of our separate existence, we shall arrive at some true idea about independence. To be independent will not, then, necessarily mean that one is to be filled with a vain conceit which puts one above one's neighbours, or that one is as good, if not better, socially, than one's neighbours; nor will it occasion the too common disagreeableness of having one's own selfish way. It will mean nothing more and nothing less than the true perfection of character; it will mean truth to a great principle, and courage and wisdom in carrying that principle out at any cost. Many difficulties and dangers there are surrounding such an independence, but it is the root-principle of all that is so good, so pure, and so elevating in true manliness and true womanliness.

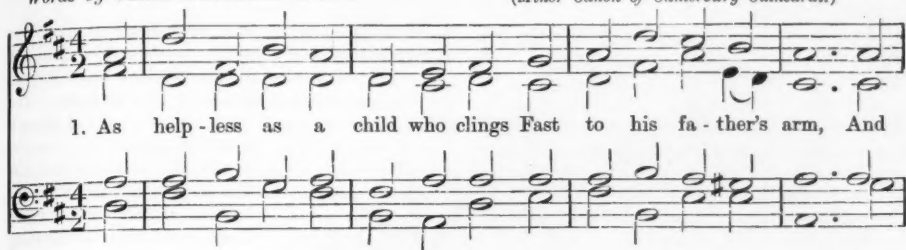
The secret of this outward strength of character lies in the absolute dependence on Him, Who is no respecter of persons. It is the essence of the Christian character. The discordant elements of this strange paradox may possibly appear to some to be quite incapable of harmonising, but true meekness and dependence are only compatible with true strength and independence. Christ is the Man of Sorrows, meek and gentle, and yet it is Christ who is so stern, so severe, and so strong; and, withal, majestically calm in His strength. He spoke as One that had authority. He was perfectly independent of His friends as of His enemies. "Master, we know that Thou art true, neither carest Thou for any man, for Thou regardest not the person of man." He stood alone: His strength was in His independence.

And yet, with this unflinching independence, we know His complete dependence upon His Father. "I can of mine own self do nothing." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." This is the religious consecration of the individual life.

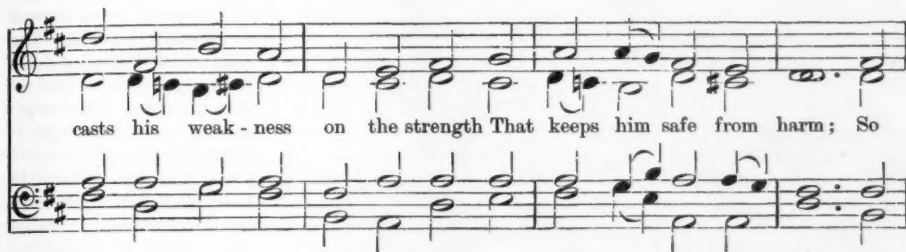
"As Helpless as a Child who Clings."

Words by JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

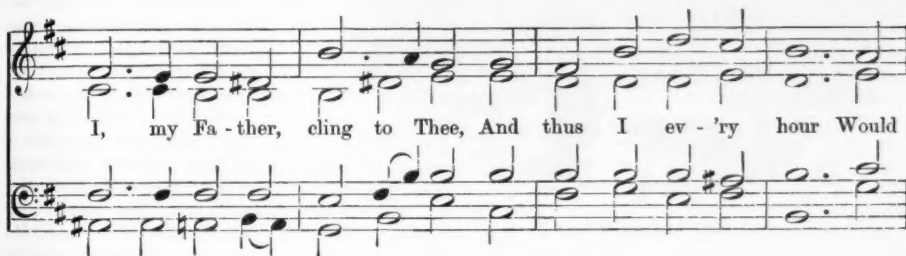
Music by REV. W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B.Mus.
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)



1. As help-less as a child who clings Fast to his fa-ther's arm, And



casts his weak-ness on the strength That keeps him safe from harm; So



I, my Fa-ther, cling to Thee, And thus I ev-'ry hour Would



link my earth-ly fee-ble-ness To Thine Al-migh-ty power.

2. As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3. As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society;
So sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou would teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

THE PARTING OF THE TWO GREAT PROPHETS.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RYAN, D.D.

(2 KINGS II. 11—15.)



"A chariot of fire, and horses of fire."

THE interval between the call of Elisha to follow Elijah and the parting which took place accompanied by that last fiery vision, is not filled up with any detailed description; but there are certain suggestive facts which enable us to fill up the outline. And first, it is clear that the stern work given the prophet to do in the public exercise of his office was not over. By word of mouth, by letter, and by terrible judgment, he was commissioned to denounce the sins of kings. No grander and more impressive example of the power given to one man over another in the moral world can anywhere be found than in the majesty wherewith Elijah appears clothed as he meets the King of Israel, who had just, without apparent let or hindrance, carried out the unrighteous and cruel plans of an idolatrous and imperious woman, Queen Jezebel, in despoiling his humble subject of his life, that he might lay hold of his inheritance. Then, when Elijah, as the messenger of God, met Ahab, the man with the leathern girdle addressed the wearer

of the robes of royalty with language like this: "Thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, and will take away thy posterity. The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel,

Him that dieth of Ahab in the city the dogs shall eat, and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat." And as there was the denouncing word of mouth, so we read of the message of wrath conveyed in a letter to another king, Jehoram, in the land of Judah, who had forsaken the Lord God of his fathers. "There came a writing to him from Elijah the prophet," warning him that because he had not walked in the ways of his father Jehoshaphat, and his grandfather Asa, but in the ways of the Kings of Israel, therefore the Lord would smite his people with a plague, and himself with a painful and fatal disease.* In another case it was a fiery destruction which impressed the message of stern admonition. The messenger of Ahaziah addressed him, saying, "Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down." But Elijah answered and said, "If I be a man of God, then let fire

come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty." And there came down fire from heaven, and consumed him and his fifty. And again a second time, when a messenger came with the same message, Elijah commanded fire from heaven to come, and it came down and consumed him and his fifty.† All this gives us an idea of the solemn work to which Elijah was called, and during which Elisha ministered to him.

But there was also a peaceful side to his work, of which we are reminded by the expression, "the sons of the prophets." From the days of Samuel it would seem that certain seminaries or religious institutes, for the education and training of servants for God outside the line of the priests and Levites, had been established in the land. Their influence on the literature of the country, their interference in its politics, and even in its wars, their collegiate

* 2 Chron. xxi. 12—15.

† 2 Kings i. 1—12.

training, and their married life afterwards, their great numbers, as when a hundred of them were sheltered by Obadiah (by fifties in a cave), and on a subsequent occasion when four hundred were gathered together—these, and such-like features of their history, are traced by diligent research into the expressions of the Scriptures. But there is no period in which they are so frequently mentioned as in the days of Elijah and Elisha, and therefore we are warranted in holding the opinion that these two prophets would be much occupied in administering these colleges, in attending to the education and training of their members, and in preparing them for their important work, in telling them of the perils which the nation was preparing for itself in its declension from God, and so in arming them for the conflict which they knew to be impending.

Now, it is under such circumstances as these that the parting takes place.

Let us observe each part of the narrative. The expression, "when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind," may involve the notion of a certain premonition given to Elijah in some way of his approaching departure, the same being also impressed on Elisha's mind, and also intimated to the members of the schools of the prophets. This would account for the unwillingness of Elisha to leave his master, and for the language of the sons of the prophets. Bishop Hall says on this: "Supernatural things have need of premonition, that men's hearts may be both prepared for their receipt and confirmed in their certainty." This gives a very solemn aspect at once to the walk and the conversation.

Elijah said unto Elisha, "Tarry here, I pray thee, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel." Elijah's statement may have been intended to test Elisha's devotedness, or at least to make it manifest. It reminds us of Naomi and Ruth. At all events, Elisha's repeated answer was in the spirit of her decided reply: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to

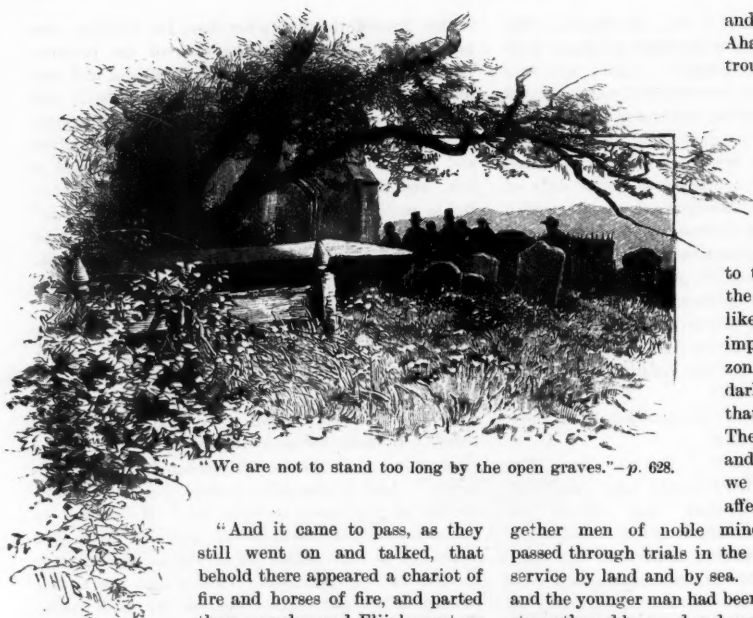
return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go." Then the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" having, it would seem, received the intimation themselves, and not knowing whether it had been imparted to him, and thus preparing him for the solemn event. But he replied: "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace." Give not way to vain lamentations. Keep in a quiet and composed state. Interrupt not the solemn meditations and the profitable reflections of such a time as this.

As Moses with his rod divided the sea, so Elijah with his mantle divided the waters of the Jordan, each being the insignia or badge of his office.

When they are gone over, Elijah asks, "What shall I do for thee, before I be taken away from thee?" He asks before he leaves him. "We have a communion with the saints departed, not a commerce." And Elisha said, "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." We cannot be too covetous, too ambitious of spiritual gifts, such especially as may enable us to win most advantage to God in our vocations. Our wishes are a true touchstone of our state. Such as we wish to be, such we are. Worldly hearts affect earthly things, spiritual hearts Divine things. A double portion may mean double what the prophets have in general, or it may refer to the spirit which was upon Elijah. On this it has been said: "It appears from the history that Elisha wrought twice as many miracles as Elijah had done; and, being more constantly among the people as their example and instructor for sixty years, from his first calling by Elijah, he seems to have been favoured with more extensive usefulness than he, though in other respects he may be considered his inferior." We may observe that he was impressed with a sense of the value of what he was asking, and of the need of diligence to the end.



(p. 627.)



"We are not to stand too long by the open graves."—p. 628.

"And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." It was "as they talked" that he was taken up. Not from the midst of silent meditation or devout contemplation, but "as they talked"—as advice was being given, and direction imparted, and topics of consolation enlarged upon. As Bishop Hall again says: "No better posture or state for the messenger of our dissolution to find us in than a diligent prosecution of our calling." So we read of our Lord that it was as He blessed His disciples that He was taken up from them into heaven.

When we reflect on the parting which thus took place, we must remember how close was the tie which bound those men together, and how it had been strengthened by the circumstances of their companionship. Elisha had obeyed the highest impulses of his heart when he forsook all to follow Elijah. He had been bound to him by association in some of the noblest work to which the energies of man can be given. With him he had striven to avert from his native land the danger and the disgrace from God by the practice of image-worship. With him he had endeavoured to stem the tide of licentiousness and oppression, which was pouring in upon the kingdom of Israel. With him he had been engaged in vindicating the majesty and asserting the authority of the God of their fathers Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; nothing more binds men together in heart and soul than this fellowship in honourable work. And the bond had been cemented by the privations and perils with which the performance of duty was surrounded. Can we not imagine him after listening to the story of Elijah's dangers and distresses in former days?

and then of the hatred of Ahab against him as the troubler of Israel and the denouncer of vengeance for the murder of Naboth? and of the vindictive malice of Jezebel, and the dreadful imprecations with which she had bound herself

to take away his life? and the result of these and such-like facts would be the more impressive because the horizon was still charged with dark clouds, which showed that the storm was not over. Their path was one of toil and privation and peril, and we know how strong is the affection which binds to-

gether men of noble minds who have together passed through trials in the experience of dangerous service by land and by sea. These two had done so, and the younger man had been taught and directed and strengthened by word and example, by the story of the past, by the rugged devotedness of the actual work, in constant intercourse with the older prophet, whom he had been Divinely called upon to accompany, and to whom he had performed the duties of faithful and affectionate ministrations. And in proportion to his sense of the grandeur of Elijah's character, and the usefulness of his witnessed work in the presence of opposing kings, and rampant wickedness, and provocation of God's wrath, would be his poignant sorrow at the prospect of being left by one to whom the land owed more than to any number of armies, or chariots and horsemen. On every ground, therefore, personal and public, the approaching departure of Elijah was calculated to fill with forebodings of dire distress the heart of his faithful follower and friend.

Then we should seek to realise the comfort given to him respecting Elijah and regarding himself when that departure actually took place. He was not seized and tortured by any of the emissaries of Jezebel or votaries of Baal. He was not visited with pining sickness, nor laid on a bed of pain and languor, which to one of his spirit would have been a trial of bitterness, more than to most men. No; but a royal messenger came to carry away the loyal servant of the King of kings. The man on whom the heart-stirring visions of God had produced such an effect that it was beyond the power of any earthly glory to daunt his spirit, who had stood like a pillar erect amidst the ruins all around, *that* man was honoured by a sudden glorious translation from earth to heaven, and instead of tears on the cheeks of Elisha, we may well conceive that there was on his countenance a reflection of the triumph, and that while he

felt the loss to himself, he felt more fully the transcendent gain to him who was taken up in the chariot of fire with horses of fire by a whirlwind into heaven.

In like, though not in precisely the same manner, when honoured and useful servants of God are taken away, should we endeavour to realise the blessedness into which they have entered. And just in proportion as they gave evidence of love to Him who died for them, just in proportion as they had been self-denying and laborious and faithful in their Master's service, and in doing good in His name, in just that proportion should the assurance be strong that they have entered into His rest; because He Himself says, "Where I am, there shall also My servant be." And every faithful servant goes to be with all the other faithful servants, from Abel downwards, there to see Moses and Elijah, and to hear them speak, not of the decease which was to be accomplished at Jerusalem, but of the death which actually took place on Calvary. That subject will never be forgotten in heaven, for "there stood before the throne a Lamb as it had been slain," and the voice of Elijah will be amongst the voices of those who will sing, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests."

Then we observe that immediately after Elisha had rent his clothes, in token of his sorrow for the departure of Elijah, he made use of the power bestowed upon him in connection with the possession of the mantle of Elijah. That mantle had been to him an outward sign of inward power. It had been used as the outward symbol of his call to the especial service of Jehovah,* and now there

was the mantle at his feet. He had prayed for a double portion of the spirit of Elijah; and at once, doubtless in the confidence of a supernaturally imparted faith, he took the mantle, and, as he stood by the bank of Jordan, he smote the waters, and said, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The original is very expressive here. The literal translation is, "Where is Jehovah, the God of Elijah, even He?" And this is not said in the spirit of doubt, but as invoking His presence—the exercise of His power. Elijah is gone, but Jehovah, the God of Elijah, is here; and he acts in faith on the assertion, and in that Name performs the miracle as Elijah had done. Now, here we are reminded of the words of Zechariah. Referring to the passing away of the prophets and of the people to whom they prophesied,

but asserting the undying vitality, the ever-enduring energy of the Word of the living God, he asks, "Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever? But My words, and My statutes, which I commanded My servants the prophets, did they not take hold of your fathers?"* The servants passed away, but for good or for evil the message remained, as Jezebel and others found to their destruction, and Elisha and others found to their comfort.

As to Elisha's immediate use of the talent bestowed, we learn the important lesson that when those whom we love are taken

from us, the sorrows of mourning are not to interfere with the claims of duty. Instead of straining his sight in looking to the clouds through which that fiery chariot had passed, Elisha picked up the mantle that had fallen from Elijah. And so when the Apostles had seen their Lord ascend, the angel said to them, "Ye



"As he stood by the bank of Jordan, he smote the waters."

* 1 Kings xix. 19.

* Zech. i. 5, 6.

men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" and brought them to a sense of their duty by telling them of the Lord's return. And so we are not to stand too long by the open graves, but to give ourselves to the discharge of daily duties, and not only to look at the dark garments of our mourning, but also to think of the white garments of those who are in joy and felicity above. In the spirit of our beautiful hymn—

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb
It is only till He come."

Our Lord's exhortation is—"Occupy till I come." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Elisha *occupied* at once, and there is something very solemn in the description of the one man coming back in the sight of the sons of the prophets where two had gone away, and in the impression made on their minds by the parting of the waters "hither and thither," which led them to say: "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha," and in

their putting him at once into the office of their superintendent and master, as they came to meet him, and bowed themselves to the ground before him.

My brethren, the two men whose parting we have considered have long since had their place in the Paradise of God, and they form part of that cloud of witnesses wherewith we are surrounded. When we consider that cloud of witnesses, what is the lesson impressed upon us by the voice of inspiration? It is this: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Elijah was impatient once, and asked to die as he lay, hungry and faint and disheartened, under the juniper tree. He little knew what sort of an end God had in store for him. Jacob once said, "All these things are against me." He little knew what things God had prepared for him even in this world. Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, seeking above all to finish that course well, and look off, even from prophets and apostles, to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

NONCONFORMIST WORK IN ISLINGTON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



PROPOSED NEW TOWER OF UNION
CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

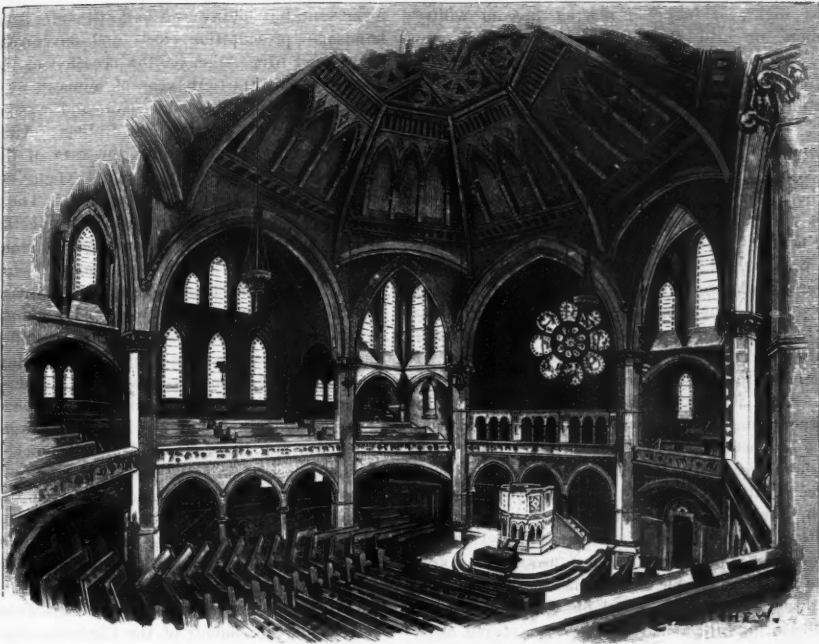
poses of public worship. Two years later they organised themselves formally into a Church, having some twenty-six members. That little society has

EARLY in the nineteenth century, when Islington was still detached from the metropolis, and George the Third was king, some pious Episcopalians, seeking a ministry more Evangelical than they could then find at their parish church, united with some Non-conformists

long since immensely increased, both in numbers and in influence, and its place of meeting has become widely known as Union Chapel, Islington.

The name, therefore, was not taken at haphazard. It accurately described the constitution of the Church. It was a union of Conformists and Non-conformists, and as such it afforded an instance of what may be accomplished when Christians, agreeing to sink minor points of difference, unite upon essential verities of the Christian faith. The Liturgy of the Church of England was used on the Sunday morning, and extemporary prayer in the evening. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was also observed in the two methods preferred by the two communities, and the government of the church was vested in the ministers, elders, and deacons. But when the Rev. Daniel Wilson came to Islington parish church, in 1824, an impetus was given to Evangelicalism in the Episcopal Communion, and naturally the Episcopalian attendants at Union became fewer in number. So that when, early in 1844, the Rev. Henry Allon—who for so many years has been its highly honoured pastor—became officially connected with Union Chapel, the Episcopal members were so few in number that their special forms of worship were discontinued. Henceforth it was recognised as belonging solely to churches of the Congregational order.

Union Chapel has been Dr. Allon's only charge.



UNION CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

"My life," said he, "has been bound up in that of the Church." Under his pastoral care its religious and philanthropic agencies have developed exceedingly. There are three large home missions, connected with which are beneficent agencies of every description; and foreign missions are not neglected. Dr. Allon has received into church membership nearly four thousand persons, about a quarter of a million of money has been subscribed for religious and philanthropic purposes, and, including interest, etc., the purchase of the freehold, and of adjoining houses, nearly fifty thousand pounds has been spent on the superb church-building, which well deserves the name it has received of a Non-conformist Cathedral.

Dr. Allon has for forty years resided in one of those roomy, comfortable, yet unpretentious-looking semi-detached houses in the pleasant suburb of Canonbury, not far from his church. Evidences of the refined and cultivated tastes of the family abound on every side. On the walls of the dining-room are hung exquisite copies in oils or sepia, by Dr. Allon's daughter, of good pictures, among others, Landseer's "Challenge" and "Sanctuary;" while up-stairs, over the mantelpiece in his study on the first floor, is a fine copy of Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo," by Miss Maud Allon. Around are grouped portraits of distinguished personages, many of whom are warmly attached friends of Dr. Allon.

Here are Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, Dean Stanley, the Rev. Harry Jones, Dr. R. W. Dale, the Rev. J. G. Rogers, and Dr. Reynolds. Pictures of faces which have passed away from earth are here also—Thomas Binney, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Harris, who was Dr. Allon's theological tutor.

Books are ranged round the walls in double rows up to the ceiling, those in use being placed in order on a large writing-table. Piles of magazines rise up beside one of the windows, and near by is a box which autograph-hunters would ransack with delight, for it is full of letters from some of the most distinguished men of the time. Here are the extraordinary hieroglyphics of the late Dean Stanley, whose handwriting truth compels us to describe as among the worst which ever worried a friend to decipher, or a printer to put into type. Here also is the not very much better caligraphy of Mr. Gladstone. Numerous letters from Dean Alford, Dr. Norman Macleod, Dr. Pressensé, Professor Freeman the historian, Mr. Bright, and many others, are in this treasury, for Dr. Allon was editor for twenty years of the *British Quarterly Review*, and this brought him into connection with many of the prominent literary men, statesmen, and theologians of the day.

Near the fireplace on this morning of our call is one of the neatest and daintiest of little writing-tables. Light, narrow, and not too long, it runs easily on its castors, and can be wheeled quickly under the

gas at night, or beside a blazing fire on wintry mornings, or near the window in cheerful sunshine. The centre is raised, but sloping like a desk, with a flap to open, and inclose papers, etc.; while on either side is a small space for letters or books. Here Dr. Allon writes out his sermons and accomplishes his literary work; the former—clear and plain, with scarcely an erasure—are then, when preached, added to the large and increasing store, which, placed in neat boxes, almost fill a large cupboard near. Over five thousand two hundred have been preached at Union Chapel alone, in addition to special addresses, ordination sermons, etc., at other places. But though he receives many invitations to preach, Friday and Saturday in every week are always rigidly set apart for the preparation of his sermons for his own congregation.

Dr. Allon is very methodical and orderly. In his student-days he commenced a book showing all the subjects of his sermons, in order, and when and where preached. He can also tell, by a record he keeps, the hymns and anthems sung in his church, how often, and when. Thus too frequent repetition can be avoided, and he can also gain a clue to those which are the most useful.

Two models in marble of Egyptian obelisks, graven with strange characters, stand on the mantel-shelf, where also appears a marble clock sculptured after the same manner, and adorned with the figure of

an inscrutable sphinx; while down-stairs is the very handsome presentation clock and davenport given to Dr. and Mrs. Allon on the occasion of the completion of his thirtieth year of ministry at Union.

Dr. Allon is a Yorkshireman, and was born in 1818 at Welton, in the East Riding. After passing a year at Barnet, under the care of the Rev. Alexander Stewart, who prepared young men for college, he went to Cheshunt in 1840. The term of training being then four years, he would have remained until 1844; but one memorable Sunday in June, 1843, he was sent as an ordinary "supply" to preach at Union Chapel, Islington—the pastor, the Rev. Thomas Lewis, being away for his summer holiday. The consequence was that he was offered the co-pastorate, and various negotiations having taken place, they ended in his coming on the first Sunday of 1844 as the recognised co-pastor of Mr. Lewis. From that day—a period of over forty-four years—he has been at Union Chapel. When Mr. Lewis—who was the first pastor of the church—died in 1852, after a successful ministry, Dr. Allon became the sole pastor; and only once during the whole of that long time has he been prevented from preaching by indisposition! This is quite an exceptional, if not an altogether unique, experience. He is also the only minister who has twice been selected for the honour of the Chairmanship of the Congregational Union; and he has also received the



DR. ALLON'S STUDY.

degree of D.D. from two Universities—viz., Yale in America, and Aberdeen.

In some respects the traditions of Union Chapel are still maintained: that is to say, no ecclesiastical or doctrinal tests being in force, Christians of various sects can unite in its worship and communion.

"I distinguish," said Dr. Allon, "between the spiritual fellowship of the Church and its ecclesiastical organisation. To the spiritual fellowship of the Church, when the Lord's Supper is observed, everyone is invited and welcomed. I simply say, 'All who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and wish to remember His love, are earnestly invited to commune with us.' I leave it entirely to them. The ecclesiastical fellowship is constituted by its members, formally organised into a society, and is added to by the vote of the existing members. It is governed—subject of course to the trust-deed—in all matters of organisation, doctrine, worship, and discipline, absolutely by its own members. In admitting them to the Church, I never ask a question about their ecclesiastical sympathies or even doctrinal peculiarities. I simply try to ascertain whether they love Jesus Christ. I think that in every Church of Christ everyone should be received whom Christ would receive. It is their responsibility whether they can find help and comfort in the Church they join. The only condition of membership, therefore, is religious character and life."

Union Chapel is admirably organised. Each department has its chief, who works with a committee. "With them," says Dr. Allon, "I never interfere; they do their own work, and I do not interfere, except to supply the impetus from the pulpit. We have three great missions, each presided over by a deacon—who administers the Lord's Supper—and managed by a committee."

The oldest of these missions is at New Nicol Street, Spitalfields. It commenced about the year 1836, in an effort to relieve the needs of the silk-weavers of the neighbourhood. The condition of the district was wretched in the extreme. A dense population of seven thousand was crowded in New Nicol Street, Old Nicol Street, and Half-Nicol Street.

In this district the mission was established, and quickly it grew. Room after room was added to the two rooms in a weaver's house first taken, until at length, in 1866, a large school-chapel and new schoolrooms were built, at a cost of £5,000. Further additions were made in 1881, at a cost of £1,373. Two thousand children are now in attendance, instructed by 120 voluntary teachers. Almost every agency of a beneficent character is carried on here—Christmas treats and summer excursions, clothing and burial clubs, boat and barrow club, industrial exhibitions and flower-shows, sewing-classes and music-classes, concerts, mothers' meetings, coffee-rooms, Band of Hope, infant nursery, gymnasium, and penny bank.

The effect of the mission is truly wonderful. At one time a well-dressed man would not have cared

to have entered the street unprotected; now dozens of young ladies go to their teaching in perfect safety. During the terrible times of the cholera epidemic the mission buildings were used both as hospital and dispensary. In periods of great distress they have been the centre of relief. Thousands of quarts of soup, and thousands of loaves of bread, have been distributed; also coals and blankets. Large fires have been kept burning for poor, shivering creatures to come in and warm themselves and cook their "bit o' food," and dying infants have been brought in to be nursed by the genial glow. Such things are in the half-century's record of this noble mission; yet, with all its work, it costs only about £400 a year.

Two missionaries are employed in connection with this mission, one of whom is partly supported by the London City Mission, the other by Union Chapel. A third missionary is employed at the Morton Road, Lower Islington, Mission; and a fourth at the Station Road, Highbury, Mission. At both of these many, if not all, of the agencies at work in New Nicol Street are also in active operation. The annual cost of the three is under £1,000, while some three thousand children are under instruction in the mission-schools. The religious teaching given in all is quite unsectarian. To foster self-respect, even the poorest are urged to give a trifle to their support; and it is noticeable that in each, the penny bank seems a highly valued and much-used institution.

The agencies at work at the parent church itself are almost as numerous. There are large Sunday-schools, Young Men's Guild—with lectures, classes, gymnasium, ambulance class, etc.—sewing-class, clothing club, Band of Hope and total abstinence society, penny bank, and mothers' meeting. A little organisation which unostentatiously does much good is the Ministers' Aid Society, for delicately and quietly conveying aid in both money and clothing to poorer ministers. Other organisations are the savings bank, and the maternal, benevolent, Dorcas, and tract societies. Each Saturday evening a free musical entertainment for working men and their wives is given, the average attendance for last year being 669. In fact, almost every kind of beneficent agency is at work here. The membership is over seven hundred, while the amount annually raised for various religious and philanthropic objects is over £5,000.

The beautiful psalmody for which Union Chapel is so justly celebrated is due, in Dr. Allon's own words, "to the endeavour to develop the singing power of the congregation." It is not the result of a highly trained choir alone; but the congregation itself is, so to speak, brought up to a high musical level. One cause of this has been that the music used has always been available to the congregation. For instance, when the Hallelujah Chorus was introduced into the public worship of Union Chapel on Jubilee Sunday, the words with music were available for twopence! and it was sung with as much volume of sound as the Old Hundredth.

Dr. Allon's celebrated Hymnal is in one sense the outcome of this principle. It has grown by degrees to its present proportions, being issued first in small parts. Another potent cause was the institution of the psalmody class, composed of members of the congregation, who meet once a week during the months from October to April to practise, not only church music, but such works as Gounod's "Redemption," Bottesini's "Garden of Olivet," Mendelssohn's "Ninety-fifth Psalm," the "Elijah," the "Messiah," the "Woman of Samaria," etc. Occasionally public performances are given, when the admission is free, but collections are made on behalf of some charitable institution. Dr. Allon is very strongly of opinion that the musical power of congregations is often greater than is believed; that, in short, they themselves do not know what they can do in this direction until they try. The musical culture of the last half-century has produced a high degree of qualification for congregational singing. At Union Chapel the Congregational idea is kept strictly in view, and it is the singing of the congregation, and not the performance of a choir, which is inculcated. Indeed, anything of the nature of "showing-off" is rigorously eschewed.

Dr. Allon holds that the pulpit is more than a platform for mere oratory: it is a teaching-chair for Christian men and women. He is in the habit of writing his sermons, and reading them clearly from the pulpit. "But," he said, "I can preach extemporaneously without difficulty, and it would cost me much less labour. I began by writing; then extemporary sermons from notes, and fully written sermons about equally; now I write all—except, of course, subordinate addresses."

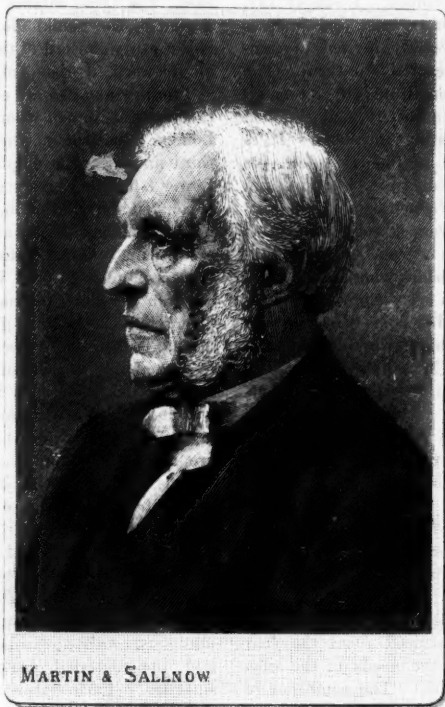
This plan no doubt Dr. Allon finds helpful in keeping his sermons fresh, thoughtful, and instructive, for it is no light task, to preach twice or

thrice weekly to the same congregation for forty-four years! In addition, like most public men, Dr. Allon has numerous engagements for sermons, addresses, and ordination charges in other parts of the town and in the country.

This is heavy work; but—owing largely, no doubt, to his simple and regular habits of life—Dr. Allon enjoys good health, and is able to pursue his manifold labours without undue strain or fatigue.

The acoustic properties of his own beautiful church are perfect, so that 2,000 people can be there addressed with comparative ease and comfort. The building itself combines in a remarkable manner the useful and the beautiful—useful, in that almost every member of the congregation can see the preacher, and unite in the service; and beautiful, in construction, design, and general appearance. The first appeal for subscriptions, made on a Sunday morning in 1875, was replied to by promises amounting to £10,000, which increased to £17,000 on the occasion of the stone-laying on May 15th, 1876. Gradually the beautiful edifice grew, until, at the present time, the design is about to be completed by the erection of a handsome tower.

The architectural style is Lancet-Gothic, with rich moulding on the arches and some other parts, but no cusping or window tracery. The walls are of pressed red brick, relieved with panels of marble and onyx, while the pulpit is of Caen stone, enriched with alabaster, green marble, and Mexican onyx. The final £7,000 for the noble structure was obtained in one year—1887—and the debt was extinguished. To have raised this handsome and costly building while continuing with unabated energy all the multifarious agencies of the Church, has been an immense undertaking, and it has been brought to a successful issue, humanly speaking, by the strenuous and combined efforts of the congregation—efforts in which the pastor has borne his full share.



THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

(From a Photograph.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

51. What act of King David caused the death of many of the children of Israel?
52. Which Evangelist tells us that an angel appeared to Our Blessed Lord in the garden of Gethsemane?
53. What member of the Jewish Sanhedrin would not consent to the condemnation of Jesus?
54. Where was Our Blessed Lord when He first heard of the illness of Lazarus?
55. What was the great act of disobedience of which king Saul was guilty which caused God to take from him the kingdom?
56. Which son of Saul reigned over Israel, and how long did he reign?
57. What men are mentioned as being noted for their wisdom in the days of Solomon?—quote passage.
58. What do the remarks made by Our Blessed Lord on the gift of the poor widow teach us?
59. How long did it take to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem?
60. In what words did Our Blessed Lord intimate His knowledge of the character of Judas Iscariot?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 548.

41. In the parable of the barren fig-tree. (St. Luke xiii. 6—9.)

42. It is recorded only by St. Luke, and was spoken in the house of Simon the Pharisee. (St. Luke vii. 41, 42.)

43. The parable of "the Trees and the Bramble." (Judges ix. 7—21.)

44. God told Gideon to take his army to the well to drink, and he was to choose only those who lapped the water with their tongue, in number three hundred. (Judges vii. 5—7.)

45. Annas was the High Priest, but having offended the Romans, they appointed Caiaphas to fill the office; thus both are spoken of as being High Priests at the same time. (St. Luke iii. 2.)

46. At Shechem, near to the place where Jacob had been buried. (Joshua xxiv. 32.)

47. They were to bind them for a sign upon their hands, and as frontlets between their eyes, also to write them upon the door-posts of their houses and upon their gates. (Deut. xi. 18—20.)

48. To the Moabites. (Ruth i. 4.)

49. The parable of the rich man who purposed to build large barns in which to bestow his goods, but was punished for his covetousness by death. (St. Luke xii. 16—21.)

50. God allowed Gideon twice to prove His willingness to help, by performing a miracle with a fleece of wool. (Judges vi. 36—40.)

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"DROPPINGS FROM THE SHEAVES."



"DURING last year," says Miss Child, of the East End "Welcome Home," "we distributed thousands of Gospel tracts, books, and Bibles; we boarded vessels in the docks, and also visited the Tower and barracks with Gospel books. Gospel temperance work has been going on daily at the In-

stitute, which is as a shining light in a dark neighbourhood. Last September some of the sailors, in appreciation of their 'Welcome Home,' joined

with Christian friends to present a new organ for use in the f.o.c's.le meetings; another sailor gave a clock, below which is the text, 'Behold, now is the accepted time.' The sailors, far away from this Christian Home, are witnessing in many instances for Him of Whom they have there been told. Of one it is said, 'He lives a real Christian life; even the infidels are silenced by him;' and of another, that his hand, always ready to fight before, seems stretched forth now with messages of peace. A destitute man, drawn in to a supper at the Home, recognised in the Christian sailor who was attending to his wants an old shipmate; they had once trod the downward road together, but what a difference between them now! The poor man was received within the Home, and by God's blessing his character likewise became changed for good. A sailor strolled in one day for a cup of coffee; the manager conversed with him, and found he had been imprisoned for a month, owing to drink. He was persuaded to come to the services, and there he was led to seek and find the Saviour, and to add his testimony to the thanksgiving that again and again ascends from souls cared for and rescued within the "Welcome Home."

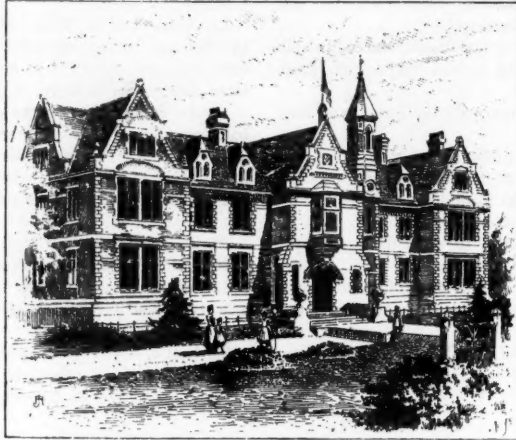
WINNING AN ENEMY.

One whose work lies much amongst the poor, and who has brightened many a struggling home by telling of Him who came in His love and power to the household at Bethany, relates that a poor woman who attended her meetings had an enemy in one of her neighbours, who circulated malicious stories concerning her, and wronged her in every way that she could. Human nature, in such cases, is tempted to retaliate—to say little, cutting things about the one who injures us, and to leave no stone unturned to convince such a one of our own superiority; thus the evil seed springs to bitter fruit, and wrong feelings on both sides are increased. Perhaps this poor woman was not clever enough to be satirical, or to take her own part by discovering her enemy's weak points; her one resource seems to have been to obey the Master's Word, "pray for them which despitefully use you." She prayed for her enemy, and kept on praying; and nothing kills the bitterness in one's own heart like naming the life that has wronged us in supplication at the mercy-seat. It came to the hearing of the lady visitor that the woman who had shown such ill-feeling and malice had become concerned on religious subjects, and she went to see her. She found that a change of heart had indeed taken place, and there was a thankful consciousness of sins forgiven, and the assurance of salvation. The lady went on to visit the woman who had prayed for this particular soul, and together they were about to offer praise and thanksgiving, when another step was heard, and she who had been so bitter an enemy came in and united with them.

FOR ORPHAN GIRLS OF SAILORS.

The School and Home for Orphan Daughters of Sailors was established in 1829, since which time about eight hundred children have thus been maintained, educated, and trained to earn their living. Situations are found for the girls before they leave, and they are also received when out of place, thus finding shelter from the evils to which young servants are exposed when homeless. In 1869 the building at Hampstead was opened by the Duke of Connaught, and here, amid healthful surroundings, the work goes on of rescuing from poverty and temptation the

destitute children of seamen. The income is kept up by voluntary subscriptions, and is at present in need of increased assistance. The late Captain the Hon. F. Maude was long connected with this deserving charity, of which the hon. sec. is Admiral Sir E. S. Sotheby. Storms and shipwreck, the perils of the sea, and exposure to duties oftentimes dangerous, are the causes whereby every year there are many, many little ones left fatherless. We can scarcely show our interest in our seafaring population more practically than by rescuing our sailors' orphan children from ignorance and an unfriendly battle with the world.



SCHOOL AND HOME FOR ORPHAN DAUGHTERS OF SAILORS,
HAMPSTEAD.

"THE TREE OF
KNOWLEDGE"
AND "THE
TREE OF LIFE."

We have received the following interesting communication from Dr. R. F. Hutchinson, long resident in India. We print it as it reached us, and our readers will draw their own conclusions from it:—"Paradises, literally so called, are still very common in the East; great walled enclosures set apart by the

wealthy for retirement, shade, and coolness, and the enjoyment of plants and animals; in their mazes the choicest fruits and flowers are found, bordering and shading numerous murmuring fountains; and within their enclosures you may find all classes of animals, from the lordly lion to the timid and graceful, large-eyed gazelle. Among the foliage you will always find 'the tree of the knowledge of good and evil,' frequently 'in the midst of the garden,' and in its close neighbourhood 'the tree of life.' Now, what does the Bible tell us about these two trees? Nothing whatever directly, but a very great deal indirectly. With regard to the first, it may surprise my readers to learn that it was intimately associated with the shedding of blood for the remission of sins. On the great Day of Atonement the High Priest had to approach the Shekinah triply armed: first with golden bells to announce his approach lest he died, secondly the golden bells were to be alternated with pomegranates, and thirdly there was the golden dish containing the atoning blood. (Exod. xxviii. 33-35; Lev. xvi. 15.) Now, why was the pomegranate, with its ruddy skin and blood-red seeds, to be present on this and every other occasion requiring the presence of the High Priest in the Holy of Holies, if it was not the originator of the Atonement, and that fruit 'whose mortal taste brought death into the world

and all our woe? Not only was the High Priest thus figuratively burdened with pomegranates when he approached the Shekinah, but when the Temple succeeded the Tabernacle, the priests had, as it were, to pass under the yoke of pomegranates, for two hundred adorned the capitals of each of the stately brazen columns Jachin and Boaz, which guarded the porch of the Temple. And when Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Temple, at the close of Zedekiah's reign, the pomegranates returned, as it were, to their native land, when Nebuzaradan broke up the brazen adornments of the Temple (2 Kings xxv. 13), and conveyed them to Babylon. Lastly, pomegranates are mentioned by Moses among the attractions of the Promised Land (Deut. viii. 8), and they were among the fruits brought back by the spies (Num. xiii. 23). The pomegranate tree is now to be found in all the paradises throughout India; its dried fruit from Kandahar is largely imported, and everywhere it is largely consumed, especially by the Mahomedans, who regard its juice as wholesome and mildly astringent, while the chewed seeds are laxative. Now, what was the 'tree of life'? We meet it only thrice in the Sacred Canon; in Gen. ii. 9 we are told that it was 'in the midst of the garden;' in Gen. iii. 22 we are told that it conferred immortality on those who ate its fruit; and in Rev. xxii. 2 we find it in the midst of the Heavenly Paradise, and 'on either side of the river.' And two characteristics enable us to recognise it: it 'yielded her fruit every month,' 'and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.' The only tree which meets these requirements is the plantain (*Musa paradisiaca*); it is always found in the Indian paradises; its fruit, yielded all the year round, is eminently pleasant and highly nutritious, tending, according to the natives, to longevity if steadily indulged in, and its broad, cool, and astringent leaves are 'for the healing of nations.' The Honourable East India Company recognised the fact in allowing their medical officers to indent for plantain leaves for the treatment of blisters and ulcers, and Her Majesty's Government perpetuate the practice, so that throughout the vast expanse of India the leaves of the plantain are still literally 'for the healing of the nations.' I have seen the engraving of a gem representing a male and female, one on each side of a pomegranate tree, from a branch of which depended a serpent; and, finally, the Samaritan Jews, to the present day, impale the paschal lamb on a cross of pomegranate wood, and thus link Gerizim with Eden."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S LETTERS.

Young people are usually fond of correspondence, and to receive and answer letters is to them a labour of love; this is a helpful and valuable way of influencing our Sunday scholars, to whom a letter is a proof of special and individual remembrance, solicitude, and love. On any eventful occasion, such as a birthday, starting in life, etc., a letter written in an earnest, prayerful spirit, cannot fail to prove impressive and useful. Such correspondence takes time, the lack of which is with many teachers a difficulty; still, this is a work that *pays*, and who can tell how

much the loving words addressed to the absent scholar may be doing to arm him against evil influences, and to draw him Christward? We are acquainted with a teacher whose scholars of bygone days seem scattered now in different parts of the world; he has another generation to-day under his loving care, but he is constantly writing to the "boys" of long ago, and he prizes the confidences that reach him in return. "Every month," he told us, "I wrote regularly to a youth who had passed from my teaching to a situation in Scotland, and his letters to me were long and full, but my references to his spiritual state drew forth no response; he would write on any subject save that of religion." Strange to say, the conversion of this youth came about by means of Sunday-school teaching; he returned to the locality of his school, and, to please his teacher, began to study the Bible with a class of children therein. His teacher at length questioned him pointedly as to his state of heart, and he then confessed that he had begun to teach the children conscientiously, but from no higher motive, and in opening out the Bible to *them*, he had entered into light himself. "I have been perplexed so long," he said; "away in Scotland doubts seized hold upon me; I should ere this have been an atheist but for my teacher's regular letters, and the memory of his life."

A RETROSPECT.

Looking back is not always pleasant work, whether for individuals or for nations. But in the fifty years of Her Majesty's reign we all feel that there is much to be thankful for. The true import of many of the changes that these fifty years have seen is not yet clear to us, but of their magnitude we are conscious already. The first volume of "The Life and Times of Queen Victoria" (Cassell) carried the story of Her Majesty's reign down to the time of the Indian Mutiny. With the second and concluding volume, which is now before us, the story is continued to the Jubilee celebrations of last year. There is naturally considerable difficulty in dealing historically with events and movements which have scarcely ceased to be current, but Mr. Wilson has admirably conquered the difficulties of his task, and has well sketched the course of a reign which, by God's grace, is still unfinished. In the National Library, Milton's "Areopagitica," and Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Victories of Love," are amongst the most recent additions. The latter is a charming sequel to the "Angel in the House," and in the same elevated and pure tone. Is there a royal road to "Fortune?" The author of a handy little volume of Essays issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title "The Way to Fortune," evidently thinks there is not, for in his essays he lays stress on the good old lessons of thrift, industry, and punctuality, and the like. His essays are illustrated by quotations from widely diverse sources, and not a little from the Scriptures, whose rule of life is, after all, the best way to fortune. But this book is a useful one, and well adapted for presentation to young people, who will appreciate its chatty and anecdotal style.

"MIGHTY TO SAVE."

A Christian worker, who was preaching last year in Cornwall, met with a somewhat remarkable experience. that shows how God can carry home the message that has been winged by earnest prayer, and how He can supply to our lips the very form of speech needed to reach some special case amongst those to whom His servants appeal. When such special help *is* found in the preacher's words, it seems but right he should be made aware of the fact; thus he will be rendered stronger by encouragement, and the assurance that his prayers for guidance have been answered. In this particular case, the preacher's subject was the dying thief, and he happened to use words like these: "Is there a *living* thief present at this time? Then I have to tell him that the Lord who saved a *dying* thief can save a *living* one likewise, and He *will*, if only that wandering one will cry to Him for pardon and for mercy." Later on, a poor man requested conversation, and asked the preacher if he really believed the Lord could save a living thief, as He had told the people. The preacher assured him that even for such there is cleansing, and went on to speak of the season for Christian work that may remain for the prodigal who seeks forgiveness—work for which, at the dying hour, there would not be opportunity. The man was in an agitated state, and spoke of the wicked and criminal life he had led, and the blackness of his past. He was earnestly pointed to the Lamb of God, and at last found pardon and peace in Him who is mighty to save.

"JEHOVAH ROPHI."

The London Medical Mission (47, Endell Street, St. Giles's) is working, in many instances, amongst those who are literally living from hand to mouth. "Poverty and sickness are close companions," and

drink and neglect—sometimes the result of ignorance—are responsible, likewise, for much of the suffering. The workers in this mission seek to benefit soul and morals, as well as body, to afford practical help to the poor, and to carry the good news of salvation into their homes. Bible and singing classes, a library, etc., are carried on; and at the mission dispensary patients receive advice and medicine free. The classes are full at the Sunday-school, and more teachers are greatly in request. One gentleman recently acted therein as superintendent, addressed the scholars, and took a class of fifty-four children—rather too much of a strain on any one teacher. It will be seen there is room for volunteers in a school like this. One of the scholars, lying ill in a London hospital, was found to be fully trusting in the Redeemer herself and to be seeking to lead to Him the patient lying in the bed next to her own. Invalids are sent for change of air to the convalescent home at Folkestone, founded by a gentleman in memory of the little daughter he had lost. Last season about one hundred patients were received therein. "Holiday House," at Brasted, near Sevenoaks, receives each summer about four hundred poor little London children, who run about in the fresh country air, ramble in the woods, and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content with "Daisy," the mission donkey, reported to be a gentle creature, of a patient and sensible disposition.

"ONCE BETTER OFF."

Such words meet our eyes and ears again and again, as we read or hear of those once accustomed to comfort, but now reduced in circumstances. To such it is often most painful to tell their present necessities, or to receive the relief of charity. Very quietly but substantially the United Kingdom Beneficent Association



"Who run about in the fresh country air."

(Fitzalan House, Arundel Street, Strand) is year by year assisting those who have met with reverses of fortune; annuities are granted to persons of the upper and middle classes who are over forty, and who are too infirm to earn their living, and deserving candidates in urgent need are helped while waiting election. Miss Kirby, Kelsey Park, Beckenham, has kindly undertaken the Temporary Relief Fund; sympathisers can be put into communication with those who can be greatly cheered and comforted by books, papers, flowers, clothes, food, and similar offerings that will occur to the willing heart. Sometimes, it is said, exception has been taken to the work of this society as being *secular*; but we are reminded that the first martyr and those who were chosen with him—men “full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom”—counted it as a religious work to minister to the needy, provide for bodily sustenance, and distribute charitable succour.

“SCRIPTURE CLOCKS.”

We recently heard the superintendent of a large Sunday-school addressing the children on the subject of their Sunday leisure hours. To some young people the Day of Rest may seem now and then long and tedious; they have read through their books and magazines, and they long for “something to do” till the time shall come for public service or for bed. A very good occupation for the juveniles is found in printing or painting texts for flower missions. A medical man, speaking of the value of such missions, remarked that almost every hospital bedside now has its bunch of garden or wild flowers, preaching comfort to the patient, and ministering alike to nerves and spirit. Our children can help in this mission, and we can likewise guard against monotonous fatigue by taking or sending them in their leisure for a walk in the breezy air—a walk that has for its object the benefit and cheer of some lonely, weak, or afflicted life. But the superintendent in question had a suggestion to make that to some of our readers may be new. He proposed a form of Bible puzzle—that each child should with pencil and paper draw a clock, a special text standing for each hour. Thus, taking the subject “Prayer,” he formed the clock by texts bearing on this topic, and consisting of two, three, four words, etc., up to *twelve*, according to the hour required. Many other subjects, such as Love, Faith, Peace, etc., could be selected, and Scripture clocks thus arranged; and it would be an additional benefit to the children's hearts if they could repeat from memory, with the correct reference, the various texts they have chosen to surround their clock.

WITH THE LADS OF RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.

“There is no sacrifice in work for the Master,” cried earnestly a young lady missionary who stood on Exeter Hall platform at a farewell service; and in reality no such word exists in considering service for Him Who, even in this life, again and again repays a hundredfold. But there must be giving up alike of time, thought, and money, if our work for Him is to be placed on an established basis, and if it is to be

carried on at its best possibilities. Most Christian workers have felt the yearning, “If we only had more helpers!” and the good work begins to languish, while around stand sympathetic lives that, from a false modesty, are keeping *outside* the vineyard. They



IN THE GYMNASIUM.

are so sure they are not fitted for this special work. If only they would, for the Master's sake, put their hand to the plough, and try if *He* cannot fit them! The friends at the Lads' Institute, 186, St. George's Street, Ratcliff Highway, are asking about their invaluable work, “Shall it be given up?” They are constrained to ask this question because they stand in urgent need of a reinforcement of earnest Christian ladies and gentlemen who will give such aid that the work can be maintained by some every evening; and also it is essential that the way should be made clear to the possession of an income sufficient for rent, taxes, and incidental expenses. The balance-sheet shows that such expenses are kept within extremely moderate bounds. This institute has been established to provide a homely and happy place of meeting for working boys from twelve to eighteen, who here enjoy Scriptural and educational instruction, taking part also in carving, fret-sawing, etc., and in gymnastic exercises. Mr. Isaac, of the “Strangers' Rest,” has worked hard for this important branch thereof, but additional help has become urgently necessary. We hear that some of these neglected lads almost live in the streets. One of them, being advised



FRET-CARVING.

to go home out of a thick, dark fog, replied, "The fog is better than my home;" and such boys gather eagerly to a kindly shelter like this, where many have already been abidingly influenced for good.

THE WIDOWS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

For more than seventy-eight years this society has been helping deserving widows to earn their living, a task which seems growingly hard in these days of slackness of work and increased competition. What lot can be more lonely, more desolate than that of the widow, missing hour by hour the "vanished hand," the strength and comfort which were her own before her husband was taken hence? When, in addition to the loneliness, comes the struggle for daily bread, and the children are depending but on herself for all they need, no condition can more worthily claim Christian aid, which in this association takes the form of supplying mangles, sewing-machines, barrows, etc., or granting temporary assistance, to tide the family over a slack time. The office is at 27, King Street, Cheapside, where those who need such help can hear of well-recommended widows to sew, nurse, wash, etc., or to take charge of empty houses. Among specimen cases assisted are those of one whose husband was killed by a falling beam, and who had an afflicted child; an ironing-stove and irons were procured for her, and, two months later, it was found she had set up a laundry and was doing well. Another poor woman, the mother of five delicate children, asked for help towards a small shop; after careful consideration she was assisted, and one of the Ladies' Committee helped her to buy the stock, and visited her later to find she was showing business promptness and common sense. There can be no truer charity than to relieve the widow, and foster self-help and energy. May this society receive increased support, and thus the fatherless will be aided and befriended, and the widow's cause will be searched out, and her heart will sing for joy.

BOOKS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Dr. Marcus Dods has earned the lasting gratitude of all earnest students of God's Word for his contribution ("The Book of Genesis") to the "Expositor's Bible" (Hodder and Stoughton). He deals with what are known as "Biblical Difficulties" with an honest thoroughness which ought to reassure many a wavering mind. Dr. Dods has performed his arduous and delicate task with admirable judgment, and our expository literature is the richer for his work. Equally to be commended is our friend Professor Blaikie's "First and Second Books of Samuel" (same series and publishers). The vigour and freshness of Dr. Blaikie's style are well known to our readers, who will find in these two volumes much valuable help in their reading of this portion of Holy Writ. Volumes like these are calculated to give a high position to the "Expositor's Bible," which, in scope and treatment, is quite distinct from the ordinary commentary. We shall look forward with much interest to the succeeding volumes of the series. The same publishers also send us the first section of the "Sermon Bible"

(Genesis to 2 Samuel), which gives evidence of a vast amount of reading and of careful collation. It is not a digest or abstract of sermons, but gives, in Biblical order, a number of short abstracts from the discourses of well-known preachers, the whole forming a fairly consecutive commentary. The practical usefulness of a book of this kind would be considerably enhanced by a comprehensive index. Perhaps it is intended to supply this need at the end of the last volume.

"WAIFS AND STRAYS."

We and our readers are alike interested in all good work that is done for "waifs." Have we not two of our own now under blessed and loving influences, and sheltered for the Master's sake? The Archbishop of Canterbury says that the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays is "the Church herself at one of her tasks." Certainly there would be little reality in the Christian life that could leave out thought of the children. This Society adopts three means of befriending the needy, viz., boarding them out in families, establishing small Homes, and sending them to the Colonies. During one year fifty children were placed out in service, and many would be thankful if the training of juveniles for such a life found wider consideration among existing charities, that the prevailing puzzle of the age might be solved—"Where are our future servants to come from, now that everyone wants to work with head and not with hands?" This society claims to provide for the destitute child for about half the money that would be required from the rates if it went upon the parish. "Everyone can help," say the workers in this scheme, "if without means to subscribe, by joining our Prayer Union, or our Association of Friends of Waifs, or by spreading information, collecting, or making clothes for the children; if with means, by sending help to the secretaries, at 32, Charing Cross." The old legend relates how one to whom the Lord appeared, hesitated to destroy the vision by going out, as in duty bound, to stretch forth hands of help to the poor; at last he arose and ministered unto them, and still, on his return, the Lord was in his room. "Hadst thou stayed," breathed the Divine voice, "I must have gone;" it is but a legend, but it holds a truth—the Master's presence abides with those whose hands are stretched forth to the needy, the wandering, the shelterless.

SICK-BED MINISTRY.

Every place of worship has its sick and feeble ones, whose infirmity prevents them from attending public service, and whose longings and thoughts Sunday by Sunday follow wistfully those still able to enjoy the public means of grace. Yes, and their prayers are with preacher and people too; it may be for this very reason that they are kept here below, holding up in their weakness, by the might of their pleadings, the hands of Christian workers, and watering the seed sown by their supplicating tears. The genial author of "Daniel Quorm" tells of the little meeting that fellow-believers held in the room of a bedridden old

lady, whose canary grew so excited with the singing that it had to be subdued by an antimacassar over the cage; and he suggests that when feeble members cannot get to the service, the service should occasionally go to them, for they cannot be neglected without our own spiritual loss. "I wonder why God does not take you away to rest," said an influential and generous gentleman to a weak and weary woman who lay sick and in poverty. This gentleman was noted for his benevolence, and *his* use in the world was apparent; but why should old Betty linger here? "I think I stop here to pray for you," she said; it had been her prayer continually that his heart and hand might be open to various good works on different sides, and he had become one of the most benevolent helpers around. Who can estimate the power that lies in the pleadings of the sufferers we call "helpless?" Who can measure the scope of their ministry of prayer? "When used by faith," says Bonar, "weakness is the mightiest thing on earth, for it affords room for God, and the power of God to work."

"FERNY HOLLOW."

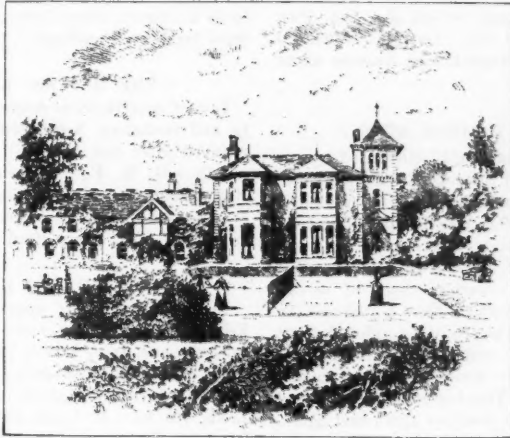
Miss Skinner, "Bayfield," Babbacombe, as a member of the committee of Ferny Hollow House of Rest, informs us that a large and beautiful house has now been purchased, giving largely increased accommodation for visitors. This home is distinctly for business women from all parts of England, and is managed on the principle of visits to a country house rather than as an institution; its object is also to *prevent* illness by timely rest and change to a milder climate. Miss Skinner is able to arrange as to moderate railway fares, and in one year 570 women availed themselves of such facilities, and of the opportunity for rest amid the beauties of Devonshire. Many ladies at Torquay give garden-parties and "at-homes" to the Ferny Hollow visitors, to their great enjoyment and delight; some who are sent down for rest and change by the benevolent have not a spare shilling of their own—some are working long and hard, some are out of work from ill-health. What a blessed, peaceful, invigorating change to such it must be to leave behind crowded street and workroom and shop, to look out upon the flowers and sea and sands, and, for once, to

take in their fill of nature's calm, restful loveliness amid the Devon lanes!

"WHAT IS THY PETITION?"

We are apt to wander here and there, and "beat about the bush," not only in our religious teaching, but in our supplications to God. The preacher or Sunday-school teacher who speaks definitely and to the point is likely to prove more effectual than the friend whose discourse is rambling and seems to find no rest for its journeyings. We *did* hear of one teacher who managed in a lesson to include the 119th Psalm, and, we believe, a New Testament portion besides. Now, such teaching could not have been definite, or successful in leaving behind any clear, plain, visible thought that should be an abiding memory. If we cannot all be learned and elo-

quent, the simplest among us can be clear and definite. The expression has been used of some that they have a great gift in prayer; but how often in a prayer-meeting we occupy the time in telling the Divine Being that which already is known to Him—almost speaking as if we thought we could teach the Highest; whereas we are kneeling before a King, and, if we will only tell Him our real petition, He is able and willing to grant it. Little children lose no time in rambling generalities before they let their parents know the thing they are wanting. Let us, ere we pray, think what really are our needs, and then show the thing that is on our heart to Him who can perform the greatest, as well as the least, for His children. We think the smallest worry that clouds our peace is large enough to bring to God in prayer. "I dared not venture on the London crossing in the fog," said a Christian lady, lately from the country; "I stood in fear, till I just remembered the power of God, and asked Him to protect me as I crossed in the blackness. It was a wide, dangerous place, and once I felt a horse I had not seen breathing almost on my cheek; but I reached the other side quite safely." Some would have thought this too trivial a matter to have laid before the Lord. Put, again, no request of ours can be too *large*. We read once of a number of young people who all sought conversation with the minister about religion. What could be the cause of this unusual and earnest concern? "Someone must have



FERNY HOLLOW, BABBACOMBE.

been praying for us," they said; and it was found that their conversion had been the definite prayer of Christian mothers and sisters. Let us bring the unsaved to the Mighty One individually and definitely; let us not lose the golden moments before the Mercy-seat, but clearly and earnestly spread out our petition before the King. And to every Christian likewise who is working as a tract-distributor we would say, Be definite; speak of outside matters as well, if you will, but show that you have come to that home as an ambassador for Christ. A lady told us once that when she spoke His Name to one she had often visited, the woman cried out, "Oh, this is what I need; I have so longed to speak with someone about my soul's salvation!"

"UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."

Forgiveness has been beautifully illustrated by the simile of the sea-worm and the mussel. The sea-worm perforates the mussel's shell, and then the wound is closed up with a pearl. The Apostle asked our Lord how often he was required to forgive, and we know the tender, patient answer that fell from the lips that in death prayed for His enemies. Some of us can forgive a real injury more easily than a rudeness, an impertinence. Perhaps we are feeling perplexed about the proper treatment of our Sunday-scholar who persistently annoys us by disobedience, and makes light of our authority. "That boy ought to be turned out," is carelessly said by teachers again and again, forgetting that the natures inclined to evil are the very ones for which Satan is striving, and that the child who has made his power already felt will be felt for good or evil in the days to come. "Turning out" is the most serious punishment a young life can know, when it really means expulsion; let everything else be tried first. Have you tried private converse, an earnest letter, the visiting of the home and know-

ledge of surroundings, a change of class, and the like—and, above all, have you tried special *prayer*? It is not a bad plan, on urgent necessity, to suspend a persistent evil-doer by letter for a short space of time; but the element of hope, and cheerful, loving pardon should always be kept in sight. We cannot sympathise with the complaint we heard a superintendent make at a teachers' conference—that a neighbouring school had taken in a boy expelled from his, without the inquiries which would have brought out the facts. The little fellow is not surely hopeless, who, forbidden to enter his former school, presents himself perseveringly amid fresh surroundings.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS' FUND.

List of contributions received from March 23rd, up to and including April 24th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—G. K. F., Colchester, 2s. 6d.; Two C's, Birkenhead, 2s.; Anon, Leicester, 2s.; J. J. E., Govan, 5s.; Reader of QUIVER, Kilburn, 5s.; J. T., Aberdeen, 1s. 6d.; M. G. A., Hungerford, 5s.; J. H., Guildford, 4s.

"BLIND AND HELPLESS."

In response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number, we have received the following subscriptions, from March 23rd up to and including April 24th, 1888. Subscriptions received after that date will be acknowledged next month:—G. E. Iles, Leeds, 10s. 6d.; M. Clark, Cavendish, £1; Gratitude, 5s.; Denia, Sturminster, 1s.; Mrs. Johnson, Lisburn, £1; H. O. Remfry, Ixopo, Natal, £1. More help is still urgently needed in order to make some small provision for this sad case of "respectable poverty."

The Editor begs to acknowledge, on behalf of Miss Adela Brooke, the receipt of 10s. from Miss Harding, Oxford, for the Coombe Reading Room.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR JUNE.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.	DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
			12.	Ezra v., from ver. 6; vi.	2 Cor. vi.; viii., to ver. 12; ix., ver. 6-8.
1.	2 Chron. vii.; ix., to ver. 6.	Rom. xiii.; xiv., to ver. 12.	13.	Ezra vii.	2 Cor. xi., ver. 18, 23-33; xii. to ver. 9.
2.	2 Chron. ix., ver. 31; xii., ver. 1, 14; xiii.; xiv., to ver. 6.	Rom. xiv., from ver. 13; xv., to ver. 6; xvi., ver. 17, 20, 25 to end.	14.	Ezra ix.; x., to ver. 19.	Galatians i., to ver. 12; iii.
3.	2 Chron. xv.; xvii., to ver. 6.	1 Cor. i.	15.	Nehemiah i.; ii.	Galatians iv.
4.	2 Chron. xviii.	1 Cor. ii.	16.	Nehemiah iv.	Galatians v.
5.	2 Chron. xx.	1 Cor. iii.	17.	Nehemiah v., to ver. 13; vi., ver. 15, 16; viii.	Galatians vi.
6.	2 Chron. xxv., ver. 27, 28; xxvi., to ver. 7, and from ver. 16 to end; xxvii., to ver. 6.	1 Cor. vi., ver. 19, 20; viii., ver. 1-3, 8-13; ix., from ver. 24; x., to ver. 13.	18.	Nehemiah ix.; x., ver. 28, 29.	Eph. i.
7.	2 Chron. xxix., ver. 1, 2; xxx.	1 Cor. xi., from ver. 20; xii., ver. 4, 8-12, 27; xiii.	19.	Nehemiah xiii.	Eph. ii.
8.	2 Chron. xxxii.	1 Cor. xv., to ver. 34.	20.	Ezra i.; ii., to ver. 4.	Eph. iii.
9.	2 Chron. xxxvi., from ver. 9; Ezra i., to ver. 6.	1 Cor. xv., from ver. 35.	21.	Ezra iii.	Eph. iv.
10.	Ezra ii., 68-70; iii.; iv., to ver. 3.	2 Cor. i., to ver. 7, and from ver. 19 to end; iv.	22.	Ezra iv.; v.	Eph. v.
11.	Ezra iv., from ver. 4; v., to ver. 5.	2 Cor. v.	23.	Ezra vi.; vii.	Eph. vi.
			24.	Ezra viii.; x.	Phil. i.
			25.	Job i.	Phil. ii.
			26.	Job ii.	Phil. iii.
			27.	Job iii.; iv., to ver. 17.	Phil. iv.
			28.	Job v.	Col. i.
			29.	Job vi., to ver. 10; vii., 13-21; viii.	Col. ii.
			30.	Job ix., to ver. 12; x., to ver. 9, 20-22; xi.	Col. iii.; iv., to ver. 2.

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"Why with anguish art thou laden,
While all Nature breathes of rest?"

"AN EVENING SONG."—p. 663.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE CHINESE BOY.

BY THE REV. S. COODE HORE.



THE Chinese are in many respects a very remarkable people. In numbers and in antiquity they surpass all other nations, and, contrary to the general run of history, we find them now in their old age to be showing

signs of renewed vigour and activity. It is well known that they are a persevering people, and that whatever they take in hand they take in hand thoroughly, whilst in competition with other races their dogged perseverance and readiness to begin at the bottom rung of the ladder place them in a very enviable position. Such being

the case, it must be evident that in addition to natural gifts, their system of education and method of training their children have much to do with their success in after life. Let us then consider what such method of training may be, and how far it is likely to qualify them for the reception of the truths of the ever-blessed Gospel, to the light of which, we have God's Word for it, many of this ancient race shall one day come.

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into the world than his father proceeds to write down eight characters or words, each set of two representing respectively the exact hour, day, month, and year of his birth. These are handed by the father to a fortune-teller, whose business it is to draw up from them a certain book of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's *pat-tsz*, or "eight characters." Herein the fortune-teller describes the good and evil which the boy is likely to meet with in after life, and the means to be adopted in order to secure the one and to avert the other.

In order to understand something of the value of this document, we must glance at the Chinese method of reckoning time. There are only twelve Chinese hours to our twenty-four. Beginning with 11 p.m. to 1 a.m., which is their first hour, the names are rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, cock, dog, and pig. As everybody is supposed to partake more or less of the nature of the animal at whose hour he is born, it appears obvious that, *e.g.*, it would never do to send a *rabbit* boy to the school of a *tiger* schoolmaster. Hence the importance of consulting the *pat-tsz* of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion.

The *pat-tsz* having received the first attention, the father prostrates himself before the ancestral tablets, and there offers up thanksgiving for the birth of his boy. In every house in China a room, or amongst

the poor a niche in the wall of their common room, is set apart for the worship of ancestors. The names of those of the four past generations are painted on wooden tablets, before which, night and morning, as well as on other special occasions, joss-sticks are burned in honour of the departed.

The father next visits the temple of the goddess called "mother." She is supposed to look after the welfare of all children until they arrive at the age of sixteen. Here incense and oblations of fruit, etc., are offered, and the goddess is requested to look with favour upon the precious boy.

Meanwhile a bundle of leaves of the *Artemisia* is hung up over the door of the house. This answers the double purpose of frightening away demons and of warning visitors that they must not call. The entrance of an ordinary visitor during the first fortnight of a child's life is said to entail upon the infant the penalty of sore gums. On the third day the ceremony of washing the head takes place. The child's head is washed with soap and water, in which latter, amongst other things, walnuts, acacia wood, and pepper have already been placed. This washing is performed before an image of the goddess "mother" which has been fixed up in the apartment.

Around the boy's neck a red cord is next fastened, and to it are attached certain charms. Another red — *i.e.*, lucky — cord about two feet in length is fastened to his wrists, one end passing round the right, and the



SHAVING THE BOY'S HEAD.—p. 64

other round the left. This is called the ceremony of binding the wrists, a ceremony the performance of which it is believed will keep his hands from picking and stealing when he is older. A sheet of red paper being spread out, the following articles are placed upon it: Two fruits, the seeds of which are used as soap, some pith, cats' and dogs' hairs, an onion or two, a pair of chop-sticks, and some charcoal. These are symbolical of good wishes—viz., the desire that the boy may be clean and tidy in his appearance, be successful in all things, not be frightened during infancy by the cries of cats or dogs, be quick-witted, always have plenty to eat, and finally may grow up to be a hardy and enduring man. The paper is tied up by a red cord in the form of a bag, and suspended over the bed-room door.

After this a piece of red paper is attached to a pair of the father's trousers, and these latter are hung over the bedstead. The paper contains a notice to evil spirits to leave the child alone, and also a request to the effect that if they cannot pass by without engaging in some wickedness they will be pleased to wreak their vengeance on the owner of the trousers.

There is something very touching in the thought of the willingness thus expressed by the father to suffer in place of his son.

The only visitors allowed on this occasion are near relatives and very dear friends, all others being supposed to bring ill-luck. These are now duly feasted, after which they take their departure.

On the fourteenth day special thanksgivings and oblations are made as before, and the wrist-cord, the red bag, and trousers before mentioned, are removed as being no longer needed.

On the thirty-first day the *mun yat* or full month ceremony is performed. To this feast all the friends and relatives of the family are invited from far and near. Everyone is expected to bring a present. These consist of a great variety of objects—e.g., wearing apparel, bracelets, anklets, a red or lucky bedstead, a red chair, red cap (with a hole all ready for the little pigtail when it has grown), etc., etc.

The boy is placed in front of the ancestral tablets. A basin of water, containing leaves from the *wong-pi* tree, being provided, two boiled duck-eggs and nine cash are placed therein. With this water the child's head is first washed, after which a barber commences

to shave him. The older the barber the better, because, in proportion to his age or youth, so will the child attain to age or die in youth. The shaving over, the duck-eggs are gently rolled around the shaven crown. Then another aged man stands up, and, placing his hand upon the child's head, says, "May long life be thy portion!"

After this the boy is dressed in a new red jacket and green trousers, whilst the red cap already mentioned is placed upon his head. Oblations to the ancestors and to the goddess having been made, the child receives his first, or milk, name. A feast concludes this important ceremony.

The next, if not the same day, the child is carried out for the first time, on which occasion it is taken into a temple, and to see its grandmother. All unlucky objects are removed out of the child's sight. A cash sword, perhaps, is hung near his bed. This consists of a sword-shaped charm, consisting of two iron rods covered by a large number of copper cash, fastened together by wire and red cords; or the father collects copper cash from a hundred different families. With this he purchases a lock-shaped neck ornament. This is called the "hundred families lock," and when worn



"Kite-flying is the game *par excellence*."—p. 645.

by a child is reckoned a powerful preservative. These, with many other charms, are supposed either to bring good luck or to avert evil.

At four months the child is taught to sit up in his pretty red chair. When he goes out—that is, if the family be poor—he takes the air comfortably strapped up in a bundle upon his mother's back.

As soon as he shows any signs of a desire to walk, the mother or nurse pretends to cut with a knife the *imaginary* cord which is said to have hitherto tied his feet together. He is then presented with a pair of kitten shoes—that is, shoes which have a cat's head worked at the toes. These are supposed to guarantee for him a sure and cat-like walk.

His birthday is kept with great pomp and ceremony. Again relatives and friends come from far and near laden with presents. Dressed in red, the boy is placed before the ancestral tablets. Before him, and within his reach, models, symbolising all professions and trades, are gathered together. With eager anxiety the company wait to see upon what article he will first lay his tiny hand—for whichever toy

he may touch will assuredly indicate his future calling. Great is the joy if he select the mandarin's button or the ink-slab or books—all of which point out success in life. Many crackers and fireworks are let off, much incense, and many pieces of paper-money are consumed, and the rest of the day is given up to feasting.

And now, until he is of an age to attend school, his training is entirely in the hands of his mother or nurse. He is taught by her to acquire at a very early age the rules of ceremony and of politeness; to be obliging and obedient, and, above all, to honour his parents, as well as to be submissive, loving, and reverent to his elder brothers. He has his toys, his rattle, various paper and clay figures, but perhaps that which delights him most is his lantern. This, it may be, is made in the form of an animal, and of transparent paper. A lighted candle inside, and the whole affair being drawn on wheels, causes the little Chinaman to think he is playing "high jinks."

And so he passes through babyhood, learning daily to become in his manners a little gentleman.

Should he become ill, sometimes a doctor is applied to, but more frequently his parents try the effect of various charms. Illness is generally supposed to arise from some powerful demon having entered the body. A Taoist priest is perhaps sent for to try and drive it out. Or the mother will place sticks of lighted incense in the boy's hands to propitiate the goddess "mother." Another remedy is for a servant to take the child in her arms, whilst the actual mother sweeps them both out of the house with a broom as if they were mere rubbish. This they think very effectual, as no demon would molest what is deemed worthless. Or, again, the child is taken out, and the nurse or mother then scatters copper cash about, and the greedy demon is supposed to leave the child to secure the money. It is a wonder under such circumstances how any child ever recovers.

At four years of age the child is taught how to use chop-sticks. Hitherto he has only been allowed a spoon.

The Chinese boy not being possessed of very many amusements, and imitating the example of his elders, takes to gambling at a very early age. Cards and dominoes are frequently used for this purpose, but cricket fighting is perhaps as popular a method as any other. Two boys provided with crickets will secure a narrow bamboo tube through which there is room for only one cricket to pass at a time. Each boy starts his cricket at the same moment—the victorious insect being the one who drives the other one out backwards. Shuttlecock he plays with his heels for a battledore, but kite-flying is the game *par excellence*. Kites are very cleverly constructed. They are of all forms and shapes. So cleverly are they made that if in the form of a bird, for instance, they are so constructed as to imitate in their motion the flight of the very bird they represent.

Athletic sports are almost entirely unknown, but many of the ceremonies on festivals are shared in by these boys, such as carrying the dragon, stilt-walking, the lion chasing the ball, and other like

masquerades. Then there is all the fun and excitement attending the great Feast of Lanterns. From time to time even a Punch and Judy is to be seen. And beside all these things there are visits to the temples with their parents.

At six or seven years of age the boy is sent to school. The father, who is very particular in his choice of a schoolmaster, having finally made up his mind, arrangements are entered into—the master is invited to dinner, and then it only remains for the fortune-teller to consult the boy's pat-tsz and fix upon a lucky day for his first attendance. In any case this must not take place on either of the anniversaries of the death or burial of the philosopher Confucius, or on either of those of the god of letters. The boy receives a new or book name, and with his father enters the school. Here he first bows and burns incense before the tablet of Confucius (one of such tablets always being present in every school). Next he salutes his teacher, and presents a money offering, after which he takes his seat at a separate little desk assigned to him. About twenty to forty boys occupy the same room.

The boy now waits until the class of which he is a member is called up. A book is handed to him—the same book which has been for ages past and still is in use in every school throughout all China. There is no alphabet for him to learn, each Chinese character being a word in itself, the sound and meaning of which has to be acquired separately. The boy's business is to repeat the sound of so many characters after his master. He is at first required only to observe the shape of the character and to



THE FORTUNE-TELLER DECIPHERING THE EIGHT CHARACTERS.

learn its sound. Returning to their seats, each boy repeats his lesson aloud. The noise made is something fearful. But then, as the master well says, "How otherwise am I to know that these boys are learning their lessons?" As soon as a boy knows his lesson he is allowed to go up to the master, upon whom he turns his back, and holding his book behind him and in full view of the master, repeats his task. This being accomplished, he turns round and receives a second lesson in the manner previously described.



Such instruction is varied from time to time by a writing lesson. Being provided with an ink-slab and a piece of what we should term Indian ink, the boy is shown how to mix the same with a due quantity of water; and now, armed with his pen (or paint-brush as we should call it), he enters upon his first writing lesson. A sheet of thin transparent paper is laid over another blackened sheet, upon which a number of characters are depicted in a white colour. These he paints over, after the manner in which we use a transparent slate.

The first book having been thoroughly well committed to memory, and usually before its meaning has been explained, the boy passes through the second, third, and sometimes the fourth book of the universally used Chinese course. By this time he has learned the sound of, and understands how to form, a very large number of characters. Beyond this, the meaning of many of them is now quite familiar to him; in addition to which he comprehends simple arithmetic. During this course the early lessons in politeness, obedience, and specially in the duty of honouring parents and submission to an elder brother, are daily impressed upon all the scholars.

Such, then, is the course which enables a boy to enter upon the study of the classics—a profound

knowledge of which affords to the poorest and humblest boy an opportunity of competing at the public examinations for the highest offices in the Empire.

The duties of filial piety, obedience, kindness, and politeness, together with the importance and value of learning, are lessons which for over two thousand years have been taught to each successive generation of Chinese boys.

Who can doubt the fact that such lessons have played an important part in prolonging the existence of that ancient empire which now in its old age is fast returning to its ancient position as one of the leading powers in the world; but to the Christian

"With eager anxiety the company wait to see upon what article he will first lay his tiny hand."—p. 644.

who sees in such length of days the fulfilment of the promise attached to filial piety, the education of the Chinese boy is more than this, for it seems to have served as a preparation for the blessings which await him in the future. For length of days is not the only blessing in store for the Chinese people. "Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of *Sinim*" [*i.e.*, China] (Isa. xlix. 12). And this prophecy is being fulfilled in our own day, and that to a very vast extent; and it is an admitted fact that in our foreign and colonial possessions the Chinese appear to be marvellously drawn to our most holy faith. In Labuan, Mauritius, Australia, Guiana, Trinidad, Burmah, Sarawak, and Singapore, amongst other places, Chinese are being gathered into the fold of Christ. They have built churches for themselves, and maintained their own teachers in several localities; and it is, moreover, on record that "the Chinese, so inaccessible in their own land, yield themselves readily to Christian influences when they are removed from home associations."

IN HER OWN RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER BASIL," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—BOUTS-RIMÉS.

"Where go the poet's lines?"

Speak from your folded papers!"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



R. ROMAINÉ had heard with a good deal of surprise of Eastwood's appearance in the Close, and of the favourable impression he had made. So long as the interview had not been painful to Mrs. Damant, it did not matter to him, but he could not conceal his surprise at the

welcome Eastwood had evidently received.

"You don't like him, then?" Tessa said, looking at her old friend in a way that made him reply—

"Well, my dear, I'll confess I don't, if you won't be quite so fierce about it."

"But why?" Tessa demanded.

"Oh, if you confess to unreasonable prejudice——"

"To the noun but not to the adjective," Mr. Romainé protested, and a wordy argument ensued, as to whether a prejudice must not be of necessity unreasonable, in which the merits of this particular case were lost sight of in the larger question, as perhaps the wily old lawyer intended that they should be. He did not care to discuss Eastwood before Mrs. Damant, and he did not understand either his connection with the Damants or his reappearance now. If the acquaintance were as slight as Eastwood had professed to him, why should he have taken so much trouble to renew it? and if it were not, why should he have misrepresented it? There was nothing to account for the discrepancy, and a discrepancy that was not accounted for could not but suggest suspicion to a legal mind. Besides this, Eastwood's manner had certainly been peculiar, and though Romainé had nothing tangible to go upon, he was conscious of a vague dislike and doubt which made him wish that Eastwood had never made that call which seemed to have been so well received by his friends in the Close.

It was his own first appearance there since the memorable Sunday when he had been refused by Mrs. Damant. A seasonable cold had hitherto served to account for his absence, but now the cold was well, and he had no further excuse. Perhaps he did not wish for any. The woman who might not be his wife was still his friend, and the sooner the purely friendly relation was accepted and re-established, the sooner might that unfortunate Sunday be forgotten by them both. It was all the easier that neither Leonard nor Tessa, nor even the Canon, had any suspicion of the events of that unlucky afternoon;

and if Mr. Romainé's cheeks showed an unwonted redness when he shook hands with Mrs. Damant, no one thought of casting about for an explanation. Was not the evening air he had just come through, with its touch of October frost, abundantly enough?

There was quite a little gathering in the Canon's pretty drawing-room to-night. Besides Mr. Romainé there was Leonard "of course," and Austin, who had ridden over from Elibank—leaving his faded and rather querulous stepmother to deplore the days when she had her own carriage—one or two of the younger clergy, and the three Miss Patersons, whose father was the late dean, and who lived in the smallest villa in Ely, and held their heads higher than anyone in the place. With them had come their niece, Clare Pembroke, a girl about Tessa's own age, and possessing the similarity of tastes and feelings which passes for friendship with the young. Without being as handsome as Miss Damant, she was pretty, with a kind of humming-bird prettiness, and had all sorts of innocent little gestures and appealing looks that suggested something needing the support and protection of a stronger nature. Clare had been brought up by her aunts, but it was not a very harmonious household. Under all her pretty smoothness Clare was wilful and rebellious, and the Miss Patersons were strict, and had little sympathy with their niece's girlish impatience of the restraint and monotony of their lives. The Miss Patersons were great in parish matters, and filled up their spare time by working for innumerable bazaars; but Clare refused even to take a class in the Sunday-school, and openly scoffed at the pen-wipers and pincushions on which her aunts bestowed so much time and pains. The aunts were perhaps more shocked than they need have been; but the Miss Patersons spent a good deal of their time in being unnecessarily shocked. They were worthy, old-fashioned women, very kind to the poor, and very exclusive in their own class, and professed themselves quite unable to understand how the dear Canon could be so intimate with the Romainés. Austin Romainé of Elibank was a different thing, of course—that small estate of his, with all its attendant cares and burdens, making him in the opinion of the Miss Patersons "quite one of us;" but really, old Mr. Romainé, a solicitor, with a brass plate on his door! The Miss Patersons thought one should draw the line at brass plates, or rather Miss Letitia and Miss Flora did, and what Miss Joan thought never counted for much. Miss Joan was reputed to be strong-minded, and thought many strange things, but was accepted in spite of them, on the strength of her sisters' irreproachable opinions.

Miss Letitia and Miss Flora, resplendent to-night in the dove-coloured silks and the caps with pink ribbons that went the round of all the parties in the Close, were pleasant elderly gentlewomen, rather stiff, perhaps, in the neighbourhood of the owners of brass plates, but otherwise quite indistinguishable from

other spinsters of their class and age. But Miss Joan was *sui generis*, and could no more be overlooked than a black sheep or a white crow. She was a tall, large-boned woman, with a big, square, clever face, and a disconcerting habit of saying exactly what she thought. Her dress could only be called eccentric, being not so much behind the fashion as diametrically opposed to it. When crinolines were the rage, and her sisters could not move about their tiny rooms without knocking something over, Miss Joan's uninflated skirts passed innocuous, and Miss Joan's tall, thread-paper figure stalked straight and lank through the scandalised streets; and now, when the prophets of high art had decreed that every woman should look as much like a mermaid as the limpest and most clinging skirts could achieve, Miss Joan suddenly appeared in a crinoline—an old one of her sister's, Clare said it was—and paraded the town like an inverted balloon.

A very quaint figure she looked to-night, as she sat bolt upright on the hardest and straightest chair the Canon's luxurious drawing-room could supply, her grey hair cut short and curled like a boy's, and her dress an uncompromising alpaca, distended by a crinoline of vast dimensions, and adorned by a collar and cuffs of quite priceless lace. But however eccentric Miss Joan might look, she could not look anything but a lady; and however eccentric her doings might be, no deed was ever recorded of her unworthy of a good and even a noble woman.

Tessa had enough of the unconventional element herself to be very fond of Miss Joan, while Miss Joan pronounced that Clare's liking for Tessa was the only sensible thing she knew about her niece. Miss Joan was no fonder of Clare than her sisters were, and many were the battles Tessa fought on her friend's behalf.

"Friendship, indeed!" Miss Joan was saying now, in a vehement aside that was not so inaudible as she believed. "It's propinquity, my dear, propinquity! It's a great power, Tessa—one of the greatest in the world—the root of neighbourliness and patriotism, and nine times out of ten of love itself. You and Clare adore each other, or you think you do, but I tell you it's all propinquity, and there's an end of it."

Tessa laughed, but she grew a little thoughtful. There was a core of truth in Miss Joan's words, no doubt, but love and friendship were surely something more than the chance result of neighbourhood. If nothing but that were needed, why should she not be able to make Lenny happy with the word she knew would also please both her own friends and his? Why, except that something more *was* needed besides Miss Joan's "propinquity?" There was no one so much her neighbour as Lenny, no one with whom she was so much thrown, no one, she assured herself, whom she liked so much!

Her eyes rested very kindly on Lenny's bright, familiar face, but the next instant the lids fell, and a sudden blush crimsoned her cheek. Austin Romaine was looking at her with a curious intent gaze, and it seemed to Tessa as if he must divine her thoughts, as if his glance were in some way a reproach and a rebuke. How dare he look at her like that! she thought wrathfully. What was it to him, and why

should the idea that he had intercepted and perhaps interpreted her glance at his cousin cover her with such overmastering confusion?

She got up and moved to the piano, turning over the music upon it with restless, aimless touch, and felt inclined to resent it as intentional exasperation when Austin came across the room and asked her to sing.

"I don't think I can—I have a cold," she said, quite glad to remember that her voice had been a little rough when she practised after breakfast.

"A cold? I thought you were above that sort of thing!"

"Above the ills that flesh is heir to?" with satirical surprise.

"Above affectation, at all events."

"I really have a cold," she protested, and he drew back with a stiff little bow, due to the chill in her voice, but seeming to her to express unbelief.

"I *will* sing, just to prove that I *can't*," she cried, more annoyed than was quite worth while. But that Austin—that anyone—should doubt her word!

She had really been a little hoarse that morning, but the warm room had relieved the slight oppression, and only the first few notes were less round and rich than usual. The song she chose was an ancient hymn, set by a great modern master to one of Bach's wonderful Preludes, and as her voice rose and filled the room, every other dropped into silence. Clare Pembroke played her accompaniment, and one of the minor canons, who was great on the violin, took his place behind her, sustaining her voice on the upper notes so few contraltos could have touched.

There was a little hush when she finished, and then a murmur of applause.

"I did not think I could do it. I *did* think I had a cold," Tessa said, looking at Austin Romaine, who stood by in a silence that seemed noticeable from its contrast with the eager thanks of all the others. He looked at her like one awakened from a dream.

"I ought to thank you, I believe," he said, ignoring, or not understanding, her defiant little speech, "but it would bring it all down to commonplace. One does not thank the sun for shining, or—"

"How poetic!" cried Clare, with her rippling little laugh, and Mr. Romaine dropped to commonplace at once.

"I believe I am talking nonsense," he said, with a laugh that sounded a little annoyed; "and after all, I do thank you, Ermytrude. No one else could have sung it like that; no one else could have made one feel and understand the beauty as you have done."

"And you believe I did not make a false excuse?" Tessa said, in hurt, eager tones.

"False? *You?*" It was all he said, but no denial could have been more eloquent or more complete.

The glad colour sprang to her cheeks, as she told herself how rejoiced she was not to be misunderstood by Leonard's cousin.

And then Lenny came and appropriated her, as his manner was, and Tessa sat and listened with happy downcast eyes, and a smile that was full of content and peace.

"Propinquity!" cried Miss Joan, to the amazement

of the minor canon, at whom she fired off the mysterious word.

"Propinquity"—is it a riddle?" he asked in bewilderment.

"King Solomon thought so," said Miss Joan, crossing over to talk to Mr. Romaine, and leaving the worthy little man more bewildered than ever.

Canon Treherne was talking to Miss Letitia and Miss Flora, his polished manner and rather old-fashioned phrases being met with equal courtesy, and with complimentary speeches, delivered with smiles and elderly bridlings, with a curious flavour of bygone youth; Mrs. Damant leant back in her chair, talking to some of her clerical guests, but feeling uncomfortably conscious that Mr. Romaine had been left rather

He asked no more. Perhaps he found his answer in Leonard's happy face as it bent over Tessa's dark, beautiful head. But presently, when he found himself by some accidental concurrence of circumstances—concerning which Miss Pembroke knew a good deal more than Mr. Austin Romaine—alone in the conservatory with Clare, he recurred to the subject, which seemed to have for him a sort of painful fascination.

The conservatory ran all along one side of the house, and one of the French windows in the drawing-room opened into it, while the other looked on the lawn. There were always a few wicker lounging-chairs at one end, and two or three coloured lamps that swung overhead gave sufficient light to make it a pleasant promenade. There had been a general



"Only the first few notes were less round and rich than usual."—p. 648.

out in the cold, till Miss Joan took pity upon him; Tessa and Leonard seemed engrossed with each other, and Austin still stood by the piano, watching Miss Pembroke's brilliant execution of one of Beethoven's most difficult sonatas, and from time to time exchanging a few brief sentences as the exigencies of the music permitted.

"How happy those two look!" whispered Miss Pembroke, nodding ever so slightly towards the central settee where Leonard and Tessa were sitting. "I shall go on playing, or someone will be wanting Tessa to sing, and that would be too cruel, wouldn't it?"

Her own pretty laugh filled the pause that Austin's silence made, but presently he bent towards her and said, "Would you mind telling me what you mean? You are her friend, and would know."

"And you are his cousin, and should know," retorted Clare.

incursion of the Canon's guests to look at a new flower concerning which Clare had expressed the liveliest curiosity, but the conservatory was chilly after the warmth of the drawing-room, and most of the elders had been glad to return to the fire.

Leonard had indeed tried to beguile Tessa into one of the *tête-à-têtes* in which lovers delight, but had only been laughed at for his sentimental air. Miss Damant flatly refused to linger any longer over the beauties of the new orchid, or to contemplate the fine effect of the moonlight on the great white pile of the cathedral.

Austin had seen them go back into the house, and had lingered behind with a sudden disinclination for the lights and the babble of tongues in the drawing-room. And then he saw that Clare was also there, and was watching the retreating figures with a look of significant amusement.

"Your theory would seem to be correct," he said, with a smile that was rather forced.

"And you don't approve?" said Clare quickly, glancing up at the sombre face above her.

"Approve? It is nothing to me, one way or the other."

"No, of course not. But I thought, as a cousin——"

"Oh, as a cousin! But I think I will reserve my cousinly benediction till it is formally applied for."

"Well, I should think you will not have to wait long! But, Mr. Romaine, if you look so *very* grave, I shall really think you *don't* approve."

Austin laughed, but he looked annoyed.

"I have a good deal to make me grave to-night, Miss Pembroke, without troubling my head about other people. I have just heard that my best tenant is going to give up his farm."

"Was that it? I am *so* sorry," said Clare, peeping up under her eyelashes, with a pretty sympathy that hid a good deal of amusement. She understood all about it, but she had her own reasons for wishing to convince Austin Romaine that Tessa was out of his reach. "I am sorry about the farm," she repeated, "but I am glad you don't disapprove about Lenny and Tessa. Indeed, I don't see how anyone can. They seem just made for each other, and I thought everyone was charmed, both for her sake and for his."

Austin did not answer. Tessa's voice had risen in the silence in a burst of sudden song, and Austin Romaine, thrilled with a rapture of emotion too keen for pleasure and too sweet for pain, bent his head and held his breath to hear.

When the song was over Clare glided back into the drawing-room, fearing inconvenient questions from the aunts; and Austin, presently following, found pencils and papers being handed round for *bouts-rimés*, and was at once summoned to join the game. He had none of the facility which insures success, and his verses ambled awkwardly enough, while Lenny's sparkled like a brooklet in the sun.

But it was not Lenny's verses that someone picked out from the others, while cloaks and mufflers were being donned and good-byes were being said. Clare ran back into the room to kiss her friend once more, and to look for one of "those delightfully quaint quatrains of Mr. Austin Romaine's," but she turned over the little heaps of rolled-up slips of paper in vain.

"All the others are here, but not one of his!" she announced, in great surprise.

"How odd!" said Tessa drily; but Miss Joan, bustling into the drawing-room in search of her niece, stopped short at the sight of Miss Damant's crimson checks.

"What have you been saying to the child to make her the colour of a peony?" she cried; and if it was possible, Tessa's cheeks were a little redder than before.

Clare looked at her curiously, but before she could speak, the Canon, who had accompanied some of his friends to the gate, came back into the room, looking a little excited.

"I have just heard some news that affects a friend of yours," he said to his daughter. "Lord Eastwood's groom was riding in to let Dr. Flack know. His master died quite suddenly an hour ago."

CHAPTER VII.—THE NEW LORD EASTWOOD.

"I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute."—COWPER.

THE old lord lay dead in the state bedroom at Eastwood Park, and the new lord sat in the library alone. He had been telegraphed for the day before, and had come down at once, but Lord Eastwood was dead before his heir arrived—was dead, indeed, before the telegram was sent.

And now there was nothing for Algernon to do but to wait in the great empty house till the funeral should be over. There were no relations to be summoned, no near friends to mourn the old man who was dead. He had outlived both kindred and friends. There were not even many neighbours who could be bidden to the funeral. Great houses are not plentiful in the Fens, and what few neighbours there were, were chiefly tenant-farmers belonging to the Eastwood estate. Mr. Romaine, who had always acted as Lord Eastwood's steward, had arranged for the tenantry to follow in procession, but Algernon Eastwood would be sole mourner at his distant cousin's grave.

He was not—he could not be—a mourner in any real sense. Lord Eastwood had been all but a stranger to him, and the balance of loss and gain had been too distinctly on the side of gain for Algernon to deplore very deeply the death that had lifted him from poverty to wealth, from comparative obscurity to the position of an English peer. Romaine felt that he liked the new owner of Eastwood all the better that he did not affect to do so. There was no indecent rejoicing, but neither was there a display of grief that could only have been thought hypocritical. Eastwood went about with a grave, decorous manner that befitted what was a house of death, if it was not a house of mourning, but he did not pretend to a sorrow he could not feel. On the other hand, there was no indecorous exultation, nor any haste to assume his new honours.

"I prefer to be Mr. Eastwood till after the funeral," he had said to the butler, when that functionary had addressed him as "my lord" on the evening of his arrival; and the servants' hall had pronounced the abstention to be a proof of good feeling and good taste. Indeed, the new lord had won nothing but approval in that critical region.

"A real gentleman, and as affable as affable," had been the general verdict; and the favourable impression was confirmed when it appeared that the new Lord Eastwood had no intention of making any changes in the establishment.

The will of the late lord was the brightest and plainest of documents. There were a few legacies to the servants, and, after these, the whole of the personal estate was devised to "my fourth cousin, Algernon Eastwood, whom I have learnt to know and to respect." The will said no more on the subject,

but Mr. Romaine told Eastwood that his client had said that if ever Jack Eastwood should appear to claim the title and estate, he had no intention to let him have his personal property too. The man was a scamp and a vagabond, and should not touch a penny beyond what the law gave him, whereas Algernon Eastwood had always been a credit to the family, and would be none the worse—supposing Jack or his heirs should ever turn up—for something to console him for all he would lose.

"Very considerate!" said Eastwood drily; "but I don't mean to make myself miserable about remote contingencies. The estate wouldn't be worth having if I were always expecting Jack to walk in at the nearest gate. I shall assume I'm safe until it's proved that I'm not."

"I think you may safely do so," said the lawyer. "Of your cousin's death there is no reasonable doubt, and if there were any heirs, we should have heard of them before this."

"Yes," said Eastwood, with his slow, inscrutable smile. "I'm not afraid of any heirs. I don't think we shall be troubled with them."

Mr. Romaine felt chilled, he hardly knew why, and for a moment the vague feeling of distrust, which Eastwood's irreproachable manner in the last week had disarmed, returned in full force. It was only for a moment; for, after all, there was no ground for it but that incomprehensible smile. Mr. Romaine even felt that he might be guilty of injustice, and tried to atone by extra cordiality as he took his leave.

And then Lord Eastwood was left alone in the great solitary house. He had not been over it in his cousin's lifetime, and a feeling of delicacy had withheld him from making any tour of inspection while yet the poor clay that had once been master of Eastwood lay stiff and cold in the state bedroom where the candles burnt night and day, but where no tears fell upon the confined face, and no mourners stole in to weep and pray.

But now he would go over the fine old house of which he was the undisputed master, but to which he was more of a stranger than the meanest servant within its doors.

Though Eastwood Park was in the very heart of the Fens, both the house and park stood on ground a little above the Fen level. Probably it had been an island in the olden time, and now, beside the inevitable willows and poplars, the park could boast of beech and elm, and even here and there an oak. But all around lay the wide black fen, with its lines of pollard willows, its rows of poplars standing straight and stiff against the sky, its gaunt ungainly windmills turning in the chill October breeze, its peaceful homesteads with their clustered stacks and ample barns.

The house itself was picturesque rather than comfortable. It was an old manor-house, dating from the earliest Stuart days, with a roof of many gables, and small, heavily mullioned windows. The walls, of dark-red brick, thickly covered with ivy and other creepers, were stout and strong, and bore traces of the siege it was said it had once sustained. The rooms were wainscoted with oak, now almost black with age, and, except the great dining-room, were not

remarkable either for size or beauty. The furniture was heavy and old-fashioned, and with the exception of the library, where the old man had chiefly lived, the apartments had all the desolate air which unused rooms acquire.

Eastwood could not help contrasting the gloomy aspect of his new home with the luxurious brilliance of the Vennimore. No doubt much might be done to modernise and beautify, to let in light and shut out draughts, but none the less did the new master turn it to himself "a great rambling barn," and please himself with devising the alterations and improvements that should be brought to pass before Tessa Damant came there as his wife.

That she should so come he was fully purposed and resolved. It was so manifestly designed in the eternal fitness of things, that if he thought of obstacles at all, it was only as of things that could not fail to disappear before the force of circumstances. How could there be obstacles to an arrangement which would secure to Tessa the position of Lady Eastwood, and to himself—for so he put it—the blessings of innocence and peace? It was not too much to call it a Providential arrangement, and Eastwood felt an almost virtuous complacency as he reflected that many men would have left the girl in her present obscurity, while he was prepared to lift her to a position only second to that of a baroness in her own right.

He lost no time in calling on his friends in the Close, and before the Christmas bells rang out from the cathedral tower, and were echoed from every spire and turret and steeple "o'er all the boundless plain," he had established himself on a footing of intimacy entirely favourable to his hopes. Mrs. Damant was always kind and gracious, Tessa enthusiastically welcomed her father's friend, and even the Canon was won over by Eastwood's charm of manner, and perhaps by sympathy for the loneliness he so pathetically bewailed.

The new Lord Eastwood was, indeed, as solitary a man as his predecessor had been. An only child, early orphaned, and brought up by an uncle long since dead, his only near relation was the John Damant Eastwood through whose disappearance and almost certain death the title had devolved upon himself.

He had no womenfolk to rejoice in his good fortune, or turn the great gloomy mansion of Eastwood into a home, and it was not easy to induce his bachelor friends to bury themselves in the Fens in the dark December days. So Eastwood led a solitary life enough, spending most of his days in the library that was the one comfortable room, reading a little sometimes, but more often sitting staring into the fire, and brooding in a morbid fashion that had grown upon him since he came to Eastwood Park.

His nearest neighbour was Austin Romaine of Elibank, but, though friendly, their relations were scarcely cordial. The two men had met more than once in the Close, and the observations each had made had not tended to friendship. Austin divined Lord Eastwood's intentions with regard to Miss Damant, and resented them as keenly as his cousin



"Have you no timber?" Lord Eastwood asked."

could have done; and Eastwood, scornfully incredulous as he was of the possibility of any opposition to his plans, was quite aware of Austin's hostile attitude, and chafed at it all the more because this was a foe he could not despise. If it had been only Leonard who stood in his way, Lord Eastwood would have dismissed the harmless rivalry with a contemptuous smile; but this man—!

It was true that Austin Romaine made no pretensions to Tessa's favour, but not the less did Eastwood regard him as a possible rival, and a dangerous one. Thus it came to pass that their intercourse was of a more or less formal character, and that neither made any effort at more intimate relations. Canon Treherne wondered sometimes if Lord Eastwood was too proud or too "snobbish" to care for the acquaintance of his solicitor's nephew, and believing that each would be the better for the society of the other, did his best to bring the neighbours together.

It was after one of the Canon's well-meant little homilies that Austin called at Eastwood Park, telling himself that he was a fool for his pains, and that he would do no more than that, even to please his friends in the Close. The call was immediately returned, and if it did not lead to the intimacy the Canon desired, Lord Eastwood won Mrs. Romaine's heart by praises of her own flourishing brood.

He had, indeed, honestly admired, as physical specimens, the sturdy, healthy little fellows who hung about their half-brother unrebuked, and had had

no difficulty in praising the unmistakable loveliness of the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little sister, who moved amongst them like a being from another sphere. But though he praised, he wondered how Romaine endured it all, and thought that he would soon have cleared the house of "Madam and all her tribe." Evidently it was the last thing in Austin's thoughts. There was no impatience in the elder brother's eye as the little fellows hung about his chair, though there was a firmness in his voice that procured immediate obedience when he dismissed the curly-headed crew to their legitimate haunts, while he escorted his visitor round his modest grounds.

"Have you no timber?" Lord Eastwood asked. "Nothing but these eternal poplars and willows?"

"What else do you expect in the Isle of Willows?" Austin asked; "and especially at Elibank? It is *Elig* in the original deeds, and you see it still does its best to deserve its name."

"Well, I should prefer oaks and beeches! They are certainly handsomer, and when one wants to raise a little cash, a good deal more profitable."

"Only they won't grow here," said Austin drily; "and as for the profits, we have a proverb that 'A willow will buy a horse before an oak will buy the saddle.'"

He was so perfectly contented—so "confoundedly self-satisfied," Lord Eastwood called it—that it was evidently useless to prolong the unprofitable argument. And indeed, a fenman on the charms of his native flats, is as impervious to argument as a Swiss on the merits of Mont Blanc.

CHAPTER VIII.—IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.

"What find I here?"

Fair Portia's counterfeit?"—SHAKESPEARE.

NOTHING came of the Canon's well-meant attempt to establish friendly relations between Eastwood Park and Elibank, but a strong conviction on Austin's part that the less he saw of Lord Eastwood the better he would like him, and an equally strong opinion on Lord Eastwood's side that solitude was distinctly preferable to the society of Mr. Austin Romaine. How much the latent and unconfessed jealousy between the men had to do with this conclusion, neither was careful to inquire. They were content to be distantly civil when they met, and to let the meetings be as few as possible.

Of solitude Lord Eastwood had enough to excite the pity of his friends in the Close, and to make them lend a kindly ear to his earnest petition that they would spend New Year's Day at Eastwood Park. Whether their consent would have been as ready and as cordial if they had understood all that this first visit of Tessa's meant to him, Eastwood could not decide. That the Canon would approve of such a match for his granddaughter was probable, but the Canon was notoriously a man who was guided, if not governed, by his womankind. Eastwood doubted if the discrepancy of years would not outweigh rank and wealth with Mrs. Damant, and of Tessa he was sure of nothing but that the thought of him as a lover had never crossed her mind.

"But it shall before to-day is out!" thought Lord Eastwood, as he welcomed his friends to what he termed his "desolate home."

The phrase struck the Canon's ear.

"Don't you see any more of your neighbour?" he asked; and his host's quick negative made the old man shake his head, and add—

"I am sorry. You are so cut off from people of your own class here, and the Romaines of Elibank are always recognised by the county. Besides which, my young friend Austin is a man of quite exceptional ability."

"His house is rather a bear-garden, I should think," said Eastwood. "I remember the first time I called I was nearly overturned by the onslaught of half a dozen shock-headed youngsters—all hair and freckles—and that Romaine seemed to take it all as a matter of course."

"He is very good to them," murmured the Canon; and Tessa added—

"There could not have been half a dozen, Lord Eastwood; it was not the holidays then, so Jack and Tom must have been at school."

"There were certainly plenty at home."

"Only Ted and Harold and Frank—and Doris, who is always as good as gold."

"Only! I wonder Romaine stands it. His house can't seem much like his own."

"No—only like his home," said Tessa softly.

"His father died without a will," explained the Canon; "so everything came to Austin, and, except for a small jointure to their mother, these poor children were utterly unprovided for. I don't know exactly how it was managed, but Austin contrived to have the estate charged with a suitable jointure for Mrs. Romaine, and a fair provision for the children, but as times are, it falls heavily upon him. He has to farm his own land simply because he can't let it, even at ruination rent. It would all go back to waste land if he didn't farm it himself, and I, for one, honour him for doing it."

"He could get a bailiff, I suppose," said Eastwood indifferently, and with the instinct of opposition that was always evoked in him by the name of Austin Romaine. He spoke to the Canon, but it was Tessa he was looking at—Tessa, who was sitting so still and so erect, a slight scornful smile just touching the gracious curves of the

beautiful mouth, and a certain thrill of excitement under her quietness that was by no means lost upon him. He crossed the room and bent over her chair.

"Am I so unfortunate as to have offended you?" he asked, looking down at the half-averted face.

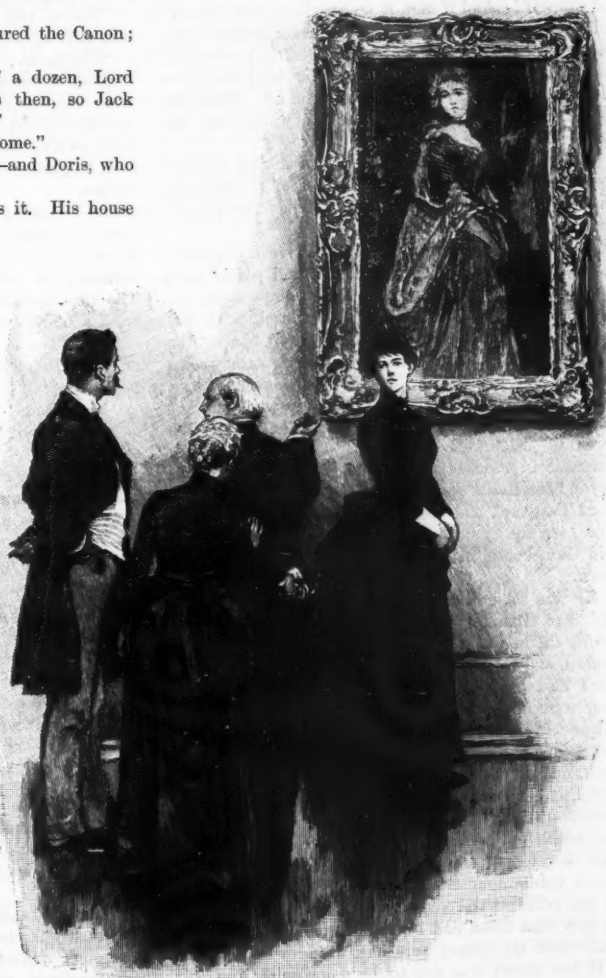
"Offended? Oh, no! I have no right to be offended."

"I would rather hear you say you have no cause."

"No personal cause, certainly," she conceded; "but"—with mounting colour—"I think you were unjust."

"To Mr. Austin Romaine? You need not pity him! To have such a champion would atone for greater injustice than mine."

"I am not a champion," she protested; "I told you



"'It is Tessa—it is Tessa herself!'"—p. 654.

I had no personal interest in the matter. But you were unfair—and the Romaines are all such old friends of ours—”

“That even a still older one may not presume to criticise them? Well, it shall be so, then. I will try to think small boys a delightful institution, and farming the noblest of human occupations!”

“If you choose to twist my words, and turn them into ridicule, I cannot help it,” said Tessa, with such cold displeasure that he set himself seriously to make his peace.

He found it more difficult than he expected. She was really annoyed, perhaps as much with herself as with him, and was all the more implacable for feeling that she had been betrayed into a foolish position. Why need she have taken up the gauntlet for Austin Romaine? Was he not abundantly able to take care of himself? And if not, it was certainly no business of hers. She wished that she had never spoken—that Lord Eastwood would let the subject drop; above all, that he would not affect to consider her pleasure or displeasure so vital to his peace of mind. What did it all mean? or was it only her fancy that this was what his manner expressed?

She was glad when at last he left a subject that he perhaps felt to be full of possibilities of discord, and invited his guests to come and look at the picture gallery before it got dark.

It was a long, low room, built above the dining-room, and lit partly by a skylight, and partly by a window at one end, through which there was an extensive view of the level grey fenland, with the cathedral in the distance, outlined greyly against the dull grey sky. It was one of the handsomest rooms in the house, with a roof supported on oaken rafters, and a polished oak floor. The paintings were most of them above the level of family portraits, while some were by celebrated painters, and were sufficiently valuable in themselves to make the gallery famous beyond the limits of the neighbourhood. But the late Lord Eastwood had been a recluse for so many years that even the Canon was a stranger to the Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs that were the pride of Eastwood Park.

He was all enthusiasm and discriminating praise, and Mrs. Damant was delighted to see a place of which she had heard so much; but Tessa looked disturbed, and for the first time seemed to shrink from Lord Eastwood's attentions, and perhaps to feel that they were not so entirely the expression of a fatherly interest in his old friend's daughter as she had hitherto believed. She hurried through the gallery, scarcely conscious of the rows of defunct Eastwoods staring down at her from the walls, while the Canon looked conscientiously at every picture, examining, criticising, admiring, pointing out beauties to Mrs. Damant, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Between the old man's voluminous criticisms and his daughter's fear of the polished and slippery floor, their progress was so slow that Tessa had hurried Lord Eastwood to the end before the others were half-way down the room.

If her object was not to be alone with him, her haste had defeated itself, and Lord Eastwood was not a man to miss an opportunity. Something in

his manner made her nervous at once, but she did her best not to show it.

“What a beautiful view!” she said, looking out of the window. “And oh! you can see the cathedral! Are you not glad?”

“I am glad of anything that makes Eastwood find favour in your eyes.”

“Do you not like it yourself?” said Tessa, wilfully blind and deaf to looks and tones she would not understand.

“I? How can I?” he exclaimed. “Do you not know how solitary my life is? Only one thing could make a home of this dreary Eastwood Park.”

She laughed uneasily.

“You are very hard on our poor fens. They are not beautiful, perhaps—”

“Perhaps, indeed!”

“Not at this time of year, but in summer you will find it different.”

“I hope so. But, Tessa, it rests with you—”

Tessa drew back, distressed and dismayed, but what she might have said was left unknown. A sudden startled cry from Mrs. Damant brought them both swiftly to her side, and the Canon, who had been lingering over a fascinating Sir Joshua, hurried up too.

Mrs. Damant was standing before a portrait, the frame of which bore the inscription, “Isabella Eastwood, 1754.” The figure was that of a girl about eighteen or twenty, and was strikingly graceful. The face was dark, with very dark eyes that shone with a fine mingling of innocence and pride.

“It is Tessa—it is Tessa herself!” Mrs. Damant cried. “Did you ever see such an extraordinary likeness?”

“Marvellous!” cried the Canon, as much astonished as his daughter. “Child, stand here, and let us look at you both.”

He made her stand beside the picture, and turned to Eastwood with silent, eager appeal.

The likeness was certainly remarkable. There was the same contour of countenance, the same dark eyes, the same lithe figure, even the same expression. For a moment Lord Eastwood did not speak. It almost seemed as if he were considering what to say. Then he turned to Tessa, and bent over her hand.

“I will call Eastwood desolate no more, since it possesses so fair a counterfeit of all I would fain possess.”

“Eh?” cried the Canon, inclining his serviceable ear. “Don't you think it's very odd, Eastwood—very odd indeed?”

“Very!” Lord Eastwood agreed. “Or at least it would be, if we were not all possessed of a more or less common ancestry. The really odd thing is that likenesses should keep so much to families—not that they should sometimes be found apart from accredited relationships.”

“Humph!” said the Canon; “perhaps you're right. The theory is plausible, though I confess I've never seen such a striking example before. I should be more inclined, myself, to suspect a strain of Eastwood blood.”

“I suppose your pedigree would settle that,” said

Eastwood. "But, now, if you've had enough of the gallery, I should like to show Tessa the Eastwood jewels. I had them brought from the strong-box on purpose."

Mrs. Damant had a thoroughly feminine liking for precious stones, and the Canon had something appropriate, legend or allegory or anecdote to fit to each shining gem. It was Tessa, for whose benefit they had been brought forth, who had nothing to say as each velvet case was opened, and its brilliant contents flashed upon their sight. Only once she showed any but the most perfunctory interest, and that was when a small ring-box of antique workmanship proved to be entirely empty.

Lord Eastwood smiled.

"I was as much puzzled as you when I first saw that," he said; "but it seems there is a curious history attached to it. The ring has been missing for about two hundred years, and there is a doggerel rhyme concerning its return which I should think (if anyone believes it) must have rather damped the ardour of the search. At any rate, it has never been found, and is generally supposed to be in the possession of some very remote cousin—too remote, perhaps, to dream that he is related at all."

"What was the legend?" Tessa asked.

"Just a bit of unmeaning doggerel—

"When this ring returns again
Shall be an end of Eastwood men."

No wonder no one has been in a hurry to find it! Though of course it may only mean that the title will pass to the female line."

"What was the ring like?" asked Mrs. Damant; but Eastwood could not tell her.

"There is a description somewhere in the family archives, but I've never hunted it out. I've no particular curiosity, and if the legend is to be trusted, it's decidedly against my interest to have it found," he said lightly. And then he declared that his guests must be famishing, and took them down to the nondescript meal which had been arranged in lieu of luncheon, and was a dinner in all but name.

But when his guests had gone, Lord Eastwood took a candle, and repaired to the gallery once more. He stopped before the canvas that bore the name of "Isabella Eastwood, 1754," and for a few moments he stood before it in silence. It was a small painting in an inconspicuous frame, and in Eastwood's rare visits to the gallery it had escaped his notice; but as he looked at it now, he wondered the likeness to Tessa Damant had not arrested his attention.

He called himself Tessa's lover, and this painted face was as like Tessa's as if she had sat for it. But the words he uttered as he turned away were scarcely a lover's soliloquy.

"What a fool I was to be bringing them here!" he said.

"What a fool I was!"

(To be continued.)



ON MINDING ONE'S P'S AND Q'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSHUA PADGETTS."



THE origin of this title is obscure. I will make two suggestions:—the one is that it is a corruption of a farmer's direction to his servant to go and "mind the peas from the crows;" the other is that an inattentive schoolboy transposed the *o* to

the wrong side of the stroke, and the tutor told him he had better "mind his *p*'s and *q*'s."

Now, if the former should be the original quotation, the sense is, that one should use ordinary prudence and foresight in the business matters of life: if the latter be correct, then it is equivalent to saying, that the man who makes heedless blunders may look out for squalls. Let us consider them in order.

1. No farmer who meant to live by his profession would leave his newly sown pea-field to the mercy of the birds, for they would soon root up the bulk of the seed, and completely ruin the crop. And if we happened to know anyone who was guilty of such carelessness, we should say within our hearts, "That man deserves to lose, because he does not try to win." You will all agree with me in this, I am sure. Very well. Now carry this condemnation of carelessness

into your own lives. Do you remember, my friend, when you started in life some—perhaps many—years ago? You were young and careless then, and took little heed. But you were not a farmer! Oh, yes you were—you had no land, but *you had your life to farm*. And a pretty mess you made of it! The seed was good, and the field was fair, but you let the crows and the pigeons come in and pluck out the best of the crop. Fair was the field I say, for godly parents had done their best to make it fair; and good was the seed, for it came from the granary of God. But what was the use of fair field or good seed if you did not take care of them? Hatred came in and plucked out Love, and Envy alighted and spoiled brotherly kindness. You did not know it—they came in unawares! Now, my friend, what did you say of the farmer who took no precaution of watching his crops? And what must you say of yourself if you neglected to guard the field of your life from the attack of its natural enemies?

But I have another man in view—a man of grey hair and weary-looking face, of bent shoulders and aching heart. Your life has been, from a business point of view, a failure from start to finish; and yet not without intermittent gleams of prosperity. At one time you were a prosperous tradesman with a

large stock (all paid for), a villa outside the town, and a nice, comfortable balance at your banker's. And one morning you woke to find yourself comparatively poor, for your stock had been consumed by fire, and you were not insured. You called it "a slap in the face," I call it "the crows on the peas." Things came round in time, and you had almost recovered your loss, when a friend (that is, a person you knew by sight, but of whose real character you knew absolutely nothing) came to you with a request that you would, merely as a matter of form, and without the slightest risk, be "bondsmen" for him in the matter of a loan he was about to contract. He put it to you so plausibly—there were so few men of whom he would like to ask *such* a favour, so few he could trust in so *delicate* a business—that your moral backbone lost its stiffness, and, between good-natured thoughtlessness on your part and flattery on his, you weakly yielded to his entreaty. In less than six months a writ, demanding payment of some hundreds of pounds, was served upon you, and you had to pay. Then you waxed eloquent on the perfidy of mankind; you put yourself forward as one of the most victimised of men; you said your case was an example of the evil effects of having a kind heart and generous disposition, whereas it was only a very commonplace instance of the crows and the peas. But, anyway, you learnt a lesson then, didn't you? We shall see. Once more you put your hand to the plough and started to retrieve the mistakes of the past. By dint of hard work and much economy you stood at last pretty much where you stood before that loan-without-a-particle-of-risk affair. But you were growing older, and your young folks were wanting to start in life, so a little more money would be particularly useful. Looking down the advertisement columns of your special "daily" one day your eye caught the following:—"Partner wanted, with £1,000 at command. Profits not less than £1,000 per annum, which might be indefinitely increased. Money required to extend premises, owing to the enormous increase of business. None but principals treated with. N.B. This is genuine. Address," etc. Well? Come, come, you needn't hang your head like that. Can't respect a man like you? Nonsense, man! I don't withhold respect from a fellow-creature because he is short of worldly wisdom. As a matter of fact, I reverence your grey hairs—what few there are of them; the sight of your dear old face, weary and worn and sad, draws my heart to you in spite of myself; you are, with all your faults, one of the trusting ones, one of the gentle ones, one of the loving ones; but, all the same, my friend, it must be confessed that you have let the crows make a terrible mess of your field.

Still, you are not alone in the world; far from it. Scores of people keep you company. Look at that woman who is passing in her carriage. Seen from a distance, she has the appearance of being one of the happy and fortunate, as she undoubtedly is one of the rich ones of the earth. But when you look into her eyes you see the settled cloud of pain that the eyes can never hide, even though the face shows no trace of it. Hers is only a common story. Because

she happened to be good-looking she thought herself perfection, and when she married she expected to be worshipped instead of loved. Standing, then, on this high pedestal of her own building, she considered it was not necessary for her to think of her husband's wishes and tastes—the servants could do that; and naturally, though mistakenly, he spent more time at his club (where his tastes and wishes were considered) and less time at his home. This treatment offended her, and set her on another pedestal—dignity; and now she looks back on a spoiled life—spoiled because she would not take care to keep the love that was poured at her feet. The crows (conceit, pride, etc.) ruined her field.

Come into this workhouse with me; I want to show you a pauper inmate. Look at him—that old man in workhouse garb, warming his wasted hands at the fire. He once "rolled in wealth," kept a pack of hounds, and drove his four-in-hand. But he overdid it. He spent double his income, and mortgaged his estate to find the money that his extravagance required; he kept open house (and not a very creditable one, either), friends fattened on him (at least he called them friends), servants robbed him, knaves courted him, until he, like the son in the Parable, had spent all and began to be in want. The end soon came, and there he is! The crows had been very busy in his field.

2. Now let me say something about my second and alternative suggestion—viz., that the man who makes heedless blunders may look out for squalls.

Little Tommy Dodd was a clerk in a hardware merchant's office, at a salary of seventy-five pounds per annum. He was young, that was something in his favour, and he was ambitious, that was rather against him, as it turned out. Ambition in itself is generally a desirable quality, but when it urged little Tommy to take to himself a wife it was decidedly out of place. So was Jimima Ann, and she got out of place by overdoing her part. Oh, no, she wasn't a cook. She was a milliner's assistant, and was expected to dress well. She dressed too well, however, and her mistress, being suspicious of her honesty, gave her notice to leave. Tommy was not much more than a boy in years, and he was quite a very little boy in sense. He had frequently seen Jimima Ann passing the hardware merchant's window, and he fell in love with her, or her dresses. By-and-by he scraped acquaintance with her, and made love to her according to his lights. When, therefore, her engagement at the milliner's terminated, her engagement with Tommy began. Their course of love (because it wasn't true love) ran smoothly, and before either of them realised the importance of the step, they were married. Poor little Tommy soon discovered that a woman may know how to dress herself without knowing anything of dressing a joint, and Jimima Ann soon learnt (in the hard school of experience) that the sum of seventy-five pounds per annum does not, after deducting household expenses, provide much for articles of adornment. And thus little Tommy found the squalls.

I have taken you, my courteous reader, into a workhouse; come with me now into a prison. Look at these men who are marching round the quadrangle,

each one carrying a huge cannon-ball in his hands. The warder sits in a sort of sentry box directing the operations. At the word of command each prisoner lifts his "shot" from the short wooden pillar on which it rests, and marches on to the next pillar, on which he deposits his "shot" until the warder bids

his beer," as the country folk say, and became a regular visitor to the village public-house. Here he fell in with bad company (a by no means unlikely thing), and the bad companions induced him, who would have scorned to be a thief, to become a poacher. At his very first attempt he was caught. The



"Looking down the advertisement columns."—p. 656.

him move again. Easy work, you say? Not at all, my friend—it is the hardest of hard labour. The "shot" is heavy in the first place, but the position in which the men lift and deposit their load makes it still heavier. The pillar on which the ball rests when not in "action" is only a few inches above the ground; and the prisoner, in lifting and depositing his shot, is not allowed to bend his knee, so that the muscles of the arms and back are severely tried. Men of weakly constitution are never told off for "shot drill." Look at this man passing us now. His is a very common story, and altogether commonplace. He began life badly. When only a lad he "took to

pheasants at Squire Buddicombe's had been taken winter after winter, until in anger and despair the Squire discharged his head-keeper, and got a new one in his place.

The new man determined to stop the poaching. He took his "helps"—the under-keeper, the under-gardener, the farm "hand," and the stable-man—into the principal covert night after night as soon as the poachers began to be busy. He heard shots fired in other woods, but he never altered his plans, nor went to see who was shooting. "By the time we gets there," he said to his mates, "they'll be miles away. They're sure to come here some night, and then we'll

nab 'em." All things are said to come to him who waits, and the poachers came to him. "When I gives you the signal," he said, "up you jumps and at 'em you goes."

The poachers, four in number, came up the wood, firing occasionally at some unfortunate bird on his perch. The place where the keepers were hidden was close to a large oak in whose spreading branches pheasants had roosted since the time of "Good Queen Bess." On this particular night no less than five birds slept in their windy garret; but the old oak never had such "birds" in his branches before, for they had been fashioned by the new keeper with a knife and a saw, and they were a deal tougher than pheasants usually are, for they were made of deal and brown paint.

The poachers took the bait, as it was intended they should, and the four guns were fired almost simultaneously at the "dummies." At the same instant the voice of the keeper rang out, "Now, mates, up you jumps and at 'em you goes!" Five to four! and the four handicapped with the weight of a guilty conscience! Their only chance of safety lay in flight, and they fled. At least, all fled but one, and that one was too young and green at the work to know exactly what he had better do. Prudence said, "Cut it, my boy, and run;" but the beer within him said, "Stand up and fight like a man." He followed the suggestion of the beer, and now he is enduring the "squalls."

Notice the lad who is passing us now. This is no gaol-bird, no ordinary type of prisoner. There is no sensuality in the face, no evidence of "beer" or degrading passions. His is a bright and open countenance (clouded now, of course, by the shame he endures) weak, perhaps, but intelligent. He has none of the sullen look so characteristic of the prison. He is a lad of lovable temperament, gentle and kind to all. Even now, while he languishes in prison, a dear old mother is breaking her heart for love of her boy.

She knows well enough that he never did the crime for which he was condemned. It was a base conspiracy got up by the guilty parties themselves, or by others, whose sole object was to bring disgrace on one of whom they were jealous. Poor old mother! It is well that some should have faith in us even though we are guilty. And guilty he is, unfortunately. He was cashier in a draper's shop in the city. One of his fellow-shopmen was a fool, and, as fools will, risked his money on horse-racing. "Fools for luck" is an old adage: our fool was lucky. In three successive ventures he made nearly a year's salary. This excited the cupidity of his fellows, and one or two were senseless enough to play at the dangerous game. Our prisoner, here, was one of them. Luck did not favour him—perhaps he wasn't a fool; but the tempter said, "Try again, old man; luck will favour you next time." He tried again and again, with the same result, and resolved to give it up, and abide the loss. He would have to deny himself many pleasures the coming winter; but he knew the worst of that. Then, at that unlucky moment, when the lad was smarting under the sense of defeat, the tempter came and said, "It's as safe as houses—a moral certainty; we can't lose. You'll get back all you've lost, and be a winner into the bargain." The boy lay awake all that night wondering how he could raise the money. The next day he had to take the cash to the bank. What could be easier than to borrow five pounds? How easy it would be to pay it into the bank in a week or so at furthest—after the horse had won! But the horse lost, and while the poor misguided youth was casting about him for some way of refunding the money, the loss was discovered, and the delinquent was handed over to the police. Now, you see, he is paying dearly for his folly. More squalls!

Thus, all the world over, we have to suffer for our blunders and sins. Let me, therefore, conclude this paper with the hope that my readers will be even more careful to mind their *p's* and *q's*.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

NEW SERIES.

NO. 1. GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

To read—*Exodus xxiv. 1—12. Golden Text, Hebrews viii. 10.*



THE TEACHER. These notes are intended to be for the teacher's help and guidance in using the International Series of Lessons. The subject will generally be divided into two or three heads for clearness. Similarly, two or three practical lessons will be given. The children should be encouraged to write the subject of the lesson, the

heads, and the lessons, in a note-book, or at least to be able to repeat them the following Sunday.

I. THE SACRIFICE. (1—5.) Israelites are still encamped at foot of Mount Sinai. The Ten Commandments have been given, and many other rules for their guidance. Moses had been alone with God on the mountain, talking with Him. Now he is told to bring with him Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy elders of Israel. Why were these chosen?

Moses, as the leader of the Israelites.

Aaron, as the high priest, with two of his sons, Elders, as heads of the people.

For what purpose did they go?

Worship—always first duty in going to God.

Communion with God, to learn of Him.

Instruction—that they might teach the people.

Now Moses returns to the people. What does he do?

1. Tells them God's message.

2. Writes down God's words for use of posterity.
3. Builds an altar for worship.
4. Builds twelve pillars for a memorial.
5. Offers up sacrifices to God.

II. THE COVENANT. (6—8.) Now follows interesting scene. Oxen have been killed in sacrifice; half the blood is sprinkled on the altar; then a pause made. Moses reads the words of the Covenant made between God and them. He will be their God, if they will serve Him. The people answer with one voice—they will serve God. What follows? Moses takes the basins of blood—sprinkles the book of the covenant (Heb. ix. 19) and the people, as sign of the covenant made between God and them.

What would this teach?

1. People needed a Mediator between them and God. Moses was thus a type of Christ.
2. Without shedding of blood there is no forgiveness of sins. (Heb. ix. 22.)

III. THE VISION. (9—12.) The representatives of the people draw near to God. What did they see?

Not His face, for no one may see *that* and live (Exod. xxxiii. 20.)

1. They saw His glory, as Isaiah did (Isa. vi. 1—5); as the three chosen disciples did (St. Matt. xvii. 2).
2. They ate in His presence—an earnest of the heavenly feast.
3. Moses received into closer communion still.

LESSONS. 1. *The importance of a covenant*—pledged to serve God.

2. *The solemnity of a covenant*—God will keep His part; we must keep ours. (Eccles. v. 4.)

3. *The blessedness of a covenant*—I will be to them a God, they shall be to Me a people.

NO. 2. THE GOLDEN CALF.

To read—*Exodus xxxii. 15—26. Golden Text, 1 St. John v. 21.*

I. A SAD RETURN. (15—18.) Where had Moses been? On Mount Sinai forty days talking with God. What had he been doing?—

- (a) *Receiving* laws and instructions from God.
- (b) *Seeing* glimpses of God's glory.
- (c) *Hearing* sad tale of Israel's sin during his absence (ver. 8).

(d) *Pleading* with God for the people (ver. 11).

Now time come for him to leave God's presence. Who was with him? Joshua, his servant—the great warrior (xvii. 13). What did he bring down from the Mount? Notice about these tables—

- (a) They were the work of God—graven stones.
- (b) They were written by God.
- (c) They were written on both sides.

Probably first four commandments telling man's "duty to God" on one stone, and last six, "duty to neighbour" on the other. Now Moses and Joshua approach the camp. They hear noises. Joshua, the captain, thinks war has broken out. Moses rightly discerns the wild singing.

II. A SAD MEETING. (19—26.) What a strange and sad sight!

The golden calf a supposed image of God.

The people dancing and singing around it.

Aaron and the elders joining.

No wonder Moses' anger waxed hot. What did he do?

(a) *Cast down* and broke the two tables of stone. The people unworthy to see or read them.

(b) *Burned* the golden calf in the fire.

Showing the folly of making idols.

(c) *Mixed* ashes of calf with water—made the people drink the mixture.

Showing the bitterness of sin.

(d) *Remonstrated* with Aaron.

The High Priest had led the people to sin!

What excuses had Aaron to offer?

(a) *Throws off the blame* on the people—too prone to mischief.

(b) *Tells a lie.* The gold cast in fire came out a calf!

III. A BRIGHT SPOT. (Ver. 26.) Moses angry with the people, indignant with Aaron, wants to see if any have remained faithful to God.

(a) *Stands in the gate*—the place of justice.

(b) *Calls out* to those on the Lord's side to come.

(c) *Executes* God's judgment against sin.

LESSONS. 1. *God is a Spirit.* People broke second commandment—wanted visible representation of God. We do same when love earthly things more than God. (Golden text.)

2. *Firmness in resisting wrong.* Aaron failed in this—proved a coward. Need never be afraid of doing right. (1 St. Peter iii. 13.)

3. *Zeal in God's service.* Moses angry against sin—put it down—punished it. A noble example.

NO. 3. GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.

To read—*Exodus xxxiii. 12—23; xxxiv. 1—7. Golden Text—St. Matthew xxiii. 20.*

I. GOD'S PRESENCE. (xxxiii. 12—17.) Once more Moses talking with God; this time not on the Mount, but at the door of the Tabernacle. God speaks not amid thunderings and lightnings as at giving of the law, but "face to face as a man to his friend" (ver. 11). See the conversation.

Moses' prayer—for himself and the people.

Plea—(a) He is leader at God's command.

(b) Is known by name (*i.e.*, individually) by God.

(c) Has received mercy from God.

Prayer—(a) To know God's way.

(b) To have the people taken back into favour.

(c) To have God's special presence.

God's answer—(a) His presence shall be with them.

(b) The people shall find rest.

(c) Moses' prayer is heard.

II. GOD'S GLORY. (18—23.) What else did Moses ask? Desires to see God's glory. Why? That he may know God better, and therefore love Him more. But no man can see God and live. Why not?

(a) The sight too great for mortal eye. (St. John i. 19.)

(b) No room would be left for faith.

But God's glory will be seen hereafter. (1 St. John iii. 2.)

Meanwhile Moses shall see part of God's glory. God will protect him while he sees some rays of glory.

What does this show? Moses specially favoured because specially upright. Like Enoch, "he walked with God." So "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." (Ps. xxv. 14.)

III. GOD'S GOODNESS. (xxxiv. 1-7.) (1) *Seen in acts*—

- (a) The tables of stone renewed.
- (b) Moses called up into the Mount again.
- (c) God stands by Moses' side.
- (2) *Heard in words*—God describes Himself.

(a) His name.—The LORD—Jehovah—from everlasting to everlasting. (Ps. xc. 1.)

(b) His character—*merciful*, forgiving repentant sinners; but also *just*, punishing wrong-doers.

LESSONS. 1. *The blessing of God's presence.* Why did Moses desire it so eagerly? For pardon for past sins and for guidance in the future. Would rather not go on road to Canaan than do so without God (xxx'ii. 14). Others have felt the same.

Jacob at Bethel found it the gate of heaven. (Gen. xxviii. 17.)

St. Paul in storm comforted. (Acts xxvii. 23.)

The same blessed presence promised us. (Text.)

2. *The blessing of God's mercy.* Where would Israel have been had not God been a God of mercy? Is not the same true of us? But God is the same always. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive. (1 St. John i. 9.)

NO. 4. FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.

To read—*Exodus xxxv. 20-29. Golden Text*—
2 Corinthians ix. 7.

I. THE MATERIALS. (20-29.) Israelites been now about 100 days in the wilderness since left Egypt. As yet have had no regular place of worship. Law been given on Mount Sinai, and Moses during his forty days in the Mount been told how to make the Tabernacle. The time now come to begin the work. So Moses calls Israelites together and tells them what to do (ver. 1). What materials would be wanted? Wood, gold and silver, precious stones, oil, spices, skins, etc. Where would all these come from?

Wood from the trees in Oasis, near Mount Sinai.

Precious stones, etc., from things given by Egyptians when they left Egypt (xii. 35, 36).

Wool and skins from animals taken with them.

Oil from olive-trees.

Spices brought with them from Egypt.

II. THE GIFTS. These things all *given* by the people. Why?—

(a) *Love to God*, who had pardoned and blessed them.

(b) *Zeal for God's House* now to be built.

Many ways of giving. How did the Israelites give?

(a) *With readiness*—at once did as were told.

(b) *With liberality*—even gave more than was wanted. Had to be stopped from giving (xxxvi. 5, 6).

(c) *With self-sacrifice*—gave up personal ornaments.

(d) *With willingness*—not compulsion.

But not only gave things—gave also personal service.

Men gave talents and skill in workmanship (35).

Women spun wool of sheep and hair of goats.

Now see the uses of the different things.

Wood for the boards of the Tabernacle.

Skins for the covering.

Wool for the curtains between different parts.

Gold, silver, and precious stones for the vessels.

Spices for incense in daily use.

Oil for the lamps.

III. LESSONS. All this teaches—1. *How to give*—not grudgingly or of necessity (Text), but cheerfully, willingly, liberally, as God has given us.

2. *What to give.* The best we have—as the lad gave the five loaves. (St. John vi. 9.) As Mary gave the precious ointment. (St. John xii. 3.) As Dorcas gave clothes. (Acts ix. 39.) As St. Paul gave all. (Phil. iii. 8.)

3. *Why to give.* As God puts it into our hearts. He has given us all. Shall we not give Him something?

NO. 5. THE TABERNACLE.

To read—*Exodus xl. 1-16. Golden Text*—
Revelation xxi. 3.

I. THE TABERNACLE BUILT. (1-8.) The teacher must show a plan of the Tabernacle. First impress these things on the children:—

1. It was made on a plan given by God—the great Architect. (Heb. viii. 5.)

2. It was an oblong tent easily taken to pieces, size, 45 ft. long, 15 ft. broad, and 15 ft. high.

3. It contained two divisions—The Holy Place and the Most Holy Place.

4. It stood in a large open space enclosed by curtains.

5. It was placed in the middle of the camp, the twelve tribes being placed around it.

Now take the different parts in order:—

THE MOST HOLY PLACE, or Holy of Holies (ver. 3). The innermost part—a small recess at back of Tabernacle, containing only *The Ark*—a wooden box covered with gold containing three things:—

(a) *Aaron's rod* that budded, showing his family chosen to be priests. (Heb. ix. 4.)

(b) *A pot of manna*—laid up as memorial of their food.

(c) *The two tables of stone*, on which the Commandments were written.

The lid (or veil, ver. 3) of the ark, called the Mercy Seat, with golden figures of angels at the two ends.

THE HOLY PLACE. This also contained three things:—

(a) *The altar of incense*—wood covered with gold, on which spices were burnt twice daily; the fire never allowed to go out.

(b) *The table of shewbread*, on which twelve loaves were placed weekly.

(c) *The golden candlestick*, with seven branches and lamps to give light.

THE COURT OF THE TABERNACLE. In this were two things:—

(a) *The altar of burnt offering.* This stood opposite the entrance of the Holy Place; made square, $7\frac{1}{2}$ ft. each way, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high. On this the animals for sacrifice were burned daily.

(b) *The Laver.* Between the altar and the entrance. Made of brass of the polished mirrors of the women

(xxxviii. 8). Its use—for the priest to wash in before entering the Tabernacle.

II. THE TABERNACLE DEDICATED. (9—16.) At last all finished, just a year after leaving Egypt. What a wonderful year it had been! Full of mercies, warnings, judgments. Now they have the visible token of God's presence always with them, and they will start on their road to Canaan full of joy. But, first, all things have to be hallowed, or solemnly set apart as holy to God. The *vessels* must never again be put to common use. The *altar*, laver, and everything must be hallowed, the *priests* anointed with oil, washed with water, receive holy garments, for they had to minister before a holy God.

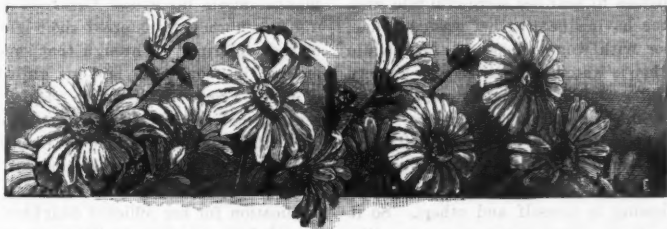
III. LESSONS. The Tabernacle called *Tabernacle of Witness*. (Acts vii. 44.) What did it bear witness to?—

1. *God's perpetual presence*—not as before, merely by a cloud, but in their midst.

2. *God's acceptance of His people*—smoke of incense always going up, type of prayer ascending. (Ps. cxli. 2.)

3. *God's pardon of sin*—daily sacrifices for forgiveness of sin, type of Christ's blood to be shed. (1 St. Peter i. 19.)

So still with us. God by His Spirit dwells with us. (Text.) Christ lived among men (St. John i. 14), and His people shall dwell in His Tabernacle in the heavens for ever.



THE DELAYS OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.



TERNITY," it has been well said, "is the lifetime of the Almighty." Whilst we mortals, having only a brief span of existence, are often tempted to unduly hurry our work, God evolves His great designs for the most part slowly and gradually.

It was, therefore, in beautiful accordance with His Divine character that our Incarnate Lord proceeded in fulfilling the work which the Father had given Him to do. For at least four thousand years His coming had been delayed, and when in the fulness of time He did appear, thirty years of His short life were spent in obscure retirement at Nazareth. There, in His lowly peasant home, and in the carpenter's shop, He was content to learn and practise deep lessons of practical humility and dutiful submission to parental rule. Never was He weary of waiting the appointed hour for commencing His ministry, nor did He once break through the restraints that He had willingly accepted. The delay seems to us mysterious, though we can discern some important reasons for it.

In the same spirit of God-like patience He acted throughout His earthly life. Each day brought its own opportunities for holy teaching and deeds of power and mercy, and He was satisfied with using them as they came, remembering that "the night cometh, when no man can work." The service of

each day was never either postponed or anticipated; but He always acted on His own rule, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." St. John in his Gospel is careful to mark this on several occasions. Thus when the Virgin Mother at the wedding-feast presumed to hint that He should then put forth His power in supplying the wants of the guests, Jesus firmly replied, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Again, later on, when only half of His ministry had been fulfilled, His worldly-minded, unbelieving brethren urged Him to leave His safe retreat in Galilee and return to Judæa, that His disciples also might see His works. This was His gentle though stern rebuke, "My time is not yet come; but your time is always ready." They had nothing to fear from the ungodly world, since they were of it; whereas His times were in His Father's hands, and He would simply wait His will. Immortal till His work was done, He had nothing to fear. "No man laid hands upon Him, for His hour was not yet come." But as soon as in His Divine consciousness He knew that the hour was about to strike when He should offer His atoning sacrifice and return to His Father, without a moment's delay, in meek submission, He goes forth to bear His appointed sufferings. (See St. John xii. 23; xiii. 1; xvii. 1.) Such was the general tenor of His life. It is, however, even more instructive to trace particular instances of this in His dealing with others. Sometimes we see Him with loving promptness hastening to the relief of suffering and sorrow, whilst at other times

He acted with an apparent tardiness and reluctance. These latter cases are specially worthy of our attention, as they throw much light on His mode of acting in providence and grace towards His people still.

The ruler of the synagogue had applied to Him in behalf of his only daughter, lying at the point of death. This was indeed an urgent case. The sand-glass of the loved one's life was hurrying to its last grain; every moment was most precious, and Jesus sets out at once for the house over which death had cast its dark shadow. But another appeal to His compassion waits Him on the way. That afflicted woman's case was indeed sad, but not so urgent. It might have been deferred to a more convenient moment, it would seem; but such was not the mind of Christ. He pauses to hear her sorrowful tale, and, the healing virtue having entered her wasted frame, He dismisses her with words of peace. Meanwhile the agonised father is watching with keenest anxiety the unwelcome interruption, and the message reaches him that his daughter's spirit has passed away. Still, in the end all was well. Richly were his faith and patience rewarded when his child was given back to him alive and well. Thus the delay was fraught with largest blessing to himself and others. So it has often been since. How many a parent, like Rachel bereaved of her children and refusing to be comforted, has afterwards seen abundant reason in the midst of her deepest grief to thank God for the blessings which affliction has brought to her own soul.

"A shepherd," said a mourning mother, telling the story of her conversion, "had a sheep, the sheep had a lamb; in vain had the shepherd tried to lure the wayward sheep into the fold. At last he took up the lamb and carried it into the fold, when the sheep followed it at once." Very similar was the method by which the Good Shepherd had drawn her to Himself.

It was a dark, stormy night on the Lake of Galilee; the disciples were alone, tossing in their frail bark on the angry billows; Jesus had foreseen their danger, although He constrained them to embark. Had He been with them, as on a former occasion, they might have had less fear. But He still lingered on the hill-side, rapt in closest communion with His Father. Hour after hour sped by, the winds rose higher, the waves grew rougher. They toiled on, rowing in the teeth of the gale, but made no way. Now, it was the fourth watch of the night, and the first faint streaks of dawn were just making objects visible, when at length He appears, with God-like power, firmly treading the unstable waters. Why this delay? From His far-off place of prayer He had seen their peril, and yet had not stirred to avert it. Doubtless He was pleading, not only for their temporal deliverance, but for their spiritual and eternal welfare. Lessons were learnt in those long, dark hours, of their own weakness, and of their Master's all-sufficiency, never afterwards forgotten. So has it often been with Christ's Church and His individual people, as they have sailed over the waves of this troublesome world. In moments

of distress and despondency they have been tempted to think that God has forsaken them. They have perhaps been seeking peace, and sought in vain. They have toiled hard in prayer, self-scrutiny, and struggles with their besetting sins, but seemed to make no progress. All the time Jesus has been nearer to them than they supposed; and at length by His Spirit in His Word He has gently whispered to their souls, "I am, be not afraid."

Thus it was with Charles Simeon, when a young man at Cambridge, compelled by collegiate rules to communicate at Easter, but feeling himself unfit. Earnestly did he strive to prepare himself for that holy sacrament, and only grew more unhappy and discouraged. At last a sentence in Bishop Wilson's manual meets his eye—"The Jews knew what they did, when they transferred their guilt to the head of their offering." Through that small crevice light entered his soul. He laid his guilt upon the Lamb of God. From that time he yielded himself to His service, and enjoyed His presence and His peace.

Another notable example of Christ's delay was in connection with the Syro-Phœnician woman. Intelligent faith was combined with deep distress in her application for her afflicted daughter. It must have appealed very strongly to His compassion, and seemed certain to call forth His immediate attention. Nevertheless, at first He received her with chilling silence, broken only by apparent refusal, and followed by reproach, when He answered and said, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." Never did Jesus seem so unlike Himself; but the event amply justified so severe an ordeal. Her faith grew rapidly through it, as some delicate plant thrives under a forcing-frame, and she was dismissed with the heart-cheering benediction, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Well has Bishop Hall applied the lesson: "Our holy longings," he observes, "are increased by delays; it whets our appetite to be held fasting; the benefit that comes with ease is easily contemned; long and eager pursuit endears any favour." How many a Christian mother, like Monica, has had to plead year after year for the conversion of some wayward son! The spirit of evil has seemed to get further possession of his heart. The object of so many earnest prayers has not been suffered to perish. The answer, long delayed, has come at last, and the once unbelieving wanderer has, like Augustine, become a burning and shining light.

The most memorable instance of our Lord's delay remains to be noticed in His dealing with the favoured family of Bethany. The sisters had sent that brief but most touching message, "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." Nor had they presumed too far upon their interest in His affection, for the Evangelist adds, "Now, Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." They were, indeed, the objects of His special and personal regard, and might naturally have expected that He would at once hasten to their relief. Yet very different was His own

conclusion from their premisses. "When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days in the same place where He was." Perfectly aware of all that was going on in that darkened chamber of suffering, and in fullest sympathy with the sufferers, for this very reason He postponed His visit until death had closed the scene, and hope had almost died with Lazarus. But, had He not done so, a most convincing proof would not have been given of His power over the universal destroyer, nor would they or we have received that most precious balm for wounded hearts: "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Very wisely and graciously ordered, then, was this delay. And although we cannot now read so clearly the wisdom which often denies

our entreaties for the life of those dear to ourselves, and when their sickness ends in death it is indeed hard to bow in humble submission, yet in the light of the bright Resurrection morning all shall be made plain, and friends long parted, if one in Christ, shall be forever reunited. Meanwhile the dawning of that blissful day and the triumphant Advent of our King are slowly hastening on.

"Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,"

and yet He has not appeared. Why this long delay? It is not for us to know the times or the seasons, which the Father has put in His own power. One reason, however, is revealed. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

AN EVENING SONG.

SWEETLY sang the birds one even;
Crimson was the sun, and low,
Flushed was all the summer heaven
With a glorious afterglow:
Softly sighed the wind in whispers,
Leaves made answer, soft and light,
Nature's choir were saying vespers
In the temple of the night.

Why doth sadness hold thee, maiden,
With the sunlight on thy breast?
Why with anguish art thou laden,
While all Nature breathes of rest?

"Love is lost," the maiden faltered;
"All is dark, and sad am I."
Still the choir sang on, unaltered,
Still the anthem filled the sky.

Suddenly her soul responded
To the hymn that round her grew;
Anguish from her breast rebounded,
Sadness from her bosom flew;
Light upon her soul was shining—
Light that falls from Heaven above;
"Cease, oh! cease," she cried, "repining:
Life is crowned with perfect Love."

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

OUR CHURCH DOORS AND DOORWAYS.



LINDISFARNE.

HERE and there, many long miles apart, we have an ancient church doorway that we may say is a thousand years old, or more. One was uncovered a short time ago at the west end of Monkwear-

for a great number of years, which fact doubtless helped to preserve it. On removing the plaster, those who were looking on with a surpassing interest saw the distinguishing baluster shafts of Saxon workmanship, on either side of the doorway, resting on large stones sculptured with bird-headed serpents, twisted in an unmistakably Saxon manner into a sort of chain-work; and above them, curved from one to the other, a semicircular door-head, the same, north-country authorities agree, that the old Saxon masons must have placed there when the church was first founded by Benedict Biscop, four hundred years before the Norman Conquest. Truly a priceless relic of the rude times when the hearts of men began to be stirred by the Great Tidings!

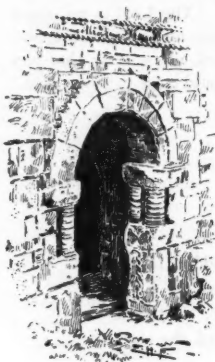
There is a very ancient doorway on the south side of the nave of Ely Cathedral, grotesquely glorious and

mouth Church. It had been covered over with plaster, or "rough-cast," and lost both to sight and memory

superb, on a much larger scale. It is called the Prior's entrance, and opens into the Dean's private garden. It has a semicircular door-head, the tympanum of which is carved with figures representing angels upholding a vesica in which is seated the Lord of Heaven. The jambs of the doorway are rich with scroll-work, and are made into a shoulder-headed form with outstretched human faces projecting from the angles. On either side, between the jambs and the label moulding, there is a column on which winds, spirally, from its base to its cap, a series of birds and animals intertwining their necks, or touching each other's beaks or lips, as the case may be.

The old door is there no longer, having probably decayed, but this wondrous work, with its power and pathos, appeals to us still.

Old church doors were sometimes nearly covered with ramifications of ornamental iron-work, spreading from the hinges in marvellously equable yet indefinable designs. Sometimes their stout oak planks were studded with large nail-heads or bolts; and their locks and handles were always masterpieces of



MONKWEARMOUTH.

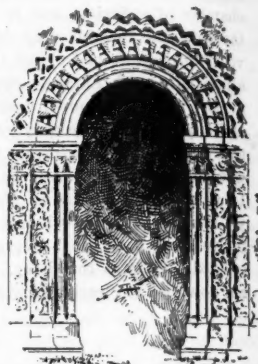
the smith's skill. But as we have said, the Ely doorway is void, and the Monkwearmouth doorway is also doorless.

The south doorway of Steetley Church is very ancient. Around the semicircular door-head is a

series of large, long, sharp-pointed bird-beaks, pointing downwards towards the door; and round these beaks there are rows of zig-zag ornament. The columniated jambs are also carved with intertwined ornaments and animals of dim antiquity. The idea of arranging beaks or tongues to form an enrichment seems to have found favour in the old masons' eyes. In Kilhampton Church there is a semicircular doorhead, very rich in zig-zag mouldings, that has a bead-like row of foxy heads following the curve with their tongues lying

upon the moulding below them; and in Morwinstow Church there is a variety of the same idea made by a mixture of animal and human heads all ranged round a curved moulding, with their tongues or chins lying upon it—pitifully quaint. Less striking than these, but still belonging to the early Norman period, is a doorway in Bucklebury Church, and another in Thatcham Church, with bead-work, and a twisted variety of zig-zag ornament marking the one, and spiral enrichment of the columns distinguishing the other.

Here is a doorway built in the days when Carileph was Bishop of Durham. It is in Lindisfarne Priory Church, on Holy Island. It is twice as high as it



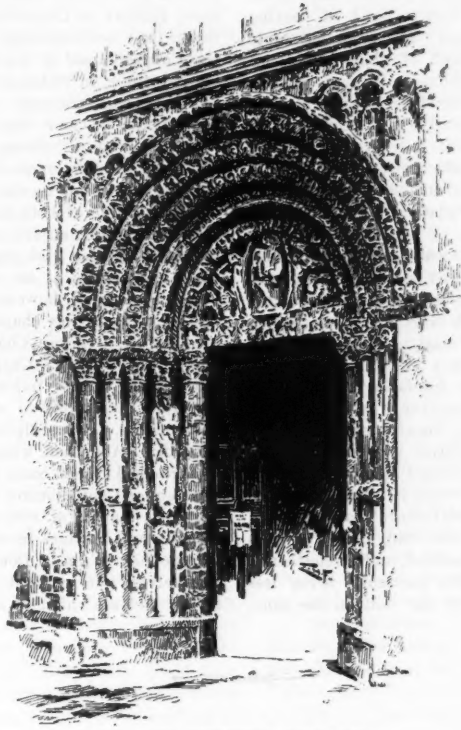
STEETLEY.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL—WEST FRONT.

is wide, without taking into account its majestic door-head. On either side of it are three tall cylindrical columns with cushioned capitals, and between these columns on the recessed masonry are lines of lozenge ornament. The door-head is composed of a semicircle made with seventeen massive stones,

period, and the early Tudor period, we have portals that leave them in the shade. It should be mentioned, however, that it was long ere Scotland discontinued the use of the semicircular door-head. There is a doorway in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, very robust and resolute looking, which is



DOOR OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

round which are twenty-five more, deeply carved with bold zig-zag work, with another curve of twenty-nine more, just as richly carved, and beyond that a noble sweep of label moulding. There is no door here either, only a modern iron gate through which we can see the sturdy pillars of the nave, the moulded arches, the so-called hood-moulds over them, the mass of superb masonry, wind-swept and weather-worn, the great piers of the central tower, the spot near which St. Cuthbert was buried, the grass growing where the paved floor used to be, the sky where the roof was, the sea through gaps, and a few low stone houses in the distance.

But, though Norman doorways eventually became as rich as honeycombs in their closely packed ornamentation, as witness the west doorway of Rochester Cathedral, the north doorway in Durham Cathedral, and many other late examples, when we come to the Plantagenet period, and the York and Lancastrian

wrought with all the mouldings of early fourteenth century work, with leafy pateras inserted between them, and with foliated capitals to its clusters of slender columns, that yet retains the semicircular arch; and there are several other examples of this long resistance to change.

Many ancient doorways have been preserved to us comparatively intact, from the circumstance that they were enclosed in porches before the winds and rains obliterated their decorations, or have been in some other way under shelter.

The west front of Peterborough Cathedral has the air of a vast entrance divided into three tall pointed arches, with a gablet full of ornamental work over each of them. These lofty, cavernous arches form a huge portico to the three doorways ensconced within them. There is, however, a porch proper of two storeys, thrown out before the central doorway, which is enriched with niches having statues in them, on

both stages. The real doorways are severely simple, reliance having been placed upon clusters of plain columns and mouldings only for effect.

For a reaction set in, after the Norman period, in favour of extreme simplicity. The north doorway of the nave of Lanercost Priory Church is an example of the severity of treatment that first superseded the richly carved curves that had been so much to the Norman masons. Here, from the plainest bases to the plainest caps, having one narrow band of carving only, rise two slender columns; and from one cap to the other springs a lofty arch of plain mouldings, without a vestige of enrichment, except a little foliage on the dripstone of the label mould. It was as though a surfeit of decoration had been brought about, and not a trace of it was to be tolerated. "High thinking" was to take the place of the old graceful allurements; purity and simplicity were to be taken from their hiding-place, and set up before all eyes.

As time went by, simplicity was once more set aside; ornamentation crept in. At first, a little more foliage. Then, a little geometric configuration. Then, niches full of figures overhung with tabernacle work, bas-reliefs, finials and crockets. Finally, lavish sumptuousness of decoration. Luxury was beginning to establish itself in the homes of our forefathers, and it did not seem good to them to leave the "habitations" of the Lord with less enrichment than their own. Before the full extent of ornamentation was reached, there were doorways made with arched headings inserted within spare compartments, which left spandrels to be filled with carving. In Merton College Chapel, Oxford, the hood-mould is united to the string course, or rises to its level. The door is panelled, and strengthened with many bolt-heads, in this particular being less interesting than the door of the hall in the same

college, which has very splendid floriated hinges extending over the whole of it. There were also doorways divided in the centre by a pillar, or a cluster of pillars, with foliated heads to the divisions, and a quatrefoil, or some other ornamental work, to fill up the space over them, under the large arch encompassing them. Masks and clumps of foliage were often used for dripstones at this time. There is a doorway thus divided at St. Cross, Hampshire: and, amongst many more, another in Lincluden Abbey Church, though of rather later workmanship. The doorway leading into the Chapter-house of Rochester Cathedral is a stage beyond these in richness. The door is divided by mullions and transoms into many cusped-headed compartments; and the doorway has a series of sculptured figures rising one above another, and following its sharp curve till it terminates with angels meeting at its apex; the whole being encompassed with an edging of bold flowing crockets, culminating in a finial, which environment stands out of a square background, filled with diaper-work. Masonry, at this time, had arrived at an expression of ecstasy.

It was destined, however, to go further. We have but to mention the chapel of King's College, Cambridge; St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle; and Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, with their great following. Doorways became veritable invitations to enter, with their canopies, their niches, their sculpture, and other enticing decorations. And then, when this height of enrichment was reached, there came a reaction again. Classic pilasters and entablatures became the mode for doorways, to match, of course, the rest of the classic features and outlines introduced by Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren. Doubtless these are good in themselves, but we need not lose sight of the historical and art value of our earlier examples.

S. W.



A HOME MISSION.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," "PAIN AND GAIN," ETC. ETC.



T certainly ought to have been a cosy room, and with equal certainty the face of the middle-aged woman who was sewing in its bay-window ought to have been a kindly and a pleasant one, for both had great capabilities; but somehow there the matter rested.

In spite of its well-lined bookcases and quaint old furniture, the room looked prim and unhomelike—even a little chilly, summer though it was; for Miss Anna, who treated her carpets with far more deference than she treated herself, had pulled down the white dimity blinds for fear of the August sunshine, and now was with difficulty working in the dim light. As to the face, the mouth would have been a gentle one if it had not lost its old trick of smiling, and grown set and grim in the hard,

narrow life she had chosen to lead; and before the eyes had so persistently looked upon the shadowed side of life, they must have been sufficiently kindly to prove attractive to many. But none of her present surroundings could remember the time when she was anything else but the woman they now knew her, abrupt in speech, blunt in manner, and apparently desiring nothing better than to ignore her neighbours and be ignored by them in return.

True, she subscribed liberally to all the village charities, and took an immense amount of pains to insure the coals or soup-tickets going to the proper recipients; but the line which she drew round her helpfulness was hard and fast, and not to be overcome even by the cheery doctor's most eloquent appeals. As to Mr. Denton, the vicar, everybody knew that he had no chance of succeeding in his

wish to draw her into a happier and more active life; for somehow the real reason of Miss Anna's avoidance of him had become known, and was the stock story of the village gossips.

They were fond of telling each other how, ten years before, young Edward Denton, the vicar's son, had loved and wooed pretty Winnie Martin. And when this elder sister, Anna, had strenuously objected, and had tried to break the engagement, the two young people had taken matters into their own hands, and had been married quietly one morning in a dull London church, not a stone's-throw from the house where Miss Anna was busying herself about some work for the much-petted sister, without once guessing that even then her darling had left her for ever. After that, she had taken this cottage at the far end of the village, and had lived so quietly, and had kept so much by herself, that they would never have had this choice bit of scandal with which to flavour their afternoon teas, had not the new vicar proved to be the father of young Denton, and thus the story had got wind.

Edward was a missionary in India now; his pretty, silly wife had drooped and died some four years ago, and their children were living with a certain Lady Denton in London.

Never, apparently, was a case so well ventilated, or so thoroughly understood; and with the happy consciousness that they were in a position to sit in judgment upon the whole affair, popular feeling set strongly in favour of the lovers' cause (as at present impersonated by old Mr. Denton), while the grim-faced woman in the inhospitable little cottage was universally condemned, and then left severely alone.

On that particular August day, however, when Miss Anna was sitting in the half-veiled light of her little drawing-room, two intending visitors were slowly walking along the dusty road. They were two small boys, clad in white piqué sailor suits; and they walked slowly, because when one's spelling is only a recently acquired accomplishment, it takes some little time to read even the big-lettered titles of printed circulars. More especially the elder had quite enough to occupy him, for while the hand which held the papers was thrown protectingly round his little brother's neck, in the other he carried a large school-slate, on which was written, in a child's sprawling characters, these words: "*Basil and Teddy.*"

Arrived at the cottage, the bigger of the lads, who was evidently the guiding spirit in their arrangements, carefully selected two of the largest of the scarlet geraniums which were blossoming in the little front garden, and having fastened one sprig in the centre of the younger child's loosely knotted tie, he proceeded to adorn himself in a similar fashion. The soft petals touched the little one's bared neck, and he objected.

"Basie, it tickles. Must Teddy wear it?" he pleaded.

"Must," said Basil decisively. "It's politeness

to look grand. Why, it takes Auntie Nell a whole hour to dress when *she* pays calls!" And then he picked up his papers and slate, and they trotted up the path to the front door.

"No, I'm quite sure you can't come in. Missis never sees anybody, not even pretty young gentlemen like you."

"I think perhaps you had better ask. I am quite sure she would like to see us."

These two speeches—one in the gruff accents of her own servant, and the other in the soft, contiding tones of a little child—struck oddly upon Miss Anna's ear as she sat listening expectantly to what would follow the unusual sound of the rusty door-bell. Who could be speaking to Jane? And what right had the girl to be denying her without waiting for the necessary orders? It was this last thought which gained the boys their admittance; for, angry at what she chose to consider Jane's impertinence, Miss Anna flung open her room door, and suddenly appeared in the hall.

"The children are quite right," Jane," she said, stammering a little at the first glimpse of her visitors. "Show them in."

She turned back into the room, and the boys followed her, baring their curly heads as they did so.

"Do you mind drawing up the blinds? or else I can't begin," asked Basil, as soon as he had carefully shut the door after him.

"Draw up blinds," repeated Teddy, with an explanatory wave of his chubby hands; and, greatly mystified, their hostess did as she was bid.

Basil gave his hat and slate into his brother's keeping, grasped the papers tightly with both hands, and taking a deep breath, began reading out loud.

"Soup Kitchen," he drawled. "Miss An-na Mar-tin. One pound." He lowered the circular, and glanced up at her with bright, inquisitive eyes. "That you?" he asked.

"Yes. What of it? What do you want?"

Gravely as a young judge he resumed his reading.

"Mo-thers' Soci—Society. Miss An-na Mar-tin—two pounds. That you again?"

He hardly waited for her assenting nod before he started afresh.

"Coals, and Hospital, and something I can't read. One and two, and yes, it is five pounds. All that you?"

"Yes," said Miss Anna again. Her feeling of mystification was giving way to a sense of the absurdity of the whole thing.

Basil methodically folded up the papers, and slipped them into his open sailor blouse.

"Then I'll just tell you what I think," he said at last: "you are just the very goodest woman I ever saw."

"The very goodest," repented Teddy, whose rôle in life appeared to be that of sympathetic echo; and then the two little fellows stood side by side solemnly staring up at her with widely stretched blue eyes.

"You are the first person down here who ever thought me good!" returned Miss Anna, with a tartness which was in nowise intended for the children; and then she added, "Who are you? And where did you get those lists?"

Basil hastily held out his slate. "Oh! I beg your pardon," he cried; "I quite forgot. We haven't got any visiting cards, me and Teddy, but we thought this would do. And we found the lists up at Dr. Lane's."

Miss Anna felt suddenly enlightened. She had heard the doctor had been expecting a couple of young cousins for a month's holiday, and although she had imagined them as being considerably older, her present visitors must clearly be they. What pets they were! and how pretty, too—Teddy especially, with a far-off, dreamy look in his long-lashed eyes, and with the soft petals of the scarlet flower touching his white throat. Anna Martin had that strong mother-instinct which, satisfied or not, forms so large a part of some women's natures, and she would have liked nothing better than to take the child in her arms. He looked such a wee mite to be sitting independently on one of those stiff-backed chairs where Basil had by this time carefully perched him. But it was so many years since she had even touched a child that she could not be sure if he would come to her, so she resolutely linked her hands one within the other and sat down again in her accustomed chair, suddenly feeling her loneliness in a way in which she had never felt it before in all these long, dreary years. Meanwhile Basil was chatting away bravely.

"Nobody told us to come," he informed her. "But I'm a big boy now. My legs are covered up." He patted his white trousers with conscious pride, and glanced scornfully at Teddy, who stroked his bare knees in humble deprecation. "So we thought we'd call, and see what such a very good woman looked like, and cheer you up a bit."

The sweet voice rang blithely through the room, and Miss Anna's firm lips relaxed into a smile.

"That was very good of you," she said gravely. "What made you want to cheer me up?"

At this point Teddy, who had been sitting silently on the edge of the great chair, suddenly burst out, in a great state of excitement—

"Papa a mission-way. That's why. Teddy knows." He rolled off his seat, and rushing across to Miss Anna, he planted both little elbows upon her knee, and pillowing his chin in his hands, he stood looking at her, his face flushed and eager. "We are mission-waries, too," he added.

"Teddy is a clever little boy," said Basil patronisingly, "but he don't quite understand. I'll tell you! Our auntie in London says that missionaries go right into other folks' houses. Just fancy! I thought at first that it was rather rude, but auntie says no. And they cheer them up, and make them all comfortable and happy by talking to them. So, as you're lonesome—we know, 'cos we've been here

three days, and nobody ever goes in and out of *your* door—we thought we'd do like papa, and come and see you."

There was no hesitation this time: Miss Anna stooped and kissed both children. "Thank you, dear," she said to Basil, and her voice seemed hardly to belong to her, it sounded so much brighter and younger. "So you thought I was 'lonesome,' did you? What made you think that?"

"Everything," said the boy comprehensively; and then he broke into a peal of laughter, in which Teddy joined. "I tell you what," he went on eagerly, "I'll cheer you up, just like we do the auntie in town; and we'll play that *you* are auntie for once. First we will get some flowers, and then we'll have lots of sunshine. Fancy shutting out anything that is pretty!"

The blinds flew up to the very top of the windows under the touch of the impatient little hand at the cord, and then Basil ran out into the garden to gather some flowers.

"Go and say we want a 'ticularly good tea. It will do her good," he shouted to his brother, and Teddy obediently trotted off in search of the maid.

Presently they were both back again, eagerly demanding vases in which to place their treasures; and though both boys scorned every vestige of leaf, and clamoured loudly for the gayest-tinted flowers, their combined efforts at all events made up in brilliancy what they lacked in taste. When the astonished servant had brought in the tea-things, her utter perplexity at this new state of affairs was rendered even greater by the sight of her mistress's face. Miss Anna was bustling about, looking quite as excited as either of her little guests, agreeing with Basil that the glare of the afternoon sun was the best way to brighten up the faded carpet, and consoling little Teddy when an over-blown rose fell to pieces in his hand.

"I vow that missis looked for all the world as if she had come in for a fortune," declared the wondering maid when afterwards discussing that afternoon; and for once that young woman was in the right. "Come into a fortune" Miss Anna undoubtedly had.

When the merry meal came to an end, Basil insisted upon hoisting his brother into their friend's lap, remarking as he did so, "He is rather a heavy boy; but, as you're bigger than me, perhaps you won't mind?" Then he fetched a stool, and seated himself at Miss Anna's feet, with his curly head resting against her knees. "Tell us a tale, please. Do!" he said coaxingly.

Miss Anna sat silent for a moment, looking down upon the two fair heads. There had been a time when she too had had a love-dream; a time when, but for the delicate little sister who had been left to her care, her lot might have been changed into the fuller and completer life of wife and motherhood. The pressure of Teddy's soft cheek against her shoulder, the touch of Basil's clinging fingers, might

have been those of her own children had things been otherwise.

"Tell you a tale, my darlings?" she said gently. "What shall it be about?"

old trouble of hers, but in her present softened mood, it was a relief to win the sympathy of this little lad who could understand nothing of the hidden meaning of her words.



"The children are quite right, Jane," she said.—p. 667.

Teddy did not answer. The white lids were stealing over the blue eyes, and the little fellow was growing drowsy, but Basil's reply was prompt enough.

"Didn't you ever have a little boy or a little girl? Tell us about them," he suggested.

"Yes, I had a little girl once: a baby sister." Miss Anna's voice was low, and rather tremulous. To no one else on earth could she have spoken of this

"Go on," said Basil contentedly; "I like little girls. What was her name?"

"Winifred. She was the dearest little child I ever saw. I was twenty years older than she, and as she grew as wilful as she was pretty, I suppose I spoilt her." She went on telling the boy some anecdotes of this idolised sister which she thought might amuse him, and then she stopped abruptly. "That is all, Basil."

"Oh!" said the child, in a disappointed tone, "but that can't be all. Where is she now?"

"She went away from me. She fell in love. You would not understand." The words were impatient, almost querulous: her trouble was too sore to be framed into words.

"Oh, but I do understand!" retorted her seven-year-old listener. "Our cook in London fell in love, and after that she went and lived with the gardener instead of living with us. Oh! dear me, yes! I know quite well what love is."

He jumped up suddenly, and stroked her thin cheek with a confiding little hand. "Were you angry because she wanted to go away?" he whispered.

"Angry? Oh, no!" She put her arm round him, and drew him yet closer to her. "I knew my darling wouldn't be happy. Edward was so terribly in earnest, and she was only fitted for a butterfly kind of life. And then she died, and I was not even told she was ill, until it was too late."

Basil gave her a hasty kiss, and wriggled himself free. He could not understand, and it made him uncomfortable to see the sad, misty eyes.

"Let's talk about something else. You aren't cheering up one bit," he said reproachfully; and then he broke off with—"Oh! how pretty!"

It was a little painted miniature before which he had come to a standstill, and now he lifted it from its place at a side-table, and carried it back to his brother.

"Wake up, Teddy, and look at this.—Is this your little girl? Ah! I thought so.—Look, Teddy."

It was the head of a child about his own age, and he gazed admiringly at the smiling face; but Teddy objected to being thus unceremoniously aroused.

"Tisn't a little girl," he said crossly. "It's Bassie."

"Don't be so silly!" returned Basil hotly. "It is no such thing—is it, Miss Martin?"

It hurt his dignity to be compared to a girl, and he turned and faced her, the red lips pouting, the soft brows contracted in a frown.

Miss Anna started violently, and then looked fixedly at him without answering a word. With just that expression on her angry little face, with her hands clenched as were Basil's now, her wilful young sister had often enough faced her in just such a fashion. With a great effort she steadied her quivering lips, and held out her hand.

"I don't think I quite understand," she said slowly, almost piteously, while her heart beat fast at the thought of what might be awaiting her. "Teddy thinks so, and I—I think so, too; but you *can't* be like my little sister, if you are Dr. Lane's cousin."

A perplexed look stole into the child's eyes, and he waited a full minute before speaking again, this time in his old persuasive tones.

"Don't be so unhappy," he pleaded. "I don't

mind looking like that little girl, if you would rather. See!" He bowed his curly head, and pressed his lips to the smiling pictured mouth. "But you make a mistake. We're not Dr. Lane's cousins, Teddy and me."

"Then who—who are you?"

And following at once upon the rapid, broken words, came the boyish voice in answer—

"I am Basil Denton," he said.

It was with no small amount of trepidation that, some half-hour later, old Mr. Denton went soberly up the garden path of Miss Anna's cottage. Having finally succeeded in tracing the whereabouts of his truant grandsons, it was clearly his business to follow them at once, and to apologise for their intrusion. But how heartily he wished the necessity had never arisen! What would she say? How would she look? It was impossible that, with two such chatterers, she could have remained in ignorance as to the identity of her self-invited guests; and he could only marvel that she had not straightway sent them home again. Would she require many apologies, or would she cut them short in the icy manner which had already raised so great a barrier between them?

He was about to ring for admittance, when the sound of the children's laughter stayed his hand. The window was open, and he could catch what was said.

"I am so glad that you are our auntie really, instead of only supposing it."

Basil's blithe little voice was followed by the devoted Teddy's echo of "*So glad!*" and then the elder lad began again—

"Gran'pa told me he never called here. Why, auntie?"

The trio were so much wrapped up in each other, that they did not catch the sound of the bell, or the man's step in the passage. Mr. Denton had entered the house, and, motioning the maid to silence, now stood waiting quietly by the open door.

"I am afraid he didn't come because I didn't want him, dear," answered Miss Anna, unwilling to tell the child even so much, but honest as usual.

"But you want him now, don't you? And I'm sure he'd like you—lots!" He opened his arms expressively, and looked up at her with a bright smile. "Suppose he came to fetch us to-night, what would you do then, auntie?"

The question had barely been uttered, when a slight movement from the other end of the room made her glance up. The vicar was standing in the open doorway.

For one moment her lips tightened, and the old stern look came into her eyes, but the next she rose, and, still holding little Teddy very closely, she laid her other hand upon Basil's curly head—

"I should say, 'Bring him in,' dear," said Miss Anna simply. M. E. W.

A DEAD CITY.

A VISIT TO AMBER.



NE of the strangest, and—to travellers, such as we were last winter—the most interesting sights in India are the Dead Cities, which are to be found in different parts of the country. They are not ruins. In one particular instance, which I hope to mention later, the city has scarcely so much as been occupied. They are simply dead. No commerce goes on within their walls; their temples are deserted; the houses have, in many cases, fallen to pieces from sheer disuse. None but two or three poor peasants, and, where there are historical monuments, men to look after them, dwell in their boundaries. Called up by the caprice of a despot, by the same caprice they have been abandoned, for the new town, which supplants the old, is often only a few miles distant from it.

We were at Jeypore, the capital of a little State governed by a Maharajah of its own, but under the protection of the British Government, when we heard of the first of these Dead Cities.

"Of course you will visit Amber?" said our fellow-travellers. "It is by far the most interesting excursion here."

"What is Amber?" we wanted to know.

Amber, we were told, was once the capital of the State. It is built deep in the amphitheatre of hills that lie round the modern town. It contains a curious palace, still used occasionally by the Maharajah and his wives, and several temples, notably one to the terrible Kallee, the goddess of blood and slaughter, and it was abandoned for the present capital by a Maharajah who lived about two hundred years ago. So, after spending two days in exploring Jeypore, we determined to make our way to Amber.

Jeypore itself is worthy of a few words: not that there is anything either stately or magnificent to be seen within its walls. Indeed, the chief peculiarity of the city, in my eyes at least, is that it is so extraordinarily amusing. Its utter unlikeness to anything you have ever seen before rivets your attention at once. Passing under one of the gateways through the crenellated wall that hems the little city in, you find yourself suddenly in a dazzling world of pink and white. Shops, house-fronts, walls, are all painted in the same fascinating colours. This, at first, has a somewhat bewildering effect. When recovering yourself, you look round, you are further amused by the architecture. From the palace, which, with its elaborate gardens, fountains, and fish-ponds, spreads over a large space of ground, to the smallest of the houses, everything is built after what we may call the pastry-cook style. Such alcoves, such verandahs, such turrets, such porches, such perforated screens we saw, and all on such a minute scale—fine in intention, tawdry in execution. I began presently to fancy myself in a

child's paradise of toys and dolls' houses. And the life of the streets is no less amusing than are the streets themselves. Never shall I forget the day when we came out suddenly upon the market-place, a large open space in the centre of the town, planted with two or three large trees, and on this occasion literally crammed with the dark-hued, picturesque people. We were driving; but not being able to resist the desire to see them more closely, I entreated to be put down, and in a few moments we were in the midst of the crowd. All sorts of little merchants were here—in toys, in buttons and brass-ware, in flaming cottons, in sweets and grain, in little round caps of crimson and gold and green, in beads and cutlery; and all the wares were spread out upon the ground, each merchant squatted, with folded arms and expression of Eastern imperturbability, in the midst of his goods, while hundreds clustered round examining the wares. We became centres of attraction, and when we stopped to make a few purchases, the people flocked about us with eager curiosity in their faces; but all were friendly and gentle.

When we left the market, and drove through the city, we found it gay and busy. Rich Indians—in gaily coloured turbans and snow-white jackets, often with two or three attendants behind them—were walking through the streets; the wives of the Maharajah—driven in carriages closely covered with crimson, and attended by a troop of lancers—were driving about the town; richly caparisoned horses, ridden by gorgeous grooms, were passing at a gallop; and stupid, sleepy-looking camels—which are, I should think, the very funniest animals created (I can never look at them without laughing)—were standing in strings by the roadside, munching their food, or being led by the nose, with outstretched necks, along the sandy ways. It was, altogether, a curious, shifting, many-coloured scene, which possessed for me a peculiar fascination. Very different was the Dead City, for which on the following day we were bound. The journey to Amber from Jeypore is made partly by carriage and partly by elephant. Travellers who propose to make the excursion must give notice at their hotel the day before, and an elephant from the Maharajah's stables will be in waiting, at the point where the road becomes impracticable for carriages, to take them further.

All arrangements having been made, we started from our hotel at an early hour of the forenoon. Our way led across the modern town. Passing out of it, we came into a road that seems to lead right up into the rampart of hills behind the city. Many of the hill-tops are crowned with buildings, which, we hear, are temples. One is dedicated to the sun, another to the much-worshipped Mahadeo. The plain at the foot of the hills consists of barren, sandy ground, on which nothing but plants of the cactus order appears to thrive. There are a few sickly locking trees, and these are surrounded by low

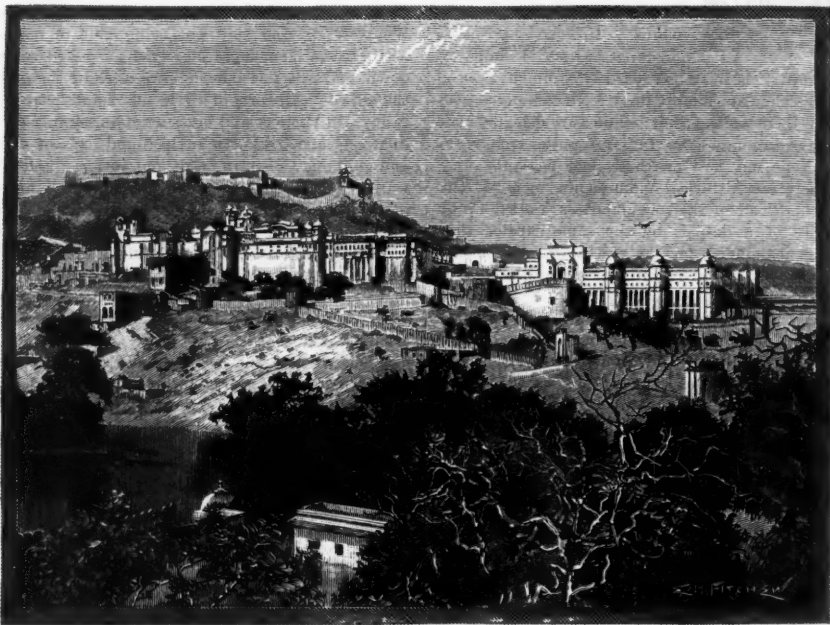
hedges of cactus. The plain is scattered over with the ruins of tombs and temples, and in the midst of these the peasants have their homes.

After we had driven on for two or three miles, we saw where the white road up the hill, on which Amber is built, rose steeply in front of us, and the red fort, gleaming white palace, and crenellated walls of the ancient city shone out through a radiant sun-mist. Then, as the valley between the hills opened

come. But nothing happened. I became accustomed soon to the swaying movement, and, feeling safer, began to enjoy looking about me.

Mounting rapidly, we were going into the heart of the hills. Soon we began to skirt the lake, which is shadowed here and there by the soft green of the weem and peepul trees that hang over it.

The road is bordered by the blackened ruins of the abandoned houses, above which tower the steeples of



AMBER.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Spooner and Co.)

out, we saw a little green lake beneath the castle, and on the hill-sides a bewildering confusion of blackened walls, gaping house-fronts, and curious, conical-roofed temples. Shortly after this we reached the point where the carriage-road came to an end, and here the elephant which was to take us on farther—one of the hugest creatures I have ever seen—stood in waiting with his drivers.

We alighted from our carriage; the huge creature knelt to receive us, and, with the help of a ladder, we climbed on to the howdah on his back. It was my first experience of elephant-riding; and I am fain to confess, that when he rose from his knees and I found myself hoisted up so many feet from the ground—above all, when he began to move, swaying slowly from side to side—I felt more particularly unsafe than I had ever done in all my life. Every time the creature snorted or moved a step to either side, I would feel as if an earthquake shock had

deserted temples. It was curious, not to say weird, to be moving thus in broad daylight through the town whose life had departed from it so many years ago.

Up a narrow, steep, stony causeway, bordered by a parapet overhanging the lake, our elephant tramped on steadily. We passed under a great gateway, wound upwards, passed under another, and pulled up at last in a large court-yard, under the shadow of a fine indiarubber tree. Here our elephant knelt, and we dismounted. The court is surrounded with white-washed buildings of no particular architectural merit. One of these is the temple of that blood-loving Kalee, to whom in bygone days costly human sacrifices were offered, and now every morning a goat is killed in her honour. The temple, decorated in a florid, barbarous fashion, and redolent of incense, is very dark; and a few priests, dressed in faded-coloured robes, were hanging about inside, one of them reading or

reciting in a monotonous chant. Crossing over to the opposite side of the court, we pushed into a much finer and more spacious enclosure. Here is the Durbar, a large audience hall, which forms a part of every Eastern palace. Its roof is supported with marble pillars: it is elaborately decorated with frescoes, and open on all sides to the air. The beautiful doorway of the famous palace of glass, which once made the glory of Amber, faces the Durbar; and following our guide, we proceeded to explore it. We walked through a long series of rooms and halls, which are mostly of the same type. From the floor to two or three feet above it they are lined with delicately sculptured marble, while the roof and the rest of the walls are wrought with plaster and fragments of mirror into a variety of curious devices. Very strange is the effect of this decoration; for if one moves a finger or shakes a hat, the roof and walls appear straightway to be quivering.

There are many rooms and passages, and some of them are furnished with shallow canals, through which, when the Maharajah comes—he visits Amber twice a year—water is made to flow. The grander rooms are supported by pillars, and they are all furnished with beautifully perforated screens of marble and stone, that look down upon the hall.

We now visited the Zenana, or women's apartments. The rooms and passages are small here, many of them

exceedingly pretty, and some two or three open to the sky. A few of the lattices look down upon the Durbar Hall, enabling the ladies, themselves unseen, to assist at the grand receptions which would formerly have been held there. There is a covered passage from the Zenana to the court, used when the ladies go out to drive, and some of their open courts and balconies command magnificent views of the crumbling town, the open plain, and the range of green hills behind it. We had seen now what was most worth seeing in Amber. I should have liked to explore the ruins by the roadside, but I was told that I should find nothing in them to reward me for the pains. There is no such thing as old domestic architecture in India. The finest workmanship is lavished upon tombs, Palaces come next, then Hindu temples, which are mostly of the same type. A circular building with extinguisher-shaped roof, often floridly decorated, standing in the midst of an open court, cannot be said to have any architectural value—in the Northwest, that is to say, where we travelled.

And so we left Amber, returning, as we had come, on the heavy-footed elephant, and when we drove into the living city, lo and behold! men in multitudes were thronging its streets. Will this city die, we wondered, as its predecessor has done? In its turn, no doubt. But pretty as it is, I scarcely think that it will leave such traces behind it.



"AS UNTO THE LORD."

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON BY THE LATE BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men."—COL. iii. 23.



THESE words of St. Paul, though in the first instance addressed to servants only, may afford with equal fitness a lesson to every Christian, inasmuch as the practice which they recommend, and the principle on which that practice is founded, apply to all of us

alike, in whatever condition of life the Almighty Will has placed us. The practice recommended is that of sincerity and earnestness in the discharge of our various duties; and the reason given for such earnestness and sincerity is the fact that in the discharge of these duties it is God, not man, Whom we seek to please, and from Whom we hope for recompense. "Whatsoever ye do"—that is, whatever duties ye undertake to perform, whatever act of devotion you address to God, whatever act of charity or justice you profess to render to mankind—"do it heartily."

There are three ways of doing anything and everything, between which, when sufficiently offered to his notice, there is none who cannot well distinguish. There is, first, the seeming and unreal

performance—when a man does exactly so much of that which he undertakes to do, and does it in such a manner as that, with as little trouble or self-denial as possible, he may carry the appearance and lay claim to the reward of diligent and successful labour. A man of this character, at church, kneels down and folds his hands, but he thinks only of his farm or his merchandise. In his dealings he produces a showy and unsubstantial commodity—an unfair sample of his goods, an unjust statement of his expenses, a fraudulent measure of his labour. In his friendship he contents himself with fair words, forgotten as soon as uttered. In his professions of humanity none are so loud as he; but his aims are as scanty as his credit in the world will allow, and he gives nothing except when seen of men. To say that this man is *heartily* in the performance of his duties would be a mockery of the word. He cannot even be said to *perform* his duties at all, since he only does something which looks *like* them. His service is only eye-service. He is a hypocrite towards his God, and with his brethren of mankind a deceiver; and there is no one character which God from the first, and man so soon as it is detected, unite to hold in more abhorrence.

Another kind of man there is, less false and hollow, less impious and dishonest, than him of whom I have been speaking, whose performance is not *seeming* and *unreal*, but *tedious*, *listless*, and *stoutly*. He performs that which he undertakes, and he expects and desires no more reward or praise than he believes to be his due; but he cares not how little he undertakes, or how little others may be satisfied with the manner in which he executes it. He does what he conceives himself to be bound to do, but he does no more, and this he does with as little trouble to himself as possible. He joins in the public prayers, and he fears to sleep till he has privately commended himself to his Creator; but his devotions are cold and formal, and his praises uttered in weariness of spirit. He abhors the thought of *injuring* his neighbour, but he has no kind of pleasure in *serving* him. He fears to turn away his face from the prayer of the poor; but he gives alike without inquiry to the idle and the unemployed, the vicious and the unfortunate; and he gives not so much from a desire of relieving his perishing brother, as because he fears the reproach of being hard-hearted. Now, though such a person as this can be neither called dishonest nor hypocritical, it is plain, on the very face of his conduct, that he is unamiable and unprofitable—that his character is one which no man will patiently endure in a friend, a servant, or a fellow-labourer, and one against which, in the concerns of religion, the Almighty has Himself directed the edge of the keenest and most bitter sarcasm: “Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.” “I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot—I would that thou wert *hot or cold*! So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth.”

There is an ancient poem, with which some of you are well acquainted, in which we read how one passing in a vision through the various places of punishment to which in the unseen world the damned are sentenced, beheld a gloomy valley where those souls were laid who had endeavoured to stand neuter between the Almighty and His enemies—the refuse of all creation, whom God would not receive, and whom hell itself was ashamed of. “Pass on,” said the spirit who led him through these abodes of misery; “pass on, and ask no questions here. Even the devils despise these sluggards!” But how different are both the hollow pretence and the cold and listless performance from that active zeal which never thinks himself to have done enough for his God and his fellow-creatures; which stops not in prayer till he has obtained a blessing, nor in labour till his end is answered, nor in discharging his obligations till no loophole remains for mistake or misrepresentation, nor in charity till the distress is really relieved, or till the means in his power are all employed ineffectually. This is hearty service, this true performance, this love unfeigned, and beloved both by mankind and the Maker of all, making others happy, and happy

and contented in himself—happy as giving vent by his daily actions to feelings which are only painful when repressed within us; happy in hope, as having always a near and attainable object presented to his endeavours; happy in the consciousness of deserving the love of mankind; and happiest of all in the certainty of His love Whom chiefly he seeks to please, and Who only can duly understand or abundantly reward the sincerity and *heartiness* of his services.

This *heartiness*, then, and sincerity—this *willingness of soul*—is that which we are called on by the Apostle to display in all our actions as that without which we shall certainly fail in doing our duty, either *really or fully or satisfactorily*. And the consideration which St. Paul suggests as likely to impel us to this *heartiness* is (as I have already observed) that, in the discharge of all our duties, either to God or man, it is not man only, nor man chiefly, whom we should seek to please, and from whom we should hope for recompense, but the Allwise and Almighty Judge of men and angels. As the truth of this doctrine is certain from the present passage—as it is, in fact, an opinion which all have held who held the reality of God’s Providence at all—I may well be spared the labour of showing how conformable such an opinion is to reason, and how forcibly it may be confirmed from innumerable other passages of Scripture, that the Lord who sitteth on high yet humbleth Himself to behold the things which are done upon earth; and that whatsoever a man soweth in this field of tears and trial, the same shall he also reap in the great harvest of creation. But the strength of the motive thus urged to an *active and hearty* discharge of our duties may be seen by a reference to the different motives or feelings which dispose the fraudulent or the idle to those acts or that listlessness which I have lately laid before you.

I begin with those who by a seeming and hollow pretence of performance deceive the confidence of men and usurp the reward or the praise due to real virtue and diligence. Now, of these men, it is plain that they are encouraged to their idleness and deceit by their opinion of the blindness and ignorance of those with whom they have to deal; whose praise they may earn with shadows, and who are unable to penetrate through the outward show of piety, fair dealing, diligence, and humanity. It is because they are men-pleasers; it is because they seek to please men only, and because they have found with how shallow artifices men may be pleased and deceived, that they are hypocritical and fraudulent. But how suddenly are their souls laid bare of these flattering comforts, how great and certain and awful a necessity is laid on them to be truly that which they pretend to be, when, for the judgment of their ignorant, short-sighted fellow-creatures, is substituted the ever-waking eye, the ever-present hand, the all-searching heart, and the everlasting sentence of the mightiest and wisest and most terrible of Beings,

Whom they can neither cheat with an outward show nor satisfy with an imperfect performance, and Whose rewards only are to be attained, and His condemnation only to be avoided, by an unreserved and willing and anxious and hearty endeavour to do what He would have done by us!

Nor is it the hypocrite alone who is thus driven into realities by the terrors of the Divine superintendence. An indolent and careless discharge of our duties is condemned by the same consideration. They who fall into a habit of this kind are not, indeed, animated by the praise of men, but they are often afraid of their censure; and against this censure, and against every other real or imagined hindrance which their indolence suggests against the diligent performance of their duty, their worldly ambition and their desire of worldly rewards are too weak to bear them up. Their fears are in this world stronger than their hopes; and where fear prevails, to a certain point inactivity is sure to follow. But furnish these men with new and far stronger motives for exertion than any which this world can supply; teach them that the praise of man, or worldly profit, or worldly repose and tranquillity, are the very least of all which they may gain or lose by exertion or by idleness; teach them that they are in the hands of a Master who requires from them far more than a mere perfunctory discharge of the duties which He has laid on them, a Master whose least reward surpasses all the hopes and all the merits of human nature, Whose lightest chastisement has power, when but spoken of or recollected, to make the flesh creep and the hair to stand on end. Set heaven in their view, and show the mouth of hell gaping behind them, and then see whether they will not be quickened in their march to everlasting glory, and whether they will not strive more earnestly to gain His favour whose sentence was so severe on the servant who hid his talent in the ground, and who, at His second coming, has told us beforehand that He will require His own with usury! So powerful is the Apostle's argument: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men!"

Nor are they the habitually fraudulent, or the constitutionally indolent only, with whom this continual sense of God's inspection and this continual anticipation of God's great day of reckoning with His servants will be found a useful and needful incentive to be really that which they would desire to seem, and to do that heartily and without delay which their conscience tells them is fit and necessary to be done. The weakness of our common nature makes such a monitor required by all, and the most sincere and the most active among our number will but too often find himself disposed to assume more than he has done, or to do less than he ought to do, if he loses sight of the fact that it is to God far more than man that he is to render an account of his labours. There are, indeed, other motives which God's Providence has given us, even in the present life, to the diligent

practice of virtue; and there are other and natural feelings which will make, even here, the practice of active virtue delightful. But motives and feelings of this kind—of which the sanction and the root are earthly—are liable in their very constitutions to wax and wane, and, like all other earthly things, to be of capricious, unsteady, and uncertain operation. They may be, and they often will be, overtopped by nearer or stronger objects of desire; they may be, and they will be, misled by false lights; they may be, and they will be, swept away in the hurry of passion, when we shall say within ourselves, with the ancient Roman, in the hour of death—"What profit is there in Virtue that we should serve her?" Believe me, they do not act well or wisely, who, in the strength of their reliance on natural feeling, or worldly principles of honour, reject this far stronger support and guidance which religion can supply; and whose force has been proved in encounters where the wisdom and virtue and principles of man have been but as chaff before the whirlwind.

It is wrong, as a question of human reason, to content ourselves with a weaker support when a stronger may be obtained by us; but, as immortal beings and believers in the truths of Christianity, it is absolute madness to subject ourselves to the restraints of morality without embracing, or attending to, or acting on those principles by which only our virtues, imperfect as they must be, are sanctified in the sight of God, or rendered, through His mercy, available to our everlasting happiness. It is not in vain, or out of mere outward consistency, that the ministers of religion so continually exhort their hearers to the cultivation (by frequent prayer and frequent study of the Scriptures) of devotional and Christian feelings. It is because we only then can, ordinarily, be earnest and hearty of the discharge of our moral duties, when we act with the desire of pleasing God, and under the immediate sense of His presence. It is because, even if we kept the laws of morality from secondary motives only, we should be justly sentenced to expect no further recompense than those worldly objects which we had proposed to ourselves. "They have their reward," said our Saviour of those whose prayers were ostentatious, and who did their alms before men to be seen of them; and they "have their reward"—the only reward which they have seriously wished for—they have their reward in this life, and must expect no other in the life to come, whoever are guided in the practice by no other feelings than by love of praise or by constitutional temperament.

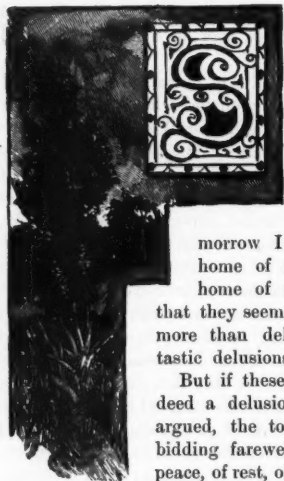
Not only, then, is it a motive to our diligence in goodness that "we do all things heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men:" it is necessary that we do all things as unto the Lord, if we hope that He will either help us in doing them, or reward us for them when done. But there is yet one more observation which I would make to you, and that is, that this continual superintendence and retribution of the Almighty extends, and will extend, to every action of our lives, and to the least as well as the greatest. The

earnestness and *heartiness* of which St. Paul is speaking in the text was applied by him to the ordinary duties of servants, and to the execution of whatever lawful and reasonable commands their earthly masters might lay on them. But if in such points as these their obedience was to be *heartly*, and that for conscience' sake, and as acting in the presence and under the immediate sanction of the Most High, how much rather are we bound to a strict and diligent and zealous observance of those rules which God Himself

has prescribed to us; and to enforce and recommend which the only-begotten Son of God descended from His Father's glory? An observance of these laws is the proof which that blessed Son requires of our affection to Him; our every transgression of them His eye beholds, His purity abhors, His justice is preparing to punish; and the treasures of Almighty love are hoarded up for those wise and happy servants, who, whatever they "do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men!"



"WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"



TORM without and Sorrow within! All Nature was in weird keeping with the anguish of spirit that had caused my tossing half the night upon a wakeful bed. On the

morrow I was to leave the home of my childhood, the home of memories so sweet that they seemed to me now little more than delirious dreams, fantastic delusions of a rosy past.

But if these memories were indeed a delusion, so perchance, I argued, the torturing prospect of bidding farewell to this home of peace, of rest, of love, might be also a mere phantasm of the brain, a hideous nightmare. Would that it might be so! But, alas! no. It was a grim reality, and must be faced. All that remained to me of the gentle father who had been all in all to me, to whom for seventeen years I had confided my every thought, had on this fearful morning been laid in the vault by the side of the mother whom I had never known, and life for me was henceforth to change its aspect. A cold existence, because bereft of sympathy, must infallibly be my lot, for my future home would be shared with that of an aunt, rich, indeed, 'n worldly goods, but whose heart was a very desert where the tender plant of sympathy could never take root. Punctiliously conventional, impenetrable, austere, and cold in nature was my aunt; therefore was it to be wondered at that my eyes were sore with weeping, my desolate soul paralysed with dread of the future?

The branches of the great elms that lined the avenue leading up to the hall door over which was the window of my little bed-room, creaked and groaned with the pressure of the wind as with each

furious gust it threatened to dislocate them from the massive boles, if not to uproot the veterans altogether. The very walls of the old manor-house trembled, and the loosened twigs from the climbing rose-tree beat frantically upon the diamond-latticed panes of glass, which at any moment might be shattered to atoms with the tempestuous gale.

Still, I felt no terror. Storm and shine were alike indifferent to me. The wind might bring sudden death to me in the fall of the old oak beam above my head, if so God willed. Life on earth was shorn of all enchantment, and to rejoin the loved one I had lost was the one boon of heaven I most ardently coveted. My soul was as sombre as the darkness that reigned without, shown up in its intensity by a much-buffed moonbeam, which occasionally succeeded in its struggle to penetrate a temporary rift in the cloudland above. My pillow was wet with tears; my head grew dizzy, and amidst its swimming, I at length dropped into unconsciousness. Whether I fell into a trance, or dreamed, I know not. We will say I dreamed.

In my dream I saw Watchmen.

Solemn of visage as they all were, and incapable, as it seemed to me, of smiling, an indefinable majesty was imprinted on the brow of each, and the stamp of a sympathy of ineffable sweetness. Long white hair graced their venerable heads, and their forms were enveloped in sable cloaks of ample folds, to which a large hood was attached for the concealment of the countenance in the execution of their responsible duties. The palm of each right hand was incandescent, and served some mysterious purpose in guiding the Watchmen to the destination appointed by their King. Here they invariably entered unbidden, and performed their silent work unobserved by any.

One of them took me by the hand and bid me accompany him on his beat.

First, we stopped at a noble mansion in Piccadilly. Lights were in every window, and under the gay awning that made a covered way from the hall door to the street a carpet of red druggeting

concealed the paving-stones. The hall through which we passed, unseen, was adorned with rare specimens of statuary, and, guided by the strains of a voluptuous valse, we presently found ourselves among the throng of dancers in a ball-room of exceptional magnificence, dazzling with lights reflected from its walls of mirrors. Carnival was being held here to-night to celebrate the coming of age of a statesman's eldest son, a youth in the prime of beauty, and whose budding manhood seemed to be replete with promise. He was dancing with the belle of the London season. They were evidently engaged. The Watchman gazed earnestly upon the pair, and touched the young man on the arm, just as he was bending his ear to listen to what his partner was saying—

"Ah, how delightful it will be! What a joy to go to Rome! to study the galleries of art together, the museums, the old ruins of the Capitol, and then. . . How ill you look! What is the matter? We must sit down instantly!" she suddenly exclaimed, as a spasm, convulsing his whole frame, conveyed a tell-tale pallor to his face.

"It is nothing—nothing. It will pass off directly. But I never felt this sort of thing before. Excuse me—but I must leave this heated room." . . .

Six weeks later the blinds were down. Where before had been mirth and music and dancing, was now death, mourning, and despair. I knew how it would be.

As we left the house together I looked questioningly into the Watchman's face—he had thrown back his hood—and I saw in the depths of his lustrous dark eyes an expression of profound compassion mingled with a gesture of thanksgiving, for he smote upon his breast and gazed upward into what seemed to me a firmament more thickly studded with stars than are ever visible to the unassisted eye.

We next sped forward to a blind alley in Bethnal Green, and stopped before the door of a miserable tenement surrounded by quarrelling viragoes and dirty, squalid-looking children. We entered, and mounting some crazy steps, found ourselves in a kind of den on the third storey. From a piece of sacking in the corner which did duty for a bed came a feeble voice—

"Has father come home, Nellie?"

"No, mother. But Tommy be jest a-goin' round by the shop to ask neighbour Simpkins to 'tice him out o' the 'Dragon' if he can. So jest you try, mother dear, not to worrit yersel', and get a wink or two o' sleep afore he come home."

"Bless you, Nellie, my child! The struggle 'll soon be over, and the sooner the better! Then you and the childrind will have to go all of you to the work'us, an' your father 'll have to pay summat towards your keep. This 'ere's no home for *you*. Stay', Nell, listen—"

But what the unhappy woman might have to say was left unsaid. A violent fit of coughing then and there brought her miserable existence to an abrupt close by the bursting of one of the main arteries.

The Watchman had laid his icy fingers upon her lips.

As we again walked out into the street, I looked at him, the tears streaming down my face, for an explanation.

"Trust me, my child!" he answered. "All is for the best, as you yourself will one day see. I have but fulfilled my mission."

In the author's study the midnight lamp was burning. He himself was sitting with a wet towel round his head plunged in the preparation for the printing-press of one of the last sheets of a novel which he fondly anticipated would bring him that fame which he so greatly coveted. But it was a bad book. The Watchman touched the author. The pen dropped from the busy fingers; he drew the limp hand vacantly across his furrowed brow; then sank back upon his chair, paralysed, helpless.

Horror-struck, I would have run from my guide, but could not for the irresistible fascination that bound me to him as by a spell.

My next experience was a shipwreck on the open sea, in which, through his medium, a husband and children were torn from the agonised mother, who was saved only to behold herself utterly bereaved.

Another, a commercial crisis, in which a family that had hitherto lived in the lap of luxury was cast at one fell swoop into the dejection of a hideous poverty.

Again, the fair prospects ruined by fraud of an apparently most worthy heir to a rich inheritance; and, again, once more, I beheld the Watchman summon, by a touch, from his splendid ministerial work, a pastor who had watched over his flock with the solicitude of the best of shepherds for upwards of fifty years. Greatly beloved was he. The poor had no friend to equal him; the organisation of his parish schools and provident clubs was perfect. His work was right well in hand, and it seemed impossible that he could be spared. Yet such was the King's will, that he should receive his summons to resign his charge that very night, and without a murmur he laid his pleasant burden down.

As I awoke, gasping, it was forced upon my mind that the Watchman's baleful presence might have something to do with my own great misery. The moon was shining full into my room when I opened my eyes; the wind had subsided, and a wonderful quietness prevailed. I arose, wrapped my dressing-gown closely round me, opened my window, and looked out into the night.

What a change had taken place! Silver moonbeams sparkled softly through the leafless twigs of the glorious old elms, and a few of the most prominent planets smiled down upon me through her light. Nature was trying to comfort me with her gentle influence, and, while I looked right and left upon those loved surroundings of the paternal home so soon to be left behind, I gazed up into her gentle face, and bowed my head with something very much approaching to submission.

Thus I must have stood for half an hour at least,

gazing and contemplating, trying to peer beyond into the great Unseen. Then, returning to my little bed, I slept, and again fell to dreaming.

No tongue can express, no pen describe, the transcendent glory of that vision.

Borne on clouds of azure and silver, I was lifted above the earth, which seemed to me no more than a little insignificant speck. Music such as my ear had never heard before thrilled my spirit with an overwhelming joy, and prepared it for the reception of the greater wonders that were to follow. The whole atmosphere was filled with ravishing sound, heralding a vivid blinding light that flooded the immense realms of space in which I seemed to float. Then, from some Invisible Presence, came a voice penetrating and clear—

"WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

In an ecstasy of bewilderment I gazed in the direction when it came, breathless.

Suddenly, at a certain distance, the space before me was filled by myriads of shining creatures with beautiful soft wings and harps of gold, on which they struck up a glorious anthem, of which the refrain was one word—*ALLELUIA*!

There before them stood the Watchman of my previous dream, no longer clothed in his sable cloak, but in a robe of dazzling whiteness, his countenance beaming with a heavenly smile. In his hand he held a tablet radiant as light itself, and as he knelt before the Invisible One, he, too, sang an *ALLELUIA*, and the angels paused to listen.

Then, as he unfolded the writing on his tablet, the chief among them entered the record into a book with leaves of gold, and bound in a setting of diamonds and the rarest gems.

Did the angels weep at the list of human woe and anguish that they recorded there? Nay, they only touched their harpstrings afresh in a still more glorious strain of thanksgiving, and praised in renewed burst of song the Merciful King Who had done all things well. Lost in amazement, I still gazed on. The throng of angels separating now into two lines, I beheld advancing, through the centre, forms that I recognised as having seen before. Each was met by the Watchman with a radiant smile of the gladdest welcome, and presented before the dazzling throne of the Invisible One. Though the bodies of some of them still lingered on the earth, the spirits or Guardian-Angels of all of them had come to offer their praises to the Great King for the merciful visitation of the Watchman He had sent.

The young man was there who had received his summons to renounce his fair prospects and his *fiancée* in the ballroom of the Piccadilly mansion. He acknowledged, with gratitude unfeigned, the goodness that had preserved him from serious pitfalls into which, had he lived longer on the earth, he now saw he must inevitably have fallen, and he blessed the kindness that had granted him an illness which

had given him time to reflect upon, and seek pardon for, all his past wrong-doings.

The woman from the blind alley in Bethnal Green was there, clothed from head to foot in a garment of spotless purity provided for her as she entered the gates of Paradise. She fell upon her knees in adoration of the Infinite Wisdom that had called her from her wretched earthly home, so making the way plain for the removal of her darlings from pernicious influences, and providing for them opportunities by which they might become good and useful men and women.

The spirit of the desolate wife and mother whose all had been engulfed in the briny deep was there represented. She thanked the Lord of human destiny for His Watchman's work, agonising though it were, for it had made of her a saint. Henceforth she would devote her life, her substance, her whole self, to ministering consolation, spiritual and temporal, to her suffering fellow-creatures.

The author was there, and in an attitude of humble reverence acknowledged that it was well that the Watchman had struck the pen from his hand—that that book of his would never be published, to the ruin of many souls.

The spiritual attendants upon that family struck suddenly from the lofty heights of prosperity to the lowest depths of indigence by the commercial crisis were there, praising the Invisible Clemency Who had adopted this means of bringing them eventually to His haven of refuge, by a path of self-denial and an honest labour which would make them shining lights to their brothers and sisters whose lives had been lived in the ruts of poverty.

The defrauded heir to the large estate was there, and avowed with thankfulness that to this touch from the Watchman the world would be indebted for a noble addition to its list of patriots and philanthropic men.

And the pastor came, bowing his venerable head, and asking permission still to intercede for those dear sheep that he had left behind, and to carry to them from time to time, as they should need it, spiritual consolation direct from the Great Shepherd of the Fold.

"Watchman!" said the voice, "thou hast done My behests well. But is this all?"

The Watchman turned and looked on me. He took me by the hand and motioned me to kneel.

"Behold, Lord!" said he.

* * * * *

Rosy dawn kissed me into wakefulness. The vision was over. But I arose, strengthened, and brave enough to grapple with whatever might lie before me. With a rapture born of gratitude I cried, "Lord! I can trust Thee! Do with me as Thou wilt!"

"Watchman! what of the Night?" is for ever ringing in my ears. And my spirit answers back—

"NIGHT, Lord—NIGHT? Can it ever be night while Thou art near and rulest all?"

DAPHNE.

IN PERILS OF T.—III.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAICKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC. ETC.

TRAGEDY THE FIRST.



TIERRA DEL FUEGO is probably the last part of the world with which anyone would fall in love for its own sake. Its climate makes it one of the most dreary habitations on the face of the globe. Its latitude south corresponds to that of Edinburgh north; but, great

though the renown of the Scottish capital is for east winds, cold fogs, and cheerless skies, it would be utterly beaten by its southern rival in a competition for rainy squalls and hurricanes of sleet and snow. The wind, sweeping over the warm sea, carries to the mountains volumes of moisture, which either descend in rain and snow or hover round them in gloomy mist. Nor are the people more attractive than the country. Large bodies and short limbs, long jet-black hair hanging straight down on either side, low foreheads, flat noses, and big mouths, do not constitute a very imposing letter of introduction. Their clothing is scanty, and their habitations wretched. The tempers of the men are surly and ferocious, and they are lazy, cunning, and thievish. The women are poor drudges, living at the mercy of their lords.

I remember, some time ago, in a Canadian lady's letter which told how she had disposed of a cargo of boys and girls—rescued from the streets at home, and sent to Canada to begin life under happier skies—being much interested in a poor little fellow who was known as "Red Peter." Peter had carrot hair, a freckled face, very plain features, and a clumsy figure. He was, in fact, the picture of ugliness. When the farmers and their wives came to pick out children to carry to their homes, they all passed by "Red Peter," and at the end of the day he stood alone, unfancied, unengaged. But his very ugliness and loneliness excited the compassion of a very worthy couple, who took to him, and loved him just because there was, apparently, so little about him to love. It was a Divine feeling, like the love of Him who, while we were yet enemies, gave Himself for us. "Red Peter" turned out a useful, affectionate, trustworthy boy; and the disinterested choice of his friends was compensated by the development of qualities worth a good deal more than the colour of the hair or the cast of the features.

It must have been a similar feeling that led Captain Allen Gardiner, some forty or fifty years

ago, to devote himself to the cheerless land of Fuego, at the southern point of the South American Continent, and its wild, repulsive people. But having



"Phillips had actually reached the boat."—p. 683.

experienced the gift of God's undeserved love, he sought to manifest the same spirit, and to radiate on that degraded and miserable people the love that had fallen on himself. Just because they were so repulsive, and so little likely to attract anyone's love, they attracted his. He had become acquainted with the country in his professional capacity as an officer in the British Navy, when he had been employed in surveying its shores. With great labour he induced some friends at home to provide the means of beginning a mission. When he and his fellow-labourers attempted, in 1848, to form a settlement in Fuego, they were so overwhelmed by storms at sea and attacks of the ferocious natives on land, that after three days' stay they had to give up the attempt, and take refuge in the vessel that had

brought them out, and that happily had not yet left the neighbourhood.

But two years later, in 1850, Captain Gardiner, with a few associates, renewed the effort. The associates were:—Mr. Richard Williams, a surgeon from Burslem, in Staffordshire, a gentleman of remarkable fervour of spirit and devotion to Christ, whose "Life" was afterwards written by Dr. James Hamilton, of the Scotch Church, London. Mr. John Maidment, the second catechist, bore the recommendation of the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of London, as the one man of his acquaintance whose piety, faith, and courageous endurance qualified him for the perilous enterprise. Joseph Erwin, ship carpenter, had been with Captain Gardiner before, and volunteered to go again, because to be with such a man of prayer was like heaven on earth. Three Cornish fishermen—Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant, men of high character and simple piety—completed the party. They sailed from Liverpool in the *Ocean Queen* on September 7th, 1850, bound for San Francisco, and were landed at Picton Island, near Fuego, along with two boats, the *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*, the greater part of their stores being sent to the Falkland Islands, whence they expected them to be forwarded by a Government ship. It was only scarcity of funds that prevented them from being provided with a much larger vessel, which the event showed would have been necessary to success.

From the moment of their leaving the *Ocean Queen*, misfortune seemed to dog the steps of this noble band. At the first spot where Gardiner landed, in Garden Island, as soon as something like comfortable dwellings had been built for the party, a body of natives presented themselves, so bent, apparently, on plunder, that Gardiner was obliged to return for some days to the *Ocean Queen*, which was still in the neighbourhood, and arrange to keep all his stores in his two boats, with whatever else would be likely to excite the cupidity of the natives. On the 18th of December they again landed, and took farewell of the *Ocean Queen*, which carried home their letters, written in a cheerful tone—the only letters, alas! which their friends were ever to receive.

Captain Gardiner was desirous to discover some harbour on the southern shore of Fuego where he might conceal his stores, get the boats made more comfortable, and find a base of operations for mission work. Twice he made the attempt, but the sea was so stormy that he had to return to his former refuge, with the loss of an anchor and both the punts on which he depended for landing. One of his boats needed repairing, and as he was engaged in this work, during the ebb of the tide, a party of natives made their appearance, threatening violence. The missionaries knelt down to implore the Divine protection, and the natives left without doing them harm. But no sooner were they relieved from this anxiety than a new trouble came upon them; their supply of gunpowder had been

accidentally left on board the *Ocean Queen*, and thus the means on which they had depended for shooting game and recruiting their supplies of food entirely failed!

Fuego is not at any time a land of plenty. Mr. Darwin, who had been there in the *Beagle* as a naturalist, described it as a mountainous country, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep bays and inlets occupied the places where valleys should have existed and corn should have grown. In zoology it was very poor. Of mammalia, besides whales and seals, there was one bat, a kind of mouse, two real mice, two foxes, a sea otter, the guanaco, and a deer. The sea abounded in fish, and in living creatures of every description. There was an immense quantity of kelp, which gave a home to a wonderful variety of living creatures of all orders. It was the leaves of this plant that drew so many kinds of fish to their shelter, and the fish drew otters, seals, and porpoises. Whales, persecuted by dog-fish, were sometimes driven ashore, and their blubber was a rare feast for the Fuegians. In fact, the saying went that kelp and the dog-fish were the making of the country. Captain Gardiner and his party were able at times to secure a portion of this treasure of the deep; but they found the fish difficult to catch; their fishing-gear got damaged with the violent weather, and ere long they were unable to get any.

With the natives so hostile that they could never settle near them, and were glad to find some hidden inlet and obscure cave to which the natives did not come: with their means of obtaining fish and game either lost or damaged: with provisions for but a few months, and their only hope the dim chance that some English vessel would discover them or would be sent for them, the situation of the seven men was truly deplorable. They were as really imprisoned in desolate Fuego as if they had been in an iron fortress. Their only resource was to wait on God, in the hope that He would send someone to their rescue. It is easy for us to criticise their conduct. It is easy to blame Captain Gardiner for having undertaken the expedition without a vessel of adequate size. It is easy to blame him for forgetting his gunpowder. It is easy to ask, Might the party not have risked a voyage in their boats to the Falkland Islands? We may wonder how it was that they showed none of the resource of Robinson Crusoe, found no way of capturing animals, could devise no means of catching fish. To dwell on such possibilities merely as a means of blunting the edge of our sympathy, and enabling us to say, "It was all their own fault," is ungenerous and selfish. But some reference to these things is necessary in order to vindicate Providence for abandoning these devoted men to the terrible fate that overtook them. There must either have been some foolhardiness at the beginning, or some want of enterprise in the crisis of the expedition. God does not undertake to compensate, even to the



"Eager for the scattered bread-crumbs come the pigeons circling down."

"PEACE AND WAR."—p. 689.

brightest faith and the most earnest prayer, all the blunders of His children. It seems hard; but Providence often seems hard. One might have thought that when seven men, in the spirit of purest philanthropy, went to that inhospitable region simply to guide the poor people to salvation, God would have rectified all their errors, removed all their difficulties—that He would have been with them alway, even to the end of the world. Inwardly, He was with them, and gave them very happy feelings amid all their troubles; but somehow they had blundered, and He did not establish upon them the work of their hands.

From the beginning of 1851 to about the end of August their experience was like a living martyrdom. Fever and scurvy were among the first symptoms of the coming collapse. As the weeks wore on, hunger never ceased to do its slow work of sapping and mining, till the strongest among them could hardly crawl. In June, Badcock, one of the Cornish sailors, was the first to succumb. In August, Erwin, the carpenter, and Bryan, another seaman, died. Maidment must have followed early in September. There is no record of the death of the other three; but when, a few weeks after, a search-vessel reached the scene, the remains of their bodies were found. A hand painted on a rock, with the text Psalm lxii. 5—8, pointed to the bodies of Maidment and Gardiner. On the shore, washed by the sea, lay another, which must have been that of Williams. The remaining body, that of Pearce, had a scar on the head and another on the neck, showing that the natives must have murdered him, and that he was probably the last survivor. The sight was so affecting that it quite overcame the party that discovered the remains. Many are the scenes of suffering and death on which seamen are compelled to look, but this was something unprecedented. "The captain and his sailors cried like children at the sight."

And what were the feelings of the seven men themselves—disappointed, forsaken, starving, suffering, dying? We have ample records of two of them in the journals of Gardiner and Williams. Gardiner was calm and patient; Williams ecstatic and triumphant. No word of complaint from either—no regret at having given themselves to a work which they had not even been permitted to begin; but a calm conviction that somehow all was ordered for good, and that their efforts, though unsuccessful, would not be lost, but would stir up others, and that God's blessing would yet rest on Fuego. Among the last things Gardiner wrote was a letter to his daughter, in which he said—"I am passing through the furnace; but blessed be my Heavenly Father, He is with me, and I shall not want. . . . All I pray for is that I may patiently await His good pleasure, whether it be for life or for death. . . . If I have a wish for the good of my fellow-men, it is that the Tierra del Fuego Mission might be prosecuted with vigour, and the work in South America commenced, more especially the Chilidugu branch."

Williams, an ardent Wesleyan, was in a more ecstatic frame. "I am happy day and night, hour by hour, asleep or awake. I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell. My joys are with Him whose delights have always been with the sons of men, and my heart and spirit are in heaven with the blessed. I have felt how holy is that company, I have felt how pure are their affections, and I have washed me in the blood of the Lamb, and asked my Lord for the white garment, that I too may mingle with the blaze of day, and be amongst them, one of the sons of light!"

It was the end of October before any vessel reached the spot, and every sad relic of the martyrs as it was found seemed to say reproachfully, "Too late! Too late!"

TRAGEDY THE SECOND.

AMONG the friends in England who had helped and cheered Captain Gardiner when trying to get the means of carrying on his mission, one of the most cordial had been the Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, of Bristol. When the sad news reached England, and others were crushed and dispirited, he stood forth full of prayer and courage, and sounded out the watchword, "By God's help, the mission shall be maintained." Before his end, Captain Gardiner had indicated his plan for the future; he thought that it would be vain for missionaries to settle at once in the country, but that a few natives should be taken to the Falkland Islands, from whom the language should be learned, and under whose guidance the missionaries would go to Fuego, and endeavour to form settlements and preach to the natives. A ship named the *Allen Gardiner* was provided; a company of missionaries was gathered, who first settled at Keppel Island, in the Falklands, and who were afterwards joined by Mr. Despard himself, as superintendent of the mission. Among those who went out was Mr. Garland Phillips, a catechist; Mr. Ellis, a surgeon; and Mr. Allen W. Gardiner, the only son of the founder. Some natives were brought to Keppel Island, according to Captain Gardiner's plan, and in October, 1859, Mr. Phillips sailed for Fuego in the *Allen Gardiner*, with instructions to commence work at Woollya, where Mr. Despard had made some preparations on one of his visits to the country. Not hearing from Mr. Phillips at the time he reckoned on, Mr. Despard became anxious, and despatched a messenger to Woollya to ascertain the state of things. The messenger returned with the appalling news that Mr. Phillips, Captain Fell, and the four seamen and two mates of the *Allen Gardiner* had been massacred by the natives in Woollya!

The party had reached Woollya on the 1st of November, and were for several days in friendly communication with the natives, and on Sunday, the 6th, they

went ashore for public worship, with the exception of the cook left in the schooner. This was the time chosen for the attack; the natives, under their smiling faces, had been nursing their covetous and murderous spirit, and scarcely had the service commenced, when a murderous assault was made by three hundred natives, and not a hand was raised in defence. The Englishmen tried to escape to their boat, and Phillips had actually reached it when he was felled and killed. When the cook on board saw what was going on, he escaped in a boat to the shore, hid himself in the woods till hunger and cold drove him to the natives, by the first party of whom he was stripped and plundered; but falling into better hands, he was at length rescued by the vessel sent by Mr. Despard to make inquiry. How strange the transitions in the case of the men who had assembled in their unfinished house to worship their God! A few minutes spent in Divine worship in the calm of a Sabbath morning; then a rush as from hell itself, with its murderous looks on the faces of the savages, and its hideous shouts from their throats; a desperate fight for dear life and endeavour to reach the boat; next, the silence of death; and then, for their spirits, admission to the Upper Sanctuary, to finish there the service so rudely and awfully interrupted on earth!

Thus a second time did the Fuego Mission seem to terminate in disaster and death. Fifteen valuable lives had now been lost without the mission being so much as begun. Are more lives to be sacrificed to so hopeless an undertaking? Is it not now time to leave *Tierra del Fuego* to its doom?

REAPING IN JOY.

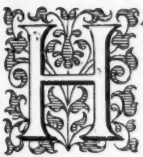
REAPPLY, this question did not need to be formally discussed. The plan of bringing Fuegians to the Falklands had been followed with considerable success. One man in particular, whose name was Okokko, had profited much by the instruction given him, and had received into his mind some glimmer of Christian truth. But it was years before any work was undertaken in Fuego itself. Mr. Despard having returned to England, the new superintendent of the mission was the Rev. Mr. Stirling, who, being soon afterwards appointed Bishop of the Falkland Islands, was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Pridges. Okokko, though not qualified to be an evangelist, did excellent service in disabusing the minds of the natives as to the intentions of the missionaries, so that the way for peaceful work was at last secured. In civil government, the Fuegians had no more extensive organisation than that of families. In religion, they were so backward that there was no name in their language for God. How the missionaries at last got a footing among them, and what remarkable fruits followed, would be a most interesting story, but not within the scope of these papers, of which the design is to call to mind the many perils

in which the seed of the Gospel has been sown. It may be enough to refer to one product of the mission—the Christian village at Ooshooia. Cottages have replaced the native wigwams, and there is a church, a school-house, and an orphanage. Mr. Bridges has compiled a grammar, a vocabulary, and a dictionary, and has translated several parts of the Bible. The men who are under Christian instruction are becoming industrious workers, planting and fencing gardens, building cottages, and making roads. It is interesting to know that all the people about the mission are teetotalers. Shipwrecked seamen cast upon the shore have begun to experience very different treatment. The crew of an American ship, the *Dreadnought*, consisting of twenty-four persons, when cast on a shore where only death had been experienced before in the like circumstances, were surprised indeed to be well treated by the Indians, who did not offer them any violence.

And there are independent and important testimonies to the same effect. At a meeting held in the Mansion House in 1884, among other foreigners who spoke, Dr. Hyades, medical officer to the French Scientific Expedition to Cape Horn, said: "It is my good fortune and my great pleasure to bring my testimony to the admirable work which has been done by your missionaries at Ooshooia. I cannot express my feelings of surprise and pleasure when I paid my first visit at Ooshooia, with Mr. Bridges showing me the missionary settlement, the gardens of the natives and their houses, the orphanage, and the children. All the natives there were good-natured people."

But by far the most striking testimony is that of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, which we give in the form of a letter to the press from his friend, Vice-Admiral Sir B. J. Sullivan:—

"SIR,—Your article in the *Daily News* induces me to give you a correct statement of the connection between the South American Missionary Society and Mr. Charles Darwin, my old friend and shipmate for five years. I had been closely connected with the Society from the time of Captain Allen Gardiner's death, and Mr. Darwin had often expressed to me his conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians—probably the very lowest of the human race. I had always replied that I did not believe any human beings existed so low to comprehend the simple message of the Gospel of Christ. After many years—I think about 1869, but I cannot find the letter—he wrote to me that the recent accounts of the mission proved to him that he had been wrong and I right in our estimates of the native character, and the possibility of doing them good through missionaries; and he requested me to forward to the Society an enclosed cheque for £5, as a testimony of the interest he took in their good work. On January 30th, 1870, he wrote: 'The success of the *Tierra del Fuego* Mission is most wonderful, and charms me, as I always





"Not a hand was raised in defence."—p. 683.

prophesied utter failure. It is a grand success. I shall feel proud if your Committee think fit to elect me an honorary member of your Society.' In the same letter, in reply to remarks of mine on the success of his sons, he says, 'Thank God, all gives me complete satisfaction.' On June 10th, 1879, he wrote: 'The progress of the Fuegians is wonderful, and had it not occurred, would have been to me quite incredible.' On January 3rd, 1880: 'Your extracts' (from a journal) 'about the Fuegians are extremely

curious, and have interested me much. I have often said that the progress of Japan was the greatest wonder in the world, but I declare that the progress of Fuegia is almost equally wonderful.' On March 20th, 1881: 'The account of the Fuegians interested not only me, but all my family. It is truly wonderful what you have heard from Mr. Bridges about their honesty and their language. I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done.'

FOUR PICTURES FROM THE REVOLT OF ABSALOM.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

I.—THE PRINCE OF SCHEMERS.

"So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel."—
2 SAMUEL XV. 6.

LIKE all David's sons, Absalom inherited his father's strong passions. His brother Amnon's conduct—that sad sequel to the story of Uriah the Hittite—was the spark which set Absalom's proud and revengeful spirit on fire. After two years' waiting he found his opportunity. Amnon was murdered, and Absalom took refuge at his grandfather's court in Geshur.

Joab, who saw how the king mourned over his absent son, at length employed the woman of Tekoah to plead with his master. He soon received the welcome commission to bring Absalom to Jerusalem. The hand that was afterwards raised to take the proud prince's life was thus the means of his restoration to home and friends. On his return from Geshur, Absalom found himself still under a cloud. For three years he had been in exile, yet his father refused to see his face. Two years longer Absalom was banished from the court. David had his much-loved son near him again, but he did not fail to mark his keen displeasure at the outrage Absalom had committed.

Absalom at last grew weary of this restraint. His proud spirit chafed under such public disgrace. Subsequent events showed that he cared nothing for his father, but he cared much for himself. So long as the reconciliation was delayed, he felt himself deprived of the means of ingratiating himself with the people. He was losing time. He was anxious to pave the way for his own accession, or for rebellion against his father. With such thoughts, he naturally turned to the man who had been the means of his return from Geshur. Twice he entreated Joab's help in vain. Then he ordered his servants to set fire to Joab's field of barley which lay near to his own house. This deed soon brought Joab, who was not able to resist the personal appeal. His intervention was once more crowned with success. Absalom was restored to his father's presence, and received the kiss of peace.

He lost no time in preparing his plot. He possessed those graces of personal appearance which lend themselves so well to such a scheme. "In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty." His luxuriant tresses were a proverb in Jerusalem. The sight of such a man may well have convinced the people that the Lord's anointed was before them. He now deliberately set himself to win all hearts. The imposing retinue with which he surrounded himself kept him before the eyes of the people. Horses were a rare luxury in those days of Israelitish history, but Absalom prepared chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him—the very retinue which Adonijah assumed when he said, "I will be king."

Absalom knew how to further his cause still more effectually by posing as the champion of the oppressed, and as the lover of justice. Early morning always found him at the city gate. As suppliants drew near to seek the king's judgment Absalom inquired, "Of what city art thou?" Then he offered the cheap advice, "See, thy matters are good and right." The gist of his communication lay at the end. He damped the rising hopes of the suitor by adding, "There is no man deputed of the king to hear thee." Then he expressed a wish which was graven on the memories of all who thus came up for judgment: "Oh, that I were made a judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!" Thus he stood in the glory of his beauty, with the grace of his polished manners, with the fascination which his interest in their troubles lent him in the eyes of anxious suitors. He increased the favourable impression by the reception he gave to all who acknowledged his rank. Absalom did not indulge in that hauteur which so often surrounds a throne. When any man drew nigh to do obeisance "he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him."

"Thus formed by nature, furnished out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts."

Four years of such plotting emboldened him to

set up the standard of revolt. David was growing old; Solomon, beloved of the Lord and of his father, seemed intended for the throne. Absalom would lose time no longer. He cloaked his purpose under the pretence of devotion. He came to his father with a request that he might be allowed to visit Hebron. "For thy servant vowed a vow while I abode at Geshur, in Syria, saying, If the Lord shall bring me again indeed to Jerusalem, then I will serve the Lord."

Throughout the whole plot Absalom shows himself the prince of schemers. But one measure which he took especially illustrates his sagacity. He sent for Ahithophel, David's trusted counsellor, from Giloh. The defection of such a man would, he was well aware, give a heavy blow to his father's cause, and do much to insure his own success. Everything seemed to prosper with the rebels. People flocked in to join the traitor's standard. "And the conspiracy was strong, for the people increased continually with Absalom."

II.—THE CHOICE OF ITTAI.

"Then said the king to Ittai the Gittite, Wherefore goest thou also with us? return to thy place, and abide with the king; for thou art a stranger, and also an exile. . . . And Ittai answered the king, and said, As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

2 SAMUEL XV. 19—21.



THE news of Absalom's treachery came on David with the shock of a complete surprise. He saw no way of escape save in speedy flight. To linger was to imperil the life of all his servants, and to expose the city to a terrible fate. The historian of the

Revolt now begins to crowd his canvas with portraits. David himself never appears to such advantage as here. There is an unselfishness, a thoughtfulness for others, a resignation and patience visible in his every word and deed, which is heroic indeed. His servants catch their master's spirit. No sacrifice seems too great for them to make in this Gethsemane of their king. One form stands out even on this crowded canvas. Ittai the Gittite is the central figure of the host of friends who followed David in his bitter exile. His unflinching devotion sets the standard of heroism; strikes the keynote of devotion on that day of trouble.

At a well-known point on the road—Beth Merkah, or the Far House, just at the edge of the brook Kedron—David paused, whilst his faithful followers passed in review before him. As the king stood there his eye fell on one man whom he fancied he might save from troubles which he himself was bound to face. His body-guard and the officers of his court must of necessity share the wandering of their king, but this man had none of those links of

interest which bound others to follow their master. Hence David's appeal to Ittai.

The appeal was Ittai's temptation. The very nobility with which it was urged added force to the trial. It only made the backward way the more easy of access. "Wherefore goest thou also with us? return to thy place, and abide with the king." What searchings of heart are here! Ittai must weigh his motives. What part has he in this quarrel? His place is in Jerusalem; whoever may sit on the throne is king for one of another nation. Why should he go forth with the fugitives?

Such is the temptation. Every word adds to its edge. David does not leave Ittai to state the matter for himself. He puts the argument in its strongest form, "For thou art a stranger and also an exile." Ittai belonged to another nation. Neither David nor Absalom had claims on his fealty. Why should he suffer when success and defeat seemed alike immaterial to him? Ittai was an exile as well as a stranger. At any moment his circumstances might change. He might turn home again to his own land, for which he still yearned. The fruits of victory could not be reaped by a man who might thus be recalled from the scene of struggle.

David's contrast between "yesterday" and "to-day" adds another weight to the scale in which the temptation lay. Had he been a resident in Jerusalem for years Ittai might have learned to love the king so warmly that he could not bear to turn away from him in trouble. David implies that there had been no time to rivet such links between himself and the stranger. It was not reasonable to expect any man to make such sacrifices for a cause which he could not have studied or learned to respect in his brief sojourn. He had found refuge at Jerusalem, why should he expose himself to the privations from which he may just have escaped? "Whereas thou camest but yesterday, should I this day make thee go up and down with us, seeing I go whither I may?" A native of Gath, like Ittai, knew David's history too well to be ignorant of the painful days of exile which he had spent when Saul sought his life with his band of armed men. That history was never more near to a repetition than now. Its hairbreadth escapes, its privations, its hasty flights might all be before David again. Why should Ittai imperil his life and fortunes in such a desperate cause?

There was one other point, which to many would have made the king's appeal irresistible. "Return," says David. With the same breath he bids him go in peace. "Mercy and truth be with thee." The scene was a public one. It was enacted in the presence of the courtiers and servants of the king. Ittai might retire with honour. David's words set clearly before him the possibility of keeping in with both parties. David dismissed him with a blessing; Absalom would welcome him with gladness. Whatever the fortunes of the struggle, he would be safe. He might be prepared for the success of either side. He need not commit himself. His own affairs

would not be disturbed; his family would dwell in peace.

Such was Ittai's trial. To return was to remain the friend of both sides, to go forward was to ally himself with the cause which was under a cloud. It meant peril, privation, perhaps even death. Yet though these possibilities were so forcibly set before him, Ittai did not falter for a moment. His reply reveals one of the noblest characters of the time. The man of Gath sets an example of disinterested friendship, of unflinching loyalty to right, which is one of the grandest in the history of Israel.

He reached this sublime height by two steps: "As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth." Even Ittai's heroic resolve is intelligible when we weigh the principles on which he acts. "The Lord liveth." Truth had a Divine champion, though she was beset with enemies. Absalom was strong, because he had stolen the hearts of the men of Israel. It seemed to the band of fugitives that the struggle before them was sadly unequal. But though Ittai knew this full well, he remembered that there was another, a Divine Champion.

Ittai had a second principle of conduct. It lacks the Divine sanctions of the first, but it adds the warmth of human sympathy. "My lord the king liveth." How calmly he puts aside David's suggestion, "Return to thy place, and abide with the king." Others may swell the shout that proclaims Absalom; he can only acknowledge David. Here is the place where he can pay homage and render service; nothing shall tempt him to leave it whilst David lives. There is a tribute to the king in these words which we must not overlook. The contrast between yesterday and to-day which David has just drawn sets the devotion of Ittai in a more vivid light. The king has already grappled this man to his soul with hooks of steel. The friendship is of yesterday, but nothing can tear it asunder. Both master and man are honoured by such steadfastness.

Nothing about the scene is more striking than David's manner of accepting this sublime devotion. We almost expect the king to fall upon his neck and kiss him, to acknowledge that he had "not found such faith, no, not in Israel." He simply answered, "Go and pass over." Any disappointment we feel is soon lost in the thought that David frankly and fully accepts this sacrifice and service. Ittai will not leave him. David approves his loyalty by setting on it the seal of his acceptance. What higher reward can a good servant expect?

"Go and pass over," David said to Ittai. When the proper time came he had more to say. As the forces of the king marched out from Mahanaim Ittai appeared as one of the three leaders. Joab and Joab's brother took the posts which belonged to them of right, but Ittai was their colleague in all the struggles of the day. We know nothing of him after the battle. What more do we need to know? Ittai is on the right side; he is in the front rank; he helps to win the victory.

III.—THE END OF A TRAITOR.

"And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and died, and was buried in the sepulchre of his father." 2 SAMUEL xvii. 23.



MORE touching scene had never been witnessed in the history of Israel than the ascent of Mount Olivet. David wept as he went up. His feet were bare. His head was covered in sign of mourning. All his people with covered heads shared

his tears. It was a Bochim for the king and all who loved him. Their Paradise was closed behind them; they were wanderers without a home.

At this moment David received another blow. He already knew that Absalom was strong in numbers, he now learned that he had the highest wisdom on his side. "One told David, saying, Ahithophel is among the conspirators with Absalom!" This was a shock for which the king had not been prepared. Memories of the sagacious words which he himself had heard from those honoured lips flowed in upon him; he knew that the man who had often helped him in his trying hours, was now arrayed against him. The first prayer we catch on this eventful day burst from his lips under the weight of his apprehension, "O Lord, I pray thee, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness."

The answer to that prayer came as answers to prayer so often come—by an opportunity for effort. On the top of the mount, Hushai the Archite approached his master with his coat rent, and earth upon his head. David saw his opportunity. Hushai was no soldier. If he went on with the fugitives it would simply mean another mouth to feed. David sketched out for him a plan of work. Hushai is to press into the innermost council chamber of the rebels, the priests are to be kept informed of every development of the plot, the priests' sons are to bear news to David. All this machinery was set in motion to meet the danger threatened by one man's accession: "Then mayest thou for me defeat the counsel of Ahithophel."

Ahithophel was the grandfather of Bathsheba. The old Jewish writers assert that this was the reason for his treachery. If this explanation be accepted we may say that Ahithophel's resentment is the finest feature of his character. The high position which he held at court might have become still more dignified and advantageous now that his granddaughter was David's wife. But he would not accept honour purchased by infamy.

In the council held after the rebels had made their triumphal entry, the prince sought Ahithophel's advice. The wise man's counsel showed that he was anxious to make reconciliation impossible between father and son. This was his purpose in the advice

he gave Absalom. It was a public declaration that the coming struggle was no child's play, but a fierce and determined war. Detestable though the advice was, it was a proof that the man who gave it was both far-seeing and resolute. It was also the fulfilment of Nathan's words. God's judgment found out the sinner, and exacted public retribution, though he sat upon a throne.

Ahithophel almost wrecked David's cause at the onset by another plan. He was a man of counsel and war. He knew how important it was to strike a crushing blow at once. He therefore proposed to choose twelve thousand men, and pursue the fugitives by night. He would come upon David whilst he was weary and weak-handed, smite the king, and crush the rebellion. When the king was dead he felt that all would soon submit to his son's rule. Thus with one stroke he would put an end to the conflict. "I will bring back all the people unto thee; the man whom thou seekest is as if all returned; so all the people shall be at peace."

One fact shows the desperate lengths to which Absalom was prepared to go. What a contrast to David's lament at Mahanaim! "The saying pleased Absalom well, and all the elders of Israel." David's wisdom in sending Hushai to act for him at Jerusalem was now made evident. Absalom determined to call him also into the council. When Hushai stepped in, the prince reported what had passed, then he begged Hushai to say whether it was prudent to act as Ahithophel advised. He at once replied that the counsel was not wise. He cleverly dwelt upon David's prowess and the prowess of his mighty men. He urged that all Israel should be summoned to crush David, and that Absalom himself should lead the host. The prince and his friends were delighted with the plausible advice. The counsel of Hushai the Archite is better than the counsel of Ahithophel.

Thus the great counsellor was set aside. There was now nothing left for Ahithophel. When he saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass and rode home to death. He knew that his own fate was sealed; he was neglected by those for whom he had sacrificed all; another was preferred before him. Slowly he rode on to Giloh. Days when his words had been like a Divine oracle to David and Absalom passed before him. He had directed the policy of the kingdom; he had been its most honoured man. In an evil hour he had betrayed his old friend, and was now deserted by the prince, for whom he had made himself a traitor. What name would he have in Israelitish history? Giloh was reached at last. Ahithophel set his house in order. His last counsels were given, his last business was despatched. Then the counsellor of princes laid violent hands on the life that had been given him for such lofty purposes, and illustrated by such splendid talents. He was laid to rest in the sepulchre of his fathers, but there was no lamentation for him. It was true, also, of Ahithophel: "His great crimes were enhanced by his immense

talents, of which God gave him the use, and the devil the application."

IV.—THE BITTER END.

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

2 SAMUEL xviii. 33.



AHITHOPHEL'S death robbed Absalom's rebellion of its main prop. But no tear was shed for his untimely end. Hope was beating high in the hearts of all the rebel host as they marched across the Jordan to fight with David.

The two hosts met each other in the wood of Ephraim. Israel and Absalom pitched their camp in Mount Gilead. "David's servants" marched against them from Mahanaim, twenty miles further north. As the forces passed out in battle array through the gate of Mahanaim, the king stood there in the sight of all the people. His last command to the three leaders showed with what mingled feelings he regarded the struggle. He was a father as well as a king—outraged and insulted, but still a father. "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." "*For my sake*," he pleads. They had done much for him. He begs one last favour as they march out to jeopardise their lives unto death in the high place of the field. All the people witnessed this touching scene. A father's heart, as well as a king's throne, was at stake in the coming struggle.

The battle was fought in the wood of Ephraim. David's troops were led by such skilful generals that Absalom's untrained host fell an easy prey. All that Ahithophel had foreseen came to pass. His memory was signally avenged that day. Twenty thousand of Absalom's host perished. It was not a pitched battle, but a series of struggles between small companies. "The battle was there scattered over the face of all the country." More fatal than the sword was the character of the district where Joab had planned to bring on the fight.

The first encounter between the rebels and the servants of David crushed Absalom's hopes. He himself did not survive the day. The strong branches of the oak trees which still abound in that district spread out so near the ground that it is scarce possible to walk under them erect. Travellers who ride beneath them have to watch continually lest they should be dragged off their beasts. Absalom, who rode a mule, passed under the thick boughs of a great oak. His head caught in the branches, wedged between them, or tightly held by the clustering locks which were the pride of all his army. The mule, which in the East is ridden without saddle, passed on, leaving the prince hanging from the branches. How utter had been the defeat of his army we see from the fact that Absalom was alone.

There was no one to give him help or bring succour in his extremity.

A soldier of David's army who watched that scene hastened to tell Joab: "Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak." His captain turned on him in surprise. What did he mean by letting such an opportunity of winning promotion and wealth slip through his hands! The officer's girdle and ten pieces of silver had been in his grasp. One would have liked to know the name of that soldier. Nothing could tempt him to disobey the express instruction of the king, which he had clearly heard at the gate of Mahanaim. He was not afraid to tell Joab what course that unscrupulous leader would have taken had he ventured to lay hands on Absalom. Such a pen-and-ink portrait from the ranks shows what truth and individuality there is in every line of this history. It is a crowded portrait gallery, in which every figure is drawn from the life by a master of the craft.

Joab, however, was not to be turned from his purpose by any man's fidelity. All that he did he did with his eyes open. Even his subordinate's faithfulness to the royal mandate did not give Joab a moment's hesitation. There was no time to lose. Absalom might be rescued ere he could reach the spot. Neither fear nor respect stayed his hand. He soon reached the spot. Absalom's fate was sealed. It was a sad, strange end to his life of luxury. Sin had led him to a goal which he little thought to reach.

Joab's act was, perhaps, a wise one, measured by the standards of statesmanship. He that troubled Israel was gone for ever. Nor can anyone question that it was well merited. David's clemency would have spared his son; but surely justice demanded the death of a traitor, who had been suffered to escape with his life after the murder of his brother Amnon! None the less, Joab's conduct shows what manner of man he was. He was as unscrupulous as Absalom. David's wish had no weight with him. He was too strong for his master. Revenge and pride were gaining firm hold upon one of the finest generals that the history of Israel ever produced.

The story of the rebellion now reaches its most pathetic scene. David as yet was ignorant of all the events of that day. When Absalom was buried, and the trumpet-call brought back the pursuers, Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, begged leave to carry the tidings to David. Joab refused consent. He would not have one of the king's favourite messengers, who had risked his life to bring news from Jerusalem at the beginning of the revolt—the son of that priest who had rendered such service to David, by sending word of Ahithophel's counsel—he would not have him expose himself to any sudden flash of the king's indignation, or be known hereafter as the bearer of evil tidings. Joab's choice fell on Cushai, who bowed himself before the captain, and ran with the news. Ahimaaz at last prevailed with Joab. He was evidently regarded with special favour.

"My son" is a touch of tenderness which speaks of friendly interest in the young man.

By taking another route—"the way of the plain"—the second runner, who was famous for his speed, outstripped Cushi. He chose the Jordan valley; his rival crossed the hills. David sat waiting for news at the gates of the city. From the roof above the gate the watchman discerned the approach of the messenger. When he cried out to the king, David said, "If he be *alone*, there is tidings in his mouth." If others were with him, it would be a sign of flight. Soon another form appeared far away in the distance. The news was passed down to the king, who waited in breathless suspense. Ahimaaz was so well known, that the watchman soon said, "Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok." The king's heart was refreshed by that news. "He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings."

As the runner drew nearer, his shout, "All is well," confirmed the happy impression. Soon he was on his face before the king with his welcome message, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king." David's first question shows where his heart was. "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ahimaaz made a reply that must have filled the king with a vague sense of coming trouble. As he started he had seen a great tumult, but knew not what it was. When Cushi drew near he confirmed the tidings of victory. But David's heart was not yet ready to rejoice. Again he asks, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Cushi was not so mindful of his feelings as Ahimaaz. "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise up against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is."

The blow had fallen at last. The iron entered into David's soul. Victory lost all its sweetness. The throne was his once more, but the son he loved

was gone. The father's heart was desolate. Up the winding stair of the gateway tower he went, to be alone with his bitter sorrow. It reminds us of another hour. Here also Keble's words are true—

"Israel's king with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn."

Love for David was a passion with his servants. It quickly turned the victorious army into a host of mourners. Absalom and his host were laid low, but their king was in trouble. Soldiers who return from victory are received with music and shouts of welcome. But these had no friendly greeting. The king who bade them God-speed should have received them home, and thanked them for the valour which had saved his throne. That should have been their reception, but now all was darkened for David. The victors crept quietly into the place, like men who had been worsted in the battle-field. All the city was witness to David's lamentation, for through the silent streets rang the shrill tones of his bitter wailing.

It was Joab who roused his master. One cannot withhold admiration from the soldier who thus ventures into the chamber of grief. Joab does not spare David. He shows how he has shamed the faces of all his deliverers; he accuses him of caring nothing for them, and tells him that unless he rouses himself the day of victory will become a day of disaster. His remonstrance is singularly lacking in anything like reverence. But who can doubt that it supplied the best antidote for David's grief? The bereaved father stepped from his chamber of sorrow into the midst of his loving people. Their presence soothed him. Life still had its duties, its opportunities, its ties of sympathy and of human love. His son was gone, but his people loved him, and God was preparing for him a blessed eventide of honour. He was soon able to return to Jerusalem, where his last years were spent in peace with God and man.

PEACE AND WAR.

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—ISAIAH II. 4.

IN a red-tiled, mossgrown courtyard of a quaint old German town,
Eager for the scattered bread-crumbs come the pigeons circling down.

Fearless they of any evil, heeding not a passer's tread:

"Surely this the home of quiet and of lasting peace,"
I said.

Yet, but few years since, that courtyard echoed with the sounds of strife,

And the stones with blood were reddened—blood of many a brave young life.

So too is it ever with us: Peace to War is forced to yield,
And the quiet home of rest becomes the noisy battle-field.

Yet, why should it ever be so? Oh, if but the time were near,

When the ploughshare and the pruninghook shall banish sword and spear!

When the nations shall determine that the art of war shall cease!

When all men shall live as brothers, with the world for aye at peace!

G. WEATHERLY.

"Now thank we all our God."

Words by MARTIN RINKART, 1586—1649.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.,
Vicar of Heslington, York.

mf

1. Now thank we all our God..... With heart and hands and

voi - ces, Who won-drous things hath done,..... In whom His world re -

p

- joi - ces; Who, from our mo-ther's arms,..... Hath blessed us on our

way..... With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2. O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven—
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BERTHA'S BRICKS.

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBRÉE, AUTHOR OF "TURNED TO GOLD," "DREAMS AND DEEDS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.



NEW church was being built in a thickly populated part of a large town in the north of England. Many who had been very anxious about the spiritual welfare of the people in that poor, crowded locality looked with glad eyes at the foundation being laid and the walls

gradually but certainly rising.

As the men worked away at the building, many of them were obliged to look away from their work, for there was an irresistible attraction to many of them in the sight of a very sweet child who used to come in and out at all hours of the day, and during the summer holidays spend a great part of her time in the building. She was the only child of one of the workmen there, whose dearest earthly treasure she was. Her name was Bertha, and from her German mother, who had died a year ago, she had inherited large, wide blue eyes, and hair so thick and so golden in colour as is rarely seen in England. She was a very beautiful child, with a most heavenly expression shining out of her long-lashed eyes, and the most engaging, winning little ways possible. She was never in the way, but her presence made itself felt among those rough men. They never spoke about it, but unconsciously to themselves they kept back many an oath when she was there. Once when one of the men had been angry and struck a lad who was bringing him some mortar, he had caught sight of such a pained look in the pure child face that he felt much ashamed of himself, and never did it again.

"Father," said Bertha one day, "I do so wish I was a man!"

"Do you, my pet?" said John Gray, who was a superior kind of man, forced from poverty to work at building. "Why do you wish it? I like my little girl as she is."

Bertha looked grave.

"You see, father, if I were a man I could work like you, and help to build a church."

"So you could," said John, placing a brick carefully in its place, and tapping it with his trowel; "but, dear me! it takes a deal more than workmen to build a church."

"Does it, father? How?" said Bertha, looking prettier than ever, that hot summer's day, in her little calico frock and clean blue pinafore. She was never dirty nor untidy; poor as she was, there was an innate refinement in her small self, and the old German aunt of her late mother, who lived with them in their attics, kept her as clean and nice as was possible.

John Gray looked puzzled for a moment. He was slow of speech and thought.

"Yes, it takes a deal more than the workmen to build a church. There's the good thought of wanting one built, and the prayers for it—that's all a bit of it; and then there's the money people give to—"

"To buy the bricks, father? Oh, tell me, how much does it all cost?"

"Well, I've heard say how much this church was going to cost, but it has gone out of my head," said John, working on steadily as he talked to the small blue-clad figure by his side.

"But, father, tell me, please—how much do the bricks cost?" asked Bertha eagerly.

John laughed. "Well, child, the actual cost of a brick is a penny."

"A penny! Oh, father!" Bertha's breath came fast and her cheeks flushed with excitement. "Then if I bought a brick with my penny, you could put it in the wall, and that would help to build the church. Would it? Tell me quick—quick, please, daddy dear!"

John had to think it over before he answered.

"Well, you see, the overseer sends in all the bricks in cart-loads. You could not go and buy a brick; but there's a box close to the door of the mission-room—you remember it—for the building fund. If you had a penny or so that you could drop there now and again, it would be just the same as if you bought a brick. Do you understand?"

Bertha nodded. She was so excited she could hardly speak.

"And what's more, every penny will make it open sooner, for it ain't going to be used as a church till the debt is paid."

Bertha did not understand much about these things, but she had got her answer.

"I want to go, father," was all she said; and she ran away out into the street, up the creaking stairs that led to the mission-room or temporary church, and entering it, she knelt in a quiet corner, pressing her face into her hands, and hardly able to find words in which to thank God for having heard and answered her prayers and longing.

Ever since she had heard of the building of the church, she had longed to help in some way or other. It seemed to her childish and vivid imagination such a wonderful work, that raising of a church, and though she was only a little child of eight years old, she entered very fully into the meaning of what the church would be: God's House, His own Temple, where He would specially dwell, and where all who came would find a Home! The longing had possessed her for months. It had been with her at school and at play, but until that day, when she spoke of it to her father, no human ear had heard her secret desire. Tremblingly—for it seemed such a great thing to ask—confidently, for she knew she was speaking to God, who loved her, and whose ear is ever open to the smallest request of any one of His creatures, Bertha had asked to be able to do something. But what she *could* do seemed all vague.

So she knelt there in the great presence of Jesus, and thanked Him.

"Oh, dear Jesus, I am so glad there is a way in which I can help the church. Thank you very much,

dear Jesus, for answering me. I will give you all my pennies, every one, excepting once a month, when I shall keep one for myself for sweeties. But all the others, dear Jesus, will go into the box. Please have them."

As Bertha left the temporary church her eyes fell on the box at the door, and she looked at it lovingly, yet half wondering why she had not thought of it herself before.

an hour struggling with herself, as she kept the penny in her little hand. But there is nothing to smile at, for it was one of those battles between self-indulgence and self-discipline about a thing distinctly allowable. Bertha at last decided that it must go to the church, and shutting her eyes as she passed the shop, so as not to be tempted, she took her penny and went on to the church, which was now not far from completion.



"Dr. Hart comforted her."—p. 693.

Day after day she prayed that "lots of money" might be given to the building fund, so that the church might be finished and opened soon.

CHAPTER II.

BERTHA put her pennies, when she had them, in the box for the building fund, and bravely passed the sweetstuff shop that was close to the house they lived in. Then when she went to the building it was with quite a different feeling now. She had a real personal interest in it, and on each day that she had given a penny she picked out a brick and watched her father put it on.

Then came the day when she wanted to keep one of her pennies for sweets.

The sweets looked very tempting, but it meant one brick less for the church. Some may smile when I record the fact that Bertha, that day, was fully half

Bertha stood for a moment near the place.

All around her were narrow streets, marked by poverty and misery; the men and women who passed by her—that sweet child with her heavenly face—were chiefly those who were living godless lives, and the busy hum of town life in its most thickly populated part soared up to the blue dome above.

Near Bertha was a high pile of bricks ready for use; behind it was a mason who was going to use them. In doing so he unconsciously gave the pile a shake which sent it falling on Bertha.

A scream from the child brought him to her, and when he had hurriedly moved the bricks and tried to raise her, her screams showed him that some serious injury was done.

In a short time John Gray, with white, anxious face, was bending over his darling; and then, with the help of others, she was carried home and a doctor sent for.

There was great injury to the spine, and for some days the little child lay between life and death, until Dr. Hart gave them good hope that she would live; but, he added, she would be always on her back—never able to walk again.

They had to tell her, and she bore the news quite calmly and well. Her chief distress seemed about the bricks, and as she and Dr. Hart had become fast friends, she confided her trouble to him.

He was a big man, full of kindness hidden under a very rough exterior. Most people thought him cold, but no child would have echoed that verdict—to children he was always tender and gentle. Very likely a small grave at Woking had something to do with it, as his invalid wife knew: their one child having died when just Bertha's age.

Dr. Hart listened gravely to Bertha's little story, and drew from her the whole account of how her pennies had gone to buy bricks. She did not tell him, however, that all through her illness she had begged that the money her father would willingly have spent upon her was put in the building-fund box. Then Dr. Hart comforted her by telling her that the money went to the fund all the same, though she had not the pleasure of actually touching the bricks; and he went on and talked to her about the Heavenly Temple in which we all have our place as living stones. Bertha caught it all quickly.

"And you know you could not put in a badly shaped brick, could you? It would never do in a church, where all must be of the best."

Bertha shook her head. "I see, Doctor, quite what you mean. Oh! I should like to be a little brick in that beautiful Temple."

"So you will be, only you must shape and prepare your brick now," said Dr. Hart.

"How can I?"

"By being good, and patient, and uncomplaining," said the doctor.

Bertha did not answer. She understood it all quickly, and as the days went on, all noticed how changed she became. She was so patient, so uncomplaining, and so bright, that the neighbours shook their heads and said "she was not long for this world."

In that, however, I may say by the way, they were mistaken, for Bertha is alive, and the part of her life that I am telling you was fully twenty years ago.

"They're going to open the church next week," said John Gray one evening, in the succeeding winter.

"Ach!" said the old Frau Dumer, nodding her head, "but that is soon!"

"Yes; a thousand pounds was put anonymously in the box for the fund," said John, "and so all is cleared, and they can start fair."

Bertha's joy at the news was very great, and when Dr. Hart told her he had arranged that she should be there to the opening service, she could not answer him at once for joy.

How it all came about Bertha hardly knew. It was all like a beautiful dream, and yet very, very real, when she found herself lying in an invalid-chair close by the chancel rails. Everything round her spoke of heavenly things, and to her pure child-mind it was

all familiar. For the pure in heart see God and the things of God with a clearness of vision that would startle those who look only on the visible and earthly surroundings of their existence. The beautiful service proceeded, and at the end, when Bertha was beginning to feel weary, she looked up to find the Bishop standing within the chancel rails close to her; and their eyes met, his full of kindly tenderness.

Then he began to speak, and a hush fell on the crowded church. Silence and stillness mixed with wonder at what the Bishop was going to say or do.

In a moment or two, as Bertha listened, she found out he was speaking of her—the little child who had helped to build the church.

There was no unwise praise in his simple words, nothing that could flatter or harm the child, could praise have harmed her; but it could not. She lived so entirely the life of grace, she was so sheltered by her humility, that she had no chance of being vain.

The Bishop spoke of her efforts, her prayers for the completion of the building, and then the heavy cross of suffering that had fallen upon her. He led his hearers on to think of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the Temple made of each living stone, and he told them how all suffering could chisel and shape those stones till they were fit for use there. Many a heart was lightened that day, as the words of help and encouragement were spoken, and two distinct thoughts were left on the hearers' minds—

"All prayer and effort for God are blessed by Him."

"All suffering borne for Him is chastening, preparing us for heaven."

"It was a fortunate thing," said a fashionable lady, the day afterwards, as she read of the service in the papers, "that that thousand pounds was given."

"Yes," said her daughter, whose chief interest for the welfare of her neighbours consisted in reading and hearing what others were doing; "I expect some rich person gave it after that sermon of Mr. Graham's."

"Yes, very likely."

So the world thought, and so the preacher thought. But the angels knew that it was the fruit of a little child's prayers, and the effect of a little child's example of self-denial, that had prompted Dr. Hart to put that money in the box for the building fund, instead of building a new wing to his house.

The story of the child saving her pennies for the church had taken the Bishop's fancy, and the day after the opening he came to see Bertha, who lay very white and tired from the fatigue of the day before. But he left her beaming with happiness, for he told her again that her prayers for others were all helping to build that Heavenly Temple.

"By praying for others, you will obtain grace for them to become holier and better—more fit for the Kingdom of God."

So Bertha's suffering life had a twofold object in it. She tried to become holier herself, and she prayed very much for others.

So she is building still; but the bricks are human beings who are helped by Divine Grace to overcome sin and temptation, to be brave and good—and all this through the prayers of one whom many of them will never see till Eternity.

OUTCASTS' HAVENS.

BY ANNE BEALE.



CONSTANT readers of THE QUIVER may perhaps remember that some six or seven years ago they accompanied us to Limehouse, to be present at one of Mr. Austin's Irish Stew Dinners. We now ask them to go with us again to the same neighbourhood, to witness another strange scene in connection with the London Cottage Mission, though its site is rather palatial than cottage-like.

We reach Dod Street, which is at the corner of Burdett Road, Limehouse, and stand facing two huge warehouses, once soap factories, one looking on the road, the other on the street aforesaid. A policeman rings a bell at one of many doors for us, and assures us it is "a good work," as he continues his beat, and we enter.

We find our old friends, Mr. Austin and Miss Napton, at their posts, and are most heartily welcomed into what might be barracks, or any such receptacle for housing a multitude. We are bewildered, but safe, for we are in a Haven. A troop of girls of all ages flock in, clad in blue serge, who evidently feel safe also. They have come from Board-school, and look well and happy.

"Good-morning, Mr. Austin; good-morning, Miss," buzzes from many young voices, as they pass us, and go up a deal staircase to a huge room at its summit.

And most of these, but a while ago, were "Outcasts," for whom these warehouses were turned into "Havens."

We follow them, and are soon surrounded by children who are all ready to testify to the blessing of being well housed, and who embrace the hands and knees of their benefactors in truly tender fashion. There are two three-year-olds amongst them, one of whom was wont to speak of her father as "a rogue, vagabond, and scamp," and all of whom, alas! have nothing but miserable stories to tell. But, before we listen to them, we must perambulate our warehouse Havens, and see what their good friends, and the Providence of God, have done for them.

We find that one of these large warehouses is appropriated to girls, the other to boys. They have been fitted up as inexpensively as possible, and are capable, on an emergency, of accommodating four hundred children. Two hundred tenant them at the present time. The topmost storeys are dormitories, each containing about fifty beds, with space for more. They are surrounded by innumerable windows, and red blinds are their one ornament. For the rest, they are a maze of beds, each large enough, at a pinch, to hold two children, and all scrupulously clean, and supplied with warm blankets and coverlets. We thread them,

in order to speak to one invalid lad, who tenants a couch in the centre of the big room. He has been there nearly a month, and is still all but "a heap of bones."

"It is a case for a hospital," says Mr. Austin.

"Oh, please, sir, don't send me away!" pleads the boy, with large, entreating eyes. "I'd sooner be here."

He tells us that Mr. Austin found him seated on a parapet in Trafalgar Square, on one of the many nights when that philanthropist visited the Square with his van-loads of bread, and took him back to the Havens with his van-loads of humanity. This has been much written about, and Trafalgar Square is no longer an immense dormitory crowded with the homeless; but we will let Mr. Austin tell his own tale, while we sit at the bedside of one of the rescued.

"I started from my office at 44, Finsbury Pavement, at midnight, with a furniture van full of loaves. Visited the Metropolitan Meat Market, Covent Garden, the Embankment, and finally, Trafalgar Square. Everywhere human beings camping out in the cold, naked and hungry; respectable and disreputable herded together. The van-load did not suffice, and we scoured the neighbourhood for bread. One night it snowed, and when I approached the Square I saw only a white sheet. Suddenly the multitude rose like an army of ghosts, casting off the snow and clamouring for bread, which they ate voraciously. The large, cold Square, from Nelson's Column to the National Gallery, was full of starving people. And the children! The boys and girls who were literally friendless, many with rags only, or old newspapers to cover them! Each evening we took off a load of fifty or sixty to these Havens, established this year for such as they. We selected them with the help of the police; carefully sifting their cases afterwards. It was pitiful to hear the 'Take me! please take me!' of those left behind; for if I had sixty such places as these I could fill them. Still more pitiful it was to hear one little girl, now safe and happy here, plead 'to be let die in the snow.' When we left the Square, the children were packed so tightly in the van that they swayed to and fro in a mass, and when we reached the Havens they were an awful sight. We fumigated them, bathed them, and put them to bed. Some were so bad that we were obliged to send them at once to a hospital; and the rest lay for days, weeks, even months, too ill to leave the dormitories, which were nothing more than sick-wards. Thank God! they have most of them recovered, as you see.

"These Havens were intended only as refuges for a night, but here they are still. Could we turn the homeless little ones adrift again? We have already found situations in the City for some dozens of the elder boys and girls, who come back here to sleep; and have returned many runaways to their parents. One boy whom we found in an awful state was traced here by his father. He was an only child, and his loss drove his mother out of her mind. He had been

afraid to go home, but is now, we hope, safe. But you shall hear them tell their own tales, and judge for yourselves whether such a place as this, in such a city, is not needed. It is open all night, and policemen are empowered to bring any outcast here at any hour. Of course funds are our difficulty, for we want £200 a week, and Miss Napton has many a sleepless night, trembling for the morrow. Indeed, she has had a serious illness, and I have only lately recovered from brain-fever, so great is the strain of the work."

We cannot be surprised at this when we contemplate its dimensions. But a little wail from another corner of the apartment breaks in upon the story, and the sick lad says compassionately, "He cries all night, his eyes are so bad. No; he don't keep me awake, for I can't sleep for my head. I slept a month in the Square. My stepfather turned me out of doors. We lived in Shovel Alley."

Winding in and out of the labyrinth of beds, we reach one containing another sufferer—a small boy sitting up in bed, shading his eyes from the light, and crying persistently.

"My child, your eyes will never get well if you cry," says Mr. Austin kindly.

"I can't sleep all night, sir; no, nor all day," replies the patient.

"Half of them come with their eyes bad," explains compassionate Mr. Austin. "But we have much to be thankful for. Only two invalided now, and at first the doctors were here night and morning, and sometimes six hours at a stretch; for we could not let them die."

Having visited the four immense dormitories, we pause a moment. Each bed has been made by its nightly occupant, whether boy or girl, and all are perfectly neat. A stove keeps the temperature of the large, many-windowed rooms above freezing point. Constant scrubbing is getting the soap- and dirt-encrusted floors clean, and the factories are habitable. They must be seen to be understood. So must their inmates. Let us interview a few of them in their friend's wooden cupboard of an office, having descended with difficulty the many flights of rough deal stairs. No money spent as yet in ornamentation: all has been expended successfully in adding flesh to the wasted limbs, colour to the pale cheeks, and vigour to the failing framework.

One at a time, many youths come and tell their pitiful tales. They have neither false modesty nor impudent boldness, and it would seem almost like a fairy transformation to see lads in a neat uniform, bright and hopeful, who have been so lately stranded on the inhospitable shores of our London streets. Their manners, too, are singularly good; so that even Mr. Austin is sometimes puzzled to know how they got them.

"I slept two months in Trafalgar Square, and have

been here four," says one. "I am an orphan. My father was a printer; and I came to London from Lancashire in search of work. Couldn't get it, and tried to sell matches, but never earned enough for a night's lodging."

"I was four months in the Square," explains another. "I han't got no friends, except what I've found here; and I han't made no foes. This is a nice place to come to."

"Nobody knows what it is to sleep out all night, as we did, 'cept them as have done it. I was three months in the Square—but then it was summer; and I've been here two; and I'm very thankful," says another.

"I slept a couple of months in Covent Garden. The p'lice can't have us there, because when they hunt us from one place we run to another. But most of 'em is very kind; only they must do their duty."

One of the lads, named William Collier, declares that he has several brothers living, who would help him if he could find them. He was in an india-rubber factory, but was dismissed, with many others, when work was slack. He is respectable, and one brother has passed his examination as captain in a merchant-vessel.

"I lived with a stepfather," he adds. "My proper father was a tailor."

Here is the solution of much that is enigmatical. Half these deserted children are turned adrift by the cruelty of so-called stepfathers, who not only ill-treat them, but their mothers. One declared that he would drown himself if sent back. But his was a strange case, for the woman who came to claim him was his stepmother, she said, having married his stepfather. Mr. Austin had no difficulty in rescuing him from this anomalous parentage. But strangest and saddest of all are the histories of those who "never had a parent." And such there are, ostensibly. Kicked about, knocked about, like living shuttlecocks, from house to house, from alley to alley, it is no wonder that some such wailed after Mr. Austin a "Take us to 'Eaven, please, sir!" for with them Heaven and the Havens were synonymous, and probably are so still.





ENROLLING OUTCASTS AT THE HAVENS.

Time and space will not permit us to give more masculine examples, but all the boys tell the same tale. One adds that he wandered from casual ward to casual ward till he exhausted all the unions in South London. "T is almost better outside," he adds, "for they only give us a bit of dry bread for breakfast, and a piece of bread and cheese for dinner, and we 're kep' in to pick oakum, which some fellows do quick, but I couldn't manage."

"What is picking oakum?" we ask eagerly.

"Unravelling the threads of a piece of tarred sail-cloth or somethin'; I s'pose they stuff mattresses with it. 'T is very hard work," is the reply.

When asked what they would best like to become, most of these lads say either a soldier or sailor. They are well drilled, and are already beginning a drum-and-fife band. They, as well as the girls, all attend Board schools, the teachers of which speak well of them. They are certainly good specimens of feeding-up.

We must not, however, confine ourselves to the outcasts of Trafalgar Square, since the Havens are open to receive the children of overburdened or destitute parents for a limited time, on the payment of one penny a night, or those of poor women during illness. Of course stringent rules are laid down for these, and references required. We are introduced to one nice-looking girl of twelve, who was found destitute of clothing, in a small room where she was locked in, and whence Mr. Austin took her.

"I have no parents, and a lady took me in," she says simply; the lady being a poor woman who had compassion on her, as she wandered nearly nude about the neighbourhood.

In the midst of our inquisition, dinner is announced. Before joining it, however, we would note that these lads and lasses display none of the cunning attributed to their class. Their faces and manners are open, and

there is, apparently, no *arrière pensée*. Dinner is served in a large, irregular ground-floor room, the boys and girls being seated in different parts of it. They fold their hands and close their eyes reverently while they sing their grace, and patiently await their basins of excellent pea-soup, of which they have as much as they wish. Having seen the cooking in progress in the basement, we partake of this, knowing that it is well prepared.

We wish to know the proportion of Trafalgar Squareites, and a show of hands is requested. More than two-thirds of the poor "Outcasts" hold up their hands.

"All who wish to leave us and return there, hold up your hands," says Mr. Austin.

Grins and smiles are the sole response, but there is as much pathos in the silence as in the demonstration.

Moving between the tables we come upon a French youth, who has been about a fortnight in the Havens. He has an interesting and wistful face. He had been two days in London, hunted from pillar to post, not knowing a syllable of English, when a gentleman brought him to the Havens at the instigation of a former inmate, who said, "They will be sure to take him in there." He looks half-scared when we address him in his native tongue, but says he wants to get work among the printers of French books; that he comes from Rennes, and that his name is Eugène Guérin. All his companions are trying to teach him English, and he gives us "Good-morning" and "Good-evening" with a melancholy look. It is delightful to remark how kind all these young people are to one another; how obedient, thankful, and, before all, quiet they are. Eugène tells us that all he wants is "work, and to live at the Havens." But inquiries have been made, and he has recently been sent back to his native land.

Very pleasant it is, also, to see the loving gratitude of the children to their benefactors, and to hear their farewells as they march off again to school. Clothed, fed, housed, after months of semi-starvation and nakedness, who shall estimate the results? and the small sum of two shillings will secure these boons for six nights: and cast-off clothing, books, food, anything, will be welcomed by their friend, Miss Napton, who resides close by, at 304, Burdett Road. This lady has been working in this poor neighbourhood for sixteen years, and has now the gratification of spending her summer months at a country house called Hall's Green, near Sevenoaks, in the bewitching Weald of

Kent. Here she superintends an establishment as important in its way as the Havens.

Thither are sent, in batches of a hundred at a time, the weaklings of the slums of Limehouse. A fortnight or more in the sweet country makes of the drooping, beamugged floweret, a healthy, clean flower, and gives a blessed opportunity to Christ's servants everywhere to aid in the transformation.

But we dare not tarry at Hall's Green even in imagination, for city fogs are closing round us, and we have yet much to see. Mr. Austin is too well acquainted with the hard work he has had to do in turning soap factories into Havens, to let us escape without seeing the basement, with its gas-lighted kitchen, fumigating and storing places—by the way, he says all the rags he has fumigated and stored would not yield twelve shillings—bath-room, laundry, lavatories, clothes-room, and what not.

When we have seen it all, and bid adieu to the kind matron and mistress, whom the children love, we find ourselves again treading the grimy pavement on our way to another establishment. Streets and alleys seem interminable between the Havens and this labour-house, but we are arrested midway to see the new Mission Hall, which was not completed when we visited Salmon Lane last. We are astonished to behold up-stairs a large room set apart for worship, and below a similar one used for various meals. In this latter to-morrow hundreds of children will be fed with that appetising Irish stew we remember so well, and here also an army of the

unemployed are regaled at supper from time to time. The unemployed! at the moment nearly all the dock-labourers within a stone's throw of us are unemployed! Descending a few steps, we are in the kitchen amid the boilers, where all the food is cooked; and we think of the weekly dinners and the suppers, and all the good works done here, and we learn with thankfulness that "in the upper chamber" a crowded congregation assembles to thank the Lord for these His mercies.

But time presses, and we dare not tarry. Out again into the dingy streets, in almost every room of every house of which, as Miss Napton remarks, resides a family. At last we reach a corner where some labourers are actually *employed*, laying down pavement, which breaks the dreary monotony.

"Here we are at last!" says Mr. Austin cheerily, and we enter a two-storeyed house, where a number of his "Outcasts" are engaged in chopping wood and tying it up in bundles. In another small apartment more lads are shoe-mending, and it is in contemplation to introduce other trades up-stairs. We will hope that the School Board will follow so wholesome an example, and let their scholars be taught to use their hands as well as their brains. Philanthropists like Mr. Austin, Dr. Barnardo, and others, discover that they work well together, and prepare for the carrying out of the emigration schemes so widely discussed. Mr. Austin has his full in view.

All these bright, healthy-looking lads were found



"Respectable and disreputable together."—p. 661.

among the outcasts of Trafalgar Square but a few months ago, and they are now panting to earn their living. Who will help them to do so? Who will aid those we have left at the Havens to do likewise? There is no time to lose. Mr. Austin would fain open the floodgates of charity, so that an unceasing

torrent or stream of benevolence should flow in. And it must flow continually if those whom society has cast out are to be rescued. As we again face the damp fog of the streets, we pray to Almighty God to move all hearts to "melting charity," for His dear Son's sake.

AT GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE VERY REV. H. D. M. SPENCE, D.D., DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



SOFT and silvery are the chimes which float down, ever and anon, from the lofty tower of Gloucester Cathedral to the exquisitely quiet College Green below. Standing there, one is surrounded on every hand with venerable buildings and eloquent memorials of a bygone time.

There are the fine Norman windows, ornate with curious "dog-tooth" work, the fingers which patiently wrought them dead and buried centuries since; there are the Canons' houses, the newest of which is nearly two hundred years old; there is the ancient gateway, dark and worn with age, through which passed Bishop Hooper to the martyr's fire; and opposite, nestling under the very shadow of the venerable Cathedral, and immediately joining the noble western front, is the old and interesting dwelling-place of the Deans of Gloucester.

For five hundred years it was the Priors' Lodge, when the Cathedral was a Benedictine abbey. Richard II. held a Parliament within its walls during the turmoil of his troublous reign, and the Acts of Gloucester are dated from thence; while Henry VIII. and his Queen, Anne Boleyn, spent some days of their honeymoon in this historic abode.

The fine large Perpendicular window close to the Cathedral belonged to the Priors' Chapel, or banqueting hall—it is doubtful which—and now is the Dean's library. It is reached by a narrow staircase, lighted by the slits in the thick walls which served as windows hundreds of years ago. Massively built of stone, probably in King Stephen's reign, it is draped here and there with tapestry and old English crewl-work, which, with the handsome and costly furniture, the well-filled bookcases, the warm-coloured Persian carpets on the polished floor, and the glowing fire, take off any sense of chilliness or discomfort from the stonework on a cold day, without detracting from its appearance; while even the brass gas-corona depending from the groined roof is so fashioned as to be in keeping.

The apartment is long and lofty, and runs due east and west. It immediately joins the Cathedral, with which it is connected by an archway beneath. The room is enriched with many beautiful and costly gifts from the parishioners of St. Pancras. Placed at an obtuse angle from the fireplace is a most artistic

writing-table of walnut-wood, bearing the inscription, "Presented by the parishioners of St. Pancras to the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester, their loved Vicar for ten years, 1877—1887." A richly chased silver-gilt inkstand and four massive candlesticks were also included in the St. Pancras presentation; while the children of the Sunday-schools gave the Dean that handsomely bound set of Charles Dickens's works which we see, beside University prizes and volumes of theology, in the fine bookcases placed along the northern wall.

The children selected Dickens's works because the Vicar had given the boys and girls some lectures about the stories; and this fact gives us a glimpse of the Dean's variety of tastes and power of adapting himself to varied needs.

Beside these volumes and the University prizes, stamped with the arms of his Alma Mater, and recalling brilliant victories in his hard-working student days, there are presentation copies, amongst others, from Bishop Ellicott, Archdeacon Farrar, Dean Perowne, and Dean Vaughan; while two long shelves are occupied with one of the great pieces of work of Dean Spence's life—viz., the "Pulpit Commentary," of which he is the principal editor. At the time of writing, twenty-six volumes have appeared; and of the earlier ones, nine editions have already been published. Some of the greatest living Biblical scholars have been enlisted in the production of this masterly commentary, and the volume on St. Luke will be by Dean Spence himself. A great collection of patristic divinity is also included in this comprehensive library of the Dean's.

On the opposite side of the room is a beautiful inlaid Milanese cabinet, also a gift from his St. Pancras flock, in which manuscripts and sermons are kept; and above the fireplace is an elaborate and large overmantel, filled with beautiful and costly china, some of it old Oriental ware; and to the right, close to one of the pieces of tapestry, may be seen the encaustic tiles of the old sacarium, or raised dais.

The dining-room (which, like the study, has one window facing the west, and looking on to one part of the tranquil College Green) is panelled high with a dark oak wainscot, and in one of the panels of the overmantel shines a characteristic portrait in gilt of "bluff King Hal," a reminiscence, probably, of the time when he dwelt here for a brief space with his Queen, Anne Boleyn. Portraits of their daughter Queen Bess, and of her courtier Lord Essex, look down from



THE DEAN'S LIBRARY, GLOUCESTER.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. E. Bamford, Minor Canon of Gloucester Cathedral.)

the walls; while on a fine oaken sideboard stand the silver flagon and claret-jug and salver presented to the Dean by the parishioners of St. Mary-le-Crypt at Gloucester, and the students of Lampeter College, respectively. Here also is a large tea-caddy made from a beam of the Temple Church, restored during the trusteeship of the Dean's father, Mr. George Spence, Q.C.

A dim and winding passage leads to the large, heavily timbered room where Richard II. held his Parliament in 1378—that is, the Peers met here while the Commons sat in the Chapter-house of the Cathedral close by, across the cloister garden belonging to the Dean, behind the house.

Dean Spence frequently conducts large parties of artisans of both sexes round his Cathedral, pointing out the numerous objects of interest. Under his guidance and well-informed, cultured conversation the venerable building may be said to glow with interest and instruction. Among other things, the visitors would probably learn that the magnificent chancel window is the largest in the world, not excepting the great window at York; they would mount to the large triforium whence the monks used to watch the services; they would "try" the whispering gallery; they would admire the lofty heights, the noble proportions, and notice the different styles of the early architecture of the great Gloucester Minster, which took five hundred years to build.

The Dean's chief function is, of course, the guardianship of his Cathedral, and its many services. But nothing, in short, can be done in the Cathedral with-

out him. In fact, in this respect he is independent of the bishop himself, though there is not likely to be any friction at Gloucester between Dean Spence and Bishop Ellicott, whose old pupil Dr. Spence is, and now the warm and attached friend.

But though the Dean has no parish, he leads a busy life. He preaches every Sunday, either in the afternoon or evening, to large congregations, which throng the nave of the Cathedral; also often during the week. And he has been successful in reproducing some of the old St. Pancras life and work in the cathedral city. Thus he has a large Bible-class of young women, numbering from 120 to 130, every alternate Thursday afternoon in one of the transepts, and in addition he holds other Bible-classes in his own drawing-room. The members of all these come by special invitation.

Then the Deanery is the centre of all kinds of diocesan work, and almost every day Dean Spence receives invitations to preach in various churches of the See. Further, he shares in the work of the great diocese of Gloucester and Bristol.

Dean Spence is a Westminster boy. He was born in 1836, in Pall Mall, and the house now forms part of the Junior Carlton Club. His father, Mr. George Spence, was a Chancery barrister, sometime Member of Parliament for Ripon, a Q.C., and Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple. When nineteen, the Dean had a post in the Board of Trade. Successful in a competitive examination, he subsequently held a superior clerkship, and also a private secretaryship to Sir Douglas Galton.

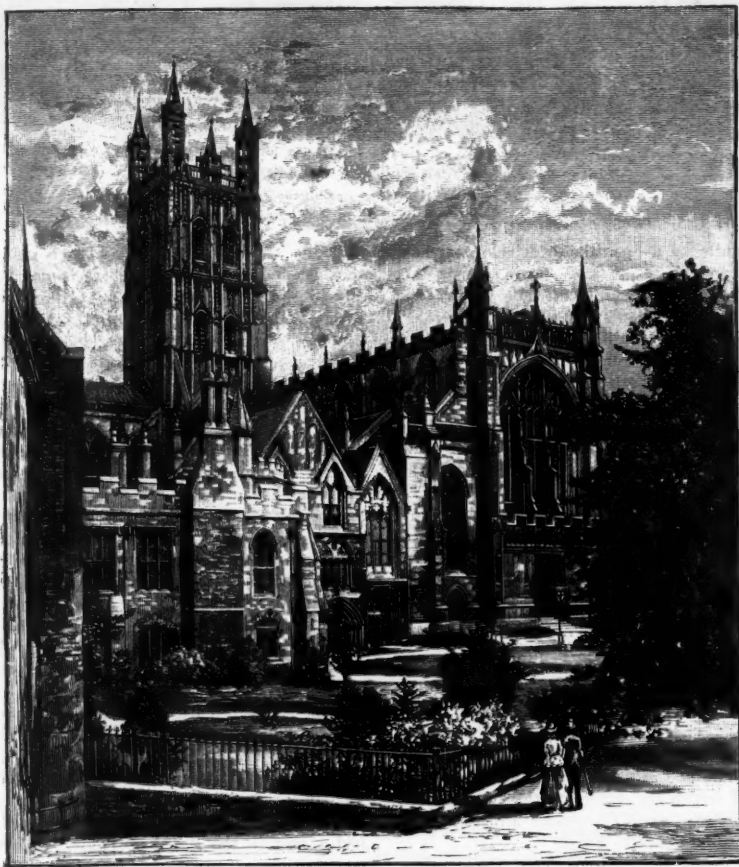
But at the age of twenty-four Dean Spence determined to enter the ministry. Abandoning his bright prospects in the Civil Service, he went to Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and proved himself very proficient in Hebrew and Greek. Three times, indeed, was he University Prizeman in Biblical Greek, and he gained a First Class in the Theological Tripos, and won many College prizes beside, which now adorn his library and tell of the honourable triumphs of the past.

Leaving Cambridge, he became a Professor at St. David's College, Lampeter, and six years afterwards married a daughter of the late Mr. David Jones, of Pantglas, who was for twenty years M.P. for the county of Carmarthen. Lord Chancellor Hatherley in a few years gave him the living of St. Mary-le-Crypt at Gloucester. Subsequently he became head of the Gloucester and Bristol Theological College, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and Hon. Canon of the Cathedral. In 1877 Lord Beaconsfield offered him the Vicarage of St. Pancras, and after ten years

of very successful labour there, he went back to Gloucester as Dean, on the nomination of Lord Salisbury; and it was then that his old University of Cambridge conferred on him the degree of D.D. *honoris causa*.

During the ten years Dean Spence passed at St. Pancras he accomplished some of the most important work of his life. Most indefatigably and energetically he laboured to perfect his parochial organisation. His Sunday-schools there were probably the largest in England; in addition to which, there were well-attended and highly efficient day-schools and mission services, Bible-classes, clubs, soup-kitchen—all in constant operation; while the congregation in the church numbered, when the census was taken, over 1,200 in the morning, and 1,900 persons in the evening, without counting the separate children's and mission services.

Dean (then Canon) Spence succeeded Dr. Thorold—who became Bishop of Rochester—as Vicar of St. Pancras. He found the great day-schools free from debt, and he struggled hard to maintain them so.



THE CATHEDRAL (WEST FRONT) AND DEANERY, GLOUCESTER.

(From a Photograph by Abraham Thomas, College Green, Gloucester)

When he left he was able to hand them over also free from debt to his successor, and in this work he was greatly helped by the tireless zeal and generosity of the treasurers. The school-buildings, which are also used as Sunday-schools, are situated in two places—one in Lancing Street, north of the church; and the other in Sandwich Street, south of the church. Each has accommodation for boys, girls, and infants.

"A Church House" was built in 1883, accommodating two supplementary schools; and in a large upper room a Working Men's and Artisans' Club and Library was held on week evenings, while on Sunday a large Bible-class for young men met there. A supplemental Sunday-school was also held in a mission-house in Thanet Street, where also a "rough" school assembled on Sunday in a large class-room after the ordinary Sunday-school had dispersed. A supplemental school was also held in Brantome Place. Altogether it was calculated that between 4,150 and 4,350 persons in the district of the St. Pancras Church attended school or church every Sunday.

In addition to the large Sunday- and day-schools, the work carried on included six mission services (either on Sunday or during the week), five Bible-classes, two Sunday-school teachers' preparation classes, a monthly meeting of the Communicants' Union, a weekly meeting of the clergy and Scripture-readers, a weekly meeting of the district visitors, a separate monthly meeting of the Girls' Guild and of the Men's Guild, two meetings of the Sunday-school teachers, no fewer than six weekly mothers' meetings and one of the Maternity Society, weekly meetings of a penny bank, self-help societies, needlework and clothing societies, and girls' sewing-class; a monthly meeting of the Girls' Missionary Working Party, and also of the Children's Missionary Party, which met at different houses; meetings of several distinct temperance societies, for adults and juveniles, held monthly or in alternate weeks; every night, club meetings for working men, young men and lads, including gymnasium, cricket, swimming, bicycle clubs, etc.; while the sick and poor were remembered by means of the work of the invalid kitchen, the soup kitchen, and penny dinners, these latter having elicited the high praise of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools. In his work at St. Pancras, the Vicar was assisted by four or five curates and some of the principal members of his congregation.

Alluding to it, the following very remarkable testimony was given by Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, who, preaching in St. Pancras Church, shortly after the Deanery of Gloucester was conferred on Dr. Spence, said:—"Those who have known St. Pancras during these last years know also how unsparing, how untiring have been the labours and the sacrifices which have made the church and all its ministries, within and without its halls, a bright example to sister churches and to brother ministers of our communion. We shall follow the departing Vicar of St. Pancras with our frequent thoughts and earnest blessings, into the scene (already familiar to him) of what he will certainly make a place not of dignified repose, but of self-forgetting labour, alike in the seclusion of his



THE VERY REV. H. D. M. SPENCE, D.D., DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

(From a Photograph.)

diligent study, and in the service of his stately cathedral."

The Dean preaches both extemporaneously and from manuscript, and can use both methods with facility. His practice has always been to give a great amount of care to his sermons, in thinking them out and composing them. Indeed, he often spends from sixteen to twenty hours in preparing one sermon. But this hard work makes itself felt and has its reward, for the vast congregations which used to assemble at St. Pancras have their counterpart in the great gatherings which throng the nave and choir of his beautiful Cathedral. He has also frequently preached at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and, at Dr. Vaughan's request, often in the Temple Church.

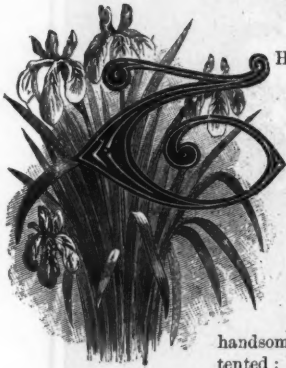
The Dean, too, is an accomplished linguist. He reads and speaks several languages, and is also a well-read Orientalist, while of Hebrew he is still daily a careful and diligent student.

From the busy London parish to the tranquil cathedral city was a change indeed, but the energetic Dean finds plenty of work to do; for while appreciating the great beauty and the historical associations of his Gloucester residence and surroundings, he is ever anxious to be fully alive to the needs of the present time.

THE BEAUFORTS OF BEATRICE GARDENS.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER I.



HE sun was sending slanting rays through a western window into Mr. Beaufort's modest house, as he wended his way slowly, very slowly, home. He was a middle-aged man, with a slight stoop and grey hair, which he wore falling over his shoulders. His face was

handsome, but slightly discontented; his mouth had some bitter lines round it; his whole

expression was irritable. In all respects he looked like a man who had missed the right turning in life. He walked up two or three shallow steps to the suburban villa in Bayswater where he lived, and opened his own hall door with a latch-key. The house bore all the evidence of belonging to the cheap suburban class. The entrance-hall was extremely narrow, and the stairs which led to the storey above both narrow and steep. The ground floor was arranged after the method of thousands of other similar houses—namely, a drawing-room to the front, and a dining-room to the back—the two divided by folding doors. The drawing-room had a bay-window, through which the sun was now sending floods of yellow light; the dining-room had French window-doors, which opened on to steps leading into a dreary little square of ground, called, for the sake of the name, a garden. Nothing could be more commonplace than the house, nothing more absolutely every-day than its arrangements, and Mr. Beaufort entered it now with one of his habitual sighs. He was an ambitious man, and considered that he had a soul very far above his petty surroundings.

When he came into the hall, sounds of laughter and gay young voices greeted him.

"Those girls again!" he muttered, under his breath. "Giddy-pates—silly, laughing giddy-pates!" Then he opened the drawing-room door and went in.

It was an untidy room, but by no means ugly or inartistic in its arrangements. Four girls occupied it—four busy, active, energetic girls.

"Here's father," said Patty, the youngest, and instantly four tongues ceased to chatter, four pairs of lips no longer smiled, and all eyes were turned with a look of expectation, though scarcely of pleasure, on the fretful-looking man who had disturbed some pleasant chatter.

"Is tea ready, Patience?" he said, addressing the girl who had exclaimed on his entrance.

She was a little creature, with a slight figure, and brown, softly tinted face; her eyes and hair were also of a gentle tone of brown; her manner was bright and unassuming.

"Patty, we are starving for tea!" said Ethel, the eldest sister; while Constance got up from where she was kneeling on the rug, and began to smooth and arrange her hair before a small glass which stood over the mantel-piece.

Patty darted off apologetically, saying she would see about tea at once, and then a fourth figure rose very slowly out of the depths of an easy-chair, and a full, rich, pleasant voice said very brightly—

"Have you brought us any good news, Uncle Egbert?"

"No, Elizabeth, I have not," he replied. "Publishers have no discernment, no knowledge, no wisdom, these days. There, my dear," he added, looking with a suddenly softened expression into the beautiful face of his young questioner, "I did not mean to worry you with my affairs.—One of you girls let me know when tea is ready—I am going down to my study."

He left the room, and the three girls looked at one another.

"There!" said Constance, "it's just as I thought—he has been disappointed again. Why won't he try to get some steady work in his profession, instead of dabbling in literature? Of course I knew that poem would never be accepted! Who wants long, stupid, tiresome poems these days? Oh, I have no patience with father, frittering away his talents as he does!"

"Still, you might be a little sorry for his disappointment," said Elizabeth, sinking gracefully once more into an easy-chair. "I do wish the publishers would be lenient—he'd have been so delighted, the dear old man!"

"It's very easy for you to be sorry for him, Betty," said Ethel, the eldest of the girls, "but you are not a fair judge—you are an outsider and independent—you have lots of money of your own, and can get no end of pretty dresses—and whatever you wear you look lovely in—oh, dear!—oh, dear!—whereas we—"

"Poor old Ethel!" said Betty, springing to her feet, running to her cousin, and kissing her affectionately: "I am so sorry! I wish I could divide my money amongst you all; but I thought you were very glad to be in the Post Office."

"I'm not," said Ethel; "I hate it—it's a most grinding life, and in this hot weather it is quite intolerable. No, sixty pounds a year is not worth the suffering of earning it."

"We are hardly treated," broke in Constance; "I don't think girls ought to have to earn their living; and I repeat again, I have no patience with father. You are not a fair judge, Elizabeth, and it is very tiresome your taking his part."

"But Patty takes his part too," said Elizabeth, "and she has much the duller life of you all."

"Oh, Patty—poor little thing! she'd pity anyone who even wore a frown; but she is quite a child still, and she will be wiser by-and-by."

"Never, I hope," said Elizabeth, with fervour; "I love her for her tender heart."

Then she rose and went out of the room, walking across the little drawing-room in indolent but graceful fashion, and stepping up the narrow stairs to her own bed-room, which was fairly large, and was on the first floor, with the air of a young princess.

Here she changed her morning dress for a very pretty evening one—put some choice cut flowers into her hair; and when Ethel and Constance were going into the room where Patty had prepared the tea, Elizabeth was seen sailing down-stairs in her lovely dress, ready to go off with her chaperon, a lady who was now waiting for her at the door in a brougham.

"It is hard on us," said Constance; "I almost wish we did not live in the same house; it keeps me in a continual fret to see Elizabeth looking so beautiful and happy, and having such a good time."

"Hush!" said Ethel, "she may hear you; you know we could not do without her money."

"Good-bye, girls," called out Elizabeth in her gay voice; "I'll bring you back all the stories I can to cheer you up. Good-bye, Patty-pan!"

"Good-bye, dear Betty," said Patty, running eagerly out of the little sitting-room where tea was waiting. "I hope you'll have a lovely, lovely time! You do look so sweet!"

CHAPTER II.

THE girls took their places at the tea-table, and looked round for their father.

"He's not coming," said Patty; "I took him down his tea to the study; he's not very well; he's had another trouble."

"Now, look here, Patty," said Constance, speaking with energy, "Elizabeth is not here to take your part, and you really must listen to us. It's perfect folly your speaking of father's silly disappointments with publishers as *troubles*. If he would only take them to heart, and give up writing useless poetry, they might be regarded as blessings in disguise."

"How can you, Constance!" said Patty, her brown eyes flashing; "how can you speak in that contemptuous tone of what our father writes! his lovely, lovely thoughts! It is a great sorrow to me their not appearing before the world. This is my trouble as well as father's, and I cannot think how you can be so unkind as not to feel it also. Did you see his face this evening? Why, he looked five years older."

"Don't waste your temper, my dear," said Ethel in her most tantalising voice; "we won't discuss the subject.—Constance, how are you getting on at that type-writing office? Are you likely to earn anything worth speaking of? You see, as our father will spend his time over poetry, and Patty will encourage him, you and I must put our shoulders to the wheel."

"You are horrid!" said Patty, letting the lids droop over her eyes, so that no one might see the quick tears which filled them; but the next moment she was laughing merrily at some smart remark of Ethel's, and then her April face became full of sadness when Constance complained of headache, and said she knew she should lose her health unless she had some change. Certainly, to look at her, outsiders would have said

that Patty was far too sympathising, and that she would undoubtedly wear herself out before her time if she took everybody else's troubles so strongly to heart.

In the course of that same evening, as Mr. Beaufort was sitting in his tiny study down-stairs, with quires of loose manuscripts scattered before him, his pen in his hand, and deep meditation on his brow, he was roused by a gentle tap at the door.

"Who is that? I don't want to be disturbed!" he called out.

"I won't disturb you, father," said Patience, coming in with the air of a privileged child. "I have brought my work; and if you are inclined to be kind to me—"

Mr. Beaufort's brow relaxed. Something like the dawning of a smile played round his lips.

"Well, well, Patty, what a little trouble-the-house you are! What is your particular whim now, my dear? You know this is my busiest hour. I have got the dawning of a great conception, Patience, and I am jotting down my first rough ideas."

"Yes, father; I am sure it will be something lovely. Here, I will sit at your feet—that will be quite cosy. Now, won't you tell me about it?"

"No, my dear; no. To speak of an unformed idea takes the bloom off it."

Here Mr. Beaufort's hand stroked his young daughter's brown head indulgently.

"This will be a great work, Patience," he continued; "this new idea must succeed."

"Of course it must, father."

"Your sisters don't believe in me, Patty; but you and Elizabeth do."

"Oh, yes; and we admire your writing so much! Con and Ethel will quite agree with us some day. I think, father, it's rather a good sign of a work for the publishers to refuse it."

"Well, my dear, I am not discouraged. I was for an hour or two, but I have got over it. It is, on the whole, the best thing that could have happened to me. The poem on Troy rejected by Messrs. Santley and Gibbs is nothing like as great as the poem about—ahem!—the poem which is to be written. When I appear before the world, Patience, it will be as the author of something vigorous, unique, magnificent. You will be proud of your father some day, my little girl!"

"I am now," said Patty, with fervour; "only I'm sorry you are tired of the poem about Troy, for I am not; I love it. I thought you would read me some more to-night. That was what I came to ask you."

"No, my dear, I cannot; it would upset my other embryo thoughts. The new poem is to be something altogether different. It is to be modern, satirical; it will contain some lashes to punish the sins of the multitude. There, there! I will not speak of it, my child, only I must hasten to perfect my ideas, and then get them into verse. I shall use occasional rhyme in this poem; blank verse, the finest of all, is above the heads of the poor triflers of the nineteenth century. I must stoop to be popular, Patience; but I can afford this slight concession, for my theme is so splendid. Ah, the publishers won't refuse this poem!

Fame and money and all will come with it, never fear!"

"We do want money," said Patty, with a little sigh—hastily suppressed. "I am awfully sorry to trouble you, father, but the quarter's rent has been due for over a month now, and Mr. Payne sent round for it again this afternoon."

"My dear Patience! how indiscreet you are; nothing so disturbs the flow of imagination as allusion to these sordid cares. Now, my child, I really must beg of you to leave me in peace."

Patty's brown cheeks grew a little pale.

"But Mr. Payne said——" she began.

"My dear, you must consult with your sisters; they are both earning, and must contrive to make up the amount between them. Long before next quarter-day I can pay it back. A poem such as I am about to be engaged on will be worth hundreds of pounds. Speak to Ethel and Constance about the rent, and leave me in peace."

Patty slowly, very slowly, left the room. As wearily as if her small feet were weighted with lead, she crept up the basement stairs, and crossing the hall, once more entered the drawing-room. Constance was reading a story by the light of a shaded lamp. Ethel was putting clean frills on the dress she wore at her office.

"Oh, Patty," she exclaimed, as her young visitor appeared, "you might finish this for me! It would be a delicious luxury to sit doing nothing; I do ache all over!"

Patty might have remarked that Ethel generally indulged in the luxury of doing nothing every evening; she was not fond of reading, and considered that her toils at the Post Office abundantly entitled her to any amount of idling at home.

"There, you little thing! you'll be glad of something to do," she said, tossing the yards of frilling and the black cashmere body into Patty's lap.

"I think," said Constance, suddenly raising her eyes, and speaking abruptly, "that the style of wearing ribands round the neck and sleeves is much more economical, and prettier, than frilling. Why don't you adopt it, Ethel? Those constant frills of yours really act on my nerves."

Ethel tossed her head, and leaning back lazily in her chair, stifled a yawn. Patty worked for bare life; suddenly she flung down the body of the dress, let all the frilling stream in wild confusion on the floor, and spoke with desperate energy.

"Sisters, do tell me! have you any of your last monthly salaries left?"

"Bless the child!" said Ethel, "what is she after now? A new frock, eh? Oh, come now, Patty-pan, that last grenadine is quite presentable still."

"No, no," said Patty, tears springing to her eyes. "it's the rent—it's the dreadful, dreadful quarter's rent—it has been overdue for a month, and Mr. Payne is so angry, and father has no money to give to it, and he said I was to—ask—you——"

"Well, here's a pretty state of things!" said Constance, flinging down her book, and beginning to pace the floor. "Father buries himself in his rubbishy poems, and expects us to keep the roof over him.

You know perfectly, Patty, it's most unfair. I pay fifteen shillings a week, as it is, to the house expenses, and Ethel does even more than that—don't you, Ethel?"

"I give eighteen shillings," said Ethel; "it's the most monstrous thing I ever heard in my life. Did he really and truly say you were to come to us, Patty?"

"Yes," said Patty, in a very tearful voice. "He said next time he could meet it; he expects to be quite rich next quarter."

"So likely!" replied Constance. "Well, look here, Patty: I have got no money—not a penny. How much is the quarter's rent?"

"It's ten pounds twelve," said Patty. "The landlord says it's very little, and that when the lease is up next year he must raise it; and there's the gas and the water-rate, too. I don't know what's to be done."

"Nor do I," said Ethel. "I really and truly think this is too hard on us; father buries himself in his books, and does not give a single thought to how the roof is kept over his head, nor how the bread and butter and beef and mutton get on his table. How can he suppose that I can do much on sixty pounds a year? And as to poor Con, she has not even that."

"I'm very unhappy about it," said Patty. "There, Ethel darling, the frills are sewn in so nicely! I do think, sisters, that if we could make a great effort just for this one quarter that things might be better next. I have a reason for this—a great reason. You know, Ethel and Con, our father is a genius, and you know, too, that all the books of story and history tell of the darkness and misery which accompany genius, until, all of a sudden, the world sees the real, beautiful thing, and then——! That will be the way with father," concluded Patty, her eyes shining.

"Really, Patience," exclaimed Ethel, "you do talk the most absolute rubbish! We have all got to live, and not to think about possible geniuses."

"Yes," said Patty, sobbing down instantly; "and we must pay the quarter's rent. I wonder how much I could get for my pretty little pearl ring? I'm quite willing to sell it, and the gold chain that my god-mother gave me."

"You wouldn't get much for either of them, child. Oh, what an awful nuisance this is! Con, my dear, there's our last chance of a little summer trip shattered at a blow!"

"I tell you what it is," said Constance: "if this kind of thing goes on, I'll go into lodgings on my own account. I will call my earnings my own, and not render myself liable to be deprived of them at a fell swoop any moment. Well, Ethel, we are in for it, I suppose. I'd better go round to the dressmaker the first thing in the morning, and countermand that new dress; and please, Patty, go into the hall, and bring me back that letter which waits to be posted. I meant to have gone to Richmond with Edith Grey and her brother on Saturday, but, of course, I should have had to pay my share, and now I shall have no money. There, Patty, don't stare at me with those round eyes. I am going to finish my book, whatever happens; only I do wish—yes, I do, that I was not Constance Beaufort, but her rich and lucky cousin, Elizabeth Cunningham."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER all her trouble, Patty Beaufort slept soundly. She was quite accustomed to these periodical outbursts about the quarter's rent. She never remembered the time when the gas was paid before the

have been his gradually ceased to arrive. His wife had died when Patty was a baby. During her lifetime, and for some years after her death, the family lived on the capital of her very small fortune. When that at last was expended, Ethel and Constance were



"Have you any of your last monthly salaries left?"—p. 701.

supply was threatened to be cut off. She never could recall her father bringing back much money, nor the family purse being anything but very, very slightly provided for. Mr. Beaufort was a barrister by profession, but he infinitely preferred literature to law, and as, notwithstanding all his efforts, the successful in literature had never come to him, so also, because he so utterly neglected them, the briefs which might

supposed to have finished their education. Ethel obtained a situation in the General Post Office, and Constance found a rather precarious living by shorthand and type-writing. Patty stayed at home and kept house, but it was Elizabeth Cunningham who in reality kept the house going. She was an heiress on a small scale, and when she came of age would of course become completely her own mistress. At

present her guardians wished her to live with her uncle, Mr. Beaufort, and they paid £200 a year for the scant comforts she was to receive in his household. She was a very warm-hearted and affectionate girl, however, and it never occurred to her to complain of the often badly provided board, and the many evidences of poverty which were all too apparent in No. 24, Beatrice Gardens, Bayswater.

The next morning Patty rose with the lark; it was the middle of summer, and fresh and joyous as the birds the young girl awoke.

"Oh, that rent!" she said to herself, as she hastily dressed, and brushed out her curling brown hair—"how cross the girls are about it! Poor darlings, I really don't wonder—they have to work so hard; and Ethel looks very pale, and wants a change. Con will be bitterly disappointed, too, without her new dress, and her expedition with the Greys on Saturday. Poor old Con! poor old Ethel! Still, the rent must be paid, and father will be able to do it all himself and pay the girls back this loan by next quarter-day. I wish Ethel and Con would believe in father. I know he feels their want of sympathy. Oh, what a lovely morning this is—notwithstanding that horrid rent, I feel as if I must dance!"

Patty skipped about her room, hummed a favourite air in a very untrained little voice, put her head out of her bedroom window, which was very high up, but had all the better air for being so, and having got a good fresh draught of the delicious summer breeze into her lungs, she ran briskly down-stairs.

Patty had a reason for getting up when the rest of the household was sleeping. She and old Jane (their one servant) had a good deal to do at this hour. Jane was a very old and rather feeble domestic, and could not have got through the household work, nor prepared a breakfast fit for that important young person, Miss Cunningham, to eat, without Patty's help.

But this early rising on the part of the youngest Miss Beaufort was kept a profound secret from the rest of her family. If any of them suspected it, they certainly none of them ever spoke of the fact.

"Here I am, Jane," said Patty, on this brilliant morning. "I have dusted the dining-room, and put father's study in order. Now what have we for breakfast?"

Jane happened to have a touch of rheumatism, and was a little tart in consequence.

"There's the 'as usual' for breakfast, Miss Patty," she replied; "am and cooking-eggs—them eggs you get twenty to the shilling—there's the bread and the Dorset. Now, Miss Patty, you're not going to make up any fallals this morning? Give them the usual—fried heggs and fried 'am—what more need they be wanting?"

"I'm going to make an omelette," said Patty with decision. "Fetch me the herbs, Jane dear, and then you can sit down on your chair by the fire and nurse your poor stiff knee."

"It isn't right, Miss Patty," said Jane; "it isn't as it should be. This kitchen is too hot for young things like you on a summer's morning. If I was you, miss, I'd let Miss Cunningham eat what I can cook for her, instead of flushing up your cheeks and

reddening your eyes over the fire with that omelette. There, there! dear sakes! you're not going to put three eggs into it! Why, wherever are we going to get any more?"

"It must be made properly," said Patty firmly; "I am going to make a large omelette, enough for everyone's breakfast."

"Oh yes, Miss Patty, I know how much of it you'll eat. It's sinful waste, my dear—sinful waste! And tell me, lovey—have you spoke about the water-rate to your pa, yet? It's to-morrow they're coming to cut off the supply."

"Oh! is it really?" said Patty, her young face flushing. "Oh, what a worry money is! I'll see about it, Jane, of course. Thank you for reminding me."

"Dear heart, you'll grow old before your time; what with the cooking, which is well known to wither up the youngest complexion, and what with the money worrits, which is also known to bring forward the grey hairs most plentiful, there'll be nothing young about you soon."

"Oh, won't there!" said Patty, as she dished up her omelette. "See here, Jane! I feel like a baby this morning, and not all the money cares in Europe could oppress me."

"Bless you, dear!" said the old servant. "Now I'll take up the breakfast, and you run up to your room and make yourself fit to be seen."

When the Beaufort family assembled at breakfast there was no trace of last night's disturbance visible on anyone's brow. Patty was her usual brown-eyed, bright little self. Ethel and Constance were both in a hurry, and drank up their coffee and ate their share of the delicately prepared omelette in business fashion. Mr. Beaufort buried himself behind his newspaper, and Elizabeth toyed with her breakfast, and looked more beautiful even than usual in a white washing dress.

"Patty, she said suddenly, towards the close of the meal, "I have a delicious scheme in my head. I want to consult you about it after breakfast."

"And I want to speak to you too, Patty," said Ethel; "just come with me into the drawing-room for a minute."

When Ethel said this, Constance sighed profoundly, and Mr. Beaufort raised his head from his paper.

"My dear," he said, arousing himself, and bringing back a look of reality to his dreamy eyes, "are you ill? That sigh sounded quite sepulchral."

"I want a little pleasure," said Constance fretfully, "and I can't have it, that's why I sigh."

"My dear child, can't have pleasure! and you not yet one-and-twenty! Take it, my dear Constance; don't devote all your time to that useless type-writing and shorthand. Young girls are made for pleasure, my dear, remember that."

Here Mr. Beaufort rose from the table.

"Have you any message, Elizabeth?" he said. "I am just going round to my club."

"None, thank you, Uncle Egbert," replied Elizabeth—"or, yes, you may bring me in a shilling's worth of cut flowers from the florist's on your way home."

She took the money out of a dainty little purse,

and handed it to her uncle. He took it abstractedly, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, and once more stopped to glance at Constance.

"Go to a little music this afternoon, my dear, if you can," he said, patting her on the shoulder, and then he left the room.

"Poor Con!" said Elizabeth, when they were alone, in her rich, pitying voice, "it is hard on you that uncle should be so obtuse!"

"Oh, it's maddening," said Constance. "Betty, I do wish you would not give father the money before he brings you in your commission; you know perfectly he will forget all about the flowers."

"All right," said Elizabeth, "I intend him to. The dear old man will think that shilling grew in his pocket, and will spend it. Con, may I take you to hear some music on Saturday?"

"No, Betty, no; I can't stand any favours until I feel better. Now, just don't remark me; I'll be all right by to-night."

She left the room as Patty re-entered it.

"Ethel has told you, Patience," she said, shaking her head at her little sister, and lowering her voice to a whisper. "She and I can only do eight pounds between us."

"Oh, I'll manage the rest," said Patty bravely; and then she went back into the breakfast-room, where Elizabeth sat, looking so luxurious and rich and handsome and idle.

CHAPTER IV.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, Patty-pan!" said the rich cousin, in her full, half-languid tones; "you have got a little frown between your pretty brows; you are intensely, aggravatingly bustling and active. Do you realise for half a moment that we are likely to have a scorching day, and that the thermometer even now is not far from eighty degrees in the shade!"

"Oh, the poor girls! Oh, is it really!" said Patty, running to the window, and putting her head out. "I declare I don't know which is best for poor people, very cold weather, or very hot. Of course I don't mind; I'm never too hot, and never too cold, but Ethel and Con do feel the heat fearfully. How I wish—how I wish I could give them something!"

"What, Patty?"

"Oh, an impossible thing—a long holiday, and a delicious time in the country; they can't have it, and there's no use fretting. Betty, do you really want me? for, if you don't, I'm afraid I must run away—I really have to be rather busy this morning."

"Look here," said Elizabeth, rising from the breakfast-table, and putting her arm round her slight little cousin's waist, "you have not told me why you have that pucker between your brows, and why you are so horribly, feverishly active. Patience, is there anything the matter?"

"Only the kind of things we have resolved not to talk about," said Patty firmly. "You know, Elizabeth, when you came to live with us, you agreed, and we agreed, that you were not to hear about our money worries. I'm a little anxious this morning, but it

will come all right. Now, Betty darling, be kind to me, and distract my mind by telling me what you did and how you enjoyed yourself last evening."

Elizabeth suddenly caught Patty by both hands.

"You dear little thing!" she exclaimed, "that reminds me that I have a little bit of an anxiety which you alone can disperse, a little feathery cloud, darling, which you can send out of my blue sky."

"What is it, Elizabeth? I always thought you did not know what clouds meant."

"Oh, my dear, I have my worries, like everyone else. Come into the drawing-room with me, Patty—the heat of this room is unendurable."

Patty instantly opened the folding doors, pulled forward the snugest of the easy-chairs in the drawing-room for her cousin's reception, and then seated herself on the floor by her side.

"Go on, Betty; I'm so glad you are going to confide in me."

"You always were a dear little thing, you know, Patty-pan—"

"Oh, I think I'm a very cross, worried little thing very often—but you are not going to talk just about me, Betty?"

"And I am really much fonder of you than of Ethel and Constance."

"I don't think you ought to be. I do wish you wouldn't be personal—it is not interesting."

"Oh, Patty, what a demure little mouse! There, I won't tease her, nor make her brown eyes flash. Now for my news and my worries. Patty, who do you think I met at Lady Anstruther's last night?"

"Do tell me, Betty."

"No less a person than my aunt, Mrs. Forrester."

"Oh!"

"What a very solemn little 'Oh!' A great deal hangs on that meeting, Patience."

"Oh!" said Patty, again, opening her eyes very wide.

"Now listen, my dear—the first thing she said was, that whatever happened, whoever was made miserable, let the plans of hundreds of people be upset by it, still, I was to go away to Scotland with her next week."

"Why, Betty, you have arranged to spend August in Switzerland."

"Of course, you darling! of course—our party all arranged, our plans made up. I ventured to break the news to Aunt Fanny. My dear, she was not the least affected. 'You must change your plans—you must make other arrangements, my dear,' she said; 'you are to come with me—I insist—it would be inhuman to refuse. I am not well—I am ordered change. If you do not come with me I shall have to go alone—you cannot coldly propose anything so horribly unfeeling, Elizabeth.' These were her very words, Patty, and when she said them her eyes filled with tears. She is very pretty, and she certainly did not look at all well, and if I had not been so desperately sorry for myself, I might have felt a little pity for her."

"And what did you decide, Betty dear? I am desperately sorry for you, but it does seem hard that the poor lady should have to go alone."

"Those were just my thoughts, Patty-pan, so I proposed you should go with her instead of me."

"I—I—go to Scotland! Betty!"

"My dear mouse, your eyes can shine extremely prettily, and when you get that colour in your cheeks you look bewitching! How I should like to dress you to advantage, and show you to the world as a very presentable little person! Now, darling, what is it? Aunt Fanny was quite pleased, and you are to come with me to lunch with her to-day."

"But, Betty, it should have been Constance or Ethel; they have both to work so hard, and I am wanted at home."

"Home must do without you, my dear. You will only be away a few weeks; and as to Con and Ethel, they could not get away just at present. But even if they could, dear old girls that they are, they would not suit Aunt Fanny at all."

"I don't know how I am to go," repeated Patty. "Of course I should like it—oh, how I should love it!—but your aunt is a rich woman, Elizabeth."

"Yes, darling, enormously rich."

"And I am poor. She will go to grand houses. I shall—I shall—"

Patty blushed painfully. "I don't think it can be done, Betty dear. God has put me into quite a different place in the world. Betty, I would help you if I could, but I fear it cannot be done."

"Sit down, Patty, and look at me. You will want for this expedition a dinner-dress, and you will want two new morning-dresses, and you must have a new hat and gloves, and lots of things. I will lend you some of my ornaments, and you can borrow one of my trunks. Now, you are going for me—to save me from a great disappointment. Here are four five-pound notes, Patty. You are so clever and so handy, that perhaps you can rig yourself out for that much."

"Oh, for a great deal, great deal less!" said Patty, and here again she coloured and stopped, and then her face grew very pale.

"You will require it all, Patty. You cannot go with Aunt Fanny unless you are properly dressed. If there is any over—which I don't for a moment expect—keep it for pocket-money, dear. It will be sure to come in handy. Oh, who is that tiresome person knocking at the door?"

"It's only me; and I want Miss Patty," said Jane.

"I'll be back in a moment, Betty," said Patty, as she ran out of the room.

"The man has called again for the gas account, Miss Patty," whispered Jane. "I sent him off, and said it should go by post; but I do hope you minded your pa about the water-rate before he went out, miss. It would be an awful muddle if it was cut off."

"Oh, it won't, Jane, not really. I know I shall be able to manage, Jane; if Mr. Payne calls about the rent, please tell him that I will see him; show him into father's study, please."

"So I will, dear heart. Bless you, child, how you change colour this morning! Now, hark you, Miss Patty, there are to be no more omelettes; them as won't eat 'the usual' must go without."

Patty returned quickly to her cousin's side.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Betty," she

said, and somehow the light of expectancy and rapture had died out of her face: it looked now grave, a little hard, a little old, for her seventeen years. "Jane was talking to me; one or two things are worrying her. Yes, I'll go with Mrs. Forrester to the country—that is, if she likes me after she has seen me; and I'll take the money, if you are quite, quite sure you can spare it."

"My dear child, I do it absolutely for myself. Spare twenty pounds! Why, that is absolutely a *bagatelle*. Oh, Patty, I do love you for being so obliging!"

"And may I do just what I like with the money, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, yes, make yourself smart with it; that is the main thing. Aunt Fanny likes those who are with her to be nicely dressed, so I know you will do me credit, my dear little mouse. I wish I could go with you, and help you with your shopping, but I expect you will make things go farther if you are alone. You are such a wonderful manager, you know. Oh, fancy, it is ten o'clock! I promised the Brewsters to go with them to the Academy this morning: I must rush away at once, but I will meet you at Aunt Forrester's at 1.30. Take a cab and drive there, Patty; Mrs. Forrester, 30, Abbott Street, Park Lane, is the address. Now, good-bye, darling; take care of your money."

CHAPTER V.

ELIZABETH ran up-stairs, singing as she went, but Patty sat motionless on the floor in the drawing-room. Four crisp Bank-of-England notes lay in her lap, her soft brown eyes wore a strained and troubled expression; had any of her family come in at that moment they would scarcely have recognised the bright and happy girl who, however she sympathised with anxiety, seldom allowed it really to worry her.

"I can do it," said Patty, suddenly springing to her feet; "the money is quite my own, and Elizabeth need never know. Father must be allowed to write that new great poem in peace—he must not be worried with small little sordid trifles. I would not leave him at all just now, only of course I must earn Elizabeth's money by setting her free to go to Switzerland. Oh, dear yes—I can manage to make myself quite presentable for ten pounds, and the other ten will pay the balance of the rent, and settle the gas and the water account. I'll do it—yes, I'll do it this moment—it can't be wrong. How surprised poor old Jane will be!"

Patty flew down-stairs to the kitchen.

"Jane," she said, "after all, I can't wait in to see Mr. Payne; but here is his rent—here, in this little parcel, all made up to the last farthing. Be sure, Jane dear, you ask him for a receipt; whatever we are, we must be business-like, you know; and don't give the receipt to father, please, Jane, for he is so apt to destroy all the receipts. Father has a great deal on his mind just now, Jane, and he must on no account be worried."

"Another fal lal?" inquired Jane, in a contemptuous tone; "oh, I know him and his ways. You need not tell me about your pa, Miss Patty—him and me

has nothing in common—I'm all for the useful, he's all for the ornamental."

"Jane, my father is a genius. Why, some of his poetry is quite sublime."

"Oh, well, dear, sublime is that sublime acts. Yes, I know about the rent—the receipt to be signed, and on no account took to the master. Well, what else, Miss Patty?"

"Only you can pay the water-rate, Jane—and—and—the gas-bill. Oh, Jane, am not I a little witch?"

"Well, to be sure, dear, you are wonderful—and your cheeks are burning like peonies, and your eyes are as bright as stars. How did you get the money, Miss Patty? Did the master find some handy, after all? Well, I'll take to believing in poetry, if it can turn out solid Bank-of-England notes like these—beautiful new notes they are too, and lovely to touch. Where did you get them, Miss Patty?"

"Oh, that's my secret, Jane. Now I am going out. Please pay these three accounts for me, dear Jane, and keep all the receipts, will you?"

Patty ran up-stairs to her tiny bedroom, put on a pretty little dress of grey cashmere, and with a real black lace scarf round her neck—her choicest bit of finery—and a shady black hat, ran down the steps and out into the street.

"She's the best of them all," said old Jane, as she watched her from the kitchen window, "and to my mind, the prettiest, too—but, bless her!—what ails her this morning, dear lamb? she walks so slow like down the street, and when she gave me that money she didn't look like the Miss Patty that had made the omelette at breakfast time. I wonder now who gave her the money—not the master, I'll be bound—no, no, I know him better. Well, I do pity any poor girls that have the misfortune to be the daughters of a man that goes in for writing sublime poetry."

In the meantime, Patty, notwithstanding her somewhat slow steps, soon found herself at the stores. There she made some modest, but well-chosen purchases. Not four dresses, but the materials for two, which could be made up at home, were bought. A nice little travelling cloak was looked at longingly, but relinquished with a sigh. A new umbrella had to be purchased; also a bonnet for Sunday wear. By this time the ten pounds had dwindled down to an alarming extent, and Patty, having further added to her toilet two or three pairs of gloves, and some neat little strong walking-shoes, hurried away, feeling miserably the limits of two five-pound notes.

"Oh, I shall look very presentable," she said to herself. "I am really all right, only I haven't got an evening dress; but perhaps I shall not want one while I am at Mrs. Forrester's. Well, anyhow, I don't feel sorry about that money; only I trust Elizabeth won't ask me what I have purchased."

Mrs. Forrester turned out to be very sociable and pleasant. She took kindly to Patty on the spot, assured her that they would have a very pleasant time together; and before she and Elizabeth left the house, the day and hour when Patty Beaufort was to meet Mrs. Forrester at King's Cross was finally arranged.

"Bring any little fineries you may happen to have

with you, my dear," called out the good lady as the girls were taking leave. "I don't intend to be dull when I am away, and I always like to see girls looking bright and pretty about me. It is also possible that Louis Stanhope will join us, and he is frightfully fastidious. Not that he had need to be about you, my dear Miss Beaufort. At this present moment your dress is simple, but quite in good taste."

Elizabeth Cunningham laughed.

"You must not frighten my dear little Patty-pan, Aunt Fanny," she exclaimed. "She is always a grave little mouse, and dislikes gay colours. Come, Patty—I'll see that she is all right, Aunt Fanny—I know your little fads."

"Ah, Betty—what will Louis say when he misses your face?" said Mrs. Forrester. "Yes, Miss Beaufort, it is very kind of you to take pity on me, but the fact is, I should like you both to come with me."

Betty laughed again, a little noisily, and with a certain excitement, or Patty fancied so, when she remembered that laugh of her handsome cousin's later on. The two girls hastened home, and at the evening meal that night Betty formally announced the arrangements she had made for Patience.

"You must all do without her," she said, looking round with some defiance in her gaze; "Patty begins to look pale, and this is such a splendid opportunity for her—is it not, Uncle Egbert?"

Mr. Beaufort raised his short-sighted eyes, peered above his spectacles first at Elizabeth, then rather wistfully at Patty.

"My little one!" he said, touching her shoulder very slightly, "the house won't seem itself without you, but I am glad you are going."

Patty struggled to look bright, felt desperately inclined to cry, and finally rising from her seat, rushed down-stairs to her father's study, buried herself in a great arm-chair, and burst into tears.

"Why have I got this load on my heart?" she murmured. "Why am I not just wild with delight? Was it wrong of me to take Elizabeth's money to pay those bills? Poor father! I hate leaving him, and yet in no other earthly way could the rent, and the gas, and the water-rates have been paid!"

"Patty, you here!" exclaimed Mr. Beaufort's voice at this instant. "My dear child, why are your eyes so red? I am getting on with my poem in a very—yes, I may say—satisfactory way, my dear. I hope to complete the first book to-night. Has anyone been troubling you, Patty?"

"I am a little troubled at going away from you, father, as—I am so much interested in the poem."

"Ah, yes—the poem—it will repay all your interest, my dear little girl. Are you going out anywhere this evening? Oh, never mind me—never mind me. I shall be quite absorbed in my work—I shall not miss you."

"Father, you forget—I am going to Scotland next Tuesday."

"Oh, ah—so Elizabeth Cunningham said. I should like you to be going to the Highlands, my dear—I should not object to revisiting them myself; if needful, they would always give inspiration. Not that I require it with this poem; but if you do go to

the Highlands. Patty, you might send me an account of any sunset effects which particularly impressed you. View the grand scenery, if possible, in solitude, my dear, and note down your impressions with fervour. Mine is so practised a hand that I can soon cull the gems of your immature thought."

Patty smiled, devoutly hoped that she might see the Highlands in order to have the honour of aiding her father's great poem, and left the room.

Up-stairs that evening there was a grand consultation over the little girl's toilet. The white washing dress she had purchased, and the soft neutral-tinted cashmere, were approved of by her elder sisters, who promised to help her to make them up. Elizabeth tossed over the little array of carefully chosen apparel with some disdain.

"You must get a lot more things than these, Patty," she said. "Aunt Fanny really is particular, and gets into such a state if the people around her are not nicely turned out. You have not seen about your evening dress yet, have you?"

"N—no——" said Patty, blushing and stammering.

"Well, come to me if you want more money, dear; you are my representative, and must do me credit."

Elizabeth went lazily out of the room, returning in a few moments with a delicate piece of worked muslin on her arm.

"Here, Patty, this is not a bit in my style; take it, with my blessing. It will make up rather well, and Indian muslin drapes so prettily that you might venture to try home hands on its manufacture; but don't forget, whatever happens, to have one stylish costume made by a good dressmaker."

Once more Elizabeth bade her cousins good-night, and the three girls were left alone in Patty's room.

"I must say, Patty-pan, you don't look very joyous at the thought of your promised trip," said Ethel; "what a woe-begone face! Don't I wish I were in your shoes!"

"Oh, how I wish you were, Ethel! I don't think I ever felt so wretched in my life."

"Nonsense!" snapped Constance; "if you are wretched at going to the Highlands, you have no business to go. I have no patience with such sentimentality! you really are too silly, Patty. Here am I, toiling from morning till night to make two ends meet, and to help the family purse, and here is Ethel doing likewise, and neither of us has a chance of a treat worth mentioning this summer. Whereas you, who always have an idle life, and have never earned sixpence in the whole course of your existence, go off like a fine lady, provided with clothes and all, to enjoy yourself, and then—pretend you don't like it! Come, Patty, whatever you are, don't turn affected; that would really be the very last straw."

Constance slammed the door of Patty's room, and retired to her own, for she was feeling very cross and tired, and envious, poor girl, but Ethel stayed behind, and Patty, tempted by her unlooked-for sympathy, could not help confiding what she had done with some of Elizabeth's money.

"And I know I have not half enough things to take away with me now," she said, "and I suppose it really was stealing; but it didn't seem like it."

Ethel looked very grave while she listened to this narrative.

"I suppose it was not quite right of you," she answered; "but it is a relief to have all those wretched bills paid. Don't cry, Patty; Elizabeth, of course, will not mind what you do with the money, if you are properly dressed; and I will speak to Constance, and we will both do all in our power to rig you up, and to help you to put those dresses together."

CHAPTER VI.

In a drawing-room which contained two large bay-windows, and which itself was low-ceiled, and curiously wainscoted, three or four girls and two or three men in boating costume were idly chatting and laughing. The bay-window stood open, and the warm summer breeze came into the room fresh and pure, and straight from the sea. A wide gravel sweep was seen directly from the windows, and then one or two smoothly cut tennis-courts, each of which formed a complete terrace to itself. Two of the girls wore tennis costumes, and one of them even still held her bat in her hand.

"I wonder what they will do to entertain us to-night!" said this girl, in a rather pettish tone to her companion; "tennis is all very well, but one does not care to come from London just for the sake of playing tennis with one's cousins;" here she cast an indignant, or would-be indignant, glance at a certain curly head of brown hair which was visible just above the top of an arm-chair. The said head never turned, nor even glanced in her direction, and after a short expectant pause Miss Rose Neville began again.

"I wish you would listen to me, Philip and Louis; what amusements have we planned for this evening! There are several people coming. I wish we could get up some entertainment for their benefit—what a pity, what a great pity we did not think of that before."

"I cannot tell you how immensely thankful I am that the brilliant thought did *not* come into your fertile brain a week ago, Rose," replied the owner of the curly head, now rising to his feet, and stretching himself with some weariness. "My dear cousin, fancy the fatigue of preparing that performance; think of the daily rehearsals, and as we have none of us a scrap of talent amongst us, imagine the complete failure of the climax! Amusements for to-night!—what more can reasonable people require on a lovely summer's evening than to talk with their neighbours? Ah! here comes Miss Beaufort; I have not the slightest doubt she agrees with me."

A graceful little figure, in a very simply made white dress, now appeared at the open window. The Patty Beaufort of Beatrice Gardens was a good deal changed and brightened. Her face had always shown capabilities of fun; now it fairly sparkled—her brown eyes danced, and her pretty cheeks glowed with colour. She had been playing tennis, not in a proper tennis costume, but with an energy and zest which abundantly compensated for any lack of the requisite toilet.

"In what way?" asked Patty, as she paused for a moment at the open window.

"Oh, come in, come in, Miss Beaufort!" exclaimed one or two of the girls, while Mr. Stanhope, the owner of the brown head, moved slightly aside to let her pass.

"I can't come, thank you," replied Patty. "I am hurrying off to Mrs. Forrester; she has sent for me. I just heard some words as I was passing, and they made me curious. What is it that I'm to agree with Mr. Stanhope about?"

"That you and I are to talk to one another alone for two hours this evening as hard as ever we can," answered the young man audaciously. "Thereby, Miss Beaufort, we shall provide abundant entertainment both for ourselves and our neighbours."

"For shame, Louis!" said his cousin Rose; "Miss Beaufort does not like to say how frightfully bored she would be!"

"No, I should not," said Patty. "I should like it, if Mr. Stanhope would let me talk. I love to hear my own voice, and I like to make up stories, and tell them to all those who are willing to listen."

She laughed gaily, and ran off before anyone could prevent her.

"What a pretty little thing she is!" said one of the girls.

"I don't know—I think she's an awful little flirt!" said Rose, rather crossly. "Now, Louis, you need not stare at me in such a reproachful way. Of course, I know what you think of Miss Beaufort just at present. I wonder how long this new fancy will last! Why, Louis, you are not really angry with me? What is the matter! You know I was only joking. Oh, if you like, I will say Miss Beaufort does not know the meaning of the word flirtation."

"You need not defend her," said Stanhope, in a tone which, with a slight effort, he made to sound extremely careless. "She is a very bright girl, and at present quite unspoiled. How long she would remain so in your society, my dear cousin, I should not like to say. Phil, there is a little breeze stirring now. It is not quite so abominably hot as it was two hours ago. Shall we have a stroll by the river before dinner?"

The other man, who was short and red-faced, responded to this with alacrity; and Rose, angry, but determined not to show she was hurt, took up a book she was reading, and pretended to busy herself in its contents.

Meanwhile, Patty found her way to Mrs. Forrester's special sanctum. This good lady had brought her young companion to stay in a large house, at this time of year full with many guests. There was good shooting near St. Bevis, all the surrounding country being moor; and Mrs. Forrester's cousin, Mrs. Neville, liked to fill her house, from cellar to attic, with most willing guests. Mrs. Forrester was a privileged visitor, and she and her hostess had been engaged in a very animated conversation in the latter's exquisite little boudoir when Patty appeared.

"Ah, here comes Miss Beaufort," said Mrs. Neville, rising to her feet. "I have a hundred things to do, so will leave you now, Fanny, in good hands, I have no doubt."

She smiled graciously at Patty, and sailed out of

the room. She was a graceful woman—not unlike her pretty daughter, Rose, but Patty did not take to her. She had an instinctive distrust of both mother and daughter, and was always glad to find herself alone with Mrs. Forrester and away from them.

"I have sent for you, Patty," said Mrs. Forrester, "to say that we will leave here on Friday; my cousin does not like it, but I have had a sudden summons south again, and— Why, what is the matter, child?"

"South?" repeated Patty; "south means London, or near London. Then I shall be going home."

She sighed a little, the colour coming and going on her face.

Mrs. Forrester watched her, with some interest.

"You would like to go home again, Patty?"

"For some things—beyond words; for others—"

"Yes, my dear, for others—?"

"For others, no," replied Patty steadily.

Then she drew herself up and spoke with emphasis—

"I have been over three weeks with you, and I have been so happy, Mrs. Forrester, and I—I have forgotten lots of things, which really are part of my life; indeed, nearly all my life. It is much better for me to go home now before I get accustomed to the—to the things that belong to rich people, Mrs. Forrester. If you leave here on Friday, shall I get to Beatrice Gardens that night, and ought I to write now and tell them? I wonder how father has got on with his—"

Here she stopped abruptly, and her face, which had been a little downcast, grew wonderfully bright and joyous. "I cannot help saying that, all things considered, I am very glad to get home," she finally added.

"Come here, Patty," said Mrs. Forrester; "you are a strange little girl—very strange; but I like you—and could get on with you. You are honest, and in these days honesty of speech and heart are rare. Yes, my love, I am going south; I am going to stay with some delightful friends of mine in Surrey, but you are not going to Beatrice Gardens yet awhile. No, nothing of the sort; you are coming with me; I cannot do without you until Elizabeth comes."

"What! is Betty coming to stay with you?" asked Patty, in a startled voice.

"Yes, she will join us at the Morris'es the first week in September. Now, Patty dear, to revert to another topic: what are you going to wear this evening? There will be a large party at dinner, and some more people are coming in the evening. I want you to look particularly nice, my dear child."

Patty coloured painfully.

"I have got my white nun's veiling," she began.

"Yes, dear; but you will excuse me, you have worn no other dress at dinner since we came to St. Bevis."

Patty's cheeks grew white—she remembered Elizabeth Cunningham's words, that Mrs. Forrester liked those who were with her to be suitably dressed. A horrible, guilty feeling with regard to the ten pounds which she had not spent on clothes came over her.

"Betty gave me a beautiful Indian muslin, but it is not made up," she began.

"Oh, my dear, what a pity! Why did you not tell



"Patty sat motionless on the floor in the drawing-room."—p. 708.

me so? My maid could soon have put it together for you. Well, dear, I am sorry; if you have nothing but the white nun's veiling ready, of course there is no help for it. I know, my dear, you cannot afford gay clothes, but Elizabeth told me, I mean she gave me to understand when you came in her place, that—" A pause on the speaker's part. "Elizabeth had lots of money—I do call it rather shabby. Well, dear! well, dear! wear the white nun's veiling, only get plenty of fresh hothouse flowers to put with it."

"I am sorry," began Patty, with a burning face. "I don't think you ought to blame Elizabeth; I—I— Oh, Mr. Stanhope, you startled me! I did not hear you come in."

"I have been here for a full moment. I heard

some words about a very pretty dress. I do hope there was nothing I should not have listened to."

"No, Louis, I am delighted to see you—sit down there, my dear boy. Patty dear, you may run away; I shall not need your company while I am so well entertained."

Patty ran out of the room with crimson cheeks. How much or how little had Mr. Stanhope heard? How dreadful—how dreadful to have dear Elizabeth blamed—dear, generous Betty!

"Oh, how I wish I had never come! How I wish I had not spent the money on something else!" thought the poor little anxious, over-burdened girl. "I suppose this white frock is detestably shabby; but I don't mind about that, not really; it is just the

feeling that Mrs. Forrester thinks Betty has treated me badly. She thinks badly of her, and it is my fault. Oh, I must explain everything to Mrs. Forrester to-morrow; and yet that will be very unpleasant, too, for I shall have to tell her how dreadfully, dreadfully poor we are at home. Why will people mind how girls dress, particularly when the girls themselves don't care? It does not make me unhappy to see Miss Neville in such exquisite dresses, and Miss Constantine always looking so very fashionable. I've had such a happy three weeks, and never thought about my dress, but I'm afraid I shall think of it from this minute, for I see Mrs. Forrester is beginning to be ashamed of me. Well, well, it can't be helped; poor little white nun's veiling, you must go on. When I am back again with father, and listening to his glorious poem, I shall forget all these little troubles."

Patty dressed herself—she would never accept the services of Mrs. Forrester's grand maid—twined her thick brown hair in shining coils round her head, and ran down-stairs to see what flowers she could coax from one of the gardeners, who was a very quaint old Scotchman, and had taken a fancy to the "bonny little ledly," as he called Patty.

At the door of the principal conservatory, however, she was met not by the old gardener, but by Stanhope, who came to meet her with a quantity of wild clematis and delicate ivy in his hands.

"You are just the person I was coming to seek, Miss Beaufort," he exclaimed gleefully. "I heard Mrs. Forrester saying something about you wearing real flowers to-night, and I heard you speak of a white dress. Instantly I conjured up a picture: a little lady with shining eyes and radiant colour, with garlands of natural green about her. Behold! what could match your dress better than these? Let me arrange them."

"How kind you are!" said Patty gratefully.

"Kind? Not at all. I want you to outshine Rose Neville. When I have just given you the finishing touches, and put a wreath of this delicious, graceful wild clematis round your hair, she will be devoured with jealousy. A Parisian dressmaker turns her out in first-rate style to-night; but even Paris cannot come up to nature. Now, come back to the drawing-room; here is a mirror—behold yourself."

Patty laughed and blushed; saw a radiant little head becomingly attired; a dress which no longer looked shabby, for festoons of clematis cunningly showing here and there gave it just the colour and effect which it needed.

"Mrs. Forrester will be pleased!" said Patty. "I am most grateful to you."

"What! not one word of being glad to look pretty yourself?"

"Of course I am glad—here are some people coming—thank you again, Mr. Stanhope. I shall feel so comfortable and contented all the evening now."

The evening passed off with at least perfect satisfaction to two people at St. Bevis. Stanhope, having begun by making Patty look extremely pretty, and having caused her, by a few dexterous touches, to

appear one of the most gracefully dressed girls of the party, considered it further his duty to pay her all attentions within his power. No one could be more agreeable than Stanhope when he pleased; and he now laid himself out to win soft glances from Miss Beaufort's pretty brown eyes—to unlock her very innocent little heart, and get her to show him some of the treasures which lay within.

The two wandered about the grounds on this delightful summer's evening, and Patty told Stanhope something about her home, and a good deal in particular about her father. Stanhope said he had a great sympathy for geniuses, and in particular for those geniuses who were not recognised as such by their fellow-men. He confided to Patty, with a certain lowering of his voice and a look of intense sympathy in his handsome eyes, that he, too, had once been guilty of writing a poem which, on account of its superior merits alone, had never seen the light. Might he read a stanza or two of this work to Miss Beaufort? She, who had so often heard her father's effusions, would be sure to know whether his were worth anything.

Patty promised to listen, and then she told Stanhope of her father's wish that she should send him some of her ideas with regard to sunsets in the Highlands.

"Mrs. Forrester is not going to the Highlands, after all, and father will be disappointed," she continued.

"But I was at the Trossachs a week ago, Miss Beaufort, and saw the sun both rise and set; I will get up early to-morrow morning and write down all my idea on the subject."

Patty again thanked her companion, and went into the house with her heart beating to a gay measure, and all sorrow and humiliation for the time being was put out of sight. It was a very good thing to be young—it was delightful to feel that a few flowers and leaves could transform a shabby little homely dress into one graceful enough and pretty enough to make a girl look really well dressed; altogether, this evening was a complete success.

Patty noticed no censorious glances as she returned to the gaily lit drawing-rooms. Stanhope, however, was not so unobservant, and he once more took up his place with a certain spirit of defiance at her side.

Rose Neville asked him to sing with her, and with a rather sulky face he was obliged to comply, but when the song was over he once more sought out Patty, and again his brow grew clear, and his lips had smiles about them.

Patty went up-stairs that night as if she were treading on air—she could have kissed those withered clematis leaves as she tenderly extricated them from her bright brown hair.

"Oh, dear wild flowers!" she exclaimed—"how happy, how brilliant you have made my evening!"

Just then there came a knock at her room door.

"If you please, Miss Beaufort," said Davies, Mrs. Forrester's maid, "my mistress would like to see you for a few moments in her dressing-room before she goes to bed."

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

61. What words does Job use concerning the conduct of his friends which have given rise to the expression "Job's comforters"?
62. In what chapter does Job give a very vivid account of the process of mining and the melting and refining of metals?
63. Quote a passage in which Job expresses his belief in the Incarnation of Christ and the Resurrection of the body.
64. What disciple is referred to by St. Paul under the name Silvanus?
65. What town does St. Paul mention as being a place where he was "shamefully treated"?
66. What proof have we that the 2nd Psalm was written by David?
67. Which Psalm speaks of the Ascension of our Blessed Lord?
68. From what passage especially do we consider that the crocodile is referred to as the "Leviathan" in the Book of Job?
69. What three reasons are mentioned in Job for God sending rain on the earth?
70. What reference does St. Paul make to an Archangel, and by whom is an Archangel mentioned by name?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 633.

51. The numbering of the people, which caused God to send a pestilence upon the people. (2 Sam. xxiv. 10—15.)
52. St. Luke says, "There appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him." (St. Luke xxii. 43.)
53. Joseph of Arimathea. (St. Luke xxiii. 50, 51.)
54. Jesus was at Bethabara beyond Jordan, whither He had gone because the Jews sought to stone Him. (St. John x. 40, xi. 3, 8, and i. 28.)
55. Saul spared Agag the king of the Amalekites and the sheep and oxen which God had commanded him to destroy. (1 Sam. xv. 10—12 and 17—19.)
56. Ishbosheth, who reigned two years. (2 Sam. ii. 10.)
57. "He was wiser than all men, than Etham the Ezrahite and Heman and Chalcol and Darda the sons of Mahol." (1 Kings iv. 31, 32.)
58. That it is the motive which prompts our gifts, and not the value, that determines their acceptance by God. (St. Luke xxi. 2—4.)
59. The work was begun by Herod the Great, and continued for forty-six years. (St. John ii. 20.)
60. "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" (St. John vi. 70, 71.)

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

THE CLOUD AND THE DEW.



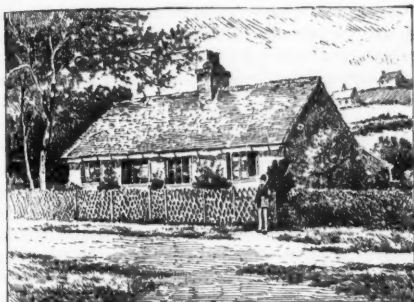
DOES it last?" some ask suspiciously of encouragement that rejoices the toiler in the harvest-field—some evidence that a heart has been touched, and that the seed *has* fallen into the ground. We heard a Christian friend say once: "Some teachers believe in seeing a scholar's eye moistened, but that kind of thing is only transitory; what we want is steady, abiding work of a real nature." This is very true, and to be *merely* emotional is of little worth; but to the discouraged teacher who has perhaps listened to sick-bed resolves and witnessed them broken, or has received some evidence of a change of heart which now seems delusive, we may pass on a suggestion dropped once in our hearing concerning passing impressions for good. Many of us have come away from classes and meetings, feeling that those we were instructing *did* seem nearer the Master for a space, and sorely depressed because such impressions seem lost and wasted. Are not these transitory impulses

for good compared in the Bible to the morning cloud and the early dew? "These are soon gone," said he to whom we listened; "they soon pass away; but do they ever come, save for blessing? Ask the grass, the flowers, the earth, what the cloud and the dew have done in their short life." Even so, though our aim and prayer must be for the tender influences that abide enduringly, let us not despond because our efforts seemed to result in nothing beyond "the morning cloud and the early dew." There may be a secret and growing life that has, in reality, been watered, and that shall yet, rebuking our depression, our faint-heartedness, wax stronger and stronger, and grow at last as the lily, and cast forth roots as Lebanon.

FARM-WORK FOR THE INEBRIATE.

In memory of the late J. B. Gough, the earnest temperance advocate, a practical branch of temperance work has been started at Croborough, Sussex, in the shape of an "Industrial Inebriate Farm," which may afford a haven of refuge to lives apparently sinking, and where daily occupation—chiefly out-of-doors—and change of scene may aid in recovery and cure. Intemperance with

very many has grown to be a disease, and to take the poor, nervous, hopeless wreck away from his customary surroundings, and place him amid fields and woods and gardens, inspiring him with a wish to be of use, and thus encouraging self-respect, appears an idea



THE MEN'S COTTAGES AT CROBOROUGH.

worthy of all help and encouragement. For many years such a home has been conducted in Philadelphia, and the result has been that many who seemed utterly degraded have become healthy, hopeful, sober, and Christian men. Lieut.-Colonel Whale, Croborough, is hon. secretary of this movement, which has been going on for about two years. A small charge is made to inmates who can afford it, but it is desired to make the farm a free refuge for the poorest: patients have been received from varying ranks of life, and already we hear of one whom drink had reduced to a dangerous state of body and mind, gradually recovering health and strength in this home that has been projected so wisely and humanely.

FOR PULPIT AND PEW.

Let us ever be grateful for the good which missionaries have been enabled to effect in heathen lands. But how much remains to be done may be seen in "Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches" (Nisbet), in which a comprehensive view is taken of the field already occupied, and the work remaining to be done. We are too apt to think only of the work done by our own particular society or division of the Church, and some little volume of this kind was wanted to show us that God is working by other hands as well as by ours.—Professor Henry Drummond has been visiting "Tropical Africa," and has given us his experiences in a volume published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton under that title. Every class of information about this little-known region seems to have been gathered by this gifted writer, who has spared no pains to make himself acquainted with the wants, political and spiritual, of Africa.—*Little Folks* (Cassell) has been enlarged this year like *THE QUIVER*, and now makes a most handsome volume of over four hundred pages of good, healthy reading for our little ones.—A

new edition of Bishop Oxenden's contribution to the "Heart Chords" series (Cassell)—"My Father"—has been called for and is now before us. The little work loses none of its charm, and will bear reading again and again.—There is a wonderful fund of varied meaning in the different names of the Almighty used in the Scriptures, and we are glad to see their exposition so ably dealt with as is the case in "The Names of God" (Longmans), by the Rev. Andrew Jukes. The work consists of notes of a course of lectures here reprinted for a wider audience, by whom they are sure to be appreciated.—"Nature's Fairy-land" (Elliot Stock), by H. W. S. Worsley-Benison, is a series of loosely connected papers on natural objects of coast, field, and stream. Teachers might find it a useful companion in summer rambles.—We are glad to see that Watson's "Gospels of Yesterday" (Nisbet) has reached a second edition. No preacher can afford to be without it, and no teacher would fail to be the better equipped for having read it.

"GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE."

We once heard a remark from the pulpit which struck home forcibly to our sympathy: "How much blessing is needed to make up to the paralysed, the crippled, the maimed, for what they have lost in life!" We who can move freely amid nature's varying beauties, we who can go out at will into the fresh air and sunlight, and take our part among the busy ones in life's broad field—can hardly realise what those who have been touched by helplessness and pain are losing day by day. Yet the preacher went on to show that God knows just what is lost—just what is needed—and His compensations can and do supply the measure of such needs, even to overflowing. Few dreams can bear repetition; but lately a friend of ours had an early-morning vision, which struck us as embodying a living truth. The dreamer was in the midst of a terrible, bewildering, and



WHERE THE MEN WORK AT CROBOROUGH.

alarming storm—the flashes of lightning seemed to deepen in intensity, till at last came one more vivid than the rest; and it did not pass away, as the others had done. It remained—lurid and dazzling—causing such a degree of suffering and fear that the dreamer

awoke: and, behold! the room was flooded with morning sunshine—golden, beaming, and glorious—the brilliant, fair light that in the vision had been the enduring tempest-flash. So, in the history of many an afflicted one, a seeming terror has in reality held blessing; sickness has been God's angel, beckoning nearer to Him; helplessness has learnt to lean upon the Everlasting Arm. Our Father in heaven can compensate for what He takes away, and His people may in some measure be fellow-workers with Him in His dealings with the poor and needy. In connection with the National Hospital for the Paralysed, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, there is a "Ladies' Samaritan Society" to assist helpless ones with gifts beyond the scope of the Hospital itself to bestow. The paralysed need comfortable clothing, and the Society appeals for cast-off garments—coats, overcoats, etc.—for distribution to the patients or their needy relatives. By paying railway fares, giving tea to out-patients, and in numerous other ways, this merciful Society is endeavouring to lessen the load of care that to the poor is so often the accompaniment of helpless illness.

FOR CHRISTIAN STUDENTS.

Dr. T. C. Edwards (of Aberystwyth) has contributed the volume on "Hebrews" to the Expositor's Bible (Hodder and Stoughton). An exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews is no light task even to the profoundest of Biblical scholars, but Dr. Edwards has in this book proved himself equal to the undertaking. He does not enter into the vexed question of authorship, but contents himself with stating his own conviction that St. Paul did not write the Epistle. The expository work, however, is carefully thought out and beautifully presented. This book should find many readers, who will thereby gain a clearer view of the scope, and a deeper insight into the spiritual teachings, of this portion of the inspired Word.

THE COUNTRY TOWNS MISSION.

In the spring of 1837, a few Christian people who deeply felt the needs of many towns and villages, met together in London to consider what they could do towards supplying such needs, and, having prayed for guidance, they determined to establish a society which should help and carry on missionary work throughout the country. Since that time the Country Towns Mission has sent hundreds of earnest men into various districts, to declare the simple message of the Gospel, and frequently to supplement pastoral labours. The missionaries distribute tracts, visit from house to house, and work on the same lines as those of the London City Mission. From Cornwall comes the testimony: "An aged Christian said my visits to her were like one placing stepping-stones in a river to help her across the flood," and the same writer tells of one to whom he spoke who seemed to place his trust in his honest and sober life, but who was led to look from self to the Redeemer, and who told him afterwards, "I have been looking and praying to Jesus; I have such a peace of mind as I never had before."

A few months later, and he was called from a Christian course on earth to suddenly enter eternity. From Hampshire we hear of a free lending library which successfully keeps the men at home, out of the streets; a worker in Berkshire tells of one for whom none had a good name, so vicious was his life, but for whom special prayer was made, and who has turned his feet into the way of life; and from Suffolk comes the account of a man who abused and opposed the preacher, but was visited when laid aside by illness, and has been gently led at last from darkness unto God.

"I AM AMONG YOU AS HE THAT SERVETH."

The Servants' Mission, 14, Sloane Terrace, Chelsea, and Warwick Street, Pimlico, began work by giving away books, and conversing with the menservants who were waiting about in attendance on their employers; such were invited to meetings at the Mission Room, and thus a converted band of men and women arose at last, and the Christian Servants' Association, with its 200 members scattered here and there, meets once a quarter for prayer and praise and mutual help. Many of the members are working locally for the Master, so that a word spoken in season has been the means of kindling light that will shine right on through the eternal years. There are homes, each with a registry, for servants of both sexes: in one year 226 young men availed themselves of this aid, and in the Women's Home about 210 were sheltered. Prayers are held daily, and some have remarked that they have not met together for reading and worship for years—in some cases never since first leaving home. Servants, here blessed themselves, have gone forth to distribute Christian literature in villages and hamlets, and foreign tracts on the Continent; in some houses, they now hold Bible-readings with their fellow-servants. Interesting letters are received from those who are trying to work for others; a coachman writes of the large Band of Hope that he superintends, and another member, of Sunday afternoon services and visitation amongst the poor, and a butler tells of his efforts for the spiritual benefit of an old man upon his master's estate. "I be an old man," said the invalid to whom the butler was reading the tidings of a sure and certain hope, "but if I could be sure I was saved, I would jump for joy even now." The Servants' Mission is thus doing indirect work as well as that which is manifest and apparent. Hither and thither witnesses for God have gone forth from the ranks of those who were befriended "for the sake of Him who took upon Him the form of a Servant."

"THINGS TOUCHING THE KING."

"Are you not coming into the service?"—"I had not thought of its being open to all."—"Oh, yes; our presence can only gratify our German friends." So we joined the mourning-clad crowd pressing into the German Club of Shanghai, where a memorial evening service was about to take place. Most impressive was the scene from the very entrance: staircase, ante-chamber, and meeting-hall, with their black draperies, here and there mingled with the

German colours, subduing strangely the brilliant gas-light, which yet brought out in strong relief the lovely array of scarlet and white flowers, and the rich consular military and naval uniforms of the many European and native officials who were present. About five hundred persons in all were assembled; and one realised forcibly the deep-rooted patriotism and community of national interests which far exile from the fatherland seems rather to intensify than to subdue. And then arose the thought that between us sojourners below and the loved and honoured ones safe in the true Fatherland, distance is no more. The truest grandeur of the scene was in its earnestly religious character—the beautifully appropriate German hymns of faith and hope which were accompanied by the band of the German war-ship *Carola*: the prayers offered and addresses given by the German pastor and consul, who, while rendering all due tribute to their Emperor, led our thoughts throughout to His greatness by Whom kings reign, and in Whose hands are the issues of life and death for all men. We had just come from a prayer-meeting at our native church in the city, and great indeed, as to externals, was the contrast! Yet we felt how such differences disappear in view of death and all eternal realities; in view also of him whose long earthly pilgrimage had now ended before the Heavenly Throne: and we blessed our God for the great salvation whereby each lowly Chinese convert, not less than the world-renowned Christian Emperor, is made a king and priest to Him.

THE SPARE MINUTE SOCIETY.

"Know the true value of time," wrote one of the last century in a letter of counsel, "snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it;" and Young bids us pay out no moment "but in purchase of its worth." We have heard of sensible and energetic people who have acquainted themselves with languages and richly increased their stores of knowledge and usefulness in the spare minutes wasted by others. Of course we all need a reasonable amount of leisure and recreation, and to deny ourselves such is to work future mischief; but few of us are guiltless of minutes absolutely lost and wasted, drifting away from us, empty, profitless—and drifting away for ever. To any who feel they can well afford a daily quarter of an hour to befriend the friendless, we suggest the "Spare Minute Club," the rules of which ask for one shilling entrance fee, and one shilling as an annual subscription. Work must be promised for fifteen minutes daily, or one hour and a half weekly; failure to work will mean a fine of threepence for each week of shortcoming. Girls are thus fitted out for service, or a little child is clad, or a widowed family is arrayed in decent mourning for the breadwinner taken away. The cases assisted are connected, as a rule, with hospital work, and their need of help arises from accident, illness, or death. The idea of such a club began with the visitation of the hospital wards, and it is found that although the assistance asked of each seems small, yet the willing labours of many united together result in "something accomplished, something done" to smooth a rugged

pathway and comfort an anxious heart. We hear that the "Spare Minute Club" has now adopted a little girl of six, so fresh help and new members are much needed. "I have many sick people to assist," writes the hon. sec. (Miss Sargent, 20, Castellain Road,



FILLING UP THE SPARE MOMENTS.

Maida Vale), "and any help would be most acceptable. I am also glad to have flowers sent to some of the invalids, whose addresses I would gladly give."

A MINISTRY FOR SOLDIERS.

The Army Scripture Readers' Society (4, Trafalgar Square, W.C.) has long endeavoured to spread the saving knowledge of Christ among the soldiers of the British army. It supplies them with religious publications, endeavours to reclaim the wild, to raise the men socially, and, above all, to make them soldiers of the Cross. Just now there is urgent need of extended help, for the workers in this association are anxious to provide every camp and garrison with a Scripture-reader, and to contribute wholesome publications to every library. A soldier writes thus from the fulness of his experience:—"Did the public of England know how we estimate the work of such a friend and counsellor as we find in our Scripture-reader, we think they would bestow more eagerly of their means." And another speaks thankfully of the Bible-class:—"It is open for all denominations—nothing is said as regards different sects; there the soldier can spend an hour, meditating on God's Word,

free from the noise of the barrack-room." How many men, of whom the Lord has need, are far from home and kindred, in the midst of temptation, sorely needing the help and loving pleadings of those whose Captain is the Lord of Hosts! There are forces of evil that seem to oppose the efforts of those who have the soldier's spiritual interests at heart; but, as a Christian worker writes from Cairo, "*The Lord of all power is with us. The Nile has risen high—so high that one of our barracks is almost flooded—but higher than the Nile is rising in this barrack the river of salvation.*"

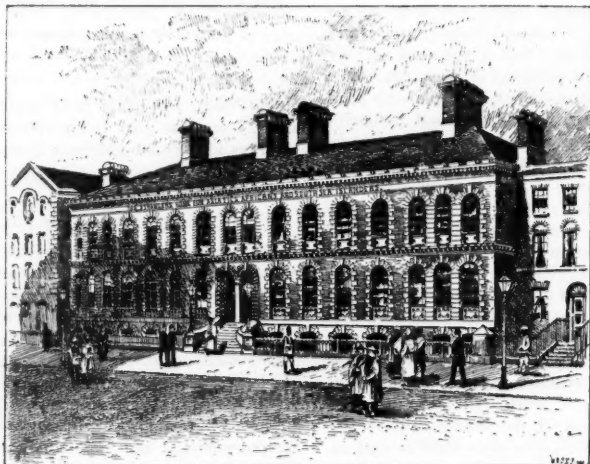
AN "EPOCH OF CHURCH HISTORY."

Dealing with a comparatively unfamiliar period of Church history, Prebendary Stephens has sought in his contribution to the "Epochs" series (Longmans) to present ordinary readers with a concise, and at the same time lucid and informing sketch of "Hildebrand and his Times." In this the author has fairly succeeded, and has made generally interesting a subject which in the handling presents not a few difficulties. The story of the struggle in the eleventh century for the ascendancy of the Papal power is faithfully told, and on the whole very accurately summed up in the concluding pages of this little volume, though as regards the closing sentence we fail to see that any positive good ever came of regarding the Vatican as a court of final appeal on national and international questions. "This idea of the Papacy," says Mr. Stephens, "had been impressed

Papal power." Now, to settle difficulties at the cost of bringing greater evils in their train cannot be for "good," and on this point we are compelled to differ from Mr. Stephens, though at the same time we cannot but be grateful to him for his valuable contribution to a valuable series.

"BE NOT FORGETFUL TO ENTERTAIN STRANGERS."

There exists in the West India Dock Road, Limehouse, E., a Home for Strangers, where Asiatics, Africans, South Sea Islanders, etc., of every class may obtain respectable quarters and board at a cost designed to render the institute self-supporting. The workers here protect them from imposition, advise them as to employment, give them instruction, and present to all who wish a Bible in their own language. Travellers understand the bewilderment, the strangeness, the home-sickness, that is felt sometimes when away from one's fatherland. In the Strangers' Home the wanderers meet with kindness and interest, and many old boarders now come direct to the place with their wages, bringing in strangers with them. They find their friends' letters awaiting them here, and are assisted to correspond with their families and to remit money-help. Besides inmates who can pay, there are many destitute cases provided for freely in the Home, and paying inmates likewise have sometimes to outstay the time for which their wages allow, so that outside help and sympathy are deeply valued, and friends can visit and inspect the Home for themselves.



THE HOME FOR ASIATICS, LIMEHOUSE.

upon the mind of Christendom mainly through the genius of Hildebrand, and men clung to it with such tenacity, in spite of severe shocks and disappointments, that it continued through many ages to be one of the strongest supports, both for good and evil, of the

between ten and five. Captain the Hon. F. Maude took, as president, a deep interest in the inmates; his lamented death was a great loss to the institution, but in his room the presidency has now been undertaken by Lord Napier of Magdala.

FROM CITY TO MEADOWS.

A poor woman in a hillside cottage told us an interesting incident concerning "holiday children." From illness, she had been absent from her Sunday-school class, and she could not take up the work again, though her heart was longing to do something for the Master's lambs.

One day—a Bank holiday—a gentleman called at her cottage with a curious party of wild-looking juveniles, and asked her to provide a meal. She brought out all the food she could find, and the remembrance of that meal is with her an abiding memory. "I never had such visitors in my life," she said. She was used to children, but *these* had capabilities of eating at which she could only gaze in wonder, and they mixed curious beverages of the different contents of the cruet. "What are those, ma'am?" asked a boy, pointing to gooseberries growing on a bush. He had never seen the fruit *growing* before, and the good woman began to understand these were little London waifs who sat around her board. The gentleman who "stood treat" explained to her that, pass-

ing through London, he had noticed these little street children about the courts and alleys, and an impulse had seized him to take them all as they were for a country outing. That evening he took them back to their dwellings, and many a boy and girl must think of that day even now as a vision of sudden beauty and joy. The gentleman suggested to the cottager that she might take in such waifs as "holiday children," but, surveying the table, she replied, "No, sir, I thank you." She told us that from that time her heart seemed restless; it seemed to her that she had acted wrongly in refusing the suggestion—this might be the way left to her of caring for the lambs—and she put herself into communication at last with a country holiday society. "Down came the children," she said, "and obedient and good they were, and out in the air all day, and glad to listen to the little Bible stories I told them when we were all quiet together." May thousands of children be sent forth this year to country cottages and mother-hearts that dwell amid the flowers! Last year the Children's Country Holidays Fund, whose treasurer is the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, sent away no less than 14,048 of London's little ones to gather new

health and strength in the free air of country homes. Manchester has now a "children's holiday fund" of its own, and sent out thus to the fresh air more than 900 little ones last year: their letters tell how they went to the park to see the deer, and how they played in the fields every day—"I had plenty of such fun,"

writes one little maid; "there are chickens, and ducks, and three geese—and I thank you so much for sending me to such nice country."



S. C. SIMON.

WELCOMING THE CHILDREN.

AN OLD-ESTABLISHED HOSPICE.

The "Ham Yard Hospice," Haymarket, W., was established in 1846, so that for more than forty years the poor have here been fed and aided, and the needy protected from sinking into the depths of pauperism. The Duke of Cambridge is president of this institution, which provides twenty beds for respectable men seeking work, and also supplies them gratuitously with board for a fortnight. All the year round this charity is at work, assisting families recommended by missionaries, visitors, etc., helping men to emigrate, redeeming clothes and tools, and benefiting

many beyond the temporary relief of food and shelter. There are no invested funds, the good work depending upon voluntary subscriptions, and contributions of broken food from clubs and hotels. In 1883, a system was started of arranging the relief by means of recommendation and registration, so that the really deserving might be helped, and imposition prevented as far as possible. Charities have multiplied since 1846, and benevolent funds, like many a trade, feel the stress of competition: the usefulness of Ham Yard Hospice could be extended if the subscribers increased, and those who may be looking round for a further investment of their thank-offerings will be glad to be reminded of a charity that for nearly half a century has succoured and upheld whole families.

"ESTABLISH THOU THE WORK OF OUR HANDS."

"It is not the *kind* of work we do upon earth that is of importance," remarked a worthy cobbler, "but the *way* in which we do that work, and the *motive*. I feel, even while stitching on my stool, '*Thou God seeest me*,' and when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel-tap, it is not paper, but good leather."

Let us not be troubled in heart because our work seems humbler and more finite than that of others, and because, small as it is, we cannot quite see who could carry it out were we ourselves removed; such anxieties hinder the cheerful spirit of love and faith which inspires work at its highest. We know that the Lord is able to send labourers into the very corner of the vineyard where we have toiled in His Name, and that the least and humblest effort for His glory will assuredly be enduringly established by the Master Who sees in secret.

"BETWEEN THE LIGHTS."

The time of old age has been compared to that quiet hour "between the lights," when the work is done, and we rest awhile to think over the day gone by, or to dream with bright hope of the morning that will awake to-morrow. Old age should be a quiet, restful time, a "chapel of ease for miseries," as Massinger expresses it; but to many of our fellow-creatures it means anxiety, unrest, and want. Christian solicitude that cares for the lambs would care likewise for those whose strength is failing. We have previously referred to the Aged Pilgrims' Homes, and to the "Quiet Resting-Places" projected by Dr. Barnardo; and, amid other benevolent schemes for the hoary-haired, we have heard of the desire of some Scottish friends to provide a shelter for the aged, deserving poor, where they will enjoy more comfort and sympathy than the workhouse can afford. A friend has already promised to give all the beds required and pay for a matron, but help is much wanted towards rent, etc. Some ladies and gentlemen are forming themselves into a committee to carry out

these charitable designs, an account of which has reached us from Mrs. Pearson, "Beaconsfield," Leaswade, Mid-Lothian.

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

List of contributions received from May 2nd up to and including May 28th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

A Mite from Ireland, 2s. 6d.; Martha Pearce, Liverpool, 1s. 6d.; A. M. H., York, 2s.; Lydia, 10s.; A. E. B., 2s.; Chelt, 2s. 6d.; J. W., Camden Town, second donation, 7s. 6d.; Anon., Bromley, 2s. 6d.; Anon., Havant, 2s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Ennis, 3s.; J. J. E., Govan, 5s.

"BLIND AND HELPLESS."

In response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number, we have received the following subscriptions from April 25th up to and including May 28th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

Lenten Savings, Lyons, 7s. 11d.; E. Harwar, Devonport, 5s.; J. F., Devonport, £1; Mrs. M. Moors, Devonport, 5s.; Miss C. Thompson, Leicester, 10s.; A Sympathiser, Ware, £1 10s.; Martha Pearce, Liverpool, 1s. 6d.; J. Riley, Blackpool, 10s.; A. M. H., York, 2s.; Anon., Newbury, 10s.; H. Burgess, Brighton, 10s.; M. A., 4s.; T. Mitchell, Stoke Pogis, 3s. 6d.; Croft Pontlottyn, 2s.; Mina Seaton, Southampton, 5s.; H. S., Southampton, second donation, £1; Chelt, 2s. 6d.; E. B., 2s.; M. G., Brecon, £1; Mrs. M., Ealing, 5s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Notting Hill, 10s. 6d.; G., Southport, 10s.; J. C. P., Dawlish, second donation, 10s.; M. S. Elverton, Gloucester, 5s.; M. Fallowfield, Penrith, 2s. 6d.; E. A. F., South Kensington, £1; Daisy and Lily, Brixton, 2s. 6d.

More help is still urgently needed in order to make some small provision for this sad case of "respectable poverty."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

BIBLE-READING NOTES COMPETITION.

In our January number we offered a prize for the best notes drawn from our selected daily portions for Bible reading during the quarter. We have now received and considered the notes from January to March, and we adjudge the prize to

F. M. WADE,

28, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Cheltenham.

Several papers bear traces of thoughtful and earnest feeling; those selected for *special commendation* are by

J. P. CARLETON, Sergt.-Instructor, 1st Volunteer Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers, Bellingham, Northumberland.

LAURA ALLNUTT, Stibbard Rectory, East Dereham.

C. M. ANDERSON, Westbourne Road, Forest Hill.

G. MACHIN, 42, Vyner Street, York.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR JULY.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	Job xiv., to ver. 13; xvi., from ver. 19.	1 Thess. i.; ii., to ver. 12.
2.	Job xviii., to ver. 8; xix., to ver. 6, and from ver. 21.	1 Thess. iii.; iv., from ver. 9.
3.	Job xx., to ver. 8; xxii., from ver. 13.	1 Thess. v.
4.	Job xxiii., to ver. 10; xxviii.	2 Thess. i.
5.	Job xxix.; xxx., ver. 16, 26.	2 Thess. ii.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
6.	Job xxxii., to ver. 17; xxxiii., to ver. 12.	2 Thess. iii.
7.	Job xxxiii., from ver. 13; xxxv., to ver. 11.	1 Tim. i.
8.	Job xxxvi., from ver. 26; xxxvii.	1 Tim. ii.
9.	Job xxxviii., to ver. 21.	1 Tim. iii.
10.	Job xxxviii., from ver. 22.	1 Tim. iv.
11.	Job xli.	1 Tim. v., to ver. 8; vi.
12.	Job xlii.	2 Tim. i.
13.	Psalms i., ii.	2 Tim. ii.
14.	Psalms vi., viii.	2 Tim. iii.
15.	Psalms xi., xiv., xv.	2 Tim. iv.
16.	Psalms xvi., xix.	Titus i.
17.	Psalms xx., xxiv.	Titus ii.
18.	Psalms xxv.	Titus iii.
19.	Psalms xxiii., xli.	The Epistle to Philemon.
20.	Psalms xxv.	Heb. i.
21.	Psalms xxvii.	Heb. ii., to ver. 9.
22.	Psalms xxx., xxxii.	Heb. ii., from ver. 10.
23.	Psalms xxxiv.	Heb. iii., to ver. 11.
24.	Psalms xxxvii.	Heb. iii., from ver. 12.
25.	Psalms xxxviii.; xli., to ver. 8.	Heb. iv., to ver. 9.
26.	Psalms xli., xlii.	Heb. iv., from ver. 10.
27.	Psalms xlv.	Heb. v.
28.	Psalms li.	Heb. vi., to ver. 10.
29.	Psalms lv.	Heb. vi., from ver. 11.
30.	Psalms lx., lxi.	Heb. vii., to ver. 16.
31.	Psalms lxii., lxiii.	Heb. vii., from ver. 17.





"As her voice falls hushed, his spirit stirs
To chords yet suttler, yet more true than hers."

"A COOL GLADE."—*p.* 753.

THE STORY OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY THE REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.



"The Queen proceeded in state to the public thanksgiving service at St. Paul's."—p. 726.

THREE hundred years have elapsed since the dispersion and overthrow of that formidable fleet which not only threatened the invasion of England, but aimed at the establishment of Roman Catholic ascendancy throughout our land. It was an eventful and momentous crisis, and one fraught with the most alarming consequences in case this desperate effort on the part of Spain had been successful. Happily, it was not so; and the rejoicings and unbounded thankfulness which echoed from every quarter of the country as soon as the victory of the English fleet was made known will probably never be surpassed. It was a grand and magnificent termination to an awful and agonising period of suspense, and one, indeed, made more acute by the stories of the horrors of the Inquisition, which were freely circulated, until at last even the poorest man was fired with an enthusiastic hatred against the foe of England. The threatened loss, too, of religious freedom made the national mind all the more angry, and its indignation became almost frantic when certain bolts and shackles, found in some of the ships, were exhibited as intended for English heretics. These, however, were no more than the ordinary implements of punishment belonging to all vessels carrying slaves. At any rate, it is not surprising that the mere idea of a foreign power landing on our shores should have hushed, for the time, all internal differences, and aroused that indomitable spirit of

heroism and bravery which, from the earliest period, has been our just pride and boast.

In the first place, it may be doubted whether any event in our history since the Norman Conquest ever had such vast and stirring consequences as the defeat of the Armada. It is this circumstance which necessarily makes its tercentenary of the utmost interest—especially as to-day we are enjoying the fruits throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire of this splendid epoch in our naval history. The years, as Mr. Froude has remarked, which followed this crisis "were rich in events of profound national importance. They were years of splendour and triumph. The flag of England became supreme on the seas. English commerce penetrated to the farthest corners of the Old World, and English colonies rooted themselves on the shores of the New." If these, in truth, had been the only effects of our victory, they would have been deserving of everlasting gratitude, forming, as they have done, the resources and opportunities for our stability and greatness. But vast and far-reaching as such issues have proved, they are immeasurably small when contrasted with the triumph of religious liberty throughout our domains. The question as to whether England was to have forced upon her an involuntary reconciliation with the Romish Communion was "answered once and for ever by the cannon of Sir Francis Drake. The action before Gravelines on the 30th of July, 1588, decided the largest problems ever submitted in the history of mankind to the arbitrement of force." In short, it meant the supremacy of the Protestant cause over the aggressive sway of Roman Catholicism; and

by crushing the ambitious designs of Philip it sealed the ultimate fate of this country as the stronghold of intellectual freedom and religious liberty. That this was so, may be gathered from a pastoral letter of Cardinal Allen, who accompanied the expedition as Archbishop-elect of Canterbury and Legate for England. In this document, which was expressly written to inflame the nation's mind against Elizabeth, no secret is made of Philip's real motive for equipping the Spanish Armada. Thus Cardinal Allen writes: "It is not England, but her wretched Queen who has overthrown the Holy Church, and who has persecuted the pious Catholics. Let the English people, therefore, rise and welcome their deliverer;" and further on adds: "Fight for God's Church and the honour of England's knighthood. Fight for Christ, for religion, and for the holy sacraments of our faith. The prayers of all Christian people, the blood of the martyred bishops, friars, priests, and laymen, shed in this your land, cry to God for your victory. The saints in heaven are interceding for you; the priests on earth stretch forth their consecrated hands night and day for you; our Saviour Himself is among you in the blessed sacrament. Fear not." This was the style of the literary weapons employed to enlist the English sympathy on behalf of Philip; but, impassioned as these appeals were, they completely failed in their purpose; and when the hostile fleet was in sight of our shores, it found the whole country in readiness to repel the attack. As soon, indeed, as the news was carried from one place to another, the beacon-light simultaneously announced the intelligence, and never was there witnessed such a magnificent and united display of bravery as was aroused in every heart, from the highest to the lowest.

It was verily an imposing spectacle, and one which has never been surpassed. Even Elizabeth, manifesting the characteristic courage of the Tudors, talked of meeting the invaders, and of animating her troops to battle by her presence. But this proposal was discountenanced by Leicester, who thus wrote: "I cannot, most dear Queen, consent that you should expose your person to

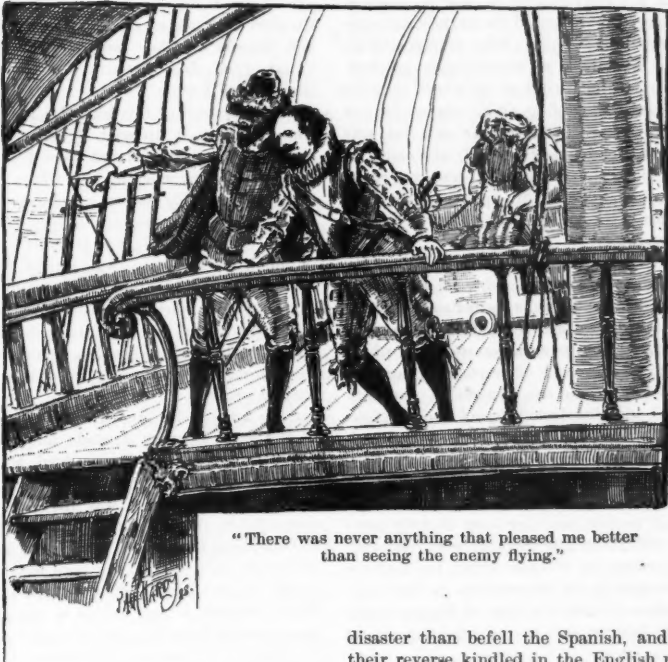
danger; for upon your well-doing consists all the safety of your whole kingdom, and therefore preserve that above all." At his suggestion, however, she later on proceeded to Tilbury, where she visited the camps. Thus Elizabeth proved herself worthy of representing a brave nation, and with the Armada in sight, every man forgot political bias, but loyally joined in the combined effort to drive away the invader.

Without entering into the composition of the Spanish fleet, which has been told and retold a thousand times, it may suffice to say that out of the thirty thousand men who stood on its decks as it left the Bay of Ferrol, twenty thousand and more were never again to revisit their native land. It was certainly a melancholy ending to what the Spanish nation had thought would prove to be a victorious and brilliant expedition sent out to humiliate England. In addition, moreover, to the gigantic preparations which were made by the Spanish Government to insure its success, we learn from the "rules and ordinances prescribed for the conduct of the King of Spain's army at sea," in the Domestic State Papers, that it was conducted with every mark of religious show. Thus, according to the proclamation of the Duke of Medina, "All persons are to understand, from the highest to the lowest, that the principal foundation wherewith His Majesty hath been moved to make and undertake this journey hath been, and is, to the end to serve God our Lord, and to bring again to His Church and bosom many people and souls which, being oppressed by the heretic and enemies of our holy Catholic faith, they keep in subjection unto their sects and unhappiness." The severest discipline, too, was enjoined on every seaman, officer, and soldier: gambling, swearing, and profane language of every sort being actually punished with extreme severity. Nor did the regulations end here, for quarrels were to be made up, and the men on the ships touching a port were not allowed to land, for fear of their contaminating themselves. Every encouragement was also given by the Pope, Sixtus V., to the undertaking, and mass was celebrated daily, all on board being expected to do homage to the Host. Hence, as will be seen, the fleet, with its red crosses conspicuous upon the hanging sails, set out on a religious crusade, with sailors and soldiers "culled and chosen over the entire Peninsula—the flower of the country."

On the other hand, despite the grand pretensions of this invading force, Philip had underrated the resources of the country which it was his intention to subdue, and his fleet suffered no small disadvantage through the officers neither understanding the peculiarities of the weather in the Channel nor the difficulties of the shore. But in this respect the English were at home; and the marvellous skill with which they manœuvred their ships, pouring down simultaneously torrents of shot on the Spanish ships, caused intense dismay. The Spaniards had confidently relied on one engagement annihilating the English power; but when battle followed battle, they lost courage, and fear took the place of confidence. In short, the



"Many of the vessels, overtaken by a storm, were wrecked on the rocks."—p. 725.



"There was never anything that pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying."

Spanish commander was completely at a loss to cope with the well-handled English ships, and in a letter to the Duke of Parma he made no hesitation in expressing his perplexities. To quote his words: "The enemy pursue me; they fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall, but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. They have men and ammunition in abundance, while these actions have almost consumed ours; and if these calms last, and they continue the same tactics, as they assuredly will, I must request your Excellency to send me two shiploads of shot and powder immediately. I am in urgent need of it. You must send me as much as you can."

Providence verily was on the side of England; and if the Spanish had boasted of the sacredness of their mission, the same Divine reliance was fostered by those with whom they were engaged. It was in no light spirit, indeed, that the English defended themselves, nor did they fail to realise the intense gravity of their position. Thus Drake, writing to Walsingham, declared: "We have the army of Spain before us, and mean by the grace of God to wrestle a fall with it. There was never anything that pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. God grant ye have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees."

His anticipation was realised, for, ere long, never was there a more complete tale of defeat and utter

disaster than befell the Spanish, and the tidings of their reverse kindled in the English nation a feeling of rejoicing which, after this long lapse of years, is re-echoed in our midst to-day, when it is remembered what incalculable benefits have accrued to this country by reason of this success.

As we have already hinted, it may be truly said that even the elements fought for the English, for, as the Lord Deputy exclaimed, "God hath fought by shipwrecks, savages, and famine for Her Majesty against the proud Spaniards." Thus, along the Irish coast from the Bay of Donegal to that of Bantry, the sight, we are told, was appalling. Many of the vessels overtaken by a storm were wrecked on the rocks, while some foundered out at sea. Thus, on the beach at Sligo, wrote Sir Geoffrey Fenton to Lord Burleigh, "I numbered, on one strand of less than five miles in length, eleven hundred dead bodies of men which the sea had driven upon the shore. The country people told me that the like was in other places, though not to the like number."

It is unnecessary to follow further the misfortunes of this ill-fated fleet, which from the time it set out was surrounded by mishaps which became more formidable every day. So complete was its collapse, that when the news reached Rome, the wits did not spare the actors in it. An unofficial proclamation, says Mr. Noble, in his "Essay on the Spanish Armada," was issued in these words: "The Pope, from the plenitude of his power, will grant indulgences for one thousand years, if anyone will inform him with certainty what is become of the Spanish fleet, where it is gone; whether it be taken up to heaven, sunk down into Tartarus, suspended somewhere in the air, or floating upon some sea." Indeed, the catastrophe

attending it was the conversation of Europe as much as its wonderment; for it puzzled the highest military and naval authorities to explain how so imposing an expedition could have been so marvellously crushed. But the answer given for its defeat by a vast number of the religious and God-fearing of all classes in our own country, not only then but in our own day, was the justice of God in defending not only the cause of the innocent against the wrong-doer, but in vouchsafing His guidance and help in support of the Protestant faith against the bigotry and idolatrous superstition of Romanism.

That such in truth was the conviction ostensibly shown at the time may be gathered from the public thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral, to which the Queen proceeded in state from Somerset House. The occasion, from the sundry accounts given of it, was celebrated by every mark of imposing grandeur, and the various entries in the records of the City Companies afford additional evidence of the religious and social rejoicing displayed at this brilliant epoch in our nation's history.

Equally enthusiastic, in most towns and villages, were the festivities; and at Shrewsbury we are informed how "all people that day kept it holy unto the Lord, that had given Her Majesty such victory." Indeed, just as, before the eventful crisis, the country had acted as one man in its preparations to maintain its honour inviolate, so now, the hour of danger being over, every heart beat as one in the rejoicings at so splendid an issue.

As is generally the case in war, rumours of various kinds were extensively circulated, giving a very different colouring to the state of affairs; and one of these describes the joy of the Spaniards when the news arrived of an English reverse. "There came news from Don Bernadino," writes Edmund Palmer, "that the Spaniards had gotten the victory; that the Lord Admiral and Sir Francis Drake were taken, with the loss of many of Her Majesty's ships; that Plymouth was theirs, with the Wight, Hampton, and Portsmouth, and that they thought to be in London in a few days.

The town made great feasts all that day, running through the streets on horseback, with rich apparel and vizards on their faces, crying with loud voices, 'That great dog, Francis Drake, is prisoner, with chains and fetters.'"

False rumours of this kind deceived the public for a time, buoying it up with delusive hopes—a circumstance which only rendered the defeat more dismaying and humiliating when at last, like a thunder-cloud, it burst with terrible reality, when everyone was in eager expectation of further successes. Truly, we are told, it was followed by "lamentation and great woe;" and so much affected, too, was Philip, that he secluded himself from public gaze, "no one daring to speak to him." It was mortification beyond description, all the more aggravated by the falsely bright hopes which had hitherto produced such a cheering influence when the country was naturally in a state of nervous and excited tension.

Such are the leading facts connected with the fall of the great Spanish Armada, and the imminence of the peril in which it involved this country will perhaps never be forgotten. Severe, moreover, and thoroughly decisive as was the blow dealt, it by no means broke the power of Spain, which still continued to be a thorn to England's peace and happiness. Thus, five years later, we find the Lord Keeper uttering these words in the House of Commons: "The King of Spain keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, so as he is now become as a frontier to all the west of England," yet a spirited continental policy checkmated Spanish policy. But of the remoter consequences of the defeat of the Armada may be noticed, to quote Mr. Froude's remarks, "the fate of the Reformation in Germany;" and in Scotland "it furnished James of Scotland with conclusive reasons for remaining a Protestant, and for eschewing the forbidden fruit of Popery," while in England it gave the final effective blow to the Papal influence, and laid the durable, lasting foundations of that Protestant faith which has been alike the source of our glory and our power.



"The beacon light simultaneously announced the intelligence."—p. 721.

"HOW BIG THE SKY IS!"

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

SOME little time ago a large party of children, with their teachers, got out of the train at Willesden to enjoy their one annual day of country holiday-making. It is a grand sight to see a pleasure train unload its human cargo into sunshine, and verdure, and all which does not belong to cramped and grimy daily life.

I don't care for noise in a general way; even that of human cherubs I like within well-defined limits; but I lay no restrictions on the screamings, and shoutings, and all the divers forms of vocal ram-pagings which belong by rights to these country excursionists, and without which the whole affair would appear flat, stale, and unprofitable.

There is wonder and enjoyment everywhere, and in everything, from real live pigs, hitherto known, and that only traditionally and obscurely, in connection with sausages which are reputed to have their origin therefrom, down to buttercups and daisies, and up to the immensity of the great blue sky above.

It is about a little matter connected with this last that I wish to say a few words.

One of these pleasure parties had come to Willesden, a station very near London, which in my memory was all country, but which is now being fast gobbled up by the builder, that omnivorous land-eater, who appears capable of devouring any amount of land, and that at any price.

"Oh, teacher!" cried a little girl, as soon as she was fairly out of the train—where, it must be confessed, her field of vision had for some little time not been extensive—"Oh, teacher! how big the sky is!"

Poor little thing! she had hitherto only seen the sky in strips between the tops of the houses: it had been measured out to her, like the haberdasher's ribbon, by the yard. I do not know whether she ever penetrated into one of the squares, but if she did, she had there only some square pieces of blue overhead; but now, as far as eye could reach, there was the blue sky, with its sailing clouds and stately pyramids of white and crystal precipices all glittering in the sun; it seemed to fill the little being to overflowing, and in wonder and delight she cried out, "Oh, teacher! how big the sky is!"

I am a believer in the teachings of babes and sucklings. I think we may often pick up a great deal from them; and perhaps their teaching is all the more acceptable because they don't intend to preach at all. Perhaps if they professed to teach me I might go on the Abana-and-Pharpar system, and resent it, though in so doing I should be a fool; but what I pick up myself—well, if I don't feel it, I have only myself to blame.

I choose to pick up what my little friend said, and I hope, good reader, for your benefit as well as my own.

Meditating upon the amazement of this little child at the sight of the open sky, seen now for the first time in all its fulness—at least, so much of its fulness as the eye could take in at one time—I could not but think of the habitual contraction of mental and spiritual vision in which we live, and that by reason of the crowded nature of our surroundings. The contractions of our daily lives are great. Just as the tall neighbouring houses, all teeming with life and business, had power to shut out from that child all the sweet influences of the sky, with its light and air, with its exhilaration and its strength, so the crowdings of man round about us—almost, I may say, right up to us, overtopping us—keep out what was meant to come to us from above.

How often we have to go outside our own surroundings in order to know anything of God in His vastness! We know only, so to speak, this little bit and that little bit of Him, or about Him; just, as it were, the morsel over our own street; but not His great and grand and glorious Self.

True, the little one did not know all about the sky, or see it all—there were horizons and horizons stretching away into infinity, beyond the reach of her little eyes; but she saw now what could be seen by her, and her exclamation was, "Oh, teacher! how big the sky is!"

If I would know what I may know of the greatness of God, I must from time to time go forth from the surroundings of man—I must move out into the open, away from what man has piled up around me. If I want to know what I can know of His vastness, I must go out to Him, my eye must be on Him alone.

How the memory of that "big sky" must have lived in that child's mind! No doubt, when she went back to the narrow street, or perhaps court, in which she lived, she found no more actual sky above her than there had been there before. But the "big sky" was in her mind's eye, in her memory. She had seen it, and she could never forget it. It was henceforth a factor in her daily life. The little bit of sky above her head was not all—ay, and though it was full of stars, it did not hold all the stars. There must be hundreds and thousands in that "big sky" which she had seen in the day. Had it been night when she first saw the "big sky," no doubt she would have seen them all.

It is perhaps comparatively seldom that we can come out into the open of a full, large view of God Himself—God, full of light, full of health, full of clearness, like His own great sky. We must return to the limitations of daily life. We must return, so far as actual experience goes, to the limits of Divine actual manifestation which correspond thereto. But we may carry in our mind's eye the vastness of which we have had even, perhaps, only a temporary experience. The little that we daily experience is but a part of a vastness which exists. Our little of God belongs to the great vastness of His whole Self, with horizons

beyond horizons; it is only circumstances which for a while keep us from it all.

We cannot help the limitations of our daily life: or, to speak more correctly, we cannot help some of its limitations; and often we cannot prescribe how long the limitations shall last, or how closely they may hedge us in, or to what a height they will rise so as to hide out our view—how, from the very nature of the case, they will circumscribe the actual manifestations of God. To have been in the open, and to have imbibed the grandeur and the largeness of what was manifested there, will henceforth save us from all bounding of our thoughts by present realisations of what God is. We will believe that He is far greater in Himself than in His little manifestations to us.

It will be very helpful to us to know that in providences, designs, intentions, resources, love, He is far away beyond what we see at any given moment, and to know that there are horizons after horizons, so that, no matter what advances we may make, we shall never come to the end of them, or know really "how big" they all are. "As the heavens are higher than the

earth, so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts, and His ways than our ways."

Newton, with all his knowledge, only felt himself to be like a child picking up pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great sea itself in all its immensity lay outstretched before him. "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God," cried the Apostle.

So, then, let us go forth from time to time to contemplate God Himself, not with any immediate relation to ourselves, but simply in Himself. Let us get views of Him as something more than the One who is over *our* little street, *our* little house, *our* little selves. These will be very helpful when circumstances are such that we can see only very little of Him at a time.

The little child rejoiced in its wonder. It went forth for its holiday, happy in the green grass beneath its feet, and the big sky above its head. God make us happy in His greatness, for it is all for us, and teach us by the joyous wonder of the child who, looking up into His heaven, cried, "Oh, teacher! how big the sky is!"



IN HER OWN RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER BASIL," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—AT ELIBANK.



"To mortal men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs no pack
like poverty."—HERRICK.

SHALL give him a piece of my mind!" said Miss Joan, as she struggled along the Elibank Road in the teeth of as keen an east wind as ever blew across the fens. It was a fine frosty morning early in January, and the great black fen was all white with snow, the dykes and flooded meadows were frozen hard, the trees looked like hooded Carmelite friars, the wind swooped and tore over

the vast white plain, and swirled the snow in feathery clouds before it and bore down against Miss Joan and her crinoline till anyone but that indomitable woman would have given up the unequal fight. But Miss Joan struggled doggedly on. She had no notion of giving up, and she bent her stout old head to meet the blast, and put out all her strength to fight against it, gripping her refractory garments with one hand, and holding down her veil with the other. The long boa that Miss Joan wore, when other people were wearing tiny collarettes of fur, streamed out

far behind her, or waved wildly over her head, and Miss Joan's breath came in hurried little puffs on the frosty air, but she plodded sturdily on. She had come out to go to Elibank, and to Elibank she meant to go.

"I shall give him a piece of my mind!" she repeated shutting her mouth with quite a vicious snap. "Propinquity—of course it's propinquity! But if he wants her, why doesn't he propink?"

Having achieved this extraordinary addition to the English language, Miss Joan relapsed into silence, and gave all her attention to her enemy, the wind, till she arrived, buffeted and breathless, but triumphant, at the gate of Elibank.

There was a shout of jubilation from the younger Romaines as Miss Joan's tall figure and flying tails were desisted advancing up the drive. Her dress might be eccentric, but what pockets she had, and how full of sweets they were sure to be! By the time the door was opened, staircase and hall were swarming with juvenile Romaines, and Miss Joan was almost smothered in their vehement embraces. She might have been a fairy godmother, they agreed, as treasure after treasure was brought forth, and Miss Joan smiled rather grimly.

"I look like a fairy, don't I?" she said, drawing up her tall, gaunt figure. "And as for godmother, I'm nobody's but Austin's, and I never mean to be."

It was Austin she asked for when the servant had relieved her of cloak and boa, and the children had rifled her pockets to their hearts' content, and retired to enjoy the spoils.

"In his room, is he? All right, I know the way!"

She turned down a passage to the right of the hall, rapped smartly at the door, and entered unannounced.

The room in which she found herself was a rather bare apartment, plainly furnished in oak and leather. A square library table stood in the middle of the floor, a high desk, with pigeon-holes and drawers innumerable, at one side of the room, and well-filled bookshelves stretched across the other. A fine print of Ely Cathedral hung over the fireplace, but the only other adornment of the walls were a large map of the Elibank property, an almanac, a rack for sticks and

walked every step of the way, for I'd made up my mind to come; and if I couldn't have got here any other way, I'd have skated along the dykes."

Austin quite believed it, but he might be excused the smile that rose to his lips as he pictured Miss Joan in skates. Miss Joan entirely understood, and entirely forgave it.

"Queer I should look, shouldn't I?" she said, with her broad, genial smile. "But now, guess what I've come for!"

"Not for a subscription, I hope?" said Austin, with a rueful glance at the papers on his table, which Miss Joan was quick to perceive and to interpret.



"How did you come?" he asked."

whips, and a couple of old-fashioned fowling-pieces, that were probably more for ornament than use.

A stuffed heron stood in the recess at one side of the fireplace, and a gannet in the other, both the spoils of the young fenman's gun, and Austin himself sat at the centre table, surrounded by papers, and looking at Miss Joan in not unnatural surprise.

He got up as his visitor came in, pushed his papers together, and pulled out an easy-chair, at which Miss Joan sniffed superlative scorn.

"No, thank you! I've not come to that yet," she announced, as she perched herself on the edge of one of the square seats of slippery green leather, which even Austin considered a trifle uncomfortable.

"How did you come?" he asked, taking the rejected chair himself, and stirring the fire to as vigorous a blaze as the coal enjoyed by the fens could achieve. "I see you haven't walked," he added, with a glance at the neat and unsoiled boots. Miss Joan was always well booted and gloved, whatever her sins in other departments of dress might be.

"That's all you know about it!" retorted Miss Joan. "Did you never hear of goloshes, pray? Yes, I

"What are they? Christmas bills? You don't mean to say you go into debt? Well, I beg your pardon if I'm impertinent, but my poor dear father brought us all up with a horror of that, and what we can't pay ready money for we just go without!"

Austin sighed, and wished that his stepmother had been brought up by the late lamented dean.

"I suppose it is easier with a settled income?" he said, with the reluctant air of a man unused to discussing his difficulties. "But there's nothing settled about mine, except a settled decrease."

"I thought you looked pretty bothered," remarked Miss Joan. "You've got a nice handful, with all those growing lads."

"Dear boys!" said the half-brother, his eyes lighting in a way that, Miss Joan told Tessa afterwards, made her want to kiss him on the spot. "I'm so afraid Jack and Tom may not be able to go on at Uppingham. I've got Thorndyke on my hands now, and if Corbyn could not make it pay, I'm sure I can't. There isn't a better farmer in the fens, and he tells me he has been losing money the last five years."

Miss Joan looked on the edge of a whistle, but she

restrained herself. Flora and Letitia would have been so shocked, and though she rather enjoyed shocking them when they were by, she felt on honour not to do it when they were not.

"I am sorry for Corbyn," she said, relaxing her lips without emitting a sound. "What is he going to do?"

"To emigrate, I believe—and I think I'd better go too!"

"I think you'd better do nothing of the sort! I'll tell you what it is you want, Austin Romaine—you want a wife."

"A wife!" ejaculated Austin, with a faint, bitter smile. "A wife, when I can't keep myself and my other belongings?"

"Two heads are better than one! And your amiable 'belonging,' Mrs. Romaine, was never the best of managers. A wife would be the making of you, Austin; and I've just no patience to see you standing by and letting a young jackanapes, with a pretty face and a glib tongue, or a man old enough to be her father, walk off with the prize, just because one has the sense to ask first, or the other has a long rent-roll and a handle to his name."

The face that was certainly not a pretty one crimsoned like a girl's.

"I—I don't understand—I don't know what you mean," stammered the master of Elibank.

"Oh, yes, you do! You know quite well," said Miss Joan severely. "I'll spare your blushes, you ridiculous young man; but I came out here on purpose to give you a piece of my mind, and I mean to do it. What do you shut yourself up here for, like a hermit, when it's just propinquity that's wanted? You don't give the girl a chance, when you never go near her, or, if you do, when you're about as conversational as one of your own gate-posts! What chance has she, I should like to know, or yourself either?"

"It strikes me you're assuming a good deal on—on both sides," said Austin, bending down to give a quite unnecessary poke to the fire.

"Am I?" said Miss Joan. "Well, I'm not going to say any more. *Verbum sap.*, you know, though I'm afraid that, in this matter, you're not one of the *sapientes*. I'll go now and have a chat with Mrs. Romaine; and if you don't come over to Ely a little oftener, it won't be my fault. I've given you fair warning, and now it's your own look-out."

"Thank you. I know you mean to be kind."

"My dear boy, why don't you say I'm a meddling old fool? That's what you mean, I know, and I daresay you're right. But we onlookers see a good deal of the game, and can't help interfering sometimes. Good-bye, and mind you come and see me soon."

She nodded herself away, and Austin could not help wondering if she was going to discourse to his step-mother on the enormity of Christmas bills. She would be welcome to do that, Mr. Romaine thought, if she would only have the grace to hold her tongue on that other matter, the mere remembrance of which set his face in a flame. Nevertheless, he could not help dwelling upon it. She would hardly have said

as much as she had, unless she thought his case not quite hopeless. Was it—*could* it be possible that—? But, even if it were, his hands were tied. Only, if it were—if it were!

The incoherent sentences died away, and Austin fell into a reverie that was, perhaps, as foolish as it was sweet. For a few moments, at least, love and fancy reigned supreme, and reason and hard fact, two disrowned monarchs, clasped hands in a common fall. The stern and bitter January of the outside world gave place to the smiling promise of May, and even to the sweet perfection of rose-crowned June. Life stretched before him fair and sweet, and Ermytrude Damant walked with him hand in hand down the fragrant, flowery glade.

And then some one knocked impatiently at the door, and he came to himself—to the sight of the bills and the futile calculations on the table, to the clatter of young footsteps overhead, to the consciousness that marriage was not for him, to the remembrance of the conservatory in the Close, and Clare Pembroke's voice assuring him of Lenny's virtual engagement to her friend.

"Come in!" he cried, as the impatient summons was repeated; and in walked, not one of the pervading and irrepressible boys, but Leonard himself. It was Leonard; but the splashed clothes and snow-laden boots, the anxious eyes, the pale and haggard face, were such a contrast to the usually smiling and faultlessly attired Lenny, that Austin started up in vague alarm.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Matter enough!" said Lenny, turning a chair round and sitting astride it, with his arms folded on the back, and his chin resting on them, "or I shouldn't have tramped through all this beastly snow to tell you about it. I certainly am the unluckiest dog alive!"

Lenny's face dropped on his hands, and his cousin hated himself for the involuntary throb that was so like delight. Had Miss Pembroke and all the world been wrong after all, and had Lenny been refused? It was the only thing, it seemed to Austin Romaine, that could explain or excuse such despair.

"Unlucky?" he repeated, rather hoarsely. "In what way?"

"In every way!" Lenny averred. For when a naturally bright and hopeful disposition does give itself to melancholy, it leaves the bilious temperament leagues behind. "Unless you will help me, Austin, I may as well shoot myself at once."

"Don't be an ass!" said Austin sharply. "Tell me what is the matter, instead of saying things that are unutterably foolish if you don't mean them, and unutterably wicked if you do. Is it anything about—Ermytrude—?"

"About Tessa? Good gracious, no!" cried Lenny. "I wouldn't have her know anything about it for the world. She'd never speak to me again!"

So that theory was disposed of, and the elder cousin's pulses might resume their normal beat. It was a moment before he spoke again, and when he did his voice had the coldness and hardness a vanished hope leaves.

"What inconceivable folly have you been up to?" he inquired. "If it's something you're ashamed of, why do you come to me?"

"I don't know who else to go to," said Lenny candidly. "I've overdrawn my last quarter twenty pounds, and the governor vows he won't let me have another penny. Besides, if he were to get wind of this!"

His son's face plainly expressed his conviction that nothing short of a moral cataclysm would ensue.

"What is *this*?" Austin asked. "If it's money you want, you ought to know I'm about the last man to come to for that."

"You've just got your Christmas rents in," said Lenny in an injured tone; "and, upon my word, Austin, I don't know who else to ask. I couldn't tell anyone else about it, and I thought, for the credit of the family——"

"The credit of the family! And, pray, how can a young scapegrace's debts affect that?"

"It isn't only debts," muttered Lenny, between his teeth. "And, look here, Austin, there's no sense in calling names. If you're going to let me have the tin, you can jaw me as much as you please, but if not, you can just shut up."

"How much is it you want? If a five-pound note——"

"Five pounds!" ejaculated Lenny, his fair forehead corrugating; "it's two hundred and fifty, and not a penny less will do."

"Two hundred and fifty? What could you be thinking of——?" Austin began; but Lenny was firm in his resolve not to be lectured without a *quid pro quo*.

"That's my affair," he said sulkily. "If you are willing to help me out of the hole, I'll tell you how I got in it, but if not——"

A significant silence proclaimed the depths of Leonard's reserve. Austin looked at him in great perplexity. It was true, as his cousin knew, that his Christmas rents had been paid, and that a few hundred stood to his credit in the Ely bank, but what calls there were upon the slender sum, and how inadequate it was to meet them!

"I think you forget that I am a poor man myself," he said; but Lenny answered impetuously——

"I don't, Austin; I don't, indeed! I hate myself for having to ask you—but it's all that brute of a Bowles's fault——"

"Bowles!" cried Austin; "I thought you'd done with him long ago." Austin knew that Mr. Bowles's name had figured conspicuously in the list of Lenny's college debts, a list that had been so much beyond his father's expectations, that Mr. Romaine had fretted and fumed to his nephew over Lenny's extravagance, and had only agreed to pay the debts on the understanding that the list submitted to him was a complete account of Master Lenny's liabilities.

"You know how the governor went on," Lenny said now, "and how utterly unreasonable he was. If I'd told him there was anything behind, he'd have cut me off with a shilling."

"So you—*lied*?" said Austin, looking at the fair, boyish face, that flushed so crimson at his words.

"Yes, if you choose to put it so," said Lenny.

And this was Ermytrude's lover—perhaps Ermytrude's betrothed! The thought deepened Austin's indignation as nothing else could have done, and Lenny shrank ashamed from the reproach in his cousin's eyes. He wished now that he had never come to him—and yet, what other resource had he?"

"I'll pay it you back next year—I shall be a partner then, you know," he said, without lifting his eyes. "Bowles vows he won't wait another week, or I wouldn't have bothered you; but what could I do when he swore he'd go to the governor if I hadn't the money for him on Saturday?"

"How you could ever have got into debt to that extent, I can't imagine."

"I daresay you can't," said Lenny, with an odd sort of condescension in his tone. "You always were such an old slow-coach yourself! Bowles jewed me over a horse—it had been bolused up to look as fit as a fiddle, and went all to pieces in a week; and then there were—other things," ended Lenny lamely. But Austin knew enough of his cousin to make a shrewd guess at his meaning.

"If it's racing or gambling debts, I'll have nothing to do with it," he said decidedly; and Lenny got up, with a look of deep disgust.

"Why didn't you say so at first?" he exclaimed. "If it had been anything else, I could have patched it up with the governor somehow. But you know what he is, if he suspects the rattle of a dice-box within a mile of him."

"Yes, I do know," said Austin, "and I respect him for it. If you'll take my advice, you'll go to my uncle and make a clean breast of it."

"And be kicked out of the house for my pains! No, thank you, my worthy cousin. You'd like to get me out of your way, I don't doubt. Do you think I've never seen you look at Tessa?"

"Don't drag *her* name into a talk like this!" cried Austin, in tones that his cousin felt were dangerous. "Be satisfied to know that I can't help you if I would, and I'm not at all sure that I would if I could. I've no right to take what should pay the boys' school fees for debts like yours, and I verily believe that the best thing that could happen to you would be that my uncle should know all about it."

"You won't be such a mean hound as to tell him?"

"It is not my habit to repeat confidences. But I certainly shan't interfere to prevent Bowles telling him, if he chooses."

"Very well!" cried Lenny, getting up, the fair, blue-eyed face distorted with disappointment and rage. "If I'm found in the dyke to-morrow morning, you'll know whose fault it is!"

He flung himself out of the room, and Austin leant back in his chair with a sigh. He was not discomposed by Lenny's melodramatic threats, for he felt perfectly secure they would not be carried out, but perhaps he had been wrong to provoke the exasperation they betrayed. Could he not have been a little kinder to the boy who was his cousin—whom, perhaps, Ermytrude loved? That he had refused to lend him the money, he did not regret. He honestly believed that the best thing that could happen for Lenny was

such an exposure as should necessitate a full confession to his father. Concealment must be wrong, and could only make things worse; and Austin did not believe that—after the first ebullition of temper which must always be looked for in Uncle Romaine—his uncle would be unduly severe to the son he idolised. Some severity Lenny certainly deserved. His allowance at Cambridge had been ample, Austin knew; indeed, he wondered rather artlessly how Lenny had contrived to exceed it. But Leonard Romaine was one of the numerous young men who, whatever their allowance, would always be on the wrong side of it. He conceived it impossible to dress “like a gentleman” on less than a hundred a year; and as he had also a pretty taste in curios, an artistic appreciation of proof engravings, and a preference for *éditions de luxe* in books, there were enough outlets for his money that might be called innocent, without the darker side of his debts of which Austin had just heard. With this the elder cousin had no sympathy at all, disapproving of gambling as strongly as Mr. Romaine, and thinking, as regarded the rest, that a fenman who let himself be cheated about a horse ought to be ashamed of himself, and deserved his fate.

But perhaps the thought of Ermytrude Damant was the bitterest drop in Austin’s musings. The taunt the successful rival had levelled at him hardened his heart to Lenny’s troubles, and made him doubly disinclined to condone Lenny’s sins. That such a girl should have given her heart to such a man as that!

And then he fell to wondering if indeed she had. He had never heard of an actual engagement, and if there were one he must have done so. How far was he to put faith in mere report, or even in Ermytrude’s friend, Clare Pembroke? Clare’s aunt, at least, had hinted at very different things—at possibilities that made his heart leap in his breast, and the colour flutter madly in his cheek.

It was all very foolish, he knew, but an unacknowledged spark of hope had been kindled by Miss Joan, and while that worthy woman was trudging back to Ely, Austin Romaine was telling himself that it would not be long before he followed in her wake.

CHAPTER X.—LEONARD’S ADVOCATE.

“His soul is so enfeet’d to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“If you would plead for me!” said Lenny. He had been telling Tessa his troubles, or at least had given her an expurgated and entirely presentable version of them.

According to this pleasant little romance, Lenny was more to be pitied than blamed, and was, indeed, the hapless victim of a usurer’s extortion, of his own delicate regard for his father’s feelings, and of his cousin’s unfeeling refusal to assist him, though he had money lying idle in the bank.

Tessa had listened, and pitied, and consoled, till at the latter part of the narrative she became curiously silent. She made no comment on the charges Lenny brought against his cousin. She was not going to take

up the cudgels in defence of Austin Romaine, as she had been foolish enough to do at Eastwood Park, but she could not help the tacit protest of indignant silence, any more than she could help drawing herself a little away from Lenny as he thus traduced his cousin. If there was a thing that Miss Damant hated, it was injustice in any form or shape. She was the ardent partisan of all who suffered from it, from oppressed nationalities to the ill-used little children of whom it made her heart ache and her blood boil to read. And should she be less righteously indignant when her friends were defamed?

But Lenny was too full of his wrongs to be observant. The stately pose of Tessa’s head, the indignant flash of Tessa’s eyes, were lost upon him, and he poured forth accusation and invective till she could bear it no longer.

“I think you are—mistaken,” she said, restraining herself forcibly from declaring that he was wickedly, abominably, and inexcusably unfair and unjust! “I think—I am *sure*—that Austin would have lent it you if he could. Either he cannot, or he has some very good reason for refusing.”

“How do you know?” cried Lenny, a good deal taken aback. “Upon my word, Tessa, you seem to have an uncommonly good opinion of this curmudgeon of a cousin of mine!”

“My opinion has nothing to do with it,” said Tessa loftily. “You ought to judge people by what you know of them, not by what other people think.”

“Well?”

“Have you ever known Austin unkind or unjust?”

“Dozens of times!” said Lenny crushingly.

Tessa raised her head with a quick, stag-like gesture, and Lenny suddenly felt that he had made a mistake.

“I was joking,” he said, laying a pleading hand on hers; “don’t *you* turn against me, Tessa. That is the one thing I could not bear.”

He looked very sentimental and pathetic, this poor injured Lenny, with his fair, boyish face, and the blue eyes shining through a mist of something not unlike tears. Tessa felt as if she had been cruel to her old playfellow—and, after all, Lenny never meant any harm.

“I am not turning against you,” she said kindly. “I only want you to be just and reasonable. Indeed, Lenny, I am very sorry for you. I only wish there were anything I could do.”

And then Lenny said—

“If you would plead for me, Tessa!”

“Plead for you? With your father, do you mean?”

“I mean with Austin. Yes, indeed”—as Tessa drew back, with burning cheeks—“no one could resist you, Tessa; and he has the money, I know. He could help me if he would, and if *you* ask him, I believe he will.”

It never occurred to Mr. Leonard Romaine that there could be any danger to his own interests in the interview he suggested. He was much too confident of Tessa’s affection to have any fear of employing her influence over his cousin to obtain the favour he desired. He had never asked her, in so many words, to be his wife, but none the less he felt perfectly secure of her answer whenever he should ask. Did

not all their acquaintances, and even Austin himself, regard it as a settled thing? No, there was no danger for him, and if it was rather rough on his cousin, he told himself that Austin richly deserved any pain it might give him.

The picture of Tessa supplicating the man who loved her on behalf of the man whom she loved, was as agreeable to Lenny's vanity as it would probably be useful to his interests, and had besides a not unpleasant flavour of revenge. Carefully as Austin had always guarded his manner, Lenny had no doubt of his feelings; as he had told his cousin yesterday, he had seen him look at Tessa.

"It is my one chance, Tessa," he urged now. "If you were sincere in saying you wished to help me, you will not refuse to try it."

"If I was sincere!" said Tessa, with a little scorn. But she was not angry with Leonard as she had been with Austin. Somehow it did not seem worth while.

"I was sincere," she said quietly; "but I don't know exactly what you want me to do, or how I am to do it. I never see Austin—he never seems to come into Ely now."

There was regret in her voice, Lenny thought, and he allowed himself to be mollified by it. If she could not see her way to helping him, it was satisfactory to know that she was sorry for it.

"Never mind!" he said eagerly; "I'll find a way. Austin always comes in on market days, doesn't he? He's always got corn, or stock, or horses, or something or other, to buy or sell now. Ask the Canon to tell him to look in—he's sure to see him at the cathedral afterwards."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Well, I'll send him, then. Any time before Saturday will do, but I must have the money by then; mind you make him understand that. And now you'll sing to me, won't you?" said Lenny, throwing off his cares with a facility all his own, as he opened the piano, and proceeded to pick out his favourite songs from the heap of music piled on a chair beside it.

The Canon was at a clerical meeting, and Mrs. Damant was making calls. Lenny had seen her pass the office window with her card-case in her hand, and had immediately decided to seize the favourable opportunity for pouring his troubles into Tessa's friendly ear. And now the mere telling them had done him good. He was quite ready to believe in the success of Tessa's mediation, and to enjoy himself as if it were already an accomplished fact.

The Canon's drawing-room looked very comfortable in the half-lights of the

January afternoon. Lenny lay back in an easy-chair and watched the fire glowing in the old-fashioned grate, the red-hot ashes dropping on the whitened hearth, the little spurts of flame that danced on the gilding of picture-frame and cornice, the shadows that came and went upon the walls.

Tessa was singing, "Sleep, my love, sleep," and as the deep, rich tones vibrated in the darkening room, Lenny felt that she could not have chosen a more appropriate song. He took it all to himself; the passionate words and the tender voice, the yearning tones in which Tessa sang—

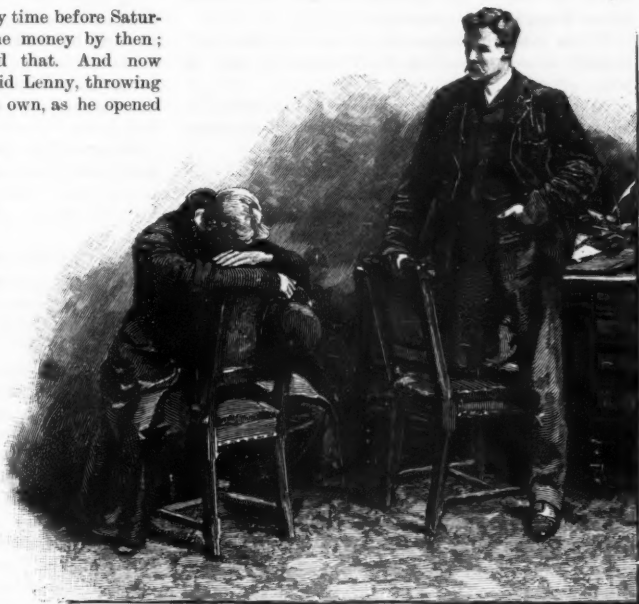
"Weary of waiting and watching for me,"

stirred him to a passionate wonder that he had not put an end to the waiting long ago. It was Tessa's fault, certainly. Did she not always put him off when he tried to come to the point? Did she not always turn it aside with a jest, or put on a look as if she did not understand? It was her own fault, but perhaps she was weary of the waiting, even as he was, at last. He had almost made up his mind to speak to her now—to put an end to the waiting and the watching once and for all. He was half-way across the room, with some wild intention of throwing himself at her feet, and insisting on his answer, when the door-bell rang, and he stopped with an exclamation of disgust.

"Callers, by all that's horrible! Can't you tell Susan to send them away?"

"Not quite! Perhaps they'll go when they hear mamma is out."

"No," said Lenny, listening. "They're coming in, or one is, at any rate. It's a man's step, Tessa——"



"Lenny's face dropped on his hands."—p. 730.

"It is Austin!" Tessa exclaimed. She moved towards Lenny, almost as if for countenance or support.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered. "Nothing could have happened better. I'll take myself off, and leave you to it, and mind you pitch it strong——"

"Mr. Austin Romaine," announced Susan, and Austin came in to find his cousin and Tessa standing side by side, and something in both their faces that seemed to show he had interrupted a conversation of more than common interest.

Lenny was as good as his word. He discovered that he was due at the office, declined Tessa's faltering offer of tea, and took his leave, while Tessa rang for lights, and assured Austin that Mrs. Damant would be back directly.

She looked so nervous and ill at ease, that Austin wondered bitterly what Miss Joan would think of his attempt at "propinquity," and cast about for something to say that should break the unendurable silence.

"You were not at the service this afternoon," he said at last. "They had my favourite anthem."

"What, the one Miss Joan dislikes, because she says the trebles all seem so glad that the rich are sent empty away?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"I think I knew. I believe you told me once, a long time ago. I suppose Miss Joan's queer objection made me remember it."

Then there was another silence, while Austin thought that she need not have been so anxious to explain away her chance remembrance of anything he had told her. He would not have been likely to take it for more than it was worth! And then, before the silence had quite driven him into speech again, Tessa said desperately—

"I am glad you happened to come in, Austin; I wanted to see you—that is, I mean—to say to you——"

"Yes?" said Austin inquiringly. What could she have to say to him, he wondered, that should make her look so nervous and distressed?

"Lenny told me about—about yesterday," she faltered; "and oh! Austin, I am so sorry, so grieved."

"So am I, Ermynttrude."

"You see, he can't say anything to his father. The dear old man would be so upset."

"Oh! that is why, is it?"

The satirical tone made her task harder, but she had given her word, and would keep it.

"Did you not know? Then perhaps that was why you would not help him? But indeed, I am sure he only wants to spare his father pain. Do you know the dreadful man who has got the writ out, Austin?"

"A writ, is there?"

"Didn't Lenny tell you? Perhaps he was ashamed; but he *must* have the money by Saturday, and it seems there is no one can help him but you."

"I have told him I can't."

"I know; but I thought perhaps you did not quite understand."

It was someone else who did not quite understand, Austin thought. Would she have interceded like

this for his cousin if she understood? What would she think if she knew how worse than foolish, how weak and unprincipled, Lenny had been? And then, as if from some source outside himself, came the thought, ought he not to tell her exactly how things stood? Ought he not—was it not his clear duty as a friend—to open her eyes to Lenny's true character, perhaps to save her from any further interest in him, to leave her free? The last thought answered all the rest. Whose ever the duty might be, it was not his! His own interest in the matter was too near and great. If he had a duty at all, was it not rather to hold his peace, perhaps to give Lenny the chance of reforming, of becoming worthy of the love of the dear and noble woman who was pleading for him?

She was looking at him in some surprise that he did not answer, but Austin could not bear the wistful, wondering gaze. He got up and walked about the room, as if he did not quite know what he was doing. Tessa stood up too, and watched him, startled and afraid to speak. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"Do *you* wish it?" he asked. "Would it make *you* happier to have Lenny saved from the consequences of his—well! of his folly? Do you care so much for him, Ermynttrude?"

Tessa's eyes fell. The sweet lips trembled, he was sure.

"Of course I care, Austin. Do not you? Is he not your cousin?"

"That has nothing to do with it! I am asking what *you* feel and wish."

"Surely you know that."

"I think I do," he said, with an agitation she could not understand. His lips were white; it was a moment before he could speak.

"It shall be as you wish," he said huskily, taking her hand and raising it to his lips. "Tell him—no, tell him nothing. I will send him the money—he will know for whose sake it is."

He pressed her hand, and left her without another word, and Tessa ran away to her room and wept as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XI.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

With clasped hands, and dewy eyes,

They gazed upon each other,

And Love laughed through the thin disguise

Of "sister" and of "brother!"

C. L.

"WHAT'S all this about Austin Romaine?" asked Miss Joan, looking straight at Tessa, as Miss Damant handed her a cup of tea, while the latest arrival in the way of curates hovered near with the cream-jug and sugar-basin, and the Canon himself stood in the background with some of the delicious hot scones for which Mrs. Damant's afternoon teas were so famous.

Mrs. Damant's afternoon teas were popular with everyone who liked good music, good tea, and hot cakes, and the Canon's pleasant drawing-room was as full as it would hold; but Miss Joan's rather strident tones made themselves heard above the clatter of cups and saucers and the murmur of feminine voices.

They were chiefly feminine voices in the Canon's drawing-room, and those that were not were decorous and subdued.

"All what?" said the Canon; and Lord Eastwood, who was following Tessa's footsteps with only the futile excuse of a plate of dry biscuits, of which no one partook, asked indifferently—

"What about Romaine?"

Tessa did not speak. She only sat down a little behind Miss Joan, looking rather breathless and pale. But Miss Joan was not to be out-generalled by a feeble manœuvre like this.

"Haven't you heard?" she cried, wheeling round to where Tessa sat. "It quite took my breath away! He's going out to Florida with Corbyn of Thorndyke Farm!"

There was a sudden pause, and then a buzz of voices louder and more animated than before. It must be quite true then, someone remarked, that Austin Romaine was seriously embarrassed. Another had heard that he could get in no rents to speak of, and as for farming his own land, everyone knew what *that* meant! Another lady knew, on the best authority, that the boys were not going back to Uppingham, and were coming into Ely to the grammar-school every day. It was notorious that Mrs. Romaine was a helpless, extravagant woman, who was never able to understand that when tenants could not pay their rents, she had not the same money to spend as when they could, and Austin had been always foolishly kind to her.

"He stints himself in every way, I know," said Miss Joan, speaking up for her godson; "but what is the good of that, when he pays all madam's bills? It's like stopping a leak the size of a shilling, and letting in water over the gunwale! I haven't common patience with the man! He ought to have a good wife to look after him, and so I told him, only a week ago."

"This going to Florida must be quite a sudden thing," said the Canon. "I saw him not long ago, and he said nothing about it."

"I daresay he has his reasons," said Lord Eastwood, with a quick glance at Tessa's pale face. Miss Joan was looking in the same direction too.

"Bless the girl! I wish I hadn't blurted it all out," she muttered, under her breath.

Tessa was sitting very still, but lips and cheeks had grown whiter and whiter. Was she going to faint, and make a scene? But Miss Joan knew very little of Ermytrude Damant if she expected that. Tessa only returned her anxious gaze with a smile, and asked if she would have some more tea. Her voice was perhaps a little colder and sharper than usual, and that was all.

"Plucky girl!" thought Miss Joan approvingly. "I believe she's fond of him, after all, though she's too proud to show it. I wonder how much she has to do with this sudden move of his? I fancy there's something more in it than money worries."

Miss Joan was quite right, as the acute old lady generally was. Austin had gone away from the Close, after his interview with Tessa, as nearly broken-hearted as a man who believes in an overruling Providence, or the guiding care of a Heavenly Father, can be.

Perhaps it was only as he faced the proofs—or what seemed to him the proofs—of Ermytrude's affection for Lenny, that he realised the depth of his own love, and knew how desperately he had hoped against hope. He felt that it would be impossible for him to stay at Elibank. He could not stop to witness Lenny's triumph, to witness Ermytrude's happiness with his rival, or—worse still—to see her unhappy, and have no power to help or comfort. He would, he *must* go away, if only for a time.

And then he had overtaken Corbyn, and the two men had walked together along the straight fen road, with the frozen dykes on either hand, and the clear, winter moon glittering on the snowy way. Corbyn was full of his new project, of the golden promise of the Flowery Land, of the opening for capital and enterprise, the free, pleasant life, and the little colony of Englishmen already settled there.

"Why don't you come with us, Mr. Romaine?" he asked. "Your farms won't let, and I know—no one better!—that as things are now, you can't make them pay. You'll find men of your own class out there—there's an army captain and a barrister on the grove I'm going to, and I think you and I can farm better than they!"

"I have thought of it sometimes," said Austin, feeling suddenly that here was the change of scene, the escape from all he shrank from at home, which he needed.

"Think of it again, and I believe you'll come," said Corbyn. "Why, those young brothers of yours, that are, so to speak, a drag on you here, will be worth their weight in gold out there. You come and see, Mr. Romaine, and send for the others if you like it."

And this was what Austin had decided to do. He would go to Florida and see for himself. Perhaps it might end in his settling there, and at all events it might be an opening for some of the boys.

Mrs. Romaine was plaintive and tearful, but was consoled by Jack's coming home to take care of her. Jack was a sturdy boy of fifteen, and was to read with the master of the grammar-school, while Tom returned to Uppingham alone.

It was all settled in less than a week. Austin had been obliged to sell some of his land, in order to keep his promise to Tessa on Lenny's behalf, and as it was coveted by his neighbour on the side opposite to Eastwood, he had got a fair price for it. There was enough to settle Leonardi's debts, and to provide for the expenses of his visit to Florida, and Austin's personal preparations were soon completed.

There only remained the farewells to his friends, which he made as brief as possible. Lenny he did not see. He was out when Austin went to say good-bye to his uncle, and perhaps neither cousin was sorry to escape the interview. Lenny had sent a letter of ardent thanks on receipt of his cousin's cheque, and Austin, after holding the rather gushing epistle over the fire, had changed his mind, and put it in his desk. Perhaps some day, he thought, the promises of reformation Lenny had so liberally made might be usefully recalled to his

mind! Then Austin went to see Miss Joan, and was vigorously scolded and abused, but managed to get himself away without any further references to "propinquity." And then he took his way to Canon Treherne's, and asked for Mrs. Damant.

He could not go without seeing Ermyntrode once more, and though he had not ventured to ask for her, he felt that fortune was kind when she came

"It did not matter; it would have been the same anyway," he said, exaggerating a little to dispel her self-reproach. "And if not, I was glad to do it for your sake."

"I had no right to ask," she murmured.

"The best of rights," he exclaimed eagerly. "Surely, one friend may ask another's help; and we are friends—or at least, I hoped we were."



"She tried to answer him, but her voice failed her."—p. 737.

into the room alone, with an apology for her mother, who had one of her bad days, and was lying down.

"I have come to say good-bye," Austin said. "I daresay you have heard that I am going away?"

"Yes, I have heard." Her voice was low and sad. He saw, with a thrill of wonder, that she was struggling with some emotion that almost deprived her of speech. When at last she looked up, her eyes were full of tears.

"Austin, tell me! It is not *my* fault, is it? It is not *that* money——"

"Most certainly not! Have you been making yourself unhappy with any such nonsense as that?"

"Mr. Romaine said you had been selling some of your land, and I knew then that I ought not to have asked you to help poor Lenny. But indeed I did not know."

"Yes, indeed!"

"I should like to think so—I should like to think that we were even more than that. Do not be offended," he entreated, as a sudden crimson spread even to the roots of her hair. "I will say nothing but what a cousin might—and we are almost cousins, are we not?"

"Cousins? How?" she asked, in a startled voice.

But that was trying him too far. Did she expect him to refer more explicitly to her relations with Leonard, perhaps even to congratulate her upon them? He could not do it.

"Never mind cousins; that does not express what I mean. Let me be your brother, Ermyntrode; give me the right, here and now. No sister could be dearer to me, no sister could be half so dear! If ever you need a brother's care, a brother's protection, send

for me, and I will come to you from the ends of the world."

She did not speak; and if any sudden sweet hope died in her heart, it bled inwardly, and made no sign. Austin went on with glowing eyes—

"I should like to think, in the strange new life I am going to, that Ermytrude, my friend, my sister! will think of me sometimes, as I shall think of her."

She tried to answer him, but her voice failed her, and one or two tears that seemed to scorch her cheeks rolled slowly down. Tessa felt as if they had shamed her for ever; but it never even occurred to Austin Romaine that her tears could have a deeper source than the sisterly affection which was all, he believed, that she had to give. Had she not admitted her love for Lenny only a week ago? He would not, he did not, delude himself with false hopes; but that she could thus grieve in parting from him was solace and comfort beyond expression.

"Don't," he said, touching with a sort of wondering reverence a tear-drop that had fallen on her hand; "it is too much—I am not worthy of this!"

He broke off, afraid to trust himself, and Tessa forced back her tears, and turned to him with a grave, composed face.

"I will think of you, my brother," she said gently. "It is good of you to let me call you that."

He took a ring from his finger, a plain, broad band of gold, and put it on to hers. The thick, massive circlet had been rather tight for his little finger, but it hung loosely on Tessa's first.

"It will not interfere with nearer claims," said Austin. "Will you wear it for your brother's sake, Ermytrude? And will you give me one of yours?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I have only one, and mamma gave it me. But I do not think she would mind."

She drew it off her finger as she spoke, and Austin fastened it to his watch-chain.

"Thank you. If I tried to forget my sister, I could not now. I don't think I have ever seen you without this since you were quite a child."

It was rather a curious ring, a large black pearl set round with tiny brilliants, and mounted on a chased setting of pale, old-fashioned gold. It was a good deal more valuable than either the new brother or sister imagined; but, indeed, to both of them the intrinsic value of the jewel was the last thing in their thoughts.

It was Mrs. Damant who said, with a good deal of natural vexation—

"My dear, did you give him *that*? Your father always told me it had been in his family for generations, and was worth more than anybody knew."

(To be continued.)

"OUT OF A HORRIBLE PIT."

A TALE TOLD AT A MINERS' CLASS-MEETING.



ROTHER BALDWIN will now give us his experience."

The request produced an excitement unusual in the place and at the time. The place was the vestry of a small, square, stony chapel in a mining village; and the occasion was that of the weekly class-meeting conducted by the gentleman who made the request. It was known that the "experience" to be related was far different from the simple stories that were told at the meeting usually. It was to them as the stream dashing in foam over a precipice is to itself miles nearer the source, where it runs wimpling over the pebbles—a calm, useful, tranquil flow. So the lives of the members present were mostly those of persons early "brought in," and moving in sober circles from week-end to week-end. But "Brother Baldwin's" case was different; and so the dozen members present seated themselves more comfortably on the hard benches, and prepared themselves to listen closely to the story.

"Brother Baldwin" was tall and powerfully built, and there were traces in his features of a past that had had its fill of such "pleasure" as pit villages afford. He spoke nervously for a time, but as he went on his

hesitation vanished, and his audience (who knew something of the perils he spoke of) generally refrained from interruption, and only one enthusiastic old miner now and again threw in a pious ejaculation by way of encouragement. And shorn of these, and with some of the idioms of the mine removed, this is the story Brother Baldwin told at the class-meeting:—

"You know, brothers, I led a strange life for long after my wife died. I'd to come two years since to the new pit; and when I wasn't at work or in bed, I had my gun and dog when it were fine, and when it were wet I had my glass at the public. It's rather more nor four months since, one Tuesday morning, I went to work, and I know in going down the shaft the thought struck me, How if we never come out of the pit? We were soon at the foot of the shaft, and went on, going in bye to work. Two of us were working together at the far end of the cross-cuts in the yard seam, when we heard a dull report, and felt a slight trembling around us. We started at once to the waggon-way, and as we went we found dust and smoke, which grew thicker. The ways were often almost choked with coal and stone that had fallen. Some of the water-pipes had burst, and so we had to pick our way slowly through the wet and mud, but the running water helped to clear the air. But at last the after-damp struck us, and I fell on one of the

heaps, and my mate, Tom Dawson, had to lift me, and help me along for a good way. So we got to the staple, from our seam to the main coal, and we knocked, but there was no answer. Then we turned and struggled along through the bad air to the shaft, getting over the falls as well as we could in our weak state; covering our lamps at times to preserve the light, and bending down to avoid hanging bits of the 'roof,' passing once or twice ponies dead in the ways, and once a putter youth, quite still, but with his little body bent by the blast that had distorted and blackened him in its rage before he passed into peace.

"It was fully four hours of weary wandering 'through the jaws of death,' as the preacher said afterwards, before we got to the bottom of the shaft; and then we found it blocked! Far off and up we could hear sounds, and we thought it must be the noise of rescuers trying to clear a way for the cage. Our lamps were both out; we were hungry, thirsty, worn-out, and 'dazed' with gas and smoke, and we lay down, and in time I fell asleep—I don't know how long—but when I woke my marrow* was kneeling near me, and I heard him praying—

"'Lord, help us; and as Thou didst wⁱ Thy servants of old, bring us out of this horrible pit.'

"And then, for the first time for years, I prayed, but only 'Amen!' After that I fell off to sleep, and dreamed that I was walking to the cage, and had just put my foot into it when it slid far down. I was falling wⁱ a terrible cry, when a hand was stretched out, and held me up. And I woke, and found that

* Work-mate.

a kibble* had been lowered through the shaft, which was part opened, and I was being lifted into it. As they drew us slowly up the long shaft, we could see how the explosion had driven out beams and planks, and had broken bolts and bars and huge plates of iron so that the cage could not slide. And just as we got to see the light, I said to Tom, 'The Lord has brought us out of the pit; tell me how to thank Him.' Then I remember nothing more for many a day; and when I came to myself, I was in bed at home. But I'll never forget the day, nor the time as we came up. My mate came—he wasn't hurt as much as I was—and he brought his leader; my mind were tendered at the thought of the mercy that saved me, and so I came to see that my soul could be 'set on firm ground' by Him who had saved my body. Brethren, I'm sorry I've taken up so much time; I'm not used to talking here yet, but I'm resolved to live better and to trust Him who's saved me."

And then the class-leader gave a time of relief to the pent-up feelings by beginning the old hymn—

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,"

And as most of those who joined in knew the story of the pit explosion, and its many victims by gas and after-damp, and of the few survivors, they could spiritualise it and apply it as they sang—

"He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains."

* A tub serving as temporary cage.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

NO. 6. THE BURNT OFFERING.

To read—*Leviticus i. 1–9. Golden Text—
Isaiah liii. 6.*



I. THE OFFERER'S PART. (1–4.)

Last lesson told of Tabernacle and its various parts. This speaks of sacrifices to be offered on the brazen altar. Notice the following things about sacrifices:—

- (1) Appointed first when man sinned. (Gen. iii. 21.)
- (2) Animals always offered up—Abel's sacrifice of lamb more excellent than Cain's fruits. (Heb. xi. 4.)
- (3) Offered for thank-offering as well as for sin.

(Noah's leaving the ark. Gen. viii. 20.)

Now a regular system of daily, weekly, and yearly sacrifices appointed.

Burnt offerings. The sacrifice wholly burned in the court of the Tabernacle.

Sin offerings. The sacrifice burned outside the camp.

Peace offerings of corn, wine, oil, etc. Part burned, part eaten. This chapter speaks of burnt offerings only. Notice—

- (a) *They must be voluntary*—brought of a man's own free-will.
- (b) *They must be pure*—a male animal without blemish—whether bullock, sheep, or goat (ver. 10), the best that could be procured.
- (c) *They must be wholly burned*—none to be left.

Notice the ceremonies to be observed—

- (a) The man brings the animal to the door of the Tabernacle.
- (b) Solemnly lays his hand on its head.
- (c) Kills the bullock (or other animal) before the Lord.

II. THE PRIEST'S PART. (5–9.) Now a priest comes forward. What does he do?

- (a) Collects the blood in a basin.
- (b) Sprinkles the blood on the altar.
- (c) Flays the skin of the animal and cuts the animal in pieces.
- (d) Places all the parts on the altar.

(e) Burns the whole with fire.

All this meant to teach very important lessons.

Why did a man bring an offering at all?

(a) Because he had sinned and wanted pardon.

(b) Because without shedding of blood is no remission of sin. (Heb. ix. 22.)

So he came of his own will—brought something which cost him somewhat—confessed his sin openly—made an atonement—was accepted, forgiven, and departed in peace.

All this meant to be a type or figure of Jesus Christ's sacrifice.

(a) Christ led as a lamb to be killed. (Isaiah liii. 7.)

(b) His sacrifice was voluntary—He laid down His life of Himself. (St. John x. 18.)

(c) He was a pure victim—without sin. (1 St. Pet. ii. 22.)

(d) His life was wholly taken away—He died indeed. (St. John xix. 33.)

The man's part also was typical—

(a) He laid his hand on the animal—we lay our sins on Jesus. (Golden Text.)

(b) His sacrifice was accepted (ver. 4). So if we confess our sins they are forgiven. (Ps. xxxii. 5.)

NO. 7. THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

To read—*Leviticus xvi. 1–22. Golden Text—Hebrews ix. 22.*

I. DIRECTIONS. (1–19.) Have read of various sacrifices to be offered daily. This chapter tells of special solemn sacrifice once a year.

(a) *Time*—tenth day of seventh month (Tisri).

(b) *Object*—to make atonement for all the sins of the whole people (ver. 33).

(c) *Actor*—the high priest alone, clad in linen priestly garments.

(d) *Place*—the Holy of Holies, only entered on this one day.

(e) *Animals*—a bullock, ram, and two goats. Of the goats, one to be killed, and the other to be let go free into the wilderness.

II. THE OFFERING FOR THE HIGH PRIEST. (11–14.) All being ready, the high priest begins the solemn and curious ceremonies of this day. First he must make atonement for himself and his family, for they, though priests, are sinners. Notice what he has to do—

(a) He kills the bullock for a sin-offering.

(b) He takes a censer of coals from the altar and a handful of pounded incense.

(c) He burns the incense before the Mercy Seat in the Holy of Holies.

(d) He sprinkles the blood seven times upon the Mercy Seat.

III. OFFERING FOR THE PEOPLE. (15–19.) He takes the goat chosen for the sin-offering, and offers it in the same way for the sins of the people. He next makes atonement for each part of the Tabernacle, lest any sin has been connected with it—first the Holy Place, then the Tabernacle generally, then the brazen altar in the Court. All this he does alone.

Then follows the ceremony of the scapegoat.

One goat had already been offered as sin-offering. The other goat is now brought forward. What follows!—

(a) Aaron lays his hands on its head.

(b) Confesses the sins of the whole people.

(c) Sends the goat away into the wilderness.

IV. THE TYPICAL MEANING. Each event of the day symbolical—

1. The high priest made atonement *alone*: so did Christ. (Acts iv. 12.)

2. The "holy garments" types of Christ's perfect righteousness. (Isaiah lxi. 10.)

3. Holy of Holies entered: so Christ entered heaven. (Hebrews ix. 24.)

4. Blood offered before Mercy Seat. Christ presents His own blood before God. (Heb. ix. 12.)

5. Blood sprinkled seven times: Christ's perfect sacrifice. (Hebrews x. 11.)

6. One goat suffered: so Christ bare our sins on the cross. (1 St. Peter ii. 24.)

7. One goat escaped: so our sins are removed far away. (Psalm ciii. 12.)

V. LESSONS. 1. Sin needs atonement. Sinful man must be made "at one" with holy God.

2. All have sinned—priest and people. There is none righteous.

3. One only way of pardon—through the blood of Christ. (Golden Text.)

4. Forgiveness is complete: full and free to those who seek it.

NO. 8. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

To read—*Leviticus xxiii. 33–44. Golden Text—Psalm cxciii. 15.*

I. A HOLY FEAST. (33–39.) The sad day of atonement followed five days later by the third of the three great yearly feasts. The three were as follows:—

Passover—Seven days in early spring.

Pentecost—One day in early summer.

Tabernacles—Seven days in autumn at end of harvest.

Notice the following things about Feast of Tabernacles—

(a) *Time*—Fifteenth day of seventh month (Tisri).

(b) *Place*—Like the other feasts, kept at Jerusalem.

(c) *Kind*—A season of holy joy.

(d) *Object*—1. To remind of their living in booths in the wilderness (ver. 43).

2. To thank God for the fruits of harvest.

3. To typify Christ, Who dwelt in loneliness among men. (St. John i. 17.)

(c) *Observances*—1. First and last day of feast kept as a Sabbath, i.e., no unnecessary work to be done. 2. Each day of the Feast a solemn offering to be made. (See Num. xxix. 13, etc.)

(a) *Burnt offering* for sin (done in hours of labour).

(b) *Meat offering*, i.e., gifts of corn and fruits.

(c) *Drink offering* of wine and oil. The meat and drink offering as thank-offerings to the Giver of all good gifts.

II. A JOYFUL FEAST. (40–49.) Feast came in

(our) September, hot season of the year. Jerusalem would be crowded. The people to be lodged in the streets. Boughs of all kinds of trees to be brought from the mountains round Jerusalem. (Ps. cxxv. 2.) Huts or booths to be set up in the streets—feasting to go on in the open air. Fruit of palms (dates), vines, mulberries, pomegranates, etc., now plentiful.

III. LESSONS. What would all this teach?

1. To Remember God's past mercies. (Ps. cxlvi. 2.)
2. To give thanks in His Temple. (Ps. cxxxii. 7.)
3. To give thanks in our dwellings. (Golden Text.)
4. To acknowledge God as Giver of all good. (St. James i. 17.)
5. To give back to God of His gifts. (Ps. cxvi. 12.)
6. To be sober amidst rejoicings. "Holidays" are to be "holy days." Instances of this Feast being kept.
 - (a) Solomon. (2 Chron. viii. 13.)
 - (b) Ezra. (Ezra iii. 4.)
 - (c) Christ. (St. John vii. 2.)

Shall we too not remember God's mercies?

"Praise, O praise our God and King,
Hymns of adoration sing.
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

NO. 9. THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND FIRE.

To read—Numbers ix. 15—23. Golden Text—Psalm xliii. 3.

I. THE GUIDING LIGHT. (15—23.) Israelites had been encamped long time at Mount Sinai—great deal had happened—battle with Amalekites (Ex. xvii.)—Law given—Tabernacle planned and made, etc. Now time come to start again on journey to Canaan: what would they need?

- (a) Food—provided for in daily manna from heaven.
- (b) Drink—water flowing from rock followed them in long valleys.
- (c) Clothes—these remained the same.
- (d) Guidance—given in the pillar of cloud and fire. Why did they want guiding light?—
 - (a) A visible token of God's presence with them.
 - (b) Moses might make mistakes—road was new to him.

Notice about this light. It was—

1. A constant guidance—never failing them in all forty years' wanderings. No murmurings or sins made it cease. Gave light as regularly as the sun.
2. A sure guidance—Wilderness consisted of long and sometimes dangerous valleys—pathless tracts of sand. People, nearly a million, could not all see leader, but could all see the bright cloud.
3. A safe guidance—acted as shade from noontide heat and as protection from enemies. (Ex. xiv. 19, 20.)

Now notice these points in connection with the Pillar—

- (a) Its position. It rested on the Tabernacle in the centre of the camp—thus visible to all.
- (b) Its movements. Sometimes "taken up" day by day—then the Israelites moved on; sometimes it "tarried long" (ver. 19)—then the people remained at rest.

(c) Its Director. Was moved and ordered by God (ver. 23). No change of weather affected it—was entirely under direct commandment of God.

II. THE LESSONS TAUGHT. Have learned in past lessons how the wilderness is a type of this world, and Canaan of heaven. We, like Israelites, are strangers and pilgrims seeking better land. We need guidance—which is promised us. Christ called Himself the Light of the World. (St. John viii. 12.) This light, like the other, is—

- (a) Constant—the Lord shall guide thee continually. (Isa. lviii. 11.)
 - This Christ does by His Word—a lamp to feet, a light to path. (Ps. cxix. 105.)
 - (b) Sure. He will never leave us. In health and sickness, joy and sorrow, life and death, He will be always near. (Ps. xxiii. 1, 4.)
 - (c) Safe. We may trust Him. (Isa. xliii. 2.)
- Examples of guidance.
- Jacob led safely to Padanaram after dream of angels.
- Saul taught by Christ after seeing bright vision. (Acts ix. 3.)
- Wise men led by star to seek Christ. (St. Matt. ii. 2.)
- We may—nay, must—seek this guidance if would get safe to heaven. (Golden Text.)

SOME BIBLE PLANTS.

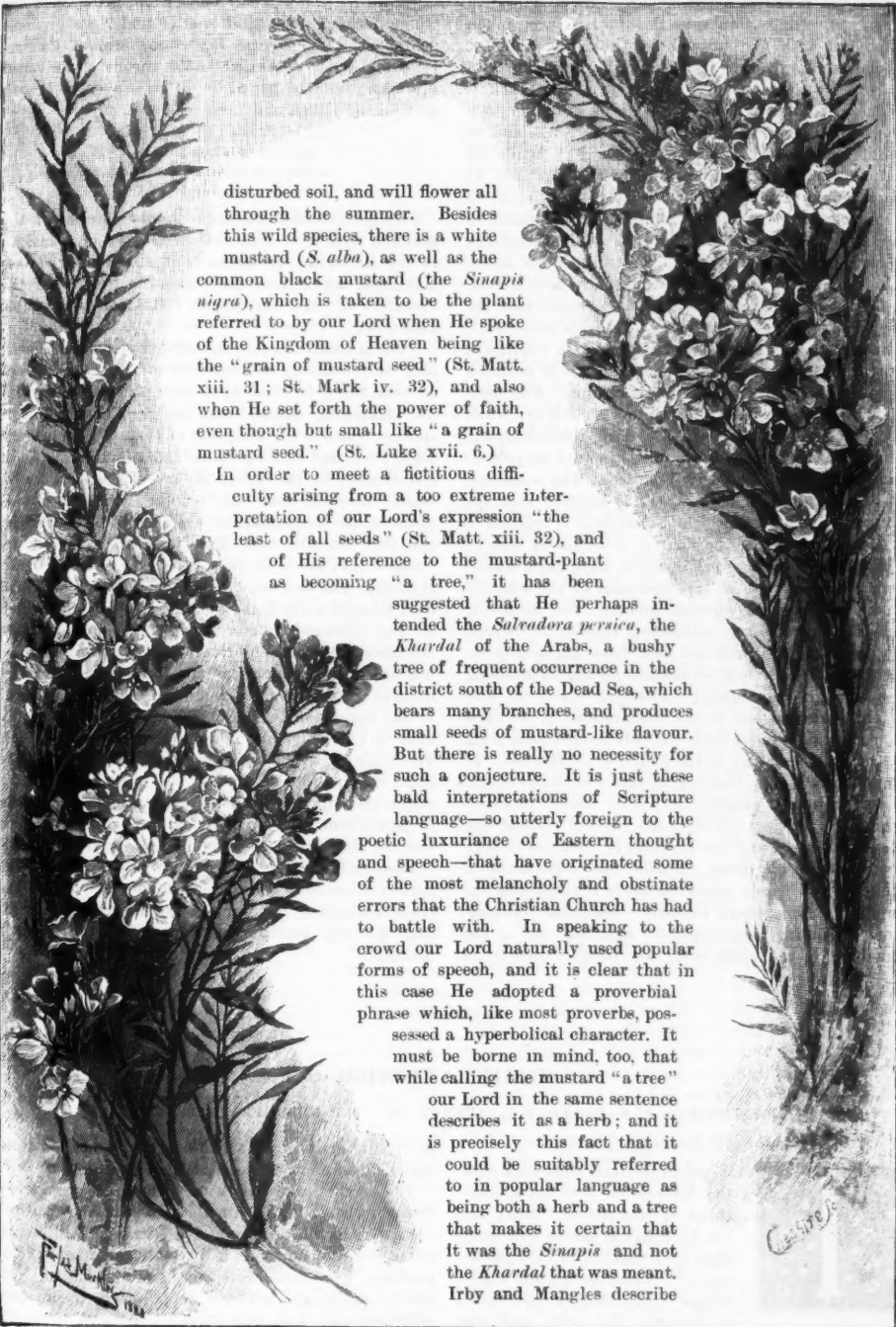
III.—THE BLACK MUSTARD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.



THE great group of Cruciferous plants constitutes one of the most important and clearly defined of the natural orders into which the vegetable kingdom is divided. The term Crucifer took its rise from the cross-like arrangement of the four petals which make up the corolla or crown of the blossom. In this country, as in all temperate regions, there are numerous representa-

tives of this order, among the more familiar of which are the pretty vernal whitlow-grass, the graceful cuckoo-flower or lady's-smock, the useful water-cress, the ubiquitous wallflower, the fragrant stock, the lowly shepherd's-purse, and most of our common garden vegetables, including the Sinapis or mustard. Every English farmer is well acquainted with a wild species of mustard, the *Sinapis arvensis*, generally called cherlock or charlock—a plant so hardy and enterprising that it will spring up anywhere in



disturbed soil, and will flower all through the summer. Besides this wild species, there is a white mustard (*S. alba*), as well as the common black mustard (the *Sinapis nigra*), which is taken to be the plant referred to by our Lord when He spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven being like the "grain of mustard seed" (St. Matt. xiii. 31; St. Mark iv. 32), and also when He set forth the power of faith, even though but small like "a grain of mustard seed." (St. Luke xvii. 6.)

In order to meet a fictitious difficulty arising from a too extreme interpretation of our Lord's expression "the least of all seeds" (St. Matt. xiii. 32), and of His reference to the mustard-plant as becoming "a tree," it has been

suggested that He perhaps intended the *Salvadora persica*, the *Khardal* of the Arabs, a bushy tree of frequent occurrence in the district south of the Dead Sea, which bears many branches, and produces small seeds of mustard-like flavour. But there is really no necessity for such a conjecture. It is just these bald interpretations of Scripture language—so utterly foreign to the poetic luxuriance of Eastern thought and speech—that have originated some of the most melancholy and obstinate errors that the Christian Church has had to battle with. In speaking to the crowd our Lord naturally used popular forms of speech, and it is clear that in this case He adopted a proverbial phrase which, like most proverbs, possessed a hyperbolic character. It must be borne in mind, too, that while calling the mustard "a tree" our Lord in the same sentence describes it as a herb; and it is precisely this fact that it could be suitably referred to in popular language as being both a herb and a tree that makes it certain that it was the *Sinapis* and not the *Khardal* that was meant. Irby and Mangles describe

it as growing to a height of ten feet, and waving above the heads of their horses. Canon Tristram, when travelling alongside the Jordan, was much impressed with the tallness of the herb; and Dr. Thomson records that in passing through the Plain of Acre he saw it as high as a man on horseback.

The Salvadora is a tree capable of attaining to a height of twenty-five feet when full grown, and so could not possibly be termed "a herb;" while its seeds are much larger than those of the mustard. It is extremely doubtful if it has ever been found in Palestine, and consequently would not be familiar to our Lord's hearers. But it is quite evident that the plant referred to was well known to them, for otherwise the point of the parable would have been missed.

The black mustard has long been cultivated for the sake of its pungent seeds. There is clear testimony to the fact that they were used as a condiment by the Greeks and Romans, and hence it is probable that the Jews also followed this custom. The seeds of white mustard are of a yellowish colour, while those of the black species are dark reddish-brown. Generally the two kinds are mixed in varying proportions. When the seeds have been crushed by pounding, the husks are sifted away. It is curious that the pungent principle, for which mustard is valued, is produced only when the flour is acted on by water.

A number of fanciful conceits have been drawn from our Lord's use of this metaphor of the mustard seed. We have no warrant, however, for supposing that He intended any allegorical suggestion, beyond the fact that it illustrated how, from apparently insignificant causes, the most momentous and far-reaching results might be produced. Although it was the least of the seeds familiar to the husbandman, it yet grew into a great branchy herb—in this respect presenting a remarkable analogy to the Kingdom of Heaven. In the spiritual realm, that higher sphere of God's operations, there are progressing silent, subtle processes which are to effect the most magnificent realisations. Men uncultured and obscure may be destined to turn the world upside down. Truths, the importance of which is now barely suspected, are to revolutionise the empire of the human intellect. Spiritual regeneration, beginning imperceptibly, will lead on to the ennobling of the entire soul. The Gospel, lowly in its

first earthly associations, is yet instinct with such vitalities as that it shall spread and grow until the whole race of man find shelter under its gracious provisions. The Divine Redeemer, despised and rejected, will yet be exalted to the throne of universal supremacy, and be hailed by all in heaven and earth as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze."

Perhaps nowhere has this simple parable of the mustard seed been expanded in choicer phrases than in the following quotation from the late Dr. James Hamilton, taken from the instructive paper on the Crucifers by Mr. Carruthers, F.R.S., in the "Bible Educator," i. 121—

"The mustard is a tiny seed which, sown in a favourable soil, shoots up and becomes to all intents a tree; so that there is no longer any proportion betwixt its 'shadowing shroud' and the germ from which it sprang. Such is the Kingdom of Heaven; such is the history of real religion in an individual mind, in a community, in the world at large. Some word in season dropped into the ear, or reverting to his memory, the desperado and blasphemer is converted; and that mustard seed, that faithful saying, is developed into the 'Pilgrim's Progress' or the 'Olney Hymns.' The one copy of the Scriptures which had been brought away from the ship *Bounty*, and which at last changed into a Christian community the mutineers and their children, was a mustard seed; so was the Gospel which Columba and his companions brought from Ireland to Iona, and which, transferred to the mainland, became a mighty tree, so that the hills of Caledonia are now covered with the shade. The little text, 'The just by faith shall live,' in the mind of Martin Luther, was the mustard seed from which shot up the glorious Reformation. The cradle of Bethlehem, the cross of Calvary—that cradle so obscure, that cross such a 'foolishness,' such a 'scandal'—were each of them 'a grain of mustard seed,' the little and unlikely germ from which a tree of life has risen, extending its branches over every continent, and inviting beneath its canopy the millions of mankind."

HEMIKRANIONISM.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

I.—WHO SIR JOHN GRICE WAS.



AM not in the least concerned that the doctors do not know anything of this disease; there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy." There are a great many things which they do not know as regards the body, and the

soul, and the mind singly: and in their wonderful

intertwinings, the one with the other; and their wonderful operations, the one on the other.

The doctors give names to various diseases as they discover them; and if Dr. Octavius chose to call Sir John Grice's disease by a long, strange, outlandish name, he was no more to blame than many of his brethren, who have made out names which one can hardly pronounce without chopping them up into syllables—one, two, and three.

The doctor was a little puzzled at first what to call

his patient's disease, as he wanted the name to describe in some degree the exact state of the case; so he took down his lexicon, and putting two Greek words together, he pretty nearly hit it off: *Hemisus*, half; and *Kranion*, the skull—"That will do it," said Dr. Octavius—"at least, it will do it nearly enough. I shall call the peculiar form of brain disease under which my patient labours, 'Hemi-kranion-ism.'"

Sir John Grice was the owner of Grice Manor, a fine old place which had fought the winds and weather, hail, rain, and snow, and rolling years, from the days of Queen Elizabeth up to the time of which I now write. Grice Manor remained in uninterrupted possession of Grices of various eyes, noses, and mouths, and various degrees of tendency towards gout, from those days until now; but, however face-forms changed, owing to matrimonial connections; and however the gout from the same cause went up and down in the barometer of the Grices' ankles and great toes, there the Grices were to be found, generation after generation; and there, so far as they are concerned, they intend to remain until the end of time.

But our intentions and the turnings-up of time are two very different things; and the cousin of the present Sir John Grice was within touch-and-go of having, bag and baggage, to depart from Grice Manor. He got into a law-suit as long as the sea-serpent with a neighbour, whose purse was longer than his own, and whose obstinacy was quite as great; and the question, whether Sir John had or had not a right to draw water from a place that was no better than a puddle by the road-side, being decided against him, and no end of costs following of course, Sir John, who had already some heavy mortgages on the property, would have had to bundle out, had it not been that the present Sir John, who subsequently became the Hemikranionist, had come to the rescue, taken up the mortgages, given an annuity to the old baronet, and so kept the estate in the family.

Sir John the Hemikranionist was only plain John Grice then, but the title was held in reversion. When his cousin, now an old man, died, it must come to him. But not so of necessity the estate. That, however, was also now secured; and so, in due season, John Grice became "Sir John Grice," and was found living at Grice Manor with his lady, and his only daughter and her only brother—fair young folk in body and in mind—ever so much better than Sir John himself, for they took after their mother; and as all the folk around said, Lady Grice was something like a lady. The fact was, she was a born lady, as people say. If she had been a chimney-sweep's wife, she would, in the true sense of the word, be "a lady" nevertheless.

Now, John Grice had spent all his life in business, in money-making; not that there is a word to be said against honest business, or honest money-making either; but these things, unless counterbalanced, often take possession of the whole man, and destroy him in soul and in mind, and this was what money-getting, and money-keeping, and money pride had done to John Grice. Selfishness was the key-note of his life: he loved self, and lived for self; and half the world might have starved for what he cared. He had never

given away a shilling unless when he could not help it, neither did he intend to give one for the time to come.

Just as Mr. John Grice began to think that the old baronet, his cousin, had lived too long, both as getting too much annuity money, and keeping him out of the title, a black-bordered envelope was put into his hand. It was from the family lawyer, who lived close to Grice Manor, and who now deeply regretted he had to inform Sir John (he was Sir John Grice now) that his cousin had been found dead in the puddle by the road-side, with a big stone tied round his neck, and that a letter had been found in his pocket, blurred, indeed, a good deal by the water, but still quite decipherable, saying that it was a comfort to him to feel that he died in bodily possession of the pool, and that if Mr. Jenkins, the neighbour, wished to take proceedings against him for trespass or anything else, he could.

And so Mr. John Grice was now "Sir John Grice" of Grice Manor. He was called now by somewhat of a new name; but he took into Grice Manor the old heart.

II.—HOW SIR JOHN GRICE'S DOOM CAME.

THE estate attached to Grice Manor was divided into farms and holdings of all sizes, some of which were little better than large gardens, with cottages attached. It was on one of these holdings that there was great sorrow one day; for the agent had given notice that unless the full rent was forthcoming within a week, he should distrain; and then before the Stephen family there was nothing but the work-house. Mrs. Stephen had at any time an objection to going into the Union; but this objection was particularly strong just now, because her husband was ailing; and if they went in she could not nurse him, as her wifely heart wished to do.

The difficulty was only a temporary one—it involved only a sovereign; and that much was due to Michael Stephen for vegetables sold, only, like a good many, the poor man found it hard to get his own; so hard, indeed, that, the day before, the threatened arrival of the bailiffs came, and the money, alas! had not come with it.

"Michael," said Mary Stephen, "it must not be that this home, which has cost us so much to put together and to keep together, be lost for the sake of a sovereign. It must not be that we be driven to a work-house for twenty shillings, and have not only our home, but perhaps our lives and our hearts broken up. The new Squire is, perhaps, not so hard as his agent. I'll go straight to him—he'll never see a fellow-creature ruined for the sake of a pound; and that, a pound not lost to him, but only delayed until we can get it from the man who owes it to us. I'll go to the Squire myself—if he's like the old mac, he'll never turn us out on the road."

And so Michael Stephen's wife took herself off to Grice Manor, believing that the new Squire would never be hard at the beginning, at any rate, to one whose people had been on the property for generations—for the Stephens ran almost on all fours with the Grices in the length of time they had lived

on the estate, only, of course, in a more humble way.

"What does the woman want with me?" said Sir John to the footman.

"She says, Sir John, that it is a matter of consequence."

"Of consequence—well," mused the baronet, who had declined to see her, "no one knows what a thing of consequence may be. Jones—here—you had better show the woman into my business room." And Sir John Grice went in to meet her.

With his back to the fire, he awaited his visitor, who soon made her appearance, dropping two or three deferential curtsies. These the baronet did not approve of, or augur well from; for he believed that whenever people were particularly deferential, or civil, they were sure to want something; and he did not like anyone to want anything from him.

"Well, my good woman, you said you wanted to see me on some matter of importance. Be good enough to tell me what it is, and to be quick about it."

Then Mrs. Stephen told her humble story, and how Stephen was sick, and how hard it would be to be sold up, after their family had lived almost as long upon the estate as Sir John, and all she asked was that a little time might be given them, until they could get the sovereign which was owed them, when she could settle with the agent.

"I thought, my good woman," said Sir John Grice, looking coldly at the poor creature who stood almost tremblingly before him, "that you sent in word that this was a matter of importance; do you think that a sovereign can be a matter of such importance to me that I should be disturbed in such a way and at such an hour? I cannot interfere with your affairs; you must look after them yourself."

"I humbly beg pardon, Sir John," said Mrs. Stephen, who had her sick husband before her eyes, "but it is a matter of great importance, for in a few hours my husband, who is sick in bed, will be turned out into the road, our few things will be sold, and our house broken up. It is one of great importance to us; and we thought you would take that into account."

"My good woman, what's of interest and importance to *you* is not therefore of any to *me*. Your affairs are nothing to me. The only concern I have with you or any of the tenants on the estate is that you should all pay your rents when they are due; and that, so far as *you* are concerned, you do not appear to have done. I never interfere with any agent of mine so long as he does his duty, and my agent appears now to be doing his in the matter of this rent; I can't interfere in the matter at all."

"Well, Sir John," said Mrs. Stephen, "if it is not making too bold, will you lend us the sovereign yourself? We will repay it shortly, then your agent will be able to do his duty, and we shall not be turned out of our little home."

"No," said Sir John Grice, "I never lend any money except on security, and at interest. I can't attend to a petty affair of this kind; I will neither give nor lend you anything."

"Not *half* a sovereign?" said Mrs. Stephen, diminishing her demand as the thought entered her mind,

that possibly she could get the other half somewhere or other, though she really had no notion where.

"No, not *half* a sovereign, nor *half* a crown, nor *half* a penny."

The woman, who a moment before was so meek and suppliant, seemed to wither under her landlord's cold hard words, and his cold hard look. She shook, or rather let me say vibrated, just as we can imagine one of the old prophetesses to have done when their power of divination, whatever it was, was upon them; and the frost of Sir John Grice's voice seemed to have penetrated hers, and with a stony eye fixed upon him, and with a voice spoken as it were with breath that had passed over an iceberg, she uttered the hard man's doom, the doom of Sir John Grice, of Grice Manor, the doom of the man who knew not what it was to look not only upon his own things, but also upon the things of others.

It came forth from the woman's bloodless lips in these words, "'Not half a sovereign, not half a crown, not half a penny.' The day will come, Sir John Grice, when you will stand in sore need of a half yourself."

"Of half a what, woman?" said Sir John angrily. "You're mad."

"Of half I know not what," said the woman dreamily; "but of 'a half'—'a half'—'a half.'"

The hopeless woman laid no curse upon the hard, bad man. 'Twas not for her, even as it is not for any, to curse their fellow-creatures; but she said what it came over her to say. Her trembling, or vibration, and her words came to an end at the same moment; and in a few moments more she found herself on the outside of the Manor House, the footman having expedited her exit by some hard words given on his own account.

Mrs. Stephen returned home; was sold up in a few days; and the day after found herself and her husband inmates of the workhouse. The good woman had already pledged most of her furniture—such as it was!—to the butcher and baker for necessities for her husband. The illness was likely to be long; and so, bitter as the prospect was, to go there was the best thing she could do—for the present, at least. So she faced the situation with a brave heart, and the little home and garden knew them no more.

And yet that home and garden were theirs—held for them by an invisible hand until the day that this hand should lead them back to it in triumph again.

Meanwhile the hand, having barred and bolted the cottage and the garden gates, had work to do elsewhere, and proceeded to do it too.

III.—HOW SIR JOHN FOUGHT AGAINST HIS DOOM.

It was easy enough for Sir John Grice to tell his footman to show his unwelcome visitor out; and it was easy enough for Plush, the footman, to put her out in his own rough way. "Like master," they say, "like man;" and Plush took his cue from his master. But there were other things which it was not so easy for Sir John to do.

Oh! what would not many give, if only they had a "Plush" *inside*—some footman, some strong fellow



"Not half a sovereign, nor half a crown, nor half a penny."—p. 744.

(call him what you will) who, at their call, would summarily eject every unwelcome visitor. Visitors coming on matters of "importance," indeed; visitors who will say out what they think, and who will speak for as long as they like, and who will not go away until they please themselves.

Let but one such "Plush" advertise himself, with suitable references, and prove that he is equal to the task he undertakes, and I warrant you he will need a good many waste-paper baskets to hold the answers he will receive. He need make no stipulations—he will be taken at his own price; wages will be no object with his employer. Unwelcome memories! unwelcome fears! unwelcome regrets! unwelcome conscience-dealings! Ah, John Plush, don't think you would have an easy place of it! You would be kept hard at it, bundling them out all day long—ay, and perhaps very often all night long too.

But there was no such servant at your disposal, Sir John Grice, to drive out the thoughts which began to trouble you very shortly after you had got rid of your poor and unwelcome visitor.

As he sat in the library all the morning, as he walked through the grounds that day, as he lay awake on his bed that night, that troublesome woman's words kept ringing in his ears—"The day will come, Sir John Grice, when you will stand in sore need of a half—of a half—a half—a half—yourself."—"Need, indeed! I've redeemed the whole of the Grice estates; there's not a shilling owing on an acre of them; I have £100,000 in the funds; I have wife and child; I have health and strength; and all my family are long-lived. I'm not likely to want anything."

But the mischief for Sir John was, that the matter had been left in uncertainty. "If the woman had said a half of any particular thing," said the baronet, "I should not have minded. I could have dismissed the matter at once. But the mischief is that she has said nothing that one can take hold of. There are halves to all wholes, and there are many things with which I have never come into contact yet, but with which I may be brought into contact by-and-bye. I may perhaps come to grief in them."

And so that thought kept working and working in Sir John Grice's mind, until at last it became an integral part of his life, and a very fearful one too. When he sat down it sat down with him, when he rose up it rose with him, when he lay on his bed it lay with him. It had all the terrors of the "vague" and the "unknown" on its side; and it used them well.

Not but that Sir John Grice fought manfully with his enemy; he was not the man to give in easily to any enemy he had, known or unknown; and he fought that one by day and by night too.

But he was fighting with the hard man which was too hard for him, that which was harder than iron, that which could not be bought or bribed by gold, that which had so intertwined itself in Sir John's mental being that, unless he tore himself in pieces, he could not get rid of it—if, indeed, he could even then.

IV.—THE FALLING OF SIR JOHN GRICE'S DOOM.

AND all this must have its effect, and so it had. Gradually Sir John Grice became an altered man: his neighbours perceived it, his family were only too conscious of it. It could be seen in his hollow cheek and anxious, restless eye, in his looks, which gradually became more and more dazed. At last the catastrophe came.

Sir John Grice was found one morning, when the family assembled for breakfast, sitting moodily before the fire; his arms were folded, his pockets were turned inside out, and he was apparently hiding, and guarding, and preserving, with great care, something under his coat. No entreaties could prevail upon him to approach the breakfast-table; he declared that he was a pauper, that he had no means to pay for food, that those who ordered it must pay for it, and that he should be in the workhouse before night. At last, jumping up, he showed his wife and daughter his empty pockets turned inside out, and with a violent effort tearing open his coat, he produced a bag which he had been carefully guarding, and holding up a halfpenny, which he had taken out of it, he called out that no one should touch it, for it was all that was now left.

Oh, Sir John! there is a "half" in that. It was in vain that Baggs and Scales, the bankers, came in person to represent to him the balance standing to his account with them; that Mr. Dawson, the solicitor, came himself and actually showed him a whole sackful of mortgages and debentures; that his own family emptied out a huge bag of gold, that he might see the actual coin. No! none of these things were his; and as to the sovereigns, they were only farthings, and, even so, belonged to someone else. He was quite clear upon all other money matters—indeed, acute; but as to his having money himself, the moment the idea was started, he became hopelessly demented on the subject. And so he half-starved himself, and went about dressed like a beggar, and was worse off even than the poor couple at the workhouse, whither, indeed, they had been practically sent by him. On the subject of money half Sir John Grice's brain was wrong.

But, lo and behold! one fine morning he seemed suddenly to come to his senses on this matter. To the

amazement and delight of his family, he informed them that he saw his mistake—that some kind of a shadow had passed over him, that he had felt as if half his head had gone wrong; but he was now himself again.

"Yourself" again? Ah, Sir John, it would have been a good thing if you could have been some other self. The joy at Grice Manor was short; if you got back your brain in one half of your head, there was another half behind. Whatever spell was upon you, you could only have half your intellect at a time.

And so it came to pass, that you had only time to look at, and count over, all that heap of sovereigns still in the house, and acknowledge that they were yours, and that they were sovereigns indeed (yet you had only twenty-four hours for this realisation), before you were found, after a long search, hiding behind a stack of timber in an outhouse, looking the very picture of terror and dismay.

What now? They pulled the unfortunate man out of the wood amid which he was hiding, and as he was incoherent to a great extent, they could only gather at first, from the odds and ends and scraps of what he said, that though he knew gold, and believed that that was his gold, yet he had come by it dishonestly. He didn't exactly know what he had done, but it was something very bad. Either he had robbed a bank, or committed forgery, or murdered someone on the highway. But though the gold was his, he had come by it in some unlawful, if not, indeed, in some terrible way. The fact was, whatever was the matter with his brain prevented him from having a whole conception of anything at one time—he could only see a half. Could Sir John Grice see at one and the same moment that the gold was his, and that he had come by it honestly, however hardly, he would be himself again. But on you, Sir John Grice, there seemed to be a doom that you should never see more than half of any matter at a time; and misery did it bring you for many a day.

And so it came to pass that Sir John Grice believed that he had no home. Grice Manor was not Grice Manor at all—he had no home. "Ugh!" he used to say, as he looked out of the window; "bring me my great-coat; 't is very cold here in the open air;" and, looking up at the ceiling, he used to tell them exactly how the moon was. No house! no home!

Then that passed away, and he would have it that the beautiful house was indeed there, but it was not his—he was an intruder there. He would not touch any of the furniture or ornaments, or read any of the books; and he was always hurrying his wife and daughter to pack up their things and be off. He did not know, he was sure, to whom the place belonged, or how he and his came there; but his it was not, and go he must. Had the two halves been put together—could the poor brain but have worked in its entirety on the thought of the home, he would, so far as the home was concerned, have been happy enough. Moreover, in the matter of the house there was an extra inducement to begone, for from some quarter of the unhappy man's brain came the idea that it was haunted—haunted by a man and woman, who, driven out upon the bare world—he knew not how or when—

had come to take up their quarters there; and, unfortunately, the room in which he believed them to be was the one just above the library. He could hear them frequently moving about, and he could hear the man coughing; and he declared that, as he passed the door one day, he heard a woman's voice talking of half-sovereigns, and half-crowns, and half-pence; but all this was an extra. The point that oppressed the poor man, now that he knew he was in a real house, was that at any moment the real owners might appear, and, neck and crop, he and his might be bundled out.

final dispelling of each delusion; but now she was a part and parcel of the delusion herself.

The baronet announced one morning that he had no wife. And indeed, it was pitiful to see him all that day. He had gradually grown weak, and used to go out leaning on her willing arm, but now he was hobbling along with two sticks, telling everyone he met that "he was a poor lone man; the loss of Lady Grice was a terrible one to him; no one could tell how great, and now he must be in dreariness and loneliness all his days." "These are all that are left to me now," he used to say to Lady Grice herself as he



"He declared that he was a pauper."—p. 746.

Poor Lady Grice! All this was bad enough for her and her daughter; but these were only a part of their troubles. There was never any knowing what turn Sir John's brain would take. There was only one thing certain, and that was, that the delusion would have two separate halves—that as soon as one portion of it was cured, the other would put in an appearance, and renew the misery. Of every delusion he had to be cured twice; and when one delusion was fully exploded, another, with its halves, took its place.

As soon as the delusions of the money and the house had come to an end, one was set up with reference to the baronet's wife—to Lady Grice herself.

Poor lady! she had hitherto been able to minister to her husband, and to be somewhat helpful in the

showed her the two thick sticks on which he leant. "I cannot take your arm, I can never take anyone's arm again," and so for days and days he used to wander about on his sticks, the wife ever near, but always either unobserved or, it may be, testily told to go away. Poor lady! it almost broke her heart. One comfort she had, and that was, that he might come out of this delusion even as he had out of others; but was it a comfort? There had been another half to all the former delusions which had to be undergone, and so surely would it be with this one also.

And so it was. When that side of the mania disappeared, the other turned up. The brain seemed to right itself for a while—a few short hours—and Sir John threw away his sticks and resumed his ordinary

life so far as Lady Grice was concerned, talking to her, leaning again upon her arm, showing her all such affection as he was capable of. But it had power to retain its balance only for a short time; the terrible second half of that trial, as of all the others, had to turn up.

And it soon did so. Yes, Lady Grice was indeed his wife, and so much the worse for him. There she was, in solid flesh and blood—would that he could banish her from his sight for ever! Her picture he could get rid of, if not of herself, and he drove the poker through her portrait in the dining-room, and smashed her miniature on the flag-stones; but her very self, how could he ever get rid of her? "Does she not hate me?" said the baronet; "is she not watching for every opportunity for vexing me? I believe she'll try to poison me in the end."

"Away with you!" cried Sir John in a tremendous rage, "away with you, woman!" and his rage culminated in a fit, and falling on the floor, from which he was lifted with difficulty and taken to his bed. The doctor when he came found his patient paralysed down one side, half of him for the time practically dead.

V.—THE LIFTING OF SIR JOHN GRICE'S DOOM.

TIME and rest, and good nursing, with the help of good doctoring, and a naturally robust constitution, brought the sick man round at last. And while he lay for weeks on that bed his change came.

Tidings of this terrible mental disease reached poor Stephen and his wife in the workhouse, and they looked at one another. "Half, half, half," said Mrs. Stephen, putting up her two hands in horror; "he would not give a half, and halves have been taken away from him; but we wish him no ill, Stephen, we forgive him; hold hands with me and say, 'We forgive the poor gentleman, and hope he'll get his senses again.'"

I wonder if that forgiveness could have passed on

to Sir John Grice lying on his bed—the half Sir John, for half of him was practically dead.

Anyhow, just at that time he began to mend. Some said it was because of some medicine a great London doctor gave him, and with his returning strength of body came returning strength of mind.

That London doctor was very interested in the case. "I can't say I know all about Sir John's mental disease," he wrote to Lady Grice, "but I do know something about it. I never met with but one case of it before; it is almost unknown to the profession. I am studying the subject, and you shall hear from me when I have matured my thoughts upon it. Meanwhile, I have no doubt that your husband will entirely recover, but if there is anything on his mind, or connected with his affairs, which could in any way foster this abnormal condition, of course you must see that it is removed."

Lady Grice told this to Sir John when he was fited to receive it. Like Nebuchadnezzar, his own understanding had come back to him; he remembered the scene in the library, and put together the halves he refused, and the halves he himself was denied; and as an humble and penitent man, he sent to the workhouse for the former tenant, and put a paper in her hand with three coins in it—a half-sovereign, a half-crown, and a half-penny; and another with three coins in it also, a sovereign complete, a crown complete, and a penny complete; and with it a lease of that house and garden for 999 years, at a rent of half a sovereign, and half a crown, and half a penny a year.

Lady Grice heard from the doctor only once more, and his letter said that, from the exceeding rarity of the disease, he despaired of ever mastering its intricacies—that he could do little more than give it a name, which he now did, and that Sir John had been the victim of an insidious cerebral disorder, which he should call, from its affecting only one half of the head at a time, *HEMIKRANIONISM*.

HELP TO DOUBTERS THROUGH THE FAITH OF OTHERS

BY THE REV. A. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.

(ISAIAH XXXV, 3, 4.)



WE hear from time to time much talk about the unbelief of the day; and there are not wanting gloomy prognostications that all faith and all religion are destined to disappear. As a consequence of this, there is disquietude and unsettlement, with, in some cases, a relaxing of the spiritual energies and devotions of those who, not being unbelievers in the full sense of the word, are yet affected by the misgivings that unbelief induces.

With regard to these we may make two observations at the outset—

First, these gloomy forebodings have not been

reserved for these latter days. All along the line of religious life and progress have been heard the mutterings of unbelief; and so far from religion having been destroyed, it has grown and flourished, and is to-day stronger and more exalted than it has ever been. We need not, therefore, be greatly terrified by the declarations of those who tell us that we had better abandon our position and surrender at discretion our faith.

Secondly, that with the altered conditions of thought, there are yet much the same main principles running through the faith of men in all times, and that many of the suggestions of the true prophets of old will be found applicable and helpful to all ages and conditions

of the world, as long as human nature remains the same. For the prophetic power of these men rose from two great sources: from their knowledge of the human heart, and from their knowledge of God as a personal matter, through the openness, purity, and high-mindedness which they kept alive and cherished in their own souls.

Let us, then, consider these words of encouragement spoken by the prophet of old for the strengthening and comforting of those who had become feeble-hearted and liable to relax their devotion and perseverance.

I. The circumstances under which the prophet spoke.

We need not pause to go into detail respecting the times and circumstances in which the prophet spoke. It will be sufficient to point out: 1. That there were circumstances of danger and trouble which threatened to cast down and enfeeble some, and the effect upon whom was of a threefold nature:

There were weak hands—hands falling down from the attitude of prayer; there were knees tottering for lack of firm faith and hope; and there were hearts fluttered and impatient from fear.

We may therefore describe the effect as a threefold relaxation—a relaxation of prayer or religious devotion; a relaxation of active duty; and the relaxation of that peace and calm quietude of soul which are parts of its true strength.

2. How the prophet deals with such in a twofold way.

He proclaims faith in God as the Judge, the Recommender of mankind, Who will call to account and cast down the cruel adversaries, and reward the people for their loyalty in all they have suffered.

But he does more. He bids others go and strengthen the weak hands, confirm the feeble knees, and proclaim the great faith in God's righteousness and help.

II. The prophet's method for confirming the weak.

1. He would have the feeble strengthened and encouraged by the proclamation of faith in God. He puts over against the conduct of the adversaries, and the doubts and feebleness of those who were losing heart, faith in God. He does not make God's faithfulness, justice, help, depend on what men may say or do. The cruelty, the vices, the arrogance of their enemies could not in any way touch the great fact of God's existence, God's righteousness, God's action. These stood clear and unaffected by anything that men might say or do. The prophet took his stand upon his faith in God—upon God Himself, as upon an immovable Rock, against which all the waves of human passion might lash in vain. To man he opposed God; to human folly, Divine wisdom; to human doubt, Divine faithfulness. What God had said, and what God was, that was enough for the prophet, and he fell back upon these as upon an impregnable refuge from all human oppositions. It was a magnificent faith—a faith which reached its glory and climax in Christ—a faith that, when once it lays hold of a man, lifts him

up clear above all the distracting, enervating influences of the world, so that while he is in the world he is not, so far as the roots of his being are concerned, of it.

2. But this is not his only method. He does not merely proclaim to the doubters and feeble ones faith in God. He does not content himself with bidding the feeble and doubting ones to believe. That is just their difficulty, and it is just help to do this that they want. So he employs others as the means of strengthening the faith of their weaker brethren. He bids others go forth and help the feeble and teach the weak-hearted, and be a source of strength and faith to them. And this leads us to the great principle which underlies the prophet's method, viz.—

III. The faith of others may be a source of faith to the weak.

The prophet calls not for the declaration of faith in the abstract, faith as a mere proposition or doctrine, but a living faith, seen as a power in the lives of its professors, and as a witness to the weak.

Now, how far is the principle implied in the prophet's method applicable? How far can or ought the faith of a believer to have authority or influence contributing to the faith of others? How far ought a firm faith in a righteous and good God to weigh with the doubter and weak in faith? How far to weigh with the sceptic? One such faith stops the mouth of scepticism, and shuts it up within the compass of a very limited area. Let us think of this a little more closely.

1. A believer comes forward with the declaration of his faith. He says, "I know and am convinced that there is a good and righteous God." He may or he may not advance his reason. Anyway, he has got not only his conviction, but he says he knows God. Now, what can be said in opposition? No amount of scepticism can affirm that there is no God, where there is a single witness who knows that there is. All that the unbeliever can ask is, Is the witness honest, and is he reasonably intelligent? If he be both, then no amount of unbelief can destroy this positive witness. All the sceptic can logically affirm in reply is, that as far as he is concerned he does not know God, or cannot perceive Him. But his lack of knowledge cannot disprove the other's faith. It is so in other matters. Two men of different powers of hearing are present when a certain note is struck—a fine, high note, or soft, deep one. The one with acute hearing declares he hears it, the other is deaf to it. The one who fails to hear cannot advance his failure as an argument against any such note having been struck. The one man's declaration that he has heard is positive witness against what is after all but a merely negative declaration on the part of the other that he has not heard. And the positive evidence of his companion, if he be an honest and intelligent man, must and ought to outweigh the mere negative experience of his less fortunate friend. And so when there is one honest and intelligent being in the world to come

forward and say that down in the depth of his spirit he knows and perceives God, all the unbelief and lack of such experience cannot crush it; and it alone suffices to deprive all others from asserting as a positive fact that there is no God. I do not say that this positive evidence will compel positive belief; but it will destroy the right of unbelief to assert that there is no such thing as that of which belief is a positive witness. The negative is always harder of proof than the positive.

2. But we may go a step further. This positive assertion not only acts negatively in so far as it bars the assertion that there is no God. It also in its turn acts positively with regard to unbelief; for its assertion implies that there is a God not only for the believer but for the unbeliever, and the weight of this assertion regulates the probability of the presence of God, unperceived though He may be by the unbeliever. If a true and intelligent witness declares that he does know God, that it is as certain a fact to his spirit as any other fact in the universe, it at least implies the probability that the unbelief of the doubter may arise not from the truth of his unbelief, but from the defect of his perceptive faculties. And belief can at least lay claim to this, that unbelief shall not make matters worse by shutting up his organs of perception, but, admitting the possibility of being wrong, do his best to find out if he be so. The faith of one honest man ought thus to shake the unbelief of many, and send them searching after God, if haply they may find Him.

3. But we advance a step further. It is through the heart and spirit that God is most truly known—not so much by head or logic, but by the knowledge of the heart. Now, this spiritual faculty by which God is known is common to all; and while some possess Him more fully, know more of the length and depth of His presence, there are intimations of His presence in every heart. For love, conscience, the craving for a higher power, are those characteristics which belong to man, as to one made for God, and not complete except in relation with God. And thus, while there are different degrees of knowledge, there are faculties of knowledge more or less in every soul. These may have lost much of their keenness, grown faint or feeble through being neglected, but still they are there in germs, and in a withered and impaired state. And it behoves each man to see that these spiritual faculties be treated fairly, and that all that impairs them be removed; and that is just what the prophet suggests when he says, Strengthen the weak hands, the feeble knees, the flurried and impatient heart. For what is that but an exhortation also to these doubting ones not to cease all their efforts, but to keep alive and fresh their spiritual powers; to continue to pray and seek for God; to continue to act out life's duties along the appointed path of service, and to let the fever and impatience of their hearts, which only confuse it, pass away, and the normal state of quietness and

patience take their place? And there will then be a greater chance of strength and faith and courage coming back to cast out the doubt and uncertainty and weakness.

Now, if all this be so, we cannot stop with the prophet who wrote these words. We turn to a higher and greater Authority than any Old Testament teacher—even to Christ Himself. We have the witness of Jesus Christ, and

1. His personal faith. There never was so strong or confident a faith as His. He speaks in a way in which none other did. He not only knew that there was a God, but He declared that He and God were one. Here, then, is most positive assertion.

2. And Who was He Who made this assertion?

On the purely human side He was the most truthful. His whole life and character were above suspicion of anything but the most absolute truthfulness.

His was also the very highest spiritual life, with just that which is the special faculty for the perception of God most highly developed and most perfect. Such an absolutely good spirituality has never been seen before or since. And thus, in the sphere of the spirit, He could speak with an authority given to none else. He was wisest of the wise. We have only to glance at the principles He enunciated and the methods He employed to perceive that He was the greatest Master of the knowledge and wisdom of human nature and life. He therefore stands as an unrivalled Witness for religious truth.

Hence all else must give way to Him in this matter. When He speaks, scepticism becomes dumb. When He gives an emphatic "Yes," who shall dare say "No"? If all the world were ranged on one side, and opposed to Jesus Christ, I would stand by Him, listen to Him, accept His declaration of a knowledge of a matter in the sphere wherein He reigns supreme amongst the sons of men.

But we pass one step further. What is the supremacy He has won—this unique greatness which is His? The historians of His life and teaching could never have invented it. And if He was not what He is represented to have been, what was He? Shall we rank Him only with men? Man He was, but more than man. What shall we call His greatness? Can we give it any other name than that of Divine? And, if so, then there comes straight from the Source of all life, all love, all knowledge, all power, the radiant light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ, shed abroad in our hearts. And then it is that, as the prophet of old, but in a far higher, more efficient way, He lifts up our failing hands when He bids us pray to and trust to our Father in heaven; strengthens our tottering footsteps when He bids us take up our cross and follow Him in obedience and faith and hope; and, banishing the fever-heat of impatience, fills our hearts and minds with the peace of God, which passeth all understanding and every device of man.

"Children of the King of Grace."

Words by JOSEPH SWAIN.

Music by G. M. GARRETT, M.A., Mus.D.
(Organist to the University of Cambridge).

mf

1. Chil-dren of the King of grace, As from earth to heaven ye go,

mf

Your Re-deem-er's foot-steps trace, Fol-low Him in all ye do.

Org. Ped.

p

His sweet pre-sence you will find Shin-ing on you as ye go;

cres. *f*

Cast your fears and cares be-hind, Trust Him—He will bring you through.

2. You are buried with the Lord,
In the Lord you rise again;
Now you live upon His word,
Who, to ransom you, was slain.
Hear the voice that speaks from Heaven,
This is My appointed way;
You, whose sins He has forgiven,
Follow Him without delay.

3. Mighty Saviour! we obey
Thy Divine, commanding voice;
Thou hast taught our feet the way,
In Thy mandate we rejoice.
On Thy promise we rely,
Hear us from Thy lofty throne;
Shine upon us from on high,
Bless and seal us as Thy own.

"COMPANIONSHIPS."

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

MAN, being a gregarious animal, must have communion with his kind. If this earth be a wilderness, he will not tramp it alone. The gratification of this God-implemented desire for fellowship, when wisely directed, makes life a joyous thing, and us a joy to others. The possession of such an instinct, however, involves responsibility, since it may lead us to adopt friendships which may either prove pinions to bear us upward, or millstones round our necks to sink us to perdition. A companionship is, in fact, a ship requiring the strictest survey, the most thorough overhauling; and no man should venture on board till he has satisfied himself that his vessel is classed A 1, and is tight, staunch, and strong, and every way fitted for life's voyage.

The moral nature of a young man, fresh from the wholesome restraints of home, labours under the inherent disadvantage, peculiar to the race, of a bias, an accursed predisposition towards evil. With us all there is a lurking inclination to shake hands with the enemy over the wall.

Defences which have withstood open assaults with methods of warfare fully understood, have crumbled to the blinded batteries and insidiously laid mines of evil companionships.

You start for the railway station, you reach your platform, you encounter an acquaintance, you take your seat beside him. The train starts, and in a few minutes you are surprised at the discovery that you are not going the way you intended: you have, in fact, been insensibly shunted on to the wrong line—your companion's line. So with the first step towards ruin; the initial deflections and gradations are very, very slight, but the two ways of life and death ultimately diverge as widely as the poles. A young man walks with ungodly young men, gets to stand in the way of dissipated young men, and eventually settles down quite comfortably in his seat as the boon companion of atheism and infidelity.

There is, in fact, not the slightest chance for a young fellow apart from the grace of God. He is exposed to multiform dangers, but probably none are more potent than those which co-exist with and are peculiar to a generous nature. Have you a taste for music? Have you a sweet voice? Are you polished and well read? Can you chat acceptably? Can you appreciate a good

joke and a stiff glass of grog? Can you lend a fellow a crown at a minute's notice? Then you will be voted a jolly good fellow, just the man to keep company alive. You will receive a score of invitations where an ungenial man of mediocre attainments will receive one.

The succulent branches of a rose-tree will attract a hundred parasites where a common thorn will be passed by. Wasps will infest a sugar-cask when they will fly from vinegar. So if you are sweet-tempered and accomplished, temptations will multiply around you, and these will be all the more potent be-

cause we are so easily caught by flattery, so easily cajoled when compliments are flying.

The devil is a cunning angler; if he cannot land his trout by hook, he will take to tickling. As the sensation is grateful, comforting, he seldom fails. Who does not like to be sought after? Who does not appreciate the golden opinions of his fellows? A young man, rather than be considered strait-laced, accepts an invitation into questionable society. A compliment has been paid him, and he does not quite like to say "No"; but when it is borne in mind that his presence at one midnight carnival, besides jeopardising his earthly prospects and putting his own soul in peril, will label the whole proceedings as respectable, and be referred to with pride as a precedent for others equally respectable, the profound importance of the step will be at once apparent.

There is current to-day a devilish maxim that every young man must have his fling. No stone will be left unturned to convert you to the same opinion. You will be urged to add to your knowledge by seeing life

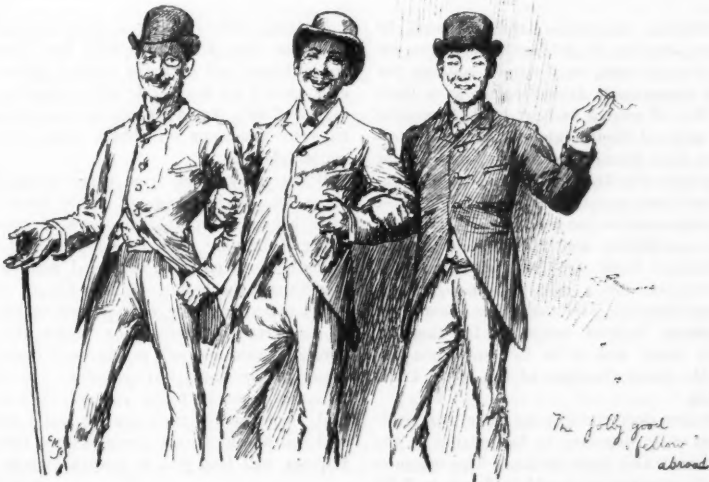


in all its phases at theatres, music-halls, dancing-saloons, gambling-hells, and gin-palaces. You will be wheedled into these whitewashed charnel-houses, these gilded soul-traps, these vile manufactories where the raw and loathsome material of vice is worked up into captivating and marketable shape. For God's sake, beware! Give heed to the warnings of Scripture, and the danger-signals standing at every inch of the way. These pure-minded, high-principled young men—these young men who tell you they know what's what—only just go in *to see*, that's all—go in pure, come out corrupted—go in rich, come out beggared—go in in the prime of health and manhood, come out sapped of their vigour, shorn of all nobility, bearing away the undying germs of death. Then the old home, once a place of joy, becomes the abode of lamentation.

That rippling and pellucid stream, issuing from you spring in the upland, gambols and sings along its merry way, and carries a cheerful face until it takes its downward plunge into the muddy, sewage-laden river below. For a few short yards it seems to hold its own, and to run hand-in-hand with the other, maintaining the while its own native and distinctive purity; but the brightness gradually fades from its face, as it mingles with, becomes assimilated to, and loses itself amid the surrounding foulness. A young man links himself with ungodliness; at first, going with the stream does not appear to contaminate him, and he will boast that he can at any time shake off evil influences as a duck shakes water from its back. But no man can escape the relentless law of cause and effect. Fire will burn; impurity will corrupt. Association with fast young men, who make the Bible their jest-book, and parody its most sublime utterances: who neglect God's house, and speak of religious assemblies as "creeping meetings," and of preaching as "Bible-thumping," will inevitably leave its stamp upon your character. Insensibly

the current slang will be adopted; the vulgar jest will excite a smile; the profane narrative will be tolerated—yea, enjoyed. The thistle-seeds wafted from the neighbouring garden will take root in yours. Our moral nature is a phonograph of the highest order and most delicate mechanism. It faithfully records and speaks out the impressions received within. If the voices we heed are earthly, sensual, devilish, the output will be earthly, sensual, devilish. If, on the other hand, we heed the still small voice, the soft whisperings of a conscience Divinely illuminated, our lives will speak most distinctly of God's grace and the possibilities of a purified and ennobled manhood.

Get, then, where the heavenly voices can reach you, and be swift to act upon their blest communications. Wait but a little while, and the other voices will all be hushed. In a few short years these flash young men will be no more. They tread a path bestrewn with fading flowers, but which is but a short cut to the grave. Not many years since, I knew a young fellow, respectably connected, who heartily subscribed to this maxim that every young man must have his fling. He was very consistent, and practised what he preached. He swore well, drank well, was a good hand at cards and billiards. He could crack a foul joke, and boast most truthfully of his numerous excesses. Yea, he was a very hero, a kind of planet, round which large clusters of minor satellites revolved. His light burnt brilliantly, evoked applause; but lacking power of continuity, suddenly went out. A virulent disease, with bull-dog ferocity, fastened upon his body, seized his very vitals, and would not leave go till its fangs had met; then it flung its mangled victim into a dishonoured grave, and left it there for decent folks to bury. Yet he was deemed a good-natured, generous-hearted young man, a jolly good sort of fellow; but he cracked his last joke at thirty!



Above everything, seek Divine wisdom. Lay the whole matter in prayer before your God and Father, and He will put you in the way of godly men. In doing this, He will not work miracles just to save you trouble; His wisdom will probably co-operate with your common sense. If you want congenial and helpful companionships, you will be prompted to go where they are to be found: viz., at such places as a Christian church, a Sunday-school, a Young Men's Christian Association, an Institute for Mutual Improvement.

Such institutions and their adherents may not be in high esteem with the crowd, but they may prove a means of grace to you, as they have to thousands.

Then get in the way of young men who, drawn

shy of all hot-beds of vice—foul cesspools, giving forth noisome and pestilential exhalations, which carry poison alike to the physical as to the moral system, paralysing all spiritual forces, destroying all longings for better things, vitiating alike the judgment and the appetite, enfeebling the voice of conscience, taking off the keen edge of moral sensitiveness—foul prison-houses, in which the soul chafes against its fetters, and pants and gasps for pure air, but cannot get it.

Your manhood can only be clothed upon with nobility, and answer the high end of its creation, as it is exposed to ennobling influences, and brought into touch with the uplifting powers of an unseen world.



together by kindred sympathies, and animated by noble purposes, combine in defence of common interests. In all good work, and earnest resolves for holy living, a sympathetic friend comes as a fresh inspiration. Men of science and art bind themselves together and meet at their clubs for mutual intercourse; young men bound for heaven, and intent on heavenly things, also find much real strength, encouragement, and true happiness in their associations. Even a bird sings sweetest for company. Those trees grow tallest, straightest, and freest from gnarls, which are farthest from the forest's fringe; for them companionships are a real protection, an incentive to uprightness. On the other hand, the tree which stands isolated comes in for the full force of every blast, and is in tremors when the occupants of the inner chambers of the forest know no perturbation.

If you have any deep concern for your own well-being, embrace every opportunity for getting in the way of good men and good books. The common instinct of self-preservation should lead you to fight

Walking with God and working for God will bring you into close fellowship with the Purest Being in the universe, and with the noblest spirits which have ever moved on earth. It will correct all false estimates of this world's glamoured enchantments, and fix your affections on things meet for pure-souled contemplation.

Break away, then, from every entanglement. Let those long-buried seeds of Bible truth fructify in your heart. Give the emancipated powers of your being full play and exercise, that God may be honoured, our common manhood vindicated, and the world made the better. Is this life an obstacle race?—the more scope for your powers of endurance. Is it one great battle-field, on which the contending forces of good and evil are in deadly conflict?—then, being in the world, but not of it, you will not care to act a coward's part; you will seek out comrades, and, buckling on your armour, sally forth, hopeful and courageous in the consciousness that your Great Captain will lead you to certain victory.

SAM TWINKLE.

EDITH'S GREEN DRESS.

A STORY OF SELF-DENIAL.

BY M. PAYNE-SMITH.



T was such a charming dress, that it was no wonder Edith Mapleson lost her heart to it. She saw it at a concert soon after Christmas, and it so took her fancy, that before long she began to wonder whether it would not be possible to have one like it some day.

Mr. Mapleson was a poor man, with a large family of daughters, and as they had plenty of brains, and but little money, he and his wife came to the very sensible conclusion that the girls had better learn to work while they were young and strong, and so have something better to trust to for their future than the little money he could leave them or the chance of marriage. So Maud went to Newnham, and then got a situation as mathematical mistress in a high-school, and Edith, who cared only for music, spent two years in a German Conservatoire, and then came home to try her best at teaching. She was fortunate, too, for the music mistress at Maud's school was rather overdone with pupils, and was glad to hand over the younger ones to Edith, who thereby earned enough to pay for her dress, and put a little money into the savings bank for a rainy day. After a year or so she got a few more pupils, and then her extravagant design gradually took hold of her mind.

It was such a tasteful dress, so simple and yet so elegant, soft folds of delicate green with the faintest suspicion of blue in it (not enough to make it a decided peacock), and the draperies hung as only an Indian silk can hang—just the colour for a fair girl, just the material for a slender figure: and Edith was both fair and slender.

The Maplesons were not gay people, but when there is a house full of pleasant, pretty girls, there is sure to be a little society, and Tom, who was in his father's office, never lost an opportunity of bringing his friends home to see his sisters, so that evening dresses were wanted; and as the girls made them at home, they did not cost much.

Now Edith's idea, when it got so far into shape as to be confided to Maud and Katie (the eldest sister, who stayed at home and looked after household matters), was this. She would buy a soft Indian silk in the spring, and wear it on Sundays and for grand afternoon occasions, tennis parties or "at homes," during the summer; then in the autumn she would alter it a little, and make it her best evening dress for the winter, so that by using it for two dresses she should not be afraid of spending the extra money it would cost her. Maud and Katie both agreed that it would be delightful, for what girl is not interested in pretty dresses? and Katie promised to help make it when the time came, and the precious silk was really bought. Then Edith began to save up her money, and soon found out several ways of saving a little. She

mended up her old gloves, and decided that she would have no new ones while she could hide them in her muff. She went in the orchestra at the Saturday "Pops," instead of the balcony, thereby saving two shillings nearly every week, for she was a regular attendant at concerts, knowing that nothing is so useful for a musician as hearing good music well played. Then it struck her that she might just as well walk to and from the high-school, and not only save her omnibus fare, but get some wholesome exercise. This last economy brought her a new friend, and in a very natural manner. Among the numerous teachers at the high-school were two Miss Hendersons, the elder a careworn middle-aged woman, who taught one of the younger classes; the younger a bright-faced girl about Edith's age, who gave drawing lessons, and, being an afternoon teacher, left about the same time as Edith. It was not long before the two girls found that their roads lay together, and soon they got into a habit of waiting for each other, and in their daily homeward walk soon grew from acquaintances to friends.

Faith Henderson talked a good deal about her own affairs, and before long Edith found out that teaching for a living was a very different thing from teaching when there was a home to go to, and when the loss of a pupil was not a very serious matter. The two Hendersons had nothing but their earnings to live on, and as Faith could not make much money as yet, there was a very narrow margin, and Miss Henderson had every reason to look anxious and careworn.

Faith had a castle in the air, which she confided to Edith, which was that if only she could get some illustrating to do, she might make more money by her original drawings than by teaching, and so save her sister anxiety and worry. But illustrating is not to be had for the asking, and all Faith's inquiries so far had been fruitless, which was a great pity, as she had considerable talent, and had been thoroughly well taught.

So the short winter days gave place to the promise of spring, and Edith's savings grew larger, and her dress became something more than a hope. "I saw just the colour I want in Regent Street to-day," she told Maud one evening. "It was three and elevenpence a yard, so with enough velvet for collar and cuffs, and a little nice lace, I ought to be able to get it for four pounds."

"Four pounds is a good deal for a dress," said Maud thoughtfully. "How much have you got towards it?"

"I have saved fifteen shillings in little expenses, and I mean to put the money I get for my lessons to the Johnsons to it. I shall have three guineas from them, so I have only two more shillings to make up," answered Edith. "Isn't it nice to earn money and be able to buy one's own things? I



"Faith, I have a surprise for you."—p. 758.

should hate to have to go to father for everything, like some girls do."

"Some girls don't have sensible fathers, who teach them to work," answered Maud; "but you are quite right, Edie. You will wear your dress with much more satisfaction than if it were just given you."

"I am quite sure of that," said Edith; "and besides the pleasure of earning it, I have had the pleasure of saving for it. It is quite astonishing how many pence one wastes when one is not looking after them. And then, if I had not taken to walking home after school, I should not have known Faith Henderson, so I have gained that as well."

"Yes: that is a good thing too," said Maud, who was getting sleepy. "Had not we better go to sleep?" which remark was accompanied by such a tremendous yawn that Edith could only agree to it.

March winds were more than usually trying that year, and one day a sudden heavy shower caught Faith Henderson on her way to school, and though she made light of it, the cold rain and the damp clothes in which she gave her lessons told on her, and the biting wind on her way back finished by giving her a thorough chill. Edith missed her at school several days, and then asked Miss Henderson what had become of her. Miss Henderson's anxious face was a little more troubled than usual as she answered, "Faith's cold has turned to congestion of the lungs, I am sorry to say;" then, as Edith's sym-

pathising face drew her from her usual reserve, "She is so good and patient, but I am afraid it will be some time before she is strong again, and she won't be able to come back this term at all."

"Never mind," said Edith, who guessed at the anxiety which the elder sister must feel, "she will soon get better, and the holidays will set her up again. May I come and see her?"

"She will be delighted to see you," answered Miss Henderson; "she finds the long day alone so wearisome; but you must not stay long, as she is very weak." Then the elder sister went off to give another lesson, and Edith made her way to the shabby lodgings where Faith was spending the long dull day. She brightened up on Edith's entrance, and was quite cheery for about ten minutes, but she was so weak from illness that the short visit tired her, and Edith had to leave her, promising to come again.

Come again she did with great regularity, bringing books, and anything she or her mother could think of to cheer the invalid: sometimes it was a tiny mould of jelly or blanc-mange, sometimes a book of engravings for her to look at, sometimes a bunch of violets to sweeten the room. At any rate, her visits shortened the long, dreary days, when Miss Henderson must be out and at work, and Faith could only lie on the sofa, too weak to draw, and tired of the room, and everything in it, with that weariness which only an invalid can feel.

It wanted a week to the Easter holidays when a

very exciting invitation came to the Maplesons. Some friends of theirs in the country, with a big house and grounds, wrote to invite Maud and Edith to spend a fortnight with them. "We shan't have much going on," they wrote; "but the east wind must stop blowing soon, and you two Londoners will be happy in the woods among primroses and violets."

"Happy? I should think so!" cried Maud, forgetting her dignity as a high-schoolmistress as she fairly danced round the room. "Fancy woods full of primroses, and all the green things coming out! Oh, Edie! won't we enjoy ourselves?"

"It will be delightful," said Edith, more soberly. "I only wish Faith were going too."

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Mapleson; "now that Faith is getting better, a fortnight's change would do her all the good in the world."

The remark was quietly made, but it stayed in Edith's mind all day; and when she went to see Faith in the afternoon she was once more struck by the contrast in their lives. The wind had changed at last, and Faith had crept out for a little fresh air, and Edith met her a hundred yards or so from her lodgings, looking utterly exhausted.

"It is my first walk," she said, with a wan smile, as she took Edith's arm, "and I think I have been a little too far."

Edith helped her home, and when she was safe indoors the two girls began to talk; but Faith was a little dreamy, and presently burst out—

"I can't help it, Edith! It's horribly selfish of me, but I can't attend to what you are saying, for I have had such a disappointment to-day."

"Have you? what was it?" asked Edith, who for her part had been distracted by the difficulty of keeping in her own news.

"Maria was hoping that I should be able to get away for a change, and we had heard of a convalescent home for ladies at Bournemouth, but now she finds there would be a guinea a week to pay, so I shall not be able to go. And oh! Edith," she continued, "I do so long for some sea-air, and something besides the street to look at."

"You poor darling!" cried Edith; "I don't wonder you are disappointed. Don't you think there is any chance of your being able to manage it?"

"Not the very slightest; you know we are never very well off, and I have lost half a term's salary by being ill, and there is the doctor to be paid, and I have had tonics and things. It all runs up to a lot of money, and we shall be very short for some time."

"Three weeks at the sea would have set you up," said Edith thoughtfully.

"Three weeks! A fortnight would have put me to rights, especially as the warm weather will be coming some day, I suppose," with an attempt at a smile. "Just think how nice and warm it must be at Bournemouth now, while we are being nipped. No! I must not say that, for it has been lovely to-day. What are you going to do with your holidays, Edith?"

"We are going to stay with some friends in Hertfordshire," answered Edith. "I only wish we could take you too."

"You can't do that, unluckily," said Faith; "but

you might send us up some real country primroses: they are so different from what one gets in London;" and she set to work bravely to talk about Edith's affairs, and so forgot her own troubles.

But Edith found it hard to forget them; all the way home, all the evening, even when she went to bed, something kept telling her "Faith could go to Bournemouth for three guineas," and she would have three guineas paid her in two days. "But if I give her my money," said self, "I shall not be able to get my dress; and I must have something to wear."

"Buy a cheaper one," answered Conscience: "none of your sisters have silk dresses, so why should you?" All the next day Edith looked worried, and her pupils did not find her quite so patient as usual over their mistakes. Her visit to Faith was short, and Mrs. Mapleson asked anxiously whether she was unwell; but though she answered that she was all right, it was easy to see that something was wrong, and Mrs. Mapleson soon found out what it was, for when she inquired after Faith, Edith said rather shortly, "She only wants change of air; Miss Henderson ought to manage it somehow."

"She could not possibly do it without help," said Mrs. Mapleson: "they are very poor, you know." To which Edith only answered by a sort of grunt.

"What's the matter with Edith?" said Mr. Mapleson that evening, when the girls were all in bed, and he and his wife were left alone.

"She is having a little struggle with herself," replied his wife. "She has been saving up her money to buy a pretty dress, and now that poor Faith Henderson needs sea-air, and can't afford the expense——"

"Do you mean that Edith will pay for her?" said Mr. Mapleson. "It would come hard on her, would it not? She has not much pocket-money."

"I have not said a word about it," was the mother's answer, "for I think it would come hard on the child, but she has evidently been struck by the difference between her circumstances and Faith's (though many young girls would think our children poorly off); and I shall not be surprised if she sends Faith to Bournemouth, and wears shabby clothes all the summer."

Nevertheless, when Edith rose next morning she had decided that she really could not do without the dress, and as she had some shopping to do in preparation for her holiday, she determined to buy it that very day. Yes! everything was settled; Katie would cut it out, and she would make it while she was in Hertfordshire. The girls she would be staying with did their own dressmaking, and she should have more time for it there than she could ever get at home.

"I shall have my money from Mrs. Johnson to-day," she remarked at breakfast, "so I shall go straight on to Regent Street and buy my dress, after I have done with my lessons. Can any of you meet me, and help choose it?"

Everyone was busy, however, so Edith decided to go alone. "There will be all the more excitement over the parcel," said Maud, "though I wish I could go with you: I do love shopping."

"Can you start a few minutes earlier than usual?" interrupted Katie. "I made a mould of meat jelly for Faith yesterday, and if you took it round she could have it for lunch."

"All right; pack it up and I'll take it;" and Edith ran up-stairs to put on her jacket.

She found Faith looking white and hollow-eyed, after a bad night, but she had not time to stay, so gave her the jelly, and promised to come in later. Her conscience smote her again during her walk, and she found it difficult to forget the pale face, which haunted her during the lessons. Then came the delightful moment, when, after a few kind words about the progress the children were making, Mrs. Johnson gave her a little packet of money, and wished her a pleasant holiday, and she was free to go and buy her dress. She went along slowly, with an anxious look on her face, for the music had been speaking to her all the morning, and her mind was perturbed in consequence. But just before she reached the corner where she would have to wait for the omnibus, her face brightened. "I'll do it," she said aloud, "and I'd better do it at once."

The people in the omnibus looked admiringly at the bright face of the girl who went as far as Regent Circus, and then walked away, with such a light, springing step, down Regent Street. She was not long in the shop, but looked thoroughly satisfied when she came out, and made her way homewards once more.

"Faith, I have a surprise for you," she said, entering the room with the brightest of smiles just as Faith was sitting down to her solitary lunch.

"What is it?" cried the girl; "it should be something nice if your face is to be trusted."

"It is nice," said Edith, sitting down by her friend, and slipping her arm round her waist.

"Faith, I'm a selfish pig, but I am not quite as bad as I thought I was. I have been saving money for

the last three months for my own enjoyment, but now I am going to spend it in sending you to Bournemouth."

"Not really!" exclaimed Faith. "No! Edith, you must not do it. I know you are sending me with the money that was to have got your dress."

"Never mind if I do; it's my own money, and I shall do what I like with it," laying a little packet on the table. "Now, good-bye; tell Miss Henderson to write to the Home this very evening;" and she was gone before Faith had time to thank her.

"Did you get your dress?" said a chorus of voices as Edith entered, for she was late, and the rest of the family were at lunch.

"Yes! I have got it, and it will arrive some time to-day," said Edith rather gravely as she took her seat.

"What is it like?" said two younger sisters, and "Did you get green?" said the two elder ones at the same moment.

"It is green," said Edith slowly, "and it is just the shade I wanted; but I thought it would be mean of me if I wore silk while you others had stuff, so I got nun's veiling."

A chorus of exclamations and remarks followed, during which Edith ate her lunch as calmly as possible, till her mother inquired gently, "Did you see Faith? and is she going to Bournemouth?" and then she knew that her real reason for choosing the simple material was divined.

As to her money, it proved well spent, for not only did Faith come home strong and well from the sea, but she got an introduction to a publisher, who gave her the long-desired opening for illustrating, and thus increased her income by congenial work. The green dress wore to a good old age, and though Edith found her means very limited for the next month or two, she never regretted her first real piece of self-denial.

A COOL GLADE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE S. OUTRAM, M.A.

THE place is haunted—not by elves and fays,
But resignation meek, and hope, and praise;
And love's sweet solace for the ills of age,
Shaming all legends of the classic page.

O touch of kindness on that withered arm;
O voice whose every accent is a psalm!
Changing night's heaviness to joyful morn,
Whene'er he frets at this world's little scorn.

Here, pausing oft, the well-belovèd seer
Whispers bright visions in her father's ear,

Rapt from the rich champaign beyond the glade,
More radiant seeming in its sombre shade.

And, as her voice falls hushed, his spirit stirs
To chords yet subtler, yet more true, than hers;
The voice of Him who walks His way unseen,
Toys with the shaken reed, the rustling green.

For, buried faith has risen at the rod,
To hear in brook and bent the harps of God,
And see what her bright eyes are sealed unto,
Though laughing August tints the glorious view.

THE TRAGEDIES OF MADAGASCAR.

(IN PERILS OFT.—IV.)

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAICKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC. ETC.



MADAGASCAR stands out in bright contrast to most of the fields of modern missions in the remarkable readiness shown from the first by its people to welcome missionaries and value their message. It is now about seventy years since the first missionaries bent their steps to the island. In point of size, they found it larger than Great Britain, and its population, amounting to four or five millions, of a Malay stock, far less barbarous than that of the neighbouring continent of Africa, or that of the South Sea Islands. Idolaters they were, but more attentive than most to the observances of religion; and their idolatry was not of the revolting type of some heathen nations, nor their bigotry such as to hinder their giving respectful attention to those who set forth the claims of another religion. The difficulties of the first missionaries were caused by the climate, but it was found that they had chosen an unhealthy place for their settlement, and future missionaries had not the same trouble.

From the first, many of the people showed a great readiness to be instructed, both in the useful arts, in the elements of learning, and in the message of the Gospel. According to one account, at the end of eight years the missionaries had 4,000 children under instruction. According to another, ten years' labour had produced 30,000 who could read. Congregations, too, were readily formed for the worship of God. And when the people were able to read, they had a remarkable appetite for the Bible. When persecution began, one of the hardest things for them was to give up the sacred books. Touching stories are told of a few worn and tattered leaves of Scripture being preserved with as sacred care as if they had been precious jewels; of persons walking a hundred miles in the hope of getting a Bible; of copies handed about from one reader to another, to remain with each for a little time, that they might in turn get a draught of the precious water of life. And during the many years of fierce and fiery persecution that came to try their steadfastness, it was made clear that very many of them had come not only to understand the Gospel, but to prize it and enjoy it with singular relish. God's Word had become the joy and rejoicing of their hearts, and there were interesting instances of its wonderful power to sustain and comfort them in the very climax of bodily suffering. The scene in the gaol at Philippi, when Paul and Silas, with their feet in the stocks, and their shoulders bleeding and fevered from the lash, nevertheless prayed and sang praises, was often renewed in the gaol of Antananarivo, and other scenes of persecution in Madagascar. Though the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day.

It was from other sources that the difficulties and perils of the mission sprang. The missionaries had

not to complain either of the hardness of the soil or of the want of the early and the latter rain. The source of difficulty and peril was the cruel and heartless policy of the supreme ruler of the country, and, sad to tell, that ruler was a woman.

For several years, under King Radama I., the missionaries were not interfered with. He seemed interested in the outer aspects of their work, and appeared to think that under their teaching the condition of his people would improve. But he did not show any marks of being under the spiritual influence of the truth. Radama died in 1828, and had matters taken their due course he would have been succeeded by his son Rakotobe, who had been a pupil of the missionaries, and who seemed not insensible to the power of the truth. But there was an Athaliah in the field. Ranavalona, the eldest wife of Radama, determined to seize the throne. It mattered not that she had to wade to it through the blood of her late husband's son; Rakotobe was suddenly seized by her emissaries and slain. A like fate was shared by Andriamihaja, a prince of great influence, who also was a friend of the missionaries. Believing that the power of the missionaries would be against her, and that through them the country would become subject to foreign influence, and its independence would be threatened, she became the enemy of Christianity, and determined to root it out of the country. Whether she understood at first what this meant, and what desperate measures of persecution the effort would involve, may be doubted; but no Jezebel, or Herodias, or Empress Eudoxia, or Duchess of Savoy, or Bloody Mary, ever carried on the work of blood and iron with more relentless heart and unyielding nerve. The first decided step was to banish the missionaries. But, as someone said, she could not banish the Holy Spirit, and before they left, the missionaries had accomplished the translation of the Scriptures, and likewise of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and had thus provided efficient substitutes for their personal influence. Through God's blessing it happened not only that the old converts stood firm, but that readers of the Bible were greatly multiplied. The churches never were better attended, and there were few families that did not furnish a Christian disciple. If the Queen's policy was to be successful, far more vigorous measures must be resorted to.

The year 1835 was the first season of fiery persecution. The furnace was heated anew in 1842, 1849, and 1857. The records of these successive years of the reign of terror furnish very impressive details of human barbarity on the one hand, and triumphant faith on the other. It is wonderful that a Church yet in her teens was enabled to show such a power of endurance. On the 1st of March, 1835, the people were summoned to a "Kabara" or public assembly, at which the profession and practice of Christianity were forbidden. The Christians were

cast down, but not destroyed. In the dead of night, they stole out of their houses to one of the churches, where a solemn prayer-meeting was held, and the Divine direction invoked. They are startled and horrified to see a great officer of State enter the meeting, as if they had been betrayed, and the furies had followed them into the house of prayer. But no, he avows himself a disciple, and has been so struck with the cruelty and injustice of their lot that he has resolved to share it with them, and try if he can mitigate their sufferings. At another meeting, an unknown stranger enters, with a similar intent, to find the brethren dejected and alarmed. "Have you read the 46th Psalm?" he asks. No, they have not. He read it to them solemnly, then knelt with them in prayer, and they arose refreshed and courageous. And afterwards Christian women would tell how when fears began to gather round them, they thought of that Psalm, and its effect in that meeting, and how faith revived, the clouds were scattered, and the sun shone out on them brightly and comfortably as before.

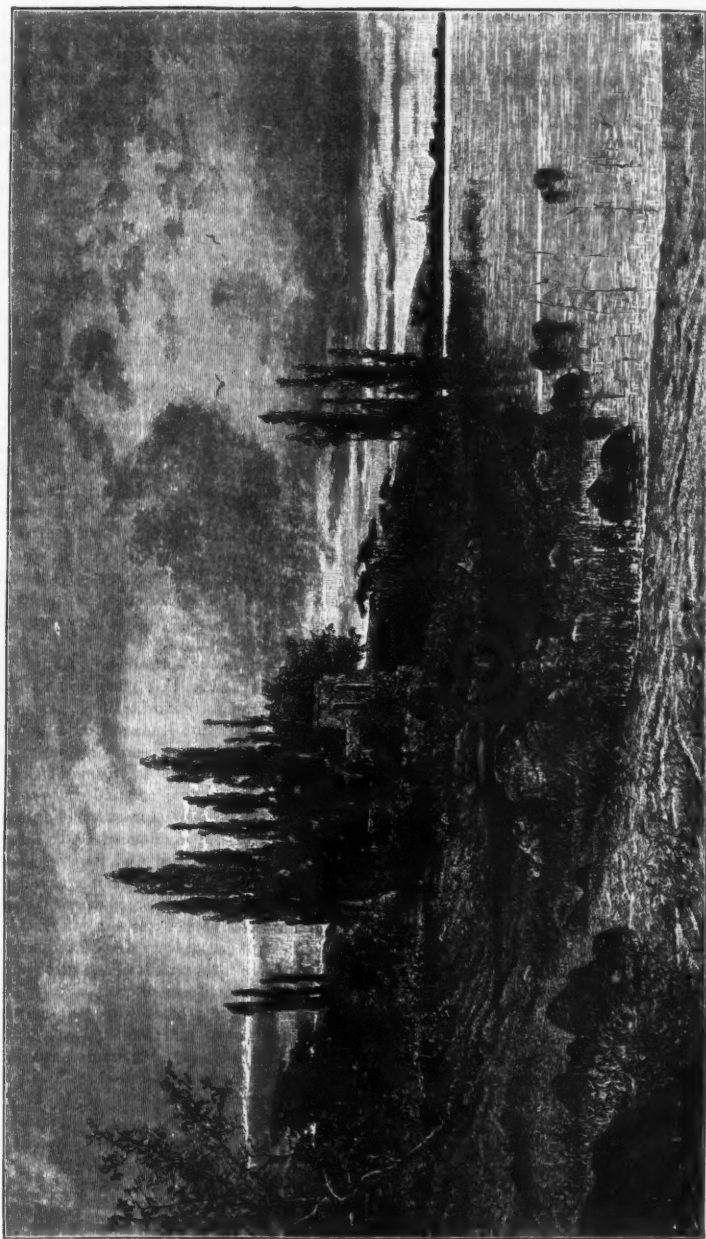
It was of little avail that four hundred nobles and officers who had professed Christianity were degraded and deprived of their offices. It was of little avail that many more were sold to perpetual slavery. It was soon apparent that death must be dragged in to aid the queen—death, which to the Malagese was naturally a great terror, and the fear of which, it was supposed, would effectually turn them from Christianity. But even women were enabled to meet death without dismay. The first martyr is a young woman named Rasalama, who, on being imprisoned, gives great offence because she expresses her wonder why she and her friends should receive such treatment when they were neither thieves nor robbers, and who desires her persecutors to remember that by such injustice they must draw on themselves the wrath of God. She is condemned to heavy irons and severe beating, but while her strength lasts, she seeks her comfort in singing hymns. The irons by which she is bound are drawn together so as to bend her body into a most irksome and painful attitude; but the only effect is to make her long for the hour of her release. And when she is led to execution she is singing as before, and with the greatest composure she allows herself to be led to the edge of a ditch, bending over it to receive in her body the fearful spear-thrusts, which sent her reeling and writhing into the pit below.

All persecutors are ingenious in cruelty and heartless in barbarity. When the persecutions ended, the survivors with bated breath would tell their Christian visitors of the dreadful sights that had been witnessed at these scenes of martyrdom; of straw stuffed into the mouths of the Christians to prevent them from singing hymns, of bodies decapitated after being hurled into the ditch, and the heads placed in rows on the edge, and of the risks encountered in the pious endeavour of surviving relations to rescue the dishonoured remains, and commit them to an unknown grave. At one place might be seen a stump of wood, the remains of a cross on which many had suffered, whose bones, bleached in the sun, lay about in the

trench below. At another place was a precipice 150 feet high, over which many had been flung. The mode of execution was this. The victims, wrapped in mats, and with mats stuffed into their mouths, were hung by their hands and feet to horizontal poles, and carried in this way to the place of execution. A rope attached to the surface was then tied firmly round the body, the victim was lowered a little, and the executioner, with a knife in his hand, stood over him, and asked him if he would cease to pray. When the martyr refused, the rope was cut, and in a moment the body was precipitated against the rocks below. The other victims saw the dreadful sight in each case till their own turn came, but without resiling. At another spot was a height where the stake had been erected for the burning of four nobles, one of whom was a lady. The demeanour of all the martyrs was most beautiful. Just as they were about to be offered up, a beautiful triple rainbow appeared, as if a highway for them to mount to heaven. And when the fires were kindled, and the faggots hissed and crackled amid the descending rain, they were heard praying, "Lord, receive our spirits, and lay not this sin to their charge." When many Christians were hiding here and there, an edict was issued by the queen that when found they should be bound hand and foot, and a pit dug at the spot, into which they should be thrust head-foremost, and boiling water poured on them until they were dead. No wonder that the poor people asked, "Can nothing be done for us to mitigate our sufferings? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The last of the great persecutions occurred in 1857: the occasion of it was the discovery of a plot against the queen, and the brunt of the punishment had to be borne by the Christians. The old forms of capital punishment were judged too mild, and new agonies had to be devised. The new device was that they should be stoned, but not to death; after they had been bruised and mutilated, their heads were to be severed from their bodies, and held up to the gaze of the spectators. But the new device was not more successful than the old. With unflinching step the martyrs proceeded to the place of execution; and even when bruised by the stones they sang hymns—as someone expressed it, they died singing.

It is touching to read of incidents almost identical with those which happened amid the persecutions of the Scotch Covenanters, or the Huguenots of the Cevennes. There, in a lonely place among the mountains, is a sentinel keeping watch, lest soldiers should come and fall upon the conventicle assembled secretly among the hills. Yonder is one of the caves where the persecuted found refuge, preferring to share with wild animals the rude hiding-place of nature, rather than expose themselves to the tender mercies of their fellows. That kindly man, with the heavy bag of rice round his person, is hastening a long distance of sixty or seventy miles to carry food to a starving company hiding in terror for their lives. And on behalf of the persecuted there are often the same stories of providential deliverances and hairbreadth 'scapes which we find in our own annals of persecution. A lady, doomed to death, awaits her fate on the morrow, but during



"The changing skies and peaceful streams remained."

'CHANGE'—A. 1867.

the night a fire breaks out in the city, the superstitious fears of the queen are excited, and her intended victim escapes. A woman, named Rafaravavy, once saw the soldiers so close that escape seemed impossible; she plunged into a bog and concealed her head among the rushes, like a famous field preacher of the Covenanters, who in his desperation, when the soldiers came suddenly upon him, flung himself down behind a little mound in a moor, and actually escaped the observation of the dragoons who were scouring the country in search of him. A party of six made their escape altogether from the island, and were carried to England. Hearing of their escape, the queen was only the more furious against the Christians who remained, and devised new tortures to harass and overwhelm them.

It is not easy to tell the number of the martyrs. In one day, in the persecution of 1849, nineteen were put to death. In the same persecution, thirty-seven preachers were sold into slavery. In the spring of that year alone, about 2,000 were punished for their religion. Some of the punishments were grotesquely annoying. Some officers, unaccustomed to manual labour, were condemned to build stone houses, and sent into the quarries to excavate, shape, and transport the stones, or into the forests to fell trees, and drag them up hill and down dale, without roads or any suitable means of transport, and were kept to their task without intermission by merciless taskmasters.

But it was the old story of the Egyptian oppression, and it was attended by the same results. And not only so, but the very severity of the treatment tended to bring out the reality of the Christian spirit. That there were some instances of apostasy, we cannot doubt; but these have been suffered to drop into oblivion. The tender care of the Christians for each other, and their readiness to expose themselves in the hope of benefiting others, was a great contrast to the usual hard-heartedness and apathy of heathens. The cheerfulness with which they took the spoiling of their goods, and with which they bore the tortures inflicted on their bodies, often overcame the spectators. One young woman behaved so beautifully as she was led to the execution, that it was declared she must be under a powerful spell, and instead of being put to death, she was confined as a madwoman. She effected her escape, and became afterwards the wife of a Christian.

But God had other mercies for His afflicted people. Friends were raised up to them in unexpected quarters. The queen, who had had no child to King Radama, afterwards became a mother, and her son,

Rakoto, was heir to the throne. And though Rakoto was not personally a real Christian, as his after-life unhappily showed, he had a great dislike to bloodshed, and his influence was constantly exerted on behalf of the Christians. Though he could not restrain the fury of his mother at the great persecution, he succeeded in shielding and rescuing many who would otherwise have been among the victims. Associated with him, of similar character and view, was another prince, Ramonja, likewise known as a devoted friend of the Christians. The queen was always indulgent to her son, and did much to please him, but Ramonja had to bear the weight of her displeasure. Rakoto had an enemy, a brother of Ramonja, who was bent on seizing the throne when Ranavalona should die, and would have shrunk from no murder or other crime to accomplish his object. Happily the vigilance of Rakoto proved more than a match for him. On the death of Ranavalona, Rakoto became king. He signalled his success over his rival by clemency, not by blood. On his accession in 1861, a new era dawned on the persecuted Church of Madagascar. He not only tolerated Christianity, but he befriended the missionaries. The Lord turned their captivity, and they were like men that dream. European missionaries returned to help to organise the Church, which now spread with wonderful rapidity. Memorial churches were built on spots hallowed by the death of the martyrs. Rakoto was murdered about a year after his accession, and was succeeded by his widow, who also tolerated the Christians. The successor of this widow, likewise a woman, became a Christian, and proved a most active and zealous friend. And the new religion spread with unprecedented rapidity.

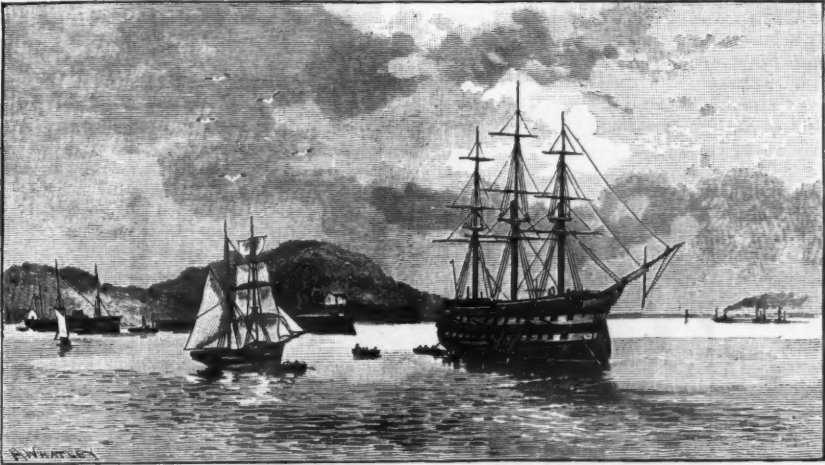
Not but that the Protestant Church and people of Madagascar have had their trials. The behaviour of the French towards them has been singularly antagonistic. But Madagascar will never cease to be associated with the greatest triumphs of Christianity in modern times, in spite of one of the direst persecutions, ancient or modern; and the record of its history will ever be one of the most vivid and telling verifications of that old emblem of God's Church on earth—the bush that burned and was not consumed.

Such narratives of holy change and patient endurance are among the best answers that can be given to the unbelief of the present day. If the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, or Mrs. Humphry Ward before writing her "Robert Elsmere," had studied such facts, they would have seen how absurd it is to attempt to strip Christianity of its supernatural character, or to imagine that its marvellous power consists merely in the stimulus it gives to human reason.



THE BOYS OF THE "FORMIDABLE."

BY MISS WORBOISE.



THE FORMIDABLE AND THE POLLY.



On a brilliant Sunday morning in June, three years ago, I, being at that time a visitor in the pleasant seaside village of Portishead, was surprised by hearing sounds of martial music: at first softened by distance, but evidently drawing nearer and nearer. Along the lovely shaded road leading up from the shore, the unseen band appeared to be advancing; presently the tramp of many feet was heard likewise, and between three and four hundred boys came in sight, clad in white sailor uniforms faced with blue, and marching alertly along, keeping step and time with admirable precision. The musicians were well up to their work, and the sunbeams gleamed and flashed merrily on their brazen instruments. "Who are they?" I inquired, as the white stream disappeared in the windings of the road beneath the green archway of the overhanging trees: and the drum accompaniment, losing its force by distance, no longer drowned all attempts at speech.

"The boys of the *Formidable*," was the reply, given with just a *soupcon* of astonishment at my ignorance. "They come ashore to church on fine Sundays, but this is the first time they have worn their summer dress this season: it has been so wet and chilly. Don't they look nice?" asked my friend, with a little air of proprietorship in the three hundred or so of boys that was amusing but pleasant to see.

And I was fain to confess that they did look exceedingly picturesque, and that the fair summer landscape, waving woods, and opal-tinted sea looked all

the brighter while that troop of sailor lads was passing by. After that Sunday I heard much concerning the great man-of-war that I had already seen anchored about five hundred yards off the Portishead Pier, and I found that the huge ship was, in truth, a kind of workshop, where some of the "waste" of society was gathered together, and converted into good sound "material" that might be of infinite value to



A SCENE ON BOARD.

the country, instead of becoming a very costly species of disgrace to it in the future.

The early history of the *Formidable* may be given in few words. She was launched at Chatham in 1825. She is 2,289 tons burden, and she is pierced for 84 guns. When in commission—I believe she was never in action—she carried a crew of between

It should be distinctly understood that the *Formidable* differs from the *Arethusa* and the *Chichester* in one essential particular: it is not a reformatory ship; no boy who has been convicted of crime is received on board. Destitution, misery, and neglect, are not crimes—at least on the part of the victims—but they almost inevitably lead, sooner or later, to the



THE SCHOOLROOM.

800 and 900 men and officers. In 1869 the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, at the request of some philanthropic people in Bristol, handed her over to a Committee, who undertook to convert her into an industrial-school ship. For this she was singularly adapted by the extent of her decks and the space between them, but the expense of mooring and fitting her up was, of course, very considerable. The people of Bristol, however, had the good work too much at heart to allow considerations of cost to interfere with the carrying of it out well and thoroughly. Nor were their energy and enthusiasm the effervescence of a brief period, and destined to die out as the years went on. The interest in the *Formidable* seems as deep now as it was when the work was first started; and indeed, the regular and liberal subscriptions by which, to a great extent, this large number of "Homeless and Destitute Boys" is fed, clothed, and provided for, year after year, prove the certainty of this supposition. Government makes its annual grant, certainly, but the remainder of the expenses—and it is a large remainder—is defrayed by voluntary contributions from the people of Bristol and its neighbourhood, and the *Formidable* is recognised as one of the many benevolent institutions for which the ancient city is so nobly distinguished.

worst of crimes, and to the utter destruction of any remnant of a better nature that may be left uncrushed in these poor waifs and strays of humanity. To rescue some from this terrible doom, to raise them out of the mire of circumstances for which they at least are blameless, and to give them a name and place in the world which no honest man need blush to own, is the work that the *Formidable* attempts, and in which she succeeds to a very large extent indeed. The failures are few by comparison—considering the material dealt with—marvellously few; while the success is marvellously great.

Boys are admitted to the ship at the age of ten, and they leave it at sixteen. A large number are passed into the Navy and the merchant service, but this is not a necessity; if any lad prefer trade, he is provided for accordingly. In any case, they leave the ship fully equipped for their start in life, and as a matter of fact, I believe the majority of the lads choose seamanship in preference to any other calling. I was told that many of the pilots now plying about the difficult waters of the Bristol Channel were old *Formidable* boys.

Having heard and seen so much, I had a great desire to go over the training ship myself, and see something of the work carried on in it, but at the

period referred to, three years ago, circumstances rendered it impracticable. Last year, however, I was once more, and unexpectedly, in Portishead again, and the old desire was strongly revived, and at last carried out. There was no difficulty about it; everyone I spoke to seemed delighted to learn that I was really interested in "*our boys*," as some of the Portishead folks often call them, and a friend possessed of some influence in the place at once mentioned my desire to the medical officer of the ship, Dr. Charles Wigan, himself a resident in Portishead. Through the kind courtesy of this gentleman I was not only allowed to visit the vessel, but every facility was given me for gaining information.

A number of barefooted, amphibious-looking boys rowed the doctor and myself from the pier to the ship; one of them pointed out to us the *Polly*, a graceful brig belonging to the *Formidable*, and which, with all her sails spread, was just setting off for a week's cruise. By means of the *Polly*, detachments of the boys are from time to time practically taught something of the management of a sailing vessel, and gain knowledge that it is impossible for them to acquire in a ship constantly moored.

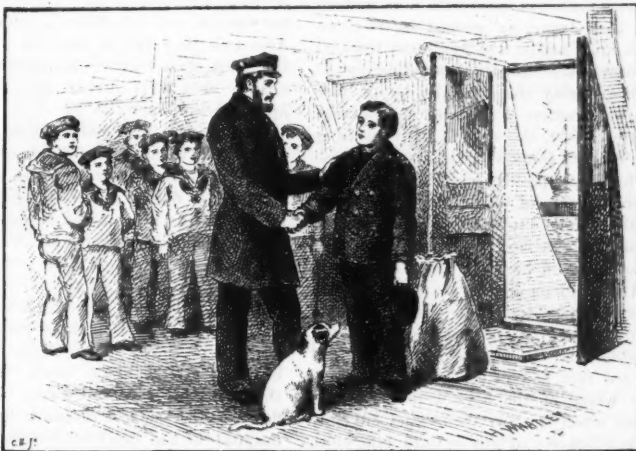
Our boat was soon beneath the great bulk of the training-ship, and, looking up her towering sides, one could easily see to what peaceful purposes she had been appropriated. Where the big guns would have shown their ugly black mouths through the portholes, small casement windows had been inserted, and these, standing wide open, showed pots of flowering plants within, the scarlet geraniums positively dazzling in the blazing sunshine. The rigging was all a flutter of freshly washed white garments, drying in the breeze. Clearly, as the doctor said, "it was washing-day."

We climbed the steps at the side of the vessel, entering on the main deck. Here I was introduced to the notice of the chief officer, who kindly joined with Dr.

Wigan in showing me every object of interest, and giving me all possible information.

Two guns were at once pointed out to me as having been retained to teach the lads how to manage such ponderous and deadly weapons: a very necessary accomplishment for those who intend to enter the Royal Navy. There is also on this deck a large model of a full-rigged ship, by means of which the boys get their first lessons in the names and uses of the different ropes, sails, etc. Here also I saw the tailors' workshop, where the boys are taught to make and mend their own clothes. Six sewing-machines were standing in readiness, and I could easily believe the statement of the officer that when "all six were going" the noise was "*awful!*" The specimens of sewing I saw, half-made jackets and so forth, were very good indeed. Nor 'did their handiwork end here, for I was taken to the shoemaking department. Foot-gear is not fashionable, evidently, on board the *Formidable*, still, every boy does possess a pair of shoes—and very audible they are when he comes on shore, and specially when he attends church—and these they are taught to make and mend for themselves.

The kitchen, or "cook's galley," was also visited, but the great cooking engine, with ovens, boilers, and steaming apparatus, by which the whole ship is heated in cold weather, was a trifle too hot on that burning summer day to be borne with for more than a few minutes. I accepted the assurance that all the meat was cooked by steam (its juices, etc., being thus retained on the most approved principles), without any very close inspection of the matter. I noticed, however, that great tin pots of boiling water were being lowered by a simple arrangement of machinery into the regions below. "That is for washing," explained the officer; "it saves labour; and besides, carrying boiling water down by hand would be dangerous." I was also told that the boys



GOOD-BYE TO THE FORMIDABLE.

were taught to cook under an experienced man-cook.

I paid a brief visit to the room set apart for the sick: there was only one inmate, but the doctor informed me that all serious cases were at once transferred to the Cottage Hospital on shore; it was difficult to secure on the ship the perfect ventilation and the absolute quiet so necessary in real illness. Moreover, the Channel, tranquil as it looked that sunny morning, is liable to such sudden and violent gales, that communication with the ship is often stopped for days together; it is therefore very desirable for the doctor to have his patients where he can be sure of getting at them in all states of the weather.

Descending still lower in the ship, we came to the school, certainly one of its most interesting departments. Many difficulties have to be contended with. Space is limited, crowding unavoidable, and light is imperfect. There is simply no room for many of the appliances of the modern Board-schools, but nevertheless the order was admirable, and the teaching in the various standards evidently of the best. Looking round on the busy, absorbed throng, one could not but be struck by the eager, earnest attention of the scholars, as well as the general air of intelligence; and I could not but reflect that if the teachers have to lament the absence of certain advantages, at least they have not to contend with the great obstacles that so often defeat their efforts in our large towns and cities. They have not to fight against the stupefaction induced by semi-starvation or improper food, foul air, and neglect of the commonest sanitary laws. Here, at least, the intellect with which each boy was endowed was free and unfettered, and not half-crushed and smothered by the feebleness of a miserably stunted body.

While in the school of the *Formidable* I had a good opportunity of studying the general aspect of the boys, a goodly proportion of the 352 being there represented. At first glance they looked wonderfully alike; they appeared to resemble each other, much as a huge flock of sheep do. On every side there were coarse white canvas uniforms faced with blue, and on every side, too, there were, or seemed to be, close-cropped, tow-coloured heads, and sunburnt freckled faces, with features that set all the laws of beauty at defiance. Unquestionably the general type of face was coarse and unattractive to the general observer; but looking more closely, there were many pleasing countenances to be seen, frank and winning in expression, and some few with positive claims to be called handsome. Also, in spite of uniformity of costume, there were small differences to be observed even here; some boys undeniably looked cleaner, neater, and trimmer than others, and here and there a touch of adornment had been given in the shape of a flower fastened in front of the loose sailor jacket; but I am bound to say these young dandies were *very* few and far between indeed, and the "buttonhole" combined with the bare red feet had rather a comical effect. Of course, the whole of the boys were in strictly summer costume when I saw them—and enviably cool and airy they looked; in winter, dark blue cloth and serge are substituted for linen and canvas, and shoes are much more in use.

The captain of the *Formidable*—Captain R. B. Nicholletts, R.N.—was absent on the occasion of my visit, but I heard and saw enough to convince me of the deep kindly interest he takes in the huge family beneath his care. The same may be said, I believe, of all the officers: their work is a labour of love. I am sure this is so in the case of the chief officer, with whom I had some very interesting talk, and who seemed, in some mysterious way, utterly inexplicable to an outsider, to have managed to acquire a personal knowledge of nearly every boy on board. I asked him if many London boys came to them. The answer was amusing; perhaps our city waifs and strays would consider it complimentary—"No, not many, and we don't want them; they are so awfully sharp and full of dodges; it is impossible to be up to them!"

He added that he believed the London School Board had now a training ship of their own, but the *Formidable* had boys from every part of the country. One little fellow had come there "no better than a brute-beast"—the poor child had been hidden away in a coal-mine, coming up after dark to sleep, but working his young life away day after day, shut out from air and sunshine—and the perpetrator of this cruel wrong was—*his own father*. Another boy of fourteen had been likewise concealed from the knowledge of the authorities, and when at last discovered and sent to the ship, did not know a single letter of the alphabet. Both of these lads turned out well, and became a credit to their teachers. "That sort of thing repays one for a lot of hard work," remarked my informant.

Just as we concluded our talk, two fine, manly young fellows came up, clad in dark blue from top to toe, their caps in their hands. "Going?" asked the officer.—"Yes, sir." Then followed hand-shakes, good wishes, and farewells.—"Going to Cardiff, to be apprenticed to the merchant service," was the information given to me, as the lads turned away to leave the vessel and begin their new life. I may say here that the attachment of the boys to the *Formidable*, her captain, and her officers, is generally very marked. As a rule, they like to keep up communication with the ship after leaving her, and when they have a chance they will revisit their former home, and appear delighted to do so.

I ought not to conclude this description of the *Formidable* without a brief notice of the little Cottage Hospital on shore. By using the well-known name of Dr. Charles Wigan, I gained easy admission to it, was allowed to go over it and to talk with the patients. It is a veritable cottage, but a good-sized one, and beautifully situated on high ground, commanding a most exquisite view of the hilly and richly wooded country. The sea is not visible from any of its windows, and that is perhaps rather an advantage, as the patients have plenty of the salt waves when in health and on board the vessel. The fields and woods, the scent of hay and sweet old-fashioned garden flowers, must make a pleasant change for them. The hospital is the brightest-looking place imaginable, flooded with sunshine, and its different rooms gay with pictures that cannot fail to charm juveniles, and

with Scripture texts so prettily illuminated that the boyish eyes are fain to wander to them, and read them again and again. I understand that Captain Nicholetts takes the liveliest interest in this home for his sick boys, and does all he can to aid in beautifying and brightening it.

I left the cottage with regret, and wishing heartily it were only near enough to my own home for me to pay it an occasional visit. A few hours later, I had my last view of the *Formidable* reposing on the

waters, and glorified by the gold and crimson of a magnificent sunset. As I bade her a mute farewell, I could not but wish a fervent "God-speed" to those on her busy decks who toil on week after week, rescuing, training, and teaching, and also to those who help to support and carry on this noble undertaking; and I am very sure that all who have seen anything of her work, and the results thereof, would join me in that wish, and say with all earnestness, "God bless the *Formidable*!"

CHANGE.

MY heart was hot and restless—full of fear
Of changes that to Life were drawing near;
For, in a Future which I did not choose,
Even my cherished Past I thought to lose.

A stranger in the land, I wandered forth
In the still evening of the distant North,
And soon I reached, 'mid trees with autumn sere,
A ruined abbey standing by a mere.

The ancient psalm was hushed, the choir was gone,
And yet a sense of worship lingered on;
The chancel stones with mossy damp were stained,
The changing skies and peaceful streams remained.

The crumbling fane, the little, sombre wood,
The sunset dying golden on the flood,
Gave me a message—God's own Word indeed,
For Nature lives to answer human need.

"Let pass," these cried, "what may. 'Tis Change
that shows

Much must remain unchanged, whatever goes;
Out of the Past, the Future must be grown,
And Life and Love can never lose their own!

"Take deathless treasures to thy deathless soul,
And transient shadows leave to Time's control:
Let come what may, God's skies can ne'er depart,
And be their glories mirrored in thy heart!"

I. F. M.

THE BEAUFORTS OF BEATRICE GARDENS.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. FORRESTER was sitting in a very becoming wrapper by a small fire, which, summer as it was, was by no means disagreeable in her lofty chamber.

"Come here and sit by me, Patty!" she exclaimed; "I am not at all sleepy, and I don't think you are either—your eyes are so bright. Oh, you have taken off that very becoming dress. My dear, I did not know you had such artistic tastes; the idea of wearing natural wreaths of wild clematis was quite a brilliant one. The effect was perfectly charming, and you did not overdo it—just enough, and no more; I congratulate you, Patty; I have no doubt that your little idea will become quite fashionable. I saw several girls glancing at you enviously."

"It was not my idea," began Patty, then she

stopped; she could not make out why she found it difficult to say the next few words—"Mr. Stanhope brought me the clematis, and put it on my dress and in my hair."

"My dear Patty!" Mrs. Forrester raised her eyes and looked hard at the innocent, downcast face of the girl who stood by her side; then she, too, checked something she was going to say, and stretching out her hand, drew Patty down to the stool at her feet.

"It was kind of Mr. Stanhope to take such trouble for you, Patty. He is a good fellow, and has considerable taste. A little too much of a flirt, perhaps, for a man who is—who is—however, never mind, dear: you and I have plenty to think about, and need not analyse the somewhat superficial character of our friend Louis Stanhope. I sent for you to-night, Patty, to tell you, amongst other things, that a letter has arrived by the last post which will oblige me to leave, not on Friday as I intended, but to-morrow, Wednesday evening. We will sleep in Edinburgh to-morrow night and go on to London the next



morning—there I shall stay for a single night; and you will allow me, Patty dear—it would be a great pleasure—to give you a new dinner-dress. I have something so delicious in my mind's eye! I fancy I see you dressed as I should like, and I want to consult my pet dressmaker, Mrs. Craven, on the subject. Why, what is the matter, Patty?—how you change colour, dear!”

“Only,” said Patty—“only—I don't think I ought to take the dress—I don't think so, really; it is very kind of you to offer it; but I think it would be better for me to dress according to my true position. I am a very poor girl, and I really don't mind people knowing, and nobody expects girls like me to have much dress. If you will allow me, when I am in London I will buy something white and make it up myself; please, I would much rather not have the grand new dress made by the grand dressmaker; and please, Mrs. Forrester, I am very tired now, and may I go to bed?”

There was quite a new dignity about Patty; she rose to her feet—her eyes shone, she seemed to have grown taller.

“I wonder,” thought Mrs. Forrester, when she was left to herself, “if that silly, handsome, good-natured boy has really touched her heart? Poor little thing—poor, dear, sweet little thing! that can never be allowed; I am glad we are going away to-morrow; and I must talk to Louis; I must just remind him of Elizabeth Cunningham.”

Patty in her own room was doing a somewhat remarkable thing; she had pretended to Mrs. Forrester that she was very tired, but there was certainly no fatigue in her present animated movements; she took the carefully preserved clematis blossoms, and opening the window wide, flung them out into the night air.

“There,” she said, speaking with great fire and passion, “you may go! For a little time I thought you very pleasant and pretty, but it was evidently wrong of me to allow Mr. Stanhope to put them in my hair—and he is frivolous, and he flirts. Well, never mind, the clematis has vanished, and I need never think of it, nor of this evening again; I don't care—only I hate Mrs. Forrester to look at me as she did to-night!”

Then Patty closed the window, and finally got into bed, and closing her eyes tried to sleep. Of course she would never think again of the sprays of wild clematis, but nevertheless she dreamt of nothing else all night.

At breakfast, the next morning, Mrs. Forrester calmly announced her intention of leaving that afternoon. This little piece of information was received by various people in various ways. Mrs. Neville, in her character of hostess, expressed much sorrow at losing her beloved friend, and earnestly begged her to reconsider her decision, and at least remain at St. Bevis until Friday. Rose rather feebly seconded her mother, but a gratified expression, which for half a moment flickered over her face and was then hastily suppressed, was seen by Patty, who sat at the breakfast-table, feeling a little sore, a little defiant, and also, it must be confessed, a little miserable. Mr.

Neville, a very good-humoured, insignificant man, joined the chorus of regrets; so also did Miss Constantine and Philip Neville, Rose's first-cousin. Stanhope, however, alone said nothing of regret, but towards the close of the meal, leaning forward with a certain lazy movement, he addressed Patty directly.

“Miss Beaufort.”

His voice was so distinct, so peremptory, that everyone stopped talking, and all eyes were turned, first on him and then on Patty.

“Ah,” said Stanhope, glancing round at the other occupants of the breakfast-table, “I have done just what I wished—I have arrested all your attention, and now each person present can bear me witness when I declare that Miss Beaufort cannot leave St. Bevis until she has redeemed her promise to me.”

“I—redeem my promise!” said Patty; “I have not made any promise.” She blushed uneasily, and laughed a little.

“Oh, Miss Beaufort—oh, how short is a woman's memory! and it was only last night you said you would let me read them to you—you would give me the assistance of your valuable judgment. Now, do you remember?”

“Yes, I remember now,” said Patty.

“What is it? Do, *do* tell us!” said Miss Constantine: “I am burning with curiosity.”

“No, Miss Beaufort, that would not be fair,” said Mr. Stanhope; “the secret is our own, and we positively will share it with none. I have alluded to it thus publicly to secure you to myself for at least half an hour after breakfast.—Mrs. Forrester, will you spare Miss Beaufort to me for half an hour, if I promise to take great care of her?”

“Yes, yes, you silly boy! Patty dear, don't be longer than half an hour, for we really must catch the two o'clock train from here.”

“Thanks,” said Stanhope, rising with alacrity. “Ladies, you all observe how reluctant Miss Beaufort is to give me this half-hour. Never mind, Miss Beaufort! the penance will soon be over, the promise fulfilled. Think of the horrors of a broken promise, and rejoice that I have kept you to your word.”

Patty laughed. Under existing circumstances, she hated going with Stanhope; but the fuss of not going with him would have been unendurable.

“Why did you make me look so remarkable?” she said, when they were walking under some shady trees in the garden.

“Why? Now, Miss Beaufort, need you ask? Don't you know, just as well as I do, that each of those ladies would have made it the one and sole occupation of her morning to keep us apart? There was nothing for it but to take the bull by the horns.”

Stanhope was still speaking in a semi-playful tone, but his handsome eyes looked in earnest; and poor Patty's foolish little heart began to beat to the same measure which had caused it to feel so deliriously happy the night before.

“I must remember that he is a flirt,” she said to herself—“I must not forget what Mrs. Forrester said: that his was a slight nature, and that he was a flirt.”

"Will you read me the verses, please, Mr. Stanhope!" she said, in a stilted little voice. "Half an hour soon goes, and I shall really be very busy this morning."

"Oh, you shall hear the verses presently; I want to

walk; you shall hear them there. Why do you turn your head away when I speak to you?"

"I did not know that I was doing so."

"You are doing so—it is a very rude habit. Anyone can see, Miss Beaufort, that you are not used to society."



"Shall we go up and see the view?"—p. 774.

talk about other things first. Now, why do you think Mrs. Forrester is going away in such a hurry to-day?"

"Why? How can I possibly tell?"

"Shall I tell you? She is going because I talked to you so much last night."

"Mr. Stanhope, I wish you would read me the verses and let me go in."

"We will come to the bower at the end of this

"I wish you would not tease me, Mr. Stanhope. I really must go back to the house."

"So you shall, after you have heard the verses. Now, let me ask you some questions—promise to answer them."

"If I can."

"You certainly can. They are very simple; even an average intellect of six could master them. Instead

of worrying Mrs. Forrester, I ask you a thing or two about your proposed plans. Where do you go to-night when you leave St. Bevis?"

"To Edinburgh."

"Oh! and where to-morrow?"

"We are going back to London to-morrow."

"Indeed! and then?"

"And then—and then," continued Patty, "I wanted to go home to my father and sisters, but Mrs. Forrester wants me to go with her to a place in Surrey—I don't know the name."

"I think I can guess. You are going to Chalford, to the Morrises."

"Yes, the people are called Morris. I am to stay there with Mrs. Forrester until my cousin Elizabeth Cunningham comes."

"Oh, yes; and she—when is she coming?"

"She was to be in England the second week in September, and would go straight to Mrs. Forrester."

"And you would go home then?"

"Oh, yes; I should not be wanted. No one wants me when Elizabeth is there."

"Oh—ah—hum! Miss Beaufort, you are not at all a penetrating person. We have seen a good deal of each other for the last three weeks, and in all that time you have never once discovered that I know your cousin Miss Cunningham very well."

"You know Elizabeth?" said Patty, turning round, with her eyes and cheeks glowing. "How I wish you had mentioned it! You know our Betty? Is not she lovely?"

"Yes; she is both beautiful and good. Now we have reached the bower, and I will fulfil my share of the promise, and read you my verses. Don't smile, don't let a quiver even flicker on your eyelids; prepare for tears, if you will, and any amount of solemn emotions. After I have read you the verses, I will remember that only one short half-hour of your society am I permitted to enjoy, and will say, '*Au revoir*.'"

"Good-bye, you mean," said Patty.

"No; *au revoir*."

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the evening of the next day Mrs. Forrester and Patty arrived in London. They put up at the Grand Hotel, and Patty, who felt a little bewildered by so many rapid changes, and owned to a headache which she said was caused by the noise of the great express from Edinburgh, was very glad to lay her head on her pillow in the stately bedroom which she occupied near Mrs. Forrester.

"This is the strangest move of all," thought Patty to herself; "here am I close to home, and yet not at home. It all seemed comprehensible and easy enough up in Scotland, but here—here—oh, how I hate this great, big, lonely place!"

"The child looks pale!" mentally commented Mrs. Forrester, as Patty poured out her coffee for her next morning. "I hope—I do hope she has taken no serious harm at St. Bevis. Louis Stanhope is not the safest man in the world to leave a girl with, but who would have supposed that he would have singled out a little insignificant thing like that for his special

attentions? Pretty:—well, yes, she is rather pretty, but no one would look at her and Elizabeth Cunningham together, and bestow a second glance at her."

"Patty," said Mrs. Forrester, aloud, "as you *won't* have the dress—as, contrary to all prudence and common sense, you insist upon refusing my munificent offer, and prefer making up another of those babyish nun's-veiling robes for yourself—I see no reason why you should not spend a couple of hours with your family. I can buy the nun's veiling for you, and if you start for Beatrice Gardens at once you will have a nice little time with your people, and can meet me here at lunch."

"How good you are, Mrs. Forrester!" said Patty, in delight.

"Ah, my dear, and what bright cheeks and eyes! How glad I should be if anyone would look like that at the thought of seeing me!"

Patty ran up to the good lady, bestowed a little kiss upon her, and a few moments later was bowling merrily away in a hansom in the direction of Beatrice Gardens. Jane received her with a shriek of delight, told her that her pa was in his study, that both the young ladies were out, and that the house was in all respects as usual.

"We goes through the daily round, my dear, just as ordinary—sweeping, dusting, mending, making, and cooking. If it wasn't for the cooking, I'd say life was fair and easy, Miss Patty; but, oh my word! I do weary of that! The usual for breakfast—you know what I mean, Miss Patty—bacon and eggs; the usual for dinner—joints hot and joints cold, with a mince of the remnants; the usual for tea—"

"Oh, Jane, Jane!" here interrupted Patty, "you know that I remember about the meals. There, you dear old thing! I have brought you such a pretty Cairngorm brooch. And, Jane, I have seen Edinburgh! and, oh! such grand, wonderful scenery! And I can tell you something about cooking soon, Jane, when I am settled at home once more. Now, do tell me how my father is!"

"Oh, my dear, it's rather more than the usual with him. He's that deep in his papers that I think he'll fairly bury himself in them; and 'Jane,' says he, a fortnight back, 'Jane, I forbids you to dust the study. You're not to bring duster nor brush inside the room, Jane. You has my orders; for I won't have my papers disturbed, Jane,' says he. Well, Miss Patty, the master he's more grey than ever, and more dreamlike than ever, and the way he dabbles in ink is truly awful. The other day he was leaving the house with a great blot of it all down one side of his nose, and he didn't see, for never, I believe, does he look in the glass, blessed man! Oh, Miss Patty, I did want you to run and tell him; for he might say it was no calling of mine; but I couldn't bear to think that he, who was so chokeful of genius, should be laughed at, and perhaps have the little boys in the street jeering at him. So, with my heart in my mouth, I up and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but you're a bit blotty—for going abroad in the street, I mean, sir.'—'I'm *what*, my good Jane?' he answers.—'Blotty, sir,' I says; 'and if you'll condescend to take one good stare at your himage, you'll know what I means.'

With that, I held up a little glass I was hiding behind my apron. He laughed, and said, 'Thank you, Jane;' and ran up to his room and made himself wonderful smart. Oh, he's a blessed man; but when it comes to the question of money, the most mortal aggravating that ever drew breath."

"Well, Jane, I must go to see him now: and I'll look in on you in the kitchen presently."

"Oh, you do look sweet, my pet—pretty's no word for it! Dear, dear, you've got quite an hair, Miss Patty!"

Patty laughed, and tripped down-stairs, and knocked at the door of the little study. A deep voice said, "Come in!" She entered immediately. A grey head, bending low over piles of papers, was raised at her approach, and two absent, spectacled eyes surveyed her—at first, with only languid interest. Then the eyes brightened—her father held out his hand, and drew Patty to his side.

"My dear," he said, "you have come home! I am glad to see you. The poem is three-parts done, Patty. I am at present engaged—this very moment engaged—over one of my most brilliant passages: an invocation—a seer's vision—terrible, majestic. I cannot be interrupted. I will see you at dinner, my child."

"But I am going back to Mrs. Forrester, father dear—this is just a little passing visit. I am so sorry, but you won't see me at dinner."

"Don't be sorry, my child—I frankly confess that I shall not notice your absence. My thoughts are all inward just now. I may not even appear at dinner-time. Jane knows my ways—she will not disturb me. Good-bye, love. God bless you! I—I—your father sees light at last, child. There, don't disturb me."

The grey head was bent low again—the pen was seized. Patty might have been miles away for all that her father knew of her presence.

She went to the kitchen, some tears (which she could not keep back) springing to her bright brown eyes.

"Jane, I do not think my father seems at all well—he looks so wild, so gaunt, so sorrowful. Does he eat enough?"

"Bless you, love—yes! I sees to that."

"Well, I shall be very glad to be at home again. I am so sorry to miss Ethel and Constance."

"Yes, my dear, they'll be fretted when I tell 'em. They're out all day, as you know, dear: and in the evening, now that the weather has got cooler, they often go for a little bit of a stroll, and it freshens them up fine."

"And how are you off for money, Jane?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, we are managing! You go off and enjoy the rest of your holiday, and don't fret about the money part before you need. After all, the next quarter's rent won't be due for a good while; and as you settled the last, and paid for the water and gas, there can't be many money troubles just now, Miss Patty."

Patty's face, which had been rather pale, now turned crimson.

"Oh, that water and that gas!" she exclaimed. "That I could forget them and how I paid for them!

Jane dear, I will take your advice, and keep money worries out of my head until I come home."

"And don't hurry back, darling—don't, now. It does me good to see you looking so bonny, and with such an hair. You has been with very fine quality of late, I make no doubt, Miss Patty?"

"Oh yes, Jane, yes."

"And a very beautiful young gentleman has been saying nice things to you? and maybe telling you that there is no sweeter face than yours in all the world?"

"Oh, no, Jane! Jane, I must say good-bye! Give my love to the girls—take great care of father—expect me back in a fortnight: good-bye—good-bye!"

CHAPTER IX.

CHALFORD was a very different place from St. Bevis—it was much smaller and not nearly so grand. It was a homely, pleasant brown house, surrounded by splendid trees, enclosed in a charming garden. Its owners were rich people, but Chalford was only their summer residence, and when there they liked to throw off restraint, and to be as homelike and homely as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris were a middle-aged pair, with several grown-up children, both young men and girls. It was the fashion of the family, had been the fashion for several years, to meet at Chalford, whatever happened. Circumstances sometimes prevented all the boys and all the girls congregating round the Christmas hearth in the town-house, but nothing had ever prevented the family from meeting at Chalford in the summer and autumn of the year. The boys brought their friends, the girls theirs; cousins of even remote degree were invited. The cheerful, sunshiny house was always full as full could be. Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Forrester were either third or fourth cousins, but Mrs. Morris would have considered it a serious indignity if her dear cousin Fanny did not spend at least a month of the year with her. She and Patty received on this occasion a very warm greeting, and Patty was instantly surrounded by half a dozen young people, who carried her off to play tennis.

"I hope you don't play too scientifically," said Bell, a bright little girl of seventeen. "I like amateur players much the best."

"You won't say that before Louis," remarked her brother, with a laugh. "You remember what he said last year about amateurs at play or anything else."

"What a worry you are, Rupert!" said Bell. "And when he does come he's not going to be so masterful as when he was here last time, I can tell you! Oh, Miss Beaufort, I beg your pardon—you look very pale—are you too tired to play?"

"No," said Patty, "I am very fond of tennis;" but as she played there was a confused buzzing in her ears. What did Miss Morris mean by Louis—how stupid of her to mind! Doubtless there were twenty men of that name—why should her thoughts instantly fly away in so provoking, so wrong a fashion to St. Bevis and Louis Stanhope?

"I am very sorry indeed," said gentle little Bell, when the game was over, and the two girls walked

away together. "I don't know what you will think of us, and I really felt afraid to tell you at first."

"No one ever yet was afraid of me," said Patty; "no one. If you only heard how my people scold me at home!"

"Scold you? Ah, no; I expect they love you! I don't think I am afraid of you, and so I shall tell you straight away. Only first let me say how sorry I am; and mother is dreadfully put out. We are afraid you won't be very comfortable, and that we are not treating you with respect."

"I am wonderfully curious," said Patty; "do tell me what it is; do you want me to catch the next train back to town?"

"No, no, no—that would be terrible; but we want you to share my room for a couple of nights, the house is so full. The fact is, we had a letter this morning; we could not put him off; he is a great friend—one of our greatest; but the Martins go on Saturday, and then you shall have a dear little room all to yourself; and my room is very snug, and has a beautiful view, and my maid shall help you. Oh, do say you don't mind, and that you don't think we are wanting in respect to you!"

"My dear Miss Morris! I shall like to share your room; you don't know me, really, or you would not speak like that. It is very, very good of you to care to have me."

"Oh, now, I knew you were sweet! You must not call me Miss Morris; I am Bell to everyone. Here is mother coming to meet us. Let me take you to her.—Mother, Miss Beaufort is so delightful about the room; she says she quite likes to share it with me."

"Patty likes to share it with you," corrected the girl, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes, we are Patty and Bell to each other already. I told Patty, mother, that she should have the little room under the eaves when the Martins go."

"Yes, of course, my dear.—Miss Beaufort, I have been put out about it. It's just that boy Louis—he will put in an appearance at the most inconvenient moments. Now, my dear girls, go both of you and get ready for dinner. Rupert has taken the dog-cart to meet Louis, and they will be back at any moment. Go and dress, both of you, you idle young things! you know, Bell, your father can't bear to be kept waiting a moment for his dinner."

"We'll gather some rosebuds for our hair," said Bell. "Here, Patty, quick! round by this corner. I'll have *gloire de Dijon*, for I am going to wear my blue Liberty silk. What colour will your dress be?"

"White," said Patty, drooping her head a little.

"Oh, sweet! you shall have these crimson rosebuds, just a bunch in your dusky hair, and another in your belt. Come, come, we have not a moment to lose."

Laughing gaily—for such light-heartedness as Bell's was infectious—the two girls presently found themselves in the brightest, cosiest attic bedroom imaginable, with dear little dormer windows which commanded an extensive view.

"If you please, miss—" a prim-looking face was pushed round the door.

"Yes, yes; what is it, Dawson?"

"If you please, Miss Bell, can you do without me

this evening? Miss Annette and Miss Maggie have not come to their rooms yet, and I shall have to spend every moment to get them ready in time."

Bell was standing by her open wardrobe; she turned round and looked interrogatively at Patty.

"Can you lace up a dress at the back?"

"Oh, yes—at least, I've often done so," said Patty.

"Then it is all right—we shan't want you, Dawson. There, you may go.—Now, Patty, we must just fly—I hear the dog-cart coming back; we must be in the drawing-room in a quarter of an hour. Father is the dearest old man, but he just will not stand being kept waiting for his dinner. Now, then, here you are—let me unpack your things; is this your dinner-dress? Nun's veiling—very nice. I like nun's veiling; I often wear it."

"No, no, not that—this," said Patty, her cheeks suddenly growing crimson, and she pulled the worked India muslin into view. She had managed to make it up in spare moments. It was reserved for best, very best occasions; but an impulse which she could not quite control, which she vaguely understood, made her select the dress for this evening.

"Oh, that is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed little Bell; "how sweet you will look! Let me help you with your hair—there, that crisp kind of hair is so easily arranged. Mine is fair, and horribly thick; I can't possibly unplat it—I really can't. There, there's a love! put that *gloire de Dijon* just below my ear. Now how do I look? As to you, you are beautiful!"

"No, Bell, you must not tell me what is not true," said Patty in a grave voice, while a troubled look filled her brown eyes.

"Well, at least you are a darling, and you must allow me to keep my private opinion. Now stick those roses into your belt, and these in your hair. Have you your handkerchief and gloves? We don't wear gloves after dinner here—we are *very* homely people. Now, Patty, give me your hand. We shall be first in the drawing-room, after all."

The girls tripped down-stairs, Bell suddenly raising her head, and calling out to a tall figure who was seen flying along the corridor.

"Rupert, Rupert! has Louis come?"

"Yes, he's in his room—don't wait dinner for us; tell them so—we'll appear in the middle."

The tall figure vanished, and Patty and Bell descended to the drawing-room.

"Bell," said Patty, turning her crimson cheeks towards her young companion, "do tell me, do, who do you call Louis?—I mean that I—I know someone of the name."

"Oh, do you? I think it's such a pretty name, and our Louis is a dear old fellow. Don't we quiz him, though! You know, Patty, he is so lazy, and he puts on such airs, and we always try to take rises out of him. You must help us, Patty—you are just the sort of girl he would admire. Oh, there is the dinner-gong—we are only just in time, after all."

The party, a large one, filed into the dining-room. Patty found herself removed by the length of half a table from Bell, but she also noticed that there was a vacant place by her side.

Presently someone dropped into it.

"How do you do, Miss Beaufort? Did I not tell you that it was only *au revoir*?"

"Mr. Stanhope!" exclaimed Patty. Try as she would, she could not keep the gladness out of her eyes, nor a little ring of joy from her voice.

"I am very glad to see you again," he said; "the fact was, I could not keep away. Was not this cleverly managed, that I should sit near you at dinner? That was Rupert's doing. Now tell me, Miss Beaufort, what *will* Mrs. Forrester say?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Stanhope—I feel quite confused at this."

"So does Mrs. Forrester, I am sure; I have not ventured to meet her eye yet. Suppose you and she go back to St. Bevis to-morrow; I am not there, and I *am* here, and here I intend to remain. You are looking remarkably well, Miss Beaufort—and what a pretty *new* dress!"

CHAPTER X.

It was impossible to be formal at the Morrisises'; the most starched and stiff and severe people—those who considered etiquette to comprise the very essence of life—unbent here. The atmosphere was so genial, so happy, so bright, so good. All the thoughts floating about were such kind thoughts—all the interest and sympathies were so genial and hearty. Mrs. Forrester, a good-natured, although worldly woman, was also easily impressed by her surroundings. At St. Bevis the tone was essentially of the earth, earthy. At St. Bevis money and a good position assumed enormous, gigantic proportions, but here at Chalford nothing seemed of any account at all except love and cheerfulness and happiness. So although Mrs. Forrester began by feeling extremely angry with Stanhope for, as she expressed it, stealing a march on her, she could not help, long before the evening was over, becoming infected by the general light-heartedness. At St. Bevis, Stanhope's attentions to Patty had been sufficiently remarkable to cause jealous girls and angry mothers to regard her with dislike and suspicion, but at Chalford it seemed quite the thing that all the boys and girls should laugh and be cheerful together—that they should stray away after dinner in the soft gloaming under the trees, and should come back presently one couple at a time without anyone making the least remark. Mrs. Forrester resolved to say nothing to Patty that night; on the contrary, she was a little kinder than usual to the young girl, and when she bade her good-night congratulated her on her pretty dress and pleasing appearance.

"You looked very nice this evening, my dear; yes, that soft, simple kind of dress suits a face and figure like yours, particularly when the face is as brightly coloured as it was this evening. Now run to bed, child; I am glad to find you have quite got over your fatigue."

The next day and the next were delightful. Patty and Bell became excellent friends, and where Patty and Bell were found Stanhope generally contrived to be.

"He is greatly improved," whispered Bell to her companion; "he is not half so lazy as he used to be,

nor so masterful, and his eyes look wide awake and energetic. I think you do him good, Patty; he evidently likes you very much."

Patty, in these two or three golden days, almost forgot her home worries; she almost forgot that she was a very poor girl, who knew the worth of a shilling better than any other young person at Chalford, who understood perfectly what quarter-day meant, and who had often tried to imagine to herself how the house would get on when the water-supply was cut off. She almost forgot these things, and only when she laid her head on her pillow at night had time to remember her greatest anxiety of all—whether her father's poem—his great, great work—would turn out a success or not.

On the fourth day of her visit the whole party at Chalford went away on a picnic to some neighbouring ruins—that is, the whole party with one exception. Just at the last moment Mrs. Forrester sent for Patty to her room.

"My dear, I have done such a tiresome thing! I have sprained my ankle; not much—nothing to be anxious about; but it will be impossible for me to walk about all day. I should be in everyone's way, and no end of a nuisance. Now, Patty, I don't wish anyone to know of this; if they hear of it before you have started, someone of these dear, good-natured Morrisises will be offering to stay at home with me; now, that I should not allow on any account; afterwards, when they miss me, you are to explain. Now run off and enjoy yourself, my dear. You look well!"

Patty kissed Mrs. Forrester, who surveyed her from head to foot with a slightly pathetic, slightly critical glance; then she ran off to join her companions. The day was perfect—the spirits of all the gay party were exuberant with mirth and light-heartedness. They examined the ruins, as in duty bound; made great fun over the dinner, and afterwards, as is the invariable custom at picnics, strolled off in couples to admire the scenery.

"We are to meet two miles up the glen for tea," called out Rupert Morris, as Stanhope, by Patty's side, was disappearing up a glade.

"All right, old fellow; I know the spot, by the haunted oak tree," called out Stanhope. "And now, Miss Beaufort," he continued, turning his bright face to hers, "I am going to show you some scenery of which England may be justly proud. Oh, yes, nothing in the Highlands can go beyond it. Different! yes, I admit it is different, but so homelike, so rural, so comforting. I only want to see grand nature when I am very happy."

"You look very happy now," said Patty, her voice faltering.

"Yes, I am happy; but I have not reached the summit of bliss. Here, sit down. We shall reach our view by-and-bye. How is your father's poem getting on?"

Patty sighed.

"I saw him for a moment last week," she said. "He spoke enthusiastically about the poem, but he did not look well. Oh, I know it is selfish of me to be away here enjoying myself. I ought to be with him."

"Why? Did he tell you he missed you?"
Patty laughed.

"On the contrary, he admitted he did *not* miss me," she replied; "but that has nothing to say to it. I ought to be with him."

"Why?"

"To see to things."

"Oh, to see to things! You are the universal benefactor—the little housekeeper at everyone's beck and call. The position is wearing—it is very good for you to be out of it."

"Do you think so? I must go back to it, you know. When my father has finished the poem, my real anxiety will begin."

"How?"

"Oh, I only quote from former experiences. He has written other poems, although nothing half so fine as this. He will be exhausted from the effort and strain of writing, and he will be also feverishly anxious about the fate of the poem. He will take it to some large firm of publishers, and he will call there every day to inquire about it. If he is not in the shop or counting-house, inquiring about the fate of the poem, he will be pacing up and down outside. He will think of nothing else; he will scarcely eat, and he will scarcely sleep, until the fate of the poem is known. The *other* poems were declined, and father always came home broken down, looking ten years older. If this—this, which he considers his best—is not accepted, it may kill him."

"Oh, don't, Miss Beaufort! nothing so tragical can happen. If your father has genius, it must find a market. Don't look so sorrowful about it. Why, there are absolutely tears in your eyes."

"I have had so much experience," said Patty sadly. "I think all his poems lovely. I don't think publishers know geniuses—I don't, really. I think they must be very bad judges of good work, or they would not refuse father's."

"Miss Beaufort! Patty!—oh, I know it is very wrong of me to call you Patty!—Miss Beaufort, might I ask you a question?"

"Yes, of course."

"But a very rude, personal question."

"Oh, I don't think you would be rude."

"Yes, my question is rude; but I must ask it. Yes, I must ask it; I must know. Tell me—I have guessed it once or twice, but I should like to hear it from your own lips—are you very poor?"

Patty started, a burning flood of colour rushed over her face. She rose hastily to her feet.

"Shall we go up and admire that view?" she said. "Yes, Mr. Stanhope, I am a very poor girl—a girl with scarcely any dresses, and scarcely any friends. I've been rather out of my sphere lately—I had almost forgotten I was poor. You did right to remind me. Now, shall we look at the view?"

"Good gracious, I have offended you, Miss Beaufort! How little you know me, or my heart, or my feelings! Why, I meant—but no matter; you have misunderstood me. Do you suppose I think *worse* of a girl for being poor? One so plucky as you—so brave, so gentle? Do you think I left St. Bevis because I despised you for being poor? Do you think

—good gracious, how little you know me! I can't bear empty-headed rich girls; I can't bear girls who wear different dresses every day; I can't bear—Miss Beaufort, you need not look at me like that."

"You have always been most kind to me," said Patty. "I am not offended, indeed. It is true that I am a poor girl; it is also true that there are some delightful rich girls—Bell, for instance, and my cousin Elizabeth. Now, shall we go up and see the view?"

Something in Patty's last words seemed suddenly to quiet Stanhope. Until she said "my cousin Elizabeth," his face had been flushed and eager, now it perceptibly paled, and even his manner to Patty became a shade colder and more reserved.

"Take my hand, Miss Beaufort; this part of the path is very steep. Ah, now we are at the very top; and now, behold my view!"

It spread before them an exquisite panorama, a far-reaching picture of peace and rural beauty and plenty; the silver threads of more than one winding river ran through rich pasturage, or under softly shaded trees; the cattle browsed happily in the fields; here and there were studded snug farmsteads, and picturesque red-tiled dwellings; a blue haze lay over the scene; the wind scarcely stirred, there was not a cloud in the sky. Finally, both in the near landscape and the far was added to the natural beauty the rich glow and colouring of autumn, in russet brown, and masses of golden yellow, verging to crimson.

"Yes," said Patty, "it fills me with peace; I—"
Her eyes filled with tears; she looked away, pretending to be absorbed with what she saw around her. When her eyes were quite dry she turned to her companion.

"Shall we join the others now?" she said gently.

They went down the hill without a word. Stanhope scarcely knew himself why he felt melancholy, but Patty's thoughts had gone home to her father.

When the merry picnic party returned to Chalford that evening, Mrs. Forrester came to meet them, holding an open letter in her hand.

"Good news, my dears!" she said eagerly. "Good, delightful news—dear Elizabeth joins us to-morrow."

"Betty!" exclaimed Patty. "Have you had a letter from her? Does she say much? May I see?"

"I will show you the letter when you come to bid me good-night, dear. She arrives by the twelve o'clock train to-morrow, and so, and so—she will release you, poor little prisoner!"

Patty did not know why a cruel stab seemed to go right through her heart.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"'Yes'—what is that?" suddenly exclaimed Bell, springing to Patty's side. "You going, Patty? Indeed, you shall not! I know better than to allow such a thing. I could not live without you just at present. Oh! Elizabeth Cunningham is all very well, and we're all very fond of her. She's our cousin, and—and—there are other things. But Elizabeth is not you, Patty; and there is plenty of room for you both. You shall go on sharing my attic with me, and Elizabeth shall have the room under the eaves.—Louis—I say, Louis! come here. Are we going to allow Patty to go because Elizabeth Cunningham is coming?"

"No, certainly not," said Stanhope. His face grew a sudden dusky-red. His eyes were fixed on Patty, as if he saw no one in the world but her. "Stay, Miss Beaufort, stay!" he murmured.

"Patty!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Forrester's voice, which sounded thin and strained, "we will talk the matter quietly over in my room to-night, dear, and you will let this kind little Bell know your decision in the morning. Now, had you not better go to your room and get ready for supper?"

CHAPTER XI.

"Yes, dear, sit down by my side on this low chair; I am so glad you have had this pleasant time; it has done you good. You look very well, Patty—quite a different girl from the one who came to me a few weeks ago. Elizabeth will thank you for taking such good care of her aunt. I have enjoyed your society, dear; I am the better for it."

"Have you a time-table, Mrs. Forrester?" said Patty suddenly, in an abrupt voice. She could not make out why her nerves were so irritated, nor why Mrs. Forrester's smooth, liquid tones jarred on her. "Oh, you are very kind," she continued, blushing vividly; "but, please, have you a time-table? I mean, I want to know about the trains for to-morrow."

"I need not look, dear; I know about the trains. There is one in the morning at eleven, an express, which will get you into town in an hour and a half. There is another very good train at three. You had better wait for that, Patty. You will see Elizabeth, and get your lunch comfortably over."

"Thanks," said Patty; "I may go by the earlier train. I will let you know in the morning."

"Yes, dear, yes; now sit down quietly by me, and let us have our little talk. My dear Patty, I know how fond you are of Elizabeth, and she has often told me that you are her favourite cousin. It is a great treat to me to have the dear girl coming to stay with me for a time. And in her coming now—for I have mentioned to her the names of *all* our guests at Chalford—I may as well frankly own that I have a double cause for congratulation."

"Indeed!" said Patty. "I don't think I quite understand."

"No, dear, and perhaps I ought to explain matters a little to you. I have long wished to tell you a certain little story."

"Is it about Betty? Had she not better tell me her own stories?" answered the girl, suddenly rising to her feet.

"It is no breach of confidence, my dear. You may sit down—you need not excite yourself. The story is about Betty, as you call her, and—and—a friend of yours. I think I may safely say that Louis Stanhope is your friend, Patty. He has evidently taken a great fancy to you."

Once again Patty rose quickly to her feet.

"I think perhaps—I really think perhaps I had better not hear," she said. Her cheeks were white, her lips quivered. "I—I am going away to-morrow, and Betty and Mr. Stanhope can—can meet. I mean,

I won't interfere. I need not hear the story, need I, Mrs. Forrester?"

"My dear Patience, your manner, your agitation astonish me. My dear, I think you are a nice, sweet, modest girl—I *have* thought so, but now—how am I to interpret your too visible agitation, Patience? Sit down, Miss Beaufort. I am sure you are only a little over-tired, but all the same I think it right—I insist upon telling you my story."

Patty's white face had turned crimson. Mrs. Forrester's cruel words had acted as a cold douche, they had braced up her nerves to bearing anything for the time being.

"Tell me anything you like," she said icily; "you have quite misunderstood me."

"Of course I have, dear; I knew it. You are, as I remarked, over-tired—that accounts for everything. Well, my little tale is soon down. It is about Elizabeth—and, yes—I may as well add—Louis. Has Louis, my dear Patty—has he ever spoken to you about his mother?"

"He told me once that he had a mother," said Patty; "that he loved her very much. I was telling him about my father—that was what made him speak of his mother—he did not say much about her."

"No, she is a proud woman, is Lady Stanhope; she—she—Elizabeth went to stay with her two years ago, and she took a fancy to her. Louis is not, for his position, well off; of course all these things go by comparison, but even at his mother's death he will not have five thousand a year, and that is a small sum to keep up a family estate upon. Louis inherits his property through his mother; his father was a very distinguished military man, and was knighted in consequence. Well, this is very far apart from my tale. Louis is his mother's only son, and she is a widow; in such a position he ought to do much for her, and it is absolutely—*absolutely* necessary that he should marry to please her."

"Yes," said Patty; "yes."

"Two years ago Lady Stanhope fell in love with your cousin Elizabeth, and thought she would make a good wife for her son. She was greatly struck with her beauty and amiability, but was also glad to find—and in this particular she also felt as a wise mother should—that Elizabeth had a fortune—nothing large, of course, but still sufficient to make it prudent for Louis to marry her. The young people met, and—and—well, I cannot exactly tell you what occurred, but my impression is that there is a kind of tacit engagement between them. Remember, I don't know this, but it is my strong impression. Elizabeth is a very whimsical girl, and takes a long time to make up her mind; but there is not the least doubt that Louis was violently in love with her two years ago: even now I never mention her name without his showing emotion. There is no doubt whatever as to his feelings; and as to hers, I expect I can guess pretty accurately the state of Elizabeth's heart. The meeting which will now take place between the two will, I have not the slightest doubt, bring about the public recognition of the engagement which has so long been existing between

this young pair. You will be glad to hear of dear Elizabeth's happiness, will you not, Patty? and I will promise you, dear, to write myself to you when I have anything to communicate. What a lovely bride your Betty will make!"

girl cannot be hidden away in an out-of-the-way corner."

"No," said Patty wearily. She rose again to her feet. "I will go now," she said. "I have heard the story. Thank you for telling it to me."



"'Tell me anything you like,' she said icily."—p. 775.

"Yes," said Patty. Then she added, with an effort, "If this is true—and I suppose it is—we shall miss her very much at home."

"I have no doubt of that, my dear. Her money must be of great consequence to you; but, in any case, I fear that the present arrangement could not go on. It is necessary that Elizabeth should see the world; so beautiful and young and wealthy a

"Not at all, my dear. You really do look very white and tired, Patty. There, good-night, child; good-night."

When Miss Beaufort reached the room which she shared with Bell Morris, she found that young lady up, and eager to converse with her.

"Well, Patty, love, you are going to stay, are you not?"

"No, Bell, no," said Patty, putting her hands before her eyes in a dazed kind of way. "I am going away by an early train to-morrow; Mrs. Forrester wishes it."

"Mrs. Forrester?" said Bell, reddening; "what has she to say to our asking a guest to stay on in our own house? What can you mean, Patty? If you like it you shall stay, poor darling—there, mother shall ask you herself in the morning."

"I was wrong to speak about Mrs. Forrester," said Patty, tears springing to her eyes; "I was really very wrong. I must go in any case, Bell; I have reasons. It would be impossible for me to stay from home any longer; and now, oh, Bell, my head does ache so dreadfully! May I lie down and not talk any more until the morning?"

"Poor Patty!" said tender-hearted little Bell, and then she bustled about her friend, helping her to get into bed, so that the blessed moment when the candles were put out, and Patty found herself in the friendly darkness of the night, came sooner than she had dared to hope.

It was some time before either girl slept. Poor Patty lay motionless on her couch, thinking hard and burning and dreadful thoughts; but fearful of moving, almost afraid to breathe, lest Bell should find out she could not sleep. What did it all mean, why was her heart so torn? Why did she suddenly feel as if she almost hated Elizabeth? Why did even the most distant thought of Stanhope cause her to writhe with almost uncontrollable agony! Oh, when would the morning come, how soon would she be at home? What a cruel, dreadful world it was, after all! And what a terrible woman Mrs. Forrester had suddenly proved herself!

"Oh, how could she speak so bitterly to me?" moaned the girl, "as if I loved him, as if I had given my heart to him without being asked."

More and more fiercely throbbed poor Patty's head; she thought the night would never go. In the dreadful enforced stillness which she was obliged to keep, she almost wondered if she could retain her senses. When, oh when, would the morning come?

But relief arrives, even to the most desolate, and before the daybreak the young girl had forgotten all her troubles in peaceful, childlike slumber.

Then, just when Patty was in her soundest sleep, the other young occupant of the bedroom rose softly, and, scarcely daring to glance at her companion, dressed herself, and left the room.

"For I know," said Bell—"I know," she added, stamping her little foot, and speaking at last aloud in the passage, a little way from their room—"I am certain Mrs. Forrester has said something dreadful to Patty. Her face was completely changed when she came into our room after talking to her last night. Anyone can see how fond Louis is of Patty, and I am sure that nasty Mrs. Forrester does not like it. Darling Patty! She looked quite broken-hearted when she came to bed, and she says she will not stay, and she will go back to London by the very first train. Oh dear! oh dear! I have scarcely been able to sleep all night thinking of it, and I know Patty did not sleep until a couple of hours ago, although she lay as still as a mouse. Well, at any rate, I'll do one thing. I'll

go and wait in the passage outside Louis's room. I heard him and Rupert making an arrangement to go out fishing early this morning, and if he did that, he might not return until after Patty had gone. That would never do. I will prevent it. Oh, Mrs. Forrester, I do not like you at all!"

The little maiden, looking as childish and pretty as a girl of seventeen could look, went and curled herself up on the broad ledge of a certain window, which lit the passage leading towards Stanhope's bedroom. There she sat, tapping her fingers against the pane, and looking out at the autumn landscape. It was scarcely daylight yet, but Bell knew that her brother and his friend would go off to fish at an early hour.

As she waited, she could not help feeling impatient. She did hope that lazy, tiresome Louis would not stay much longer in bed; for suppose Patty awoke and missed her—oh, then, what could she do?

The daylight broadened and deepened, and still there was no sign of movement in the quiet house. Bell was just meditating a raid on Rupert, to let him know how late it was, when a lazy step in Louis's bedroom was distinctly heard, and a few moments afterwards the young man came out.

"My dear Bell! what are you doing here?" he asked in amazement.

"Waiting for you, Louis," answered Bell. "Louis, I wanted to say—I mean, I thought you ought to know—I thought you would be glad to know—I mean—I mean—" Here Bell coloured crimson, and quite stammered.

Her tall cousin looked down at her with some amusement and a little impatience.

"My dear child, what is it? Do say out what you want to say. Rupert must be waiting for me, and it is late as it is."

"It's about Patty," said Bell. "She's going—she won't stay—she can't stay. It's Mrs. Forrester's fault!"

Here two blue eyes full of tears were raised to Stanhope's face.

"Come along, Louis. I'm perfectly sick of waiting!" called Rupert, from the storey below.

Stanhope's face had undergone a curious change.

"Look here, Bell, I'll be back in a minute," he said; then he ran down-stairs and said a word or two to his cousin.

"I've changed my mind, Rupert—I won't fish this morning; or perhaps I may find it possible to join you in an hour by the bank under the western willows. Go on, old chap; don't let me spoil sport. I—I'm a little out of sorts this morning."

"Then why," began Rupert—"why in the world did you get up?" But he spoke to empty air, for Stanhope had once more bounded up the stairs, and was standing even now by Bell's side.

"Now, Amabel, you must tell me all this story. I thought it was arranged that Miss Beaufort was to stay. I certainly quite understood it so last night, and why should Mrs. Forrester—What—what do you mean, Bell?"

"I don't quite know what I mean myself," said Bell, "except that I love Patty, and that she looks dreadfully unhappy. She looks as if her heart were

broken; and I know she has been awake all night. But she will go—she will go early to-day, Louis. I thought you would like to know."

"So I do like to know. I'm very much obliged to you, Bell. Now you can go back to bed, you poor child."

CHAPTER XII.

PATTY awoke from her restful slumber with a start and a little feeling of wonder. It was late; she had a kind of intuition that it was late; but she felt lazy and comfortable, and looked sleepily round the pretty room, feeling disinclined to get up, and wondering why she was lazy, and why the sap and spring of her youth did not send her bounding as usual out of bed. Bell was neatly dressed, some fresh roses in her belt, and her bright hair parted on her brow; she was standing by the open lattice window, as if waiting for something. When she heard Patty stir she came up to her at once, and kissed her affectionately.

"You have overslept yourself, you naughty!" she said, "and I have brought you up your breakfast; see, here it is on this tray, as hot and cosy as possible. You shall sit up in bed and eat it, and I will stay and chatter to you."

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of being late!" said Patty.

All her memories had come back to her now; she remembered last night, the blow she had received, the tears she had shed, the agonies she had endured. She knew that she must leave by an early train to-day.

"Bell," she said, "I am sorry you did not wake me; I must get up at once and pack, for I am going, dear."

"If you must go, you need not pack," said Bell; "Dawson will do that. Sit up and eat your breakfast, and don't let us think of disagreeables. I've brought you some peaches. I went out to gather them myself, so I know they are just perfect."

"Yes—thank you, dear Bell. Bell, I must leave by the eleven o'clock train."

"But why by that train, Patty? Elizabeth Cunningham will be here at 1.30. You will like to meet her; you were always fond of her, you know."

"Yes, I was fond of Betty," said Patty, in a dreary tone; "but I think I will go by the eleven train, dear. Betty lives with us, and I can see her at any time, you know."

"If you must go," said Bell, in an eager tone, "if you must go, darling, darling Patty, shall we manage it in this way? Wilson shall take your luggage in the cart, it shall be all packed and ready in good time; and you and I will walk across the fields to meet the train. No one with us, only Cecil; it will do Cecil good to have the run."

Cecil was the youngest of the family, a spoilt little boy of ten. Patty wondered why it was necessary for him to accompany them, but she felt too tired and sad to trouble herself much about the circumstance.

"We can have such a lovely walk across the fields," pleaded Bell. "You won't want the tiresome, stupid carriage to take you to the station, Patty."

"No, dear, no; I would much rather walk with you. Only let us be in time."

"Trust me to see to that!" said Bell with energy, as she ran out of the room.

"Bell is wonderfully cheerful," thought poor Patty: "as if she were rather glad I was leaving her. Oh, dear! I know every word Mrs. Forrester said is true. I have myself noticed a change on his face when he spoke about Elizabeth. Dear, beautiful Betty! who can wonder? She will make a splendid wife for him, and it is nice to think her money will be useful to him. Oh, of course I must not be selfish, I must not show anyone I care. No, no, no, I don't care. Of course I don't care—only somehow, somehow, there is a dreadful ache in my heart."

Down went the poor little brown head on the small hands, and during Bell's absence Patty was forced to give herself the luxury of a good cry.

She forced her spirits, however, to rally before the final leave-taking came, and it was a rosy-faced, bright little girl who ran into Mrs. Forrester's room at ten o'clock that morning to say good-bye.

"Why, Patty dear, how well and happy you look! Ah! I knew the little prisoner was glad to be set free! But why are you going so soon, my dear? Your train does not leave until eleven."

"No, but Bell and I are going to walk through the fields to the station, and we must give ourselves plenty of time. Good-bye, Mrs. Forrester—give my love to Elizabeth."

"Good-bye, my child. Yes, I will give your cousin your affectionate love. I trust, dear Patty, you will soon be congratulating Elizabeth. Ah! how happy this match will make us all! Good-bye, my child; kiss me."

Patty bent for an instant, pressed one light, icy little kiss on the lady's brow, then smiling gaily, she left her.

The rest of the farewells were soon said, and no one observed that Patty looked round wistfully for someone who was not present.

The two girls, accompanied by Cecil, started on their walk across the fields, and Bell, linking her arm in that of her companion, looked into her face and said, very innocently—

"But you have never said good-bye to Louis!"

Patty coloured painfully.

"I—I—it does not matter. Please say good-bye to him from me, Bell."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Bell. "There is Louis fishing under that willow tree; you can say good-bye to him yourself. Ah, he sees us; he is coming to meet us. All right, I'll leave you two to say your adieus in private. Come along, Cecil—race me to the next wicket-gate."

Patty's crimson face had turned white; a cold sensation seemed almost to paralyse her; then, with a violent effort, she recovered herself, and by the time Stanhope had reached her, she was coming to meet him with a tolerably natural smile.

"Miss Beaufort, were you really going back to London without saying a word to me?"

"I want to catch the eleven train," said Patty; "you were not in the drawing-room when I went to bid the others good-bye."

"Am I ever in the drawing-room at ten in the

morning? But why are you going away at all—was it not arranged last night that you were to stay?"

"There was no special arrangement made," said Patty, in a steady voice—"I would rather go—I am going. Good-bye, Mr. Stanhope; if you will allow me, I will run after Bell—I'm afraid I may miss my train."

"Your train won't go for three-quarters of an hour, and you can reach the station from here, walking at a snail's pace, in five minutes. Come down and sit under the willow tree, and see me fish."

"Oh, no—no, thank you."

"Not no, but yes—come."

"I cannot, indeed—I must join Bell. Good-bye."

"Bell is out of sight. Patty, what is the matter with you?"

"Please don't call me Patty. I must—must go. Good-bye."

"Not if I say you must *not* go—not, at least, until you have heard me out. Oh, my poor little girl! oh, my darling! There, there, Patty, you were going to cry; do come and sit under the willow—I can read your poor little forlorn face like a book."

"No, Mr. Stanhope, you cannot. I am going back to my father; I am not forlorn, and you have no right—it is cruel of you to speak to me as you have just done."

"Patty! Cruel! Oh, Patty, you know you do love me!"

"No, I don't! How can you? Let me go."

Patty spoke with vehemence; her eyes were flashing with angry tears; for the first time Stanhope's almost too confident manner changed—his expression altered—he looked at the defiant and unreasoning girl in astonishment.

"I thought," he began, "I thought—oh, Patty, do

come and sit under the willow tree. Why do you look at me so angrily? Why do you pretend to misunderstand both our hearts? You must—you must know that we love one another. Even outsiders have seen it—even Bell. Patty, have you not taken one look into your own heart? Don't you know that I am not indifferent to you?"

Patty was trembling more and more. Some words of Mrs. Forrester's kept ringing in her ears—

"He is a flirt; your feelings are unmistakable."

Yes, yes, anyone could see that she had fallen in love with him. Even he saw it, and he was sorry for her. She felt choking with rage and self-abasement.

"I cannot," she said; "you are mistaken; I cannot. I—I told you I did not care."

Then suddenly a desperate idea came into her head. She would sting him. She would show him that she knew something of his base conduct.

"You know that you have no right to say such words to me. It is unjust to another!"

"To another! To another! What do you mean, Patty?"

"I know what I mean, and so do you; Mrs. Forrester has told me. She is coming; she will make you a good wife. I—I— Oh, Mr. Morris, is that you? I am going; will you say good-bye to me?"

Lazy, good-humoured Rupert Morris could not help staring at the excited little figure who now rushed up to him and held out an eager hand. He had never before thought Miss Beaufort a very pretty girl; now he suddenly discovered that she was lovely.

"Walk up with me to the station," said Patty; "Bell has run away. Will you come too, Mr. Stanhope?"

But Stanhope had vanished. They saw his tall figure disappearing behind the willow trees.

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPIEST LIFE.

BY THE REV TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.



WHEN good old Matthew Henry was on the bed of death, he said, "You have heard the dying words of many. These are mine: 'I have found a life of communion with Christ the happiest life in the world!'"

And so every true and faithful Christian has found it. For the truths which Christianity teaches, the duties to which it leads, the spirit which it inspires, the hopes which it warrants and imparts—in a word, the entire character it forms, as well as the eternal and blessed end which its promises make sure—all unite in warranting the declaration that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

John Randolph once said: "I have seen men everywhere, and the only men I have ever known who seemed to me to be truly happy were those who were Christians;" and Coleridge says: "That the Bible, and only the Bible, shows clearly and certainly what

happiness is, and the way to its attainment." And a higher than either Randolph or Coleridge, and one who had a far wider experience of the world, says of Divine wisdom or religion: "Happy is the man that findeth her. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is everyone that retaineth her." And so everyone who has tried the experiment has found it. "In Cicero and Plato, and other such writers," says Augustine, "I find many things acutely and beautifully said, and that excite a certain warmth of emotion; but in none of them do I find these words, '*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*'!"

There is an old legend that the devil once tempted a devoted man of the Dark Ages, telling him there was no hereafter, and urging him to seek for happiness by plunging headlong into the follies and vices and sinful pleasures of the world. "Well," said the recluse, "if what you say is so, and if there is no

other world beyond this, then I *will* seek the highest and purest happiness that can be found, by loving and serving Christ while I am here on earth."

I know it is sometimes said, and has been said even from the pulpit, that the world offers and can give us no happiness. The world, however, *does* offer us happiness in a thousand forms. But the difference between it and religion is this:—I am hungry, and the world offers me bread; but it is poisoned bread. I am thirsty, and it offers me drink; but it is drink from polluted and deadly fountains. It may satisfy my hunger and quench my thirst for the moment, but, ah! *there is death in it at the end!* It is only the bread and water of life which Christ offers, in which there is no danger, and which will and do satisfy the soul, so that we shall hunger no more, and thirst no more for ever!

Coleridge somewhere compares mere worldly pleasures to the "centres" or wooden frames that are put under the arches of the bridge, to remain no longer than till the latter are consolidated, and then are thrown away or cast into the fire. So it is, he says, with mere worldly and sinful pleasures; "they are

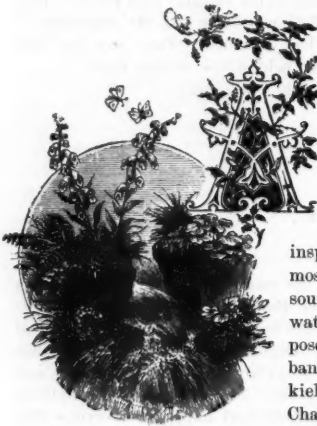
the devil's scaffolding to build a habit on, and when that is once formed and fixed, the pleasures are sent for firewood, and hell begins sometimes even in this life." Such sinful and unhallowed pleasures are like the mocking mirage of the desert, luring on to disappointment, if not to death in the end. Only the pleasures of religion are satisfying in the enjoyment, and also both safe and enduring—the seed of an endless harvest of joy at God's right hand in heaven.

That religion is the source of the highest and purest happiness, even for this world, every faithful Christian knows from his own experience. And if any who are not Christians would ask for clear assurance on this point—for higher evidence than the testimony of the thousands and tens of thousands who have tried it, and who can speak from their own blessed experience, to such we may reply—as Coleridge did to one who asked him, "How shall I find the highest and surest evidence of the truth of Christianity, of the reality of religion?"—"Try it for yourself." This is a test that every one may try, and on which we may safely rest the question, for time as well as for eternity!

THE INSPIRATION OF RIVERS.

"And I saw in a vision, and I was by the river of Ulai."—DANIEL viii. 2.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D.,
LL.D., F.R.S.E., ETC.



AMONG the natural means which the Jewish prophets used to prepare themselves for receiving a Divine inspiration, one of the most common was the sound and motion of water. For this purpose they sought the banks of rivers. Ezekiel, in the land of the Chaldeans, placed himself by the side of the

river Chebar; and there he saw those wonderful visions which falsified the supposition of the Jews that the Shechinah could not overshadow a prophet out of the Holy Land. Daniel stood beside the great river Hiddekel, one of the rivers of Eden identified with the Tigris, when the vision of the man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with the gold of Uphaz, appeared to him to herald the coming Messiah. And, at a subsequent period, he saw his mystic vision of the ram and the he-goat on the banks of the Ulai—an affluent of the Tigris, which washed the walls of Susa and contributed to its defence, and

whose water was so much more pleasant and wholesome than that of any other stream in the neighbourhood that it was used exclusively at the table of the Persian kings. By the waters of Babylon the Jewish exiles, who had separated themselves from their oppressors, sat on the fast-days held during their captivity, and wept as they remembered Zion; their thoughts of their far-off home being set to a plaintive music by the murmur of the river, while their harps hung silent on the willow trees. Pharaoh stood in his dreams beside the drowsing Nile, the creator of Egypt and the source of all its fertility, and saw under the symbols of agriculture the visions of the years of plenty and of famine that were to come upon the land. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that St. Paul preached to the female proselytes, who were in the habit of meeting for worship on the Jewish Sabbath on the banks of the river that flowed past outside the walls of Philippi. This was in accordance with a common practice of the Jews to hold their sacred meetings beside rivers; not merely because they found there conveniently at hand the water requisite for their ceremonial washings, but because they were unconsciously prompted by the primitive religious associations of such places. And the last of the Apostles saw his glorious visions of the New Jerusalem through a door opened in heaven, in his little sea-girt isle, washed by the waves of the Ægean,

and in continual hearing of the sound of many waters.

In ancient pagan religions there was a peculiar sacredness attached to running water in springs or rivers. The famous oracle of Delphi was beside the Castalian spring; and in the haunted grotto of Egeria, inspired by the murmurs of its beautiful fountain, the first king of Rome received from the celestial nymph the laws and the religious rites which he imparted to the primitive community. Rivers in prehistoric times were everywhere worshipped; shrines were erected on their banks, and they had priests of their own. Men swore by them, for the spirit of the waters could drown those who proved false to their word; and the most awful form of oath is that which the Hindoo still takes who swears by a divine river more sacred even than the Ganges—of which the Ganges is only an earthly manifestation. The office of the Hebrew prophets received its name in the original from a root signifying the bursting forth and the overflowing of a copious fountain. As the spring bursts forth from the heart of the rock in full flood, so the inspiration of God bursts forth from the heart of the prophet. This origin of the name would indicate that springs and rivers were at first chosen as the medium of a Divine revelation. The face of such a spring or river is the only thing unchanged amid all the changes going on everywhere else. Beside it our lost childhood comes back to us, and the heart grows young again. It becomes a very fountain of youth to those whose young faces were mirrored in its waters, when they come back to look upon it in their old age. Seneca says, "Where a spring rises or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices."

SUITABLENESS OF A RIVER-SIDE FOR MEDITATION.

THERE is no place more appropriate for meditation and reflection than the side of a large river. Its vast volume, its exhaustless fulness, the mighty rush of its current—with the impetus of the hills yet in it—its constant change and apparent un-

changeableness, produce a deep impression upon the mind. The mystery of its source in the far-off purple mountains, that lie on the horizon like the shores of some heavenly country, and the mystery of its appearance, sweeping suddenly into view round the bend of a hill, and disappearing as suddenly round the bend of another hill closing up the view beyond, are calculated to excite the imagination. The varied music of its waters, as here they babble loudly over the pebbly shallows, and there subside with a gentle murmur into deep, dark pools; or flow with a strong, steady pulsation—a regular rhythmic gurgle, as though the stormy heart of the hills were still beating under the tide—calms the soul and enables it to see clearly into its own depths. The spirit of the waters lays, as it were, its ear along



"It spoke of distant Armenian hills."—p. 782.

the ground, and hears all the sounds of earth, the hidden underground secrets of nature whispered by blades of grass and leaves of trees and wandering winds. It gathers up and expresses all the sounds of the landscape; the deep of the world without, appealing to the deep in the heart of man, and awakening there those vague longings and emotions which link earth to heaven, and create a mood most favourable for Divine revelations. Beside it the home is built, and it becomes the scene and the inspiration of the social life, and of all the civilisation and religion of the locality.

There are storied rivers, like the Nile and the Tiber, on whose banks we cannot but muse over the great thoughts and memories connected with them. Such was the river beside which Daniel stood. In his own mountain-land the streams were "a passion of waterfalls," ending quickly in the sea; or whose shallow laughter was silenced by the few hot hours of summer drought, and for whom the sudden storm performed the miracle of making the dumb, dry mouth of nature speak with rejoicing music. The Jordan was but a deep hidden torrent, "angered with cataracts," passing through a lonely, forsaken cleft in the surface of the earth. Jerusalem, the capital of the country, was on a mountain height, and the grandest promise that could be made to it was that "the glorious Lord would be to it a place of broad rivers and streams," like the chief cities of Egypt and Assyria. The proud Naaman might well speak disdainfully of the streams and rivers of Palestine, and say, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" What a contrast, therefore, must Daniel have found between his native streams and rivers and the mighty Tigris, which rolled its vast and steadfast flood through the great plains of Mesopotamia—a river of God, indeed, which was full of water!

What grander spot could we imagine for a prophet's vision than the banks of that great river that swept the roar of Ararat to the Indian Sea, for more than eleven hundred miles? It formed one of the strings of that "fourfold river-lyre" which made the oldest music of Eden. It murmured of the far-off days when Abraham watched the sunshine quivering on its rippling lines, and the Chaldean stars looking calmly down into its silent depths. It spoke of distant Armenian hills, where the spotless snows distilled their treasures into its sources, and the sobs of its infant waterfalls were hushed by soft mantles of pine woods; of the boundless plains of Shinar, through which its waters flowed with augmented volume and majesty—rich with golden cornfields and pastures of emerald brightness and purple-fruited groves, over which brooded day by day unshadowed noons and blazing sunsets, and midnights of holy and passionless moonshine; of hoary towns, old before history began, where the Accadian kings had their court, and Saul of Rehoboth—the unknown duke of Edom—by the river reigned; and of mighty Nineveh, where its waters mirrored the huge palace-terraces, and gardens hung as if by magic in the air, and the sound of its broad, resistless flood was heard above the roar of the great tide of life that perpetually surged through the streets. Meet nurse for a prophetic child, it doubtless inspired the "grey-bearded astrologers who read the starry horologue of heaven" on its banks; and we cannot wonder that Daniel should have sought its haunted side in order that the solemn sound of its rushing waters might attune his soul to the voice of the Divine Spirit which he expected to hear.

We might suppose that there would be a peculiar affinity between the sight and the sound of the great

river and the communications of the Divine Visitant who originally brooded over the face of the deep and brought this fair creation out of the primeval waters. There certainly was a deep sympathy between the flow of the river and the nature of the seer's prophecies, which spoke of the rise and fall of empires and dynasties. What better emblem of human history could be found? Generations of men coming and going, with all their hopes and fears, like the hurrying waters before him; nations waxing great and decaying, and then vanishing from their place for ever; the things that men count great only passing foam-flakes on the surface of existence. The Euphrates still flows as of old, while Babylon, whose palaces and temples it mirrored on its bosom, has crumbled into dust; the Nile still ebbs and flows each year at the base of the sublime ruins of Thebes; and the Tiber still murmurs past the sepulchre of ancient Rome. Strange that what seems so unstable and fleeting should alone remain!

What better symbol could be found of the incessant activity of life—the perpetual change and flux of nature?—the clouds dissipated, only to gather again; the seed growing to leaf and fruit, ending in seed again, to repeat the same evolutions; the mountain crumbling into the plain, and the plain upheaved into the mountain; sea and shore alternating; rivers sowing the seed of future continents, to be again, when full-formed, sown by rivers; nothing ever is, but all things are ever becoming; this perpetual mutation being nature's grand conservative principle. Thoughts like these must have been suggested to the Jewish prophet as he stood on the banks of the Ulai, and saw its waters always changing and always renewed. And such thoughts must have been peculiarly suitable to the prophetic mood of mind, as Daniel vividly realised that alike over all the law-bound processes of nature, and the freer and still more mysterious movements of the human life-stream, presided the mighty Being who sits behind the machinery of the universe and controls its every change. "The floods, O Lord, have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves; the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters."

PREPARATION NEEDED FOR GOD'S GRACE.

A MUCH-NEEDED lesson is taught us by Daniel seeking the banks of the Assyrian river as the scene of his inspiration. The Divine Spirit did not descend upon him arbitrarily and capriciously, without being invoked, and without any toil or trouble of his own. It was necessary that the prophet should be prepared; that certain means which were calculated to produce an elevating effect upon the soul should be used. Abraham must go forth from under the curtains of his tent to the open midnight sky, glittering with the innumerable brilliant stars of the East, which have always taught unearthly wisdom and vastness of spiritual ideas to the mind of man, in order that the destiny of his descendants may be shown to him by a

mystic ritual in its darkest and brightest aspect. Moses must retire to the loneliest solitude of Horeb, in order that the vision of the burning bush may appear to him in a scene more appropriate for the sublime disclosures of Heaven. David must play upon his harp in order that the evil spirit may depart from Saul, and holier and happier thoughts take possession of him; and Elisha must listen to the strains of a minstrel in the camp of Jehoshaphat, in order that the turmoil of worldly passion may be calmed down, and he may be brought into a quiet receptive state for the message of the Holy Spirit. Many other examples might be quoted from Scripture to show how God sanctions the use of all likely means for preparing the hearts of His servants to receive Him. We cannot at once leave our carelessness and worldliness behind us. As surely as the garish light of day must be dimmed, and all the air suffused with a tender shadow ere the first young star appears in the sky, so must we use all the instrumentality in our power to bring our hearts into accord with spiritual influences ere we can have visions of heaven.

It is in this fact that the efficacy of the means of grace lie. This is the reason why we use means of grace at all. We build churches set apart from our common homes and places of business, in order that in them we may have our thoughts called away from earthly things. We hold special services, in order that our minds may be quickened to receive Divine impressions. We adopt the most reverent attitudes of the body; for there are attitudes which have a tendency to check the spirit of devotion, as there are others which foster such a spirit. We surround ourselves with objects whose associations are sacred, because these things have a powerful reaction upon our own souls, and fit us for the higher worship in spirit and in truth to which God calls us. By the careful and habitual cultivation of a reverential feeling in the House of God, it will, by the law of association, affect us of itself—surround us with such a devotional atmosphere that we shall be struck, solemnised, and spiritualised by every sight and sound; and we should aim as systematically to acquire this frame of mind as we would to acquire any human art.

The Jewish prophets lived in the very eye of Heaven, and received immediate communications from God. The heavens were opened over their heads, and they saw the ladder of communication between heaven and earth constantly set up. We are apt to suppose, therefore, that Divine revelations came to them without their seeking, wherever they were situated, however they were engaged; that they were seized and hurried out of themselves by the Celestial possession. But it was not so. It was true of prophecy, as of miracles, that this kind cometh not but by fasting and prayer. The prophets had to use the means; they had to prepare themselves; and often their preparations were of a very painful and elaborate nature. Even the oracles of the heathen—the Pythian prophetess at Delphi, though she

was carried out of herself when the supposed inspiration came upon her, and was seized with a frenzy beyond her own control—had to prepare for the coming of this overmastering influence by an elaborate ritual. Our Saviour did not perform His mighty miracles by a word costing Him nothing. He had to prepare Himself for them by sighs and tears and prayers, by long solitary nights of wrestling with God on the sea-shore and the mountain-top. There is no encouragement anywhere to expect a revelation from heaven without due preparation for it on the part of man. As we cannot have the bread of the body without the previous labour of the husbandman, so neither can we have the bread of the soul without toiling for it in the sweat of the soul. Never to the indolent and the careless does God manifest Himself. He gives to all a revelation in their work and through their work. And the lesson which He wishes us to learn is to leave out nothing which our own foresight and wisdom can suggest in our approaches to God, at the same time feeling that One greater than ourselves worketh in us both to will and to do.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN NATURE AND GRACE.

We should have expected that Daniel would have used specially religious means to prepare himself for Divine inspiration; that he would have gone to the place where the exiled Jews still kept up, in the midst of heathen surroundings, the worship of their fathers, and offered sacrifices on an altar which still retained, though in a foreign land, some connection with the old Temple. We should have expected that the vision of prophecy would come to him, as the call of Isaiah came, in the midst of objects associated with the national worship; and yet it was not so. God is not confined to temples made with hands; and Daniel found Him on the banks of the great river of Assyria, as Moses found Him in the bush of the desert, and Elijah in the cave at Horeb, and John in Patmos. Indeed, one of the great lessons taught to the Jews by the captivity of Babylon was that there was no specially consecrated place, that every spot where a prayerful soul seeks God is holy ground. Their thoughts were widened by their separation from the old means of grace, and their connection with new forms of worship, till they realised in some measure that neither on Mount Gerizim in Samaria, nor in Jerusalem, nor in any holy shrine of any land, is the Father to be exclusively worshipped; that God's Temple is arched by no roof of man's constructing, and is only domed by the infinite sky; that God's worshippers are not a privileged caste, but those who worship Him in spirit and in truth. To Daniel the banks of the Ulai were sacred to meditation, as the quiet leafy bowers of the Mount of Olives were to Jesus. There he betook himself for consolation and rest when wearied with the strife of tongues, and burdened with the sad contradictions of life. And there he prepared himself for those supernatural revelations which, like those of the Seer of Patmos, although they contain much that is dark

and inexplicable, have been the comfort and support of the Church ever since.

And why should we think the banks of a river unhallowed as compared with the interior of a religious building? I have spoken of the fitness of such a place for a Divine revelation. I have shown how that fitness has seized the imagination of almost every people, and found expression in the personification of rivers, recognising in them a mysterious presence, or in the building beside them of a local seat of deity. I have spoken of their wonderful suggestiveness as at once emblems of the unimaginable duration of eternity and analogies of the changes which attach to man and to his actions and experiences. We must not suppose that these are undesigned coincidences. He who made the soul of man made the objects of nature to affect it in a peculiar manner. They can evoke each its own music out of the harp of man's spirit. God is the Author of everything that is suggestive and inspiring in nature, and He works under the veil of ordinary causes; and, therefore, when we say that the sight of

a rushing river is well fitted to prepare the mind for the coming of the Holy Ghost, we speak of an arrangement which God Himself has ordained, and which in its own way is as appropriate as the descent of the Holy Spirit where priests and Levites have assembled, and a solemn sacrifice has been offered, and incense-clouds have ascended to heaven. The river is God's creature; He imparted to it the qualities which appeal to man's higher nature, and He must have wished that these qualities should produce their full effect upon Daniel, and prepare him for the receiving of communications from heaven. As much as the music of Elisha's minstrel, or the psalm of the sanctuary, or the sacrifice of the Temple, the roar and rush of the mighty river would remind the

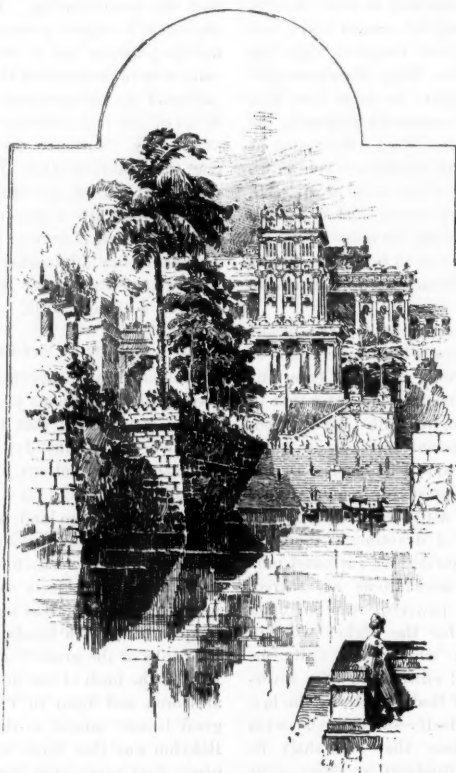
prophet in its own way, as the waves of the *Ægean* would remind John, of Him whose voice is as the sound of many waters, whose way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known.

There are persons who see nothing in the inspiration of Daniel by the river of Ulai but the natural effect produced by the sight and sound of a mighty stream upon a sensitive poetical mind. His visions of the future were mere mystic imaginings, such as poets in all ages and places have dreamed beside their native river. Like the Jews who said of the Voice which spoke to Jesus from heaven, "It thundered," they say there is nothing in the universe but a sequence of physical causes and effects; and God Himself is only a metaphor for force. But we are warned that over and above this natural effect of the Chaldean river upon the mind of Daniel, there was a real independent action of God's Spirit, opening his inner eye, enlarging his soul, and showing to him things to come. The solemnising influence of the great waters was used, but there

was superadded what no earthly object appealing to eye or ear could account for—the mighty influence of the Divine inspiration.

THE MEANING OF LIVING BESIDE A RIVER.

GOD has providentially placed many of us in circumstances similar to those of Daniel. We can stand, like him, on the banks of a great river. Our home is situated on the Thames or the Clyde, one of the great pathways of the nations, which links the most distant countries together. It is the familiar object of our daily vision; it is connected with the work and the accidents of our daily life, and with the comings and goings to distant lands of ourselves and our friends. It speaks to us, as it widens into the



"Its waters mirrored the huge palace-terraces."—p. 782.

ocean with its busy shipping, of the commerce of the world. But have you ever asked yourselves the question why God has placed your home on the banks of a great river? You would be surprised, I daresay, at being asked such a question; and you would probably reply: "Why, that the ships might come and go, and bring or carry away the goods in which we traffic, and furnish us with the varied employments by which we earn our daily bread." But have you ever thought that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God? Did you not know that the river might possibly have a higher end to serve as God's creature than merely to minister to that part of you that shall perish? Shall its suggestions in our minds be limited to the horizon of earth? As you hear the sound of its waters in calm or storm, shall you have no visions of the things that are unseen and eternal? This surely would be to miss the higher ends for which the indefinable sympathy between man and nature has been created. Not only should the sight and sound of the great river produce a poetical effect, lifting the mind above mere secular and physical needs and uses; they should also inspire religious thoughts and feelings, connecting the soul with the heavenly world. The religious is the highest use of things. Over and above the natural harvest that feeds the body, to be reaped from the fields of nature, there is a second and nobler harvest to feed the soul. Not in temples alone are we to worship

God, but, like Isaac, we can meditate in the fields at eventide. The scenes and objects of nature can be means of grace to us. Companioned by the music of a stream or a river, ever singing its mighty psalm, our dumb souls should become vocal with praise; and stimulated by the images of eternity and yet of human changeableness which the ever-flowing waters suggest, we should have bright visions of that river which flows through the Heavenly Jerusalem, on whose banks shall dwell eternally those who were "exiled here on the strange sad river of life, and hung their harps upon the willow-tree of the Cross." As in the case of the river when it widens seaward, the landscape on either bank stretches out of all detail into a mere line of green and blue, so from human life, as it nears eternity, fade the bustling scenes and interests of the present. And as the ocean sends its tidal waters, its white-winged sea-birds, and its fresh invigorating breezes up our river into the very midst of our streets, that we may have some idea of the vast world of waters that extends far beyond our horizon, so let eternity send its solemnising influences into the heart of the traffic and experience of our every-day life, that we may live here and now under the powers of the world to come.

"And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by the thoughts that cross to me.'"



"We can meditate in the fields at eventide."

PASTORAL LIFE IN CITIES.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. F. B. MEYER, MINISTER OF REGENT'S PARK CHAPEL, LONDON.



OUTSIDE two large heavy gates a little crowd is waiting about nine in the morning. Presently a small door opens in one of the big gates, and a file of men and women step forth, under the guidance of a gentleman, who leads them away with him to a coffee-house some little distance along the street.

For five years—from 1882 to 1887—some such scene as this might have been witnessed almost any morning outside the gates of Leicester gaol. And if the question had been asked, Who was thus befriending the prisoners as they were discharged, the answer would probably have been promptly given—"Mr. Meyer, of Melbourne Hall."

Almost everybody in Leicester in those days knew Mr. Meyer. His work—his varied work as the pastor, the human creator and inspirer of the Hall and its numerous agencies—brought him into connection with so many people that he was one of the best known men in the town.

But "man proposes and God disposes," and, sorely against his will, he had to leave it. The damp of Leicester was poison to his wife. Physicians said she could not live there, so at last Mr. Meyer accepted the pastorate of Regent's Park Baptist Chapel, and came thither in the commencement of 1888, taking up his abode in the delightful suburb of Hampstead.

His residence is on one of the lower heights of that hilly district, and not far from it are some of the fine old trees with which parts of the neighbourhood are still beautiful. It is a very retired spot, though near the Lower Heath, and the roar and rush of London reaches the ear softened by distance. Only a couple or three years previously the ground was an enclosed garden, part of which remains in the lightly railed enclosure in front, whence rise a superb chestnut and other fine trees, where the lawn slopes and undulates so pleasantly.

Mr. Meyer's sanctum is a small apartment at the back of the house, looking over the garden and a small strip of the Lower Heath on to the Willow Road. "I chose this little room," says he, "because it gets the sun;" and certainly one would imagine it to be a very bright and cheery apartment in the morning—quite a trap for the sunbeams. From the writing-table near the fireplace a clear view can be obtained of the pleasant prospect without, and opposite is a dwarf case full of books. In the dining-room is an interesting reminiscence of his work at Leicester in two superb albums, bound in fragrant Russia, containing photographs of the teachers in his large schools there.

Down-stairs, below his study, is a much larger apartment, where he loves to get around him the young people connected with his church, teachers in the school, etc., and chat to them. Not long after he

had assumed the pastorate, the teachers of the Sunday-night school or ragged-school were invited to tea, and, after a pleasant afternoon, assembled here to discuss the affairs of the school with their pastor and acquaint him with its circumstances.

Like the Apostle, he would be all things to all men, or, in other words, he would, as we understand it, while holding fast to vital and essential principles, vary his methods according to circumstances, and adapt his work to the changing conditions of the times. The social side of such work is with him a very strong point, and so is free and unsectarian labour among the masses of the people. For this his popular, somewhat emotional, style of address, and his great power of sympathy, help to render him fit.

Mr. Meyer was born near Clapham Common. At that time the suburb was far more rural than it now is, and to his father's house were attached a long garden and paddock, while not far off was the house where Macaulay had written his History—in which Mr. Meyer's maternal grandparents then lived. Of his grandmother the little lad was very fond, and he used to sit beside her for hours while she talked to him, and frequently on religious subjects. To his father and mother also he owed great religious influence—conveyed not so much by what they said directly, as by their life and character.

He was educated principally at the Brighton College, the family having removed to that watering-place, which Thackeray calls merry Dr. Brighton, for the benefit of a sister's health. He entered heartily into all the delights of school life, such as paper-chases, cricket matches, and athletic sports, etc. But all through this life there was growing up the idea, the resolve, that the future was to be devoted to the ministry of Christ. And long years after he found, carefully cherished among his mother's papers, when that dear mother had herself passed away, some early endeavours at sermons, efforts of his boyish years, while on Sunday evenings he was wont to conduct services for the servants.

When he was about fifteen the family returned to London, and the youth spent some time in the home of his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. George Gladstone, learning much from the cultivated friends who gathered there. Here, too, he often met the late Rev. J. Baldwin Brown. The world of physical science, with its delights, was opened up before the eager and inquiring boy, and perhaps from that period of his life Mr. Meyer was led to take up the opinion he holds so strongly that the true way of guiding the young is to so fill the opening mind with the good, the beautiful, and the true, or to awaken its interest so fully to these things, that there is little room left for the evil and the hateful and the false.

Another idea drawn from his own experience, and which Mr. Meyer holds strongly, is that young men thinking of entering the ministry should graduate first in city, *i.e.*, we apprehend, business, life. By this

means they get to know the life of young men, and to understand their wants, and some of the circumstances by which their life is conditioned and environed. Mr. Meyer was two years in a city counting-house, and probably the insight his sympathetic nature thus obtained of City life has been of great service in assisting him in his dealings with young men. Further, he acquired habits of punctuality and exact attention to details; but at length, after several

to the claims of the denomination to which he belongs, nor does he hold too lightly its special tenets, but he claims to be a Christian first and a denominationalist afterwards, and is prepared to fraternise and work with any "who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

Soon afterwards Mr. Meyer received an invitation to succeed Dr. Haycroft at Victoria Road Church, Leicester. He found, however, that this pastorate did not give him the desired opportunities for free



THE REV. F. B. MEYER.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

tentative efforts at preaching, and much consideration, he entered Regent's Park Baptist College, and took his B.A. degree at London University. During the latter part of his college course he held a small pastorate at Richmond, Surrey, where, in fact, he reared a church. On leaving he became assistant-minister to the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, where he spent some happy years, and afterwards held for a short time the pastorate of a church at York.

And here a circumstance occurred which influenced greatly his after-life and thought. It was the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who commenced their English mission tour of 1873 by services held in his chapel. He then obtained views of a broader, larger life than that of mere denominationalism, a life in which the great criterion, the great test, is that of devotion to Christ. Not that Mr. Meyer is insensible

unsectarian work "among the masses." So after two and a half years he resigned the charge. Some noble-minded people gathering round him, a public hall was taken, which was soon crowded. Out of that movement sprang Melbourne Hall, a building which was, and is to all intents and purposes, a Baptist church, but a church of quite a free and most unconventional type.

It was called Hall so that the people might not be startled by the name church or any religious conventionalism. It became the centre of quite a network of religious and benevolent agencies. Three thousand children were gathered in its schools, instructed by "the most glorious band of teachers," said Mr. Meyer, "a man ever had." The seating accommodation is for fourteen hundred people, while all seats were usually occupied, and there were eight hundred church members. Then, not long after the building was

completed, the total cost being £13,000, Mr. Meyer commenced his work among the prisoners.

The story of this work, with some of his experiences connected with it, he tells in his lecture on the subject.

The question in his mind was, Could a Christian gentleman by kindness reach the most degraded? So he went down one day to the prison gates. The immediate object of his visit was to see the father of one of the young people attending Melbourne Hall. Mr. Meyer found, however, he had been mistaken or misinformed, and the man was to be sent out from Derby gaol; but he had an opportunity, while waiting, of observing the kind of thing that went on there every morning.

He saw the little door in the great gates open, and a man step forth, looking wildly and eagerly around, as if searching for a familiar face. Two women met him. One carried a long coat and the other a red scarf, which he soon put on, and then the three went into a public-house near. Another man, coming out of the gaol, and seeing them enter, followed.

Mr. Meyer was told that the prisoners had nowhere else to go when they came out, and an inspiration came upon him that he would endeavour to make a change. So next morning he went again, though with fear and trembling, and since then every morning afterwards for five years—with but a few exceptions—to take the prisoners to breakfast at a coffee-house, and endeavour to persuade them to lead a better life. He is of opinion that for many men the prison-cell is the reformatory of God's earth. It gives the prisoners time to reflect.

Some six thousand prisoners altogether accepted his invitations. Many of these signed the total-abstinence pledge; for many, also, Mr. Meyer found work. The occupation which he offered them on his own account was chopping firewood. They used to chop thirty thousand bundles a week. He also started a Providence House, where he could lodge them. This led to the establishment of window-cleaning and messenger brigades for respectable men.

Mr. Meyer carried on this work in the face of great opposition. It was said he was cheapening the price of labour. But gradually the value of his philanthropic labours became recognised, and, not long after he left the town, he was invited down by the Mayor to receive an illuminated address and a testimonial of four hundred guineas.

His work has brought him into large acquaintance with the tramps of England. Indeed, he has said: "It is hardly possible for me to go into any town or village but there are persons who know my name." He divides the tramps into three classes. First, there are the professionals, who are "hard as bricks," and the most he can do for them is "to give them a breakfast and a kind word, and let them go their way." Then there is the respectable working-man seeking for employment, but who has had to barter his things for food. To help such, by a few clothes and a lodging in a respectable house, is a real kindness. In the third class Mr. Meyer places those who have been respectable, but have been reduced by reason of their own misdeeds. Work among such is often

productive of great good, and Mr. Meyer tells of an instance of a man, once earning a substantial income, but who had sunk to be "a wretched tramp in one of the Leicester lodging-houses," who was reclaimed. Of these lodging-houses he has but a very poor opinion. They are founts of iniquity, where crime is bred, and he recommends the establishment by philanthropists of new lodging-houses, with good managers—a recommendation which the present writer can heartily endorse. From a business point of view, he says, they could be easily worked, and would pay well. Into one of the Leicester lodging-houses, however, Mr. Meyer was wont to penetrate on the Sunday, and conduct services and schools. It was a terrible blow to Mr. Meyer to leave all this varied and successful work.

"I never meant to leave Leicester," said he. "I never suffered more than in leaving Leicester. I felt it, and so did the people.

"I took Regent's Park on several conditions, amongst which were these—that the pew-rents should be abolished, and that all the seats in the gallery should be free and open." And he had not been in the pastorate long before he quite changed the character of the prayer-meetings, his idea being, as he himself expressed it, to have "plenty of short, bright prayers, and not excluding those of Christian ladies."

Among other innovations is his Thursday morning service for business people, and his brief address to children every Sunday morning, in the preliminary service before the sermon, and in which he often says things to older people which he could not perhaps otherwise do. Then he has a class for children on the Saturday afternoons during winter months at the chapel, and numerous meetings of all kinds with young people are constantly being held.

In fact, two prominent principles of Mr. Meyer's work at his own church are to develop the social side of it, and to care very largely for the children and young people. Thus his pleasant house at Hampstead is thrown open every Saturday to any of his congregation who may choose to come. Refreshments are provided, and there is opportunity for agreeable social intercourse. Then on Sunday afternoon he has inaugurated a new departure, in the shape of a large young men's class and meeting of a somewhat novel character. After the class has been held the members have tea together, good literature is provided for them, and they may spend the afternoon and evening there if they choose. These arrangements are intended primarily for the young men employed in the West End of London who have no home.

In his pulpit ministrations Mr. Meyer believes in the systematic exposition of Scripture, and especially in making use of the biographies of the Bible; Jacob, Elijah, and Abraham have already been treated by him, and published in separate volumes. Mr. Meyer writes his sermons throughout, and reads them over two or three times before preaching them, so that he knows the line of thought, but he never takes a scrap of MS. into the pulpit. "I could not," he says, "recommend too highly the practice of writing sermons; I owe to it more than I can tell,

MR. MEYER'S STUDY. (*From a sketch.*)

because when I am now severely pressed I am able to express my thoughts without fear of inaccurate speech."

Twice a week Mr. Meyer goes down to Harley House, Bow—Mr. Grattan Guinness's Missionary Training Institute—to lecture to the students, and his services are also in frequent request for the conduct of special missions. These are on the subject of Christian living, and are usually held for four days at a time, and are quite unsectarian. Mr. Meyer has conducted them at the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, the Pavilion, Brighton, and many other places all over the country. He is also the author of a number of little works of a devotional character, which in the aggregate have attained a circulation of some 150,000 copies.

The work at Regent's Park Chapel, or in connection therewith, comprises numerous agencies of a varied character, including a Domestic Mission in one of the poorer districts off Hampstead Road. This mission has its own Sunday service, Workmen's Club, Gospel Temperance Meeting, Mutual Aid Society, Sick Club, Loan Fund, Lending Library, and Penny Bank. In this latter are nearly 1,400 depositors, who paid in

during 1887 the sum of £773 4s. 11d., showing, as in some other penny banks, how much this means of saving money is valued and relied upon by the poor when in hands they can trust. A sewing class is also held for the girls. In connection with the church, there are also Sunday-schools, Sunday Evening Ragged-school, in connection with which is a fife-and-drum band for the elder boys, young women's class, and singing class, Benevolent Society for the help of the sick poor, Total Abstinence and Band of Hope Societies, a Bible, Nurse, and Mothers' Meeting Mission, a Dorcas and Infants' Friend Society, a Christmas Dinner Fund, a Tract Society, and a Literary Society, in addition to funds in aid of denominational objects, such as the Baptist Foreign Mission, British and Irish Mission, Baptist Union, Zenana Mission, etc. Altogether the church raised some £1,868 during the year 1887 for various objects. Of most of these different societies Mr. Meyer is president, yet after having regard for these varied agencies, he keeps before him the ideal of free unsectarian work and of unconventional methods which he found so successful when, humanly speaking, he created and inspired the remarkable work at Melbourne Hall, Leicester.



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

71. To what is reference made in the passage, "Before Ephraim, Benjamin, and Manasseh," in Psalm lxxx?
72. What is the general idea set forth in Psalm xcv?
73. What is meant by the "second veil" referred to by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews?
74. What two incentives does St. Paul set before Christians to be earnest in their lives?
75. "To the young ravens which cry"—to what do these words probably refer?
76. What duty is strongly inculcated in the book of Proverbs?
77. What does St. James say should be the effect of trial and suffering upon the Christian?
78. Quote some words of St. Peter which tell us of the work of Christ during the three days His body was in the tomb.
79. What are we to understand as "the Valley of Baca"?
80. What is there peculiarly interesting concerning Psalm xc?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 714.

61. "I have heard many such things; miserable comforters are ye all." (Job xvi. 2.)
62. In Job xxviii. 1—12.
63. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." (Job xix. 25, 26.)
64. Silas, "a chief man among the brethren." (1 Thess. i. 1.)
65. The town of Philippi. (1 Thess. ii. 2.)
66. The Apostles, in quoting from this Psalm, speak of the words as written by David. (Psalm ii. 1, 2; Acts iv. 25, 26.)
67. Psalm xxiv. 7—10.
68. The passage having reference to his strong jaws and the closeness of his scales. (Job xli. 13—18.)
69. God causeth the rain to come "whether for correction, or for His lands, or for mercy." (Job xxxvii. 13.)
70. St. Paul speaks of the "voice of the Archangel," and St. Jude mentions the Archangel Michael. (1 Thess. iv. 16; Jude 9.)

THROUGH THE ALBULA.



AM sorry to tell you we cannot stay longer here, Mabel. Papa says we must be moving on, and every arrangement is made for starting to-morrow morning. You and Aunt Esther are to go by diligence, papa and I an hour or two earlier in the morning in a

small open carriage."

"Oh! I should have liked that so much better. Why is it, Alice, that you always go with papa, while I am left with Aunt Esther?"

"You know, Mabel dear, it is not because he does not like you quite as well, but since poor papa has been ill he is more accustomed to have me with him; besides, Aunt Esther would rather have your company."

"But it's not pleasant being crowded inside a diligence. In an open carriage you can enjoy the scenery so much more. And I must say, Alice, though you are a few years older, I think we ought to take it in turn to be with papa."

"Well, dear, I will speak to him about it, and it shall be as he wishes."

"She'll not try to persuade him," muttered Mabel,

as her sister left the room, "for of course she'd rather go herself to-morrow."

At this moment Aunt Esther looked in, on her way up-stairs. "What's the matter, dear?—are you sorry to leave this pretty place?"

"It's not that, aunt, but I would like so much to go with papa in the morning, even for once, and you could have Alice, who is a great deal better than I am."

"That would not suit at all, Mabel. Ever since your mother's death Alice has taken care of her father, and you would not understand all the little attentions he requires. Remember how lately you have left school, and what short experience you have had of home life."

"Just so," thought Mabel; "everyone is against my seeing anything. I might as well have been left in England." Then a new idea struck her, and she said aloud, "Aunt Esther, why might we not have a larger carriage, and all go together?"

"Because, my dear, I should be afraid to travel in that way, and it would necessitate a much earlier start, which makes me ill for the whole day."

"But there is no real danger, or papa and Alice would not go. And after all, carriages need only leave two hours before the diligence. I wish you would change your mind."

But Aunt Esther was not to be moved, and could not help thinking her favourite niece a little selfish.

Presently Alice returned. "Well, Mabel, I could not induce papa to alter his plans."

"I should think not. I don't suppose you tried very hard."

"I did not like to worry him. The doctor said so much depended on his mind being kept easy during this trip."

Mabel made no reply, but hurried off to her room. In about an hour Alice came to the door. "Papa is just settling for the night, Mabel; will you come in and say 'Good-night?' And please don't disturb his mind about to-morrow's plans."

"Perhaps it would be better I did not go in at all. I don't suppose he cares much to see me. You can tell him I am going to bed."

Alice closed the door with a sigh, and returned to her father's room. When she came back Mabel was asleep.

Next morning dawned clear and bright. Mr. Elton and his eldest daughter were early astir. Alice dressed quietly, so as not to disturb her sister, but Mabel, though she feigned sleep, knew well when Alice left the room, and rushed to the window just in time to see the carriage turn the corner and disappear from view.

In due time Mabel and her aunt took their places in the diligence. Two other passengers formed the party. The morning sun gilt with its own peculiar brilliancy the surrounding scenery, all nature was full of brightness and glory, but Mabel felt dull and depressed, for her mind was preoccupied with conflicting feelings: disappointment, jealousy, perhaps a touch of compunction also.

At length these unpleasant thoughts were interrupted by an exclamation from Aunt Esther: "What a fearful abyss! and we are on the very verge!"

"Oh, don't be so nervous, aunt; no one ever does fall over."

"No," remarked one of their fellow-travellers, "diligences seldom meet with accidents; there is greater risk to small carriages, which are often obliged to stand on the very edge of the road, to allow the larger vehicles room to pass, but the horses are so well trained they seldom go a step too far."

In the most magnificent spot of the pass the driver pulled up—according to custom—in order that the passengers might see the full extent of the stupendous wall of rock, its depth below, its height above. Aunt Esther covered her eyes, and felt sick and giddy, but Mabel gazed out of the window till her head began to swim, and, grand as was the sight, she could not help wishing they were safely over.

Soon the road began to descend, and they were getting on faster, when suddenly the vehicle again came to a standstill.

"What's the matter?" was the general question.

But Mabel did not need to ask—one glance from the window showed her, caught on a broad shelf of rock, half-way down the cliff, the remains of a small carriage: cushions, wheels, broken pieces of wood-work, scattered about in confusion. All at once a

horrible dread took possession of her mind. Unable to utter a word, she sat with eyes fixed on the scene of the disaster. One hope was still left. Perhaps this accident took place a long time ago, and the wreck had not been removed. But even this ray of comfort was dispelled by the coachman's reply to a question of one of the travellers.

"No, monsieur, it was not here when I passed yesterday. The overthrow must have taken place either last night or this morning. But we must get on, for no one can be of any use now: the bodies have been removed already—for one thing is certain, no one in that carriage could have escaped destruction."

"Oh, stop! do stop! even for a few minutes," shrieked Mabel, her voice returning with startling shrillness. "I want to know if it is the carriage." But her frantic cry was unheeded—the diligence moved on, though at a slower pace. "Oh, Aunt Esther! could it be—oh, perhaps—"

Her aunt answered the thought rather than the broken words. "I think, dear, it is not likely. The horse was good, the driver steady, and both well accustomed to the pass. Of course we must feel a little anxious; but be calm—God will take care of them. Let us not anticipate evil, but trust Him."

"I did not even ask Him this morning to take care of them," whispered Mabel. "I was in such a hurry; and, besides, I was angry." Here she paused, overcome by a flood of remorseful feelings. Ah! life is too short and uncertain to part from those we love in unkindness. Mabel sat still and silent the rest of the way. The splendid scenery of the mountain-pass—which she had been so eager to see—was now unnoticed, uncared-for. On went the wheels in dull, monotonous round, up and down hill, while Mabel brooded over her fears. What would she not have given to recall the last twenty-four hours? How groundless, how insignificant, her jealousy now appeared! and how many instances rushed to her memory of the kindness and affection of the father and sister from whom she had parted with unkind feelings, and, alas! bitter words also.

At length the diligence stopped at a small hotel in the village of Bergun, where the horses were to rest for an hour. While there, many inquiries were made as to the overturned carriage, but with no result—the accident had not even been heard of. Such occurrences are usually hushed up as much as possible, lest travellers should be discouraged; and, indeed—considering the dangerous nature of the passes—they are not frequent. After a weary delay, which in no way relieved poor Mabel's anxiety, the party again started, and five more hours of slow driving through a dreary and desolate region, with no green thing to break the stern monotony of rock and stone, brought them to the head of the valley. And now the horses, forgetful of their previous fatigue, set off at full speed down the winding road—marked out only by a row of high white stones placed at regular intervals—along the very verge of the precipice. Mabel could have wished to hold them back, for she felt that every step brought her painful suspense nearer to a sadder certainty.

Time goes on relentlessly, however, notwithstanding all our hopes and fears; and soon the diligence drew up at the Bernina Hotel, where the party were to meet. With a sick feeling of dread Mabel looked out. The door, indeed, stood open; but no familiar face was there to greet them after the long, weary journey. Only the *maitre d'hôtel* and servants advanced to receive the guests. Aunt Esther stepped out first, and Mabel heard her ask whether Mr. and Miss Elton had arrived; but the answer did not reach her ear, for just at this critical moment, as she tried to

safe;" and Alice bent fondly over the sofa, laying her cool hand on the burning forehead and flushed cheek of the excited girl.

The revulsion of feeling was too much, and Mabel burst into tears.

"And papa?" she sobbed.

"Yes, dear, papa is safe also; he was tired, and had just lain down when you arrived. I was in his room, and could not go down to meet you. I have not told him of your illness, fearing to make him anxious; so I hope you will soon be able to come in and see



"As she lay still and silent she could hear whispered words."

follow her aunt into the house, a kind of blank darkness seemed to fall upon her, and she knew no more.

When sense and feeling returned, Mabel found herself lying on a sofa in a strange room, opposite an open window, from which she could see the snowy peak of a mountain rosy with sunset rays. But though this glorious sight was the first to meet her eyes, a dull, half-remembered weight of trouble seemed to press her down. As she lay still and silent, she could hear whispered words. "What can have caused this attack? She seemed quite well this morning. Never had anything of the kind before." Then, as memory returned, "Where am I?" she murmured. "Oh! in pity speak to me, whoever you are. What has happened to my father and Alice?"

"Be calm, dear," said a gentle voice. "We are

him. Aunt Esther says you have been fretting about us since you saw a carriage overturned in the pass. We saw it too, and heard when we arrived here that it was returning empty last night, and in the dark went too near the edge; the driver was walking, and able to cut the traces in time to save the horse; no lives were lost."

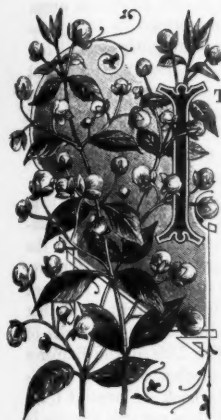
"Oh, Alice, I was almost quite sure it was your carriage! Oh! you don't know what a day it has been to me; and I parted with you so unkindly, and did not ask God to take care of you, because I was angry."

"Well, dear, you see how good He is! He gives us more than we ask; and now let us thank Him for protecting us all through the dangers of the mountain pass."

S. T. A. R.

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.



"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

It is the will of our Heavenly Father to afflict us, and we must submit." The words fell from a Christian, tried and true, but they struck us with a sense of some mistake; are not our joy, our peace, our blessedness, the will of our Heavenly Father? We are expressly told that God wills we should continually render thanksgiving; sometimes by our ignorance and errors we outrage Nature's laws, and so suffer from colds, dyspepsia, and other depressing complaints; but it seems to us ungrateful to lay all our troubles to the will of God, and fail, as we frequently do, to recognise that will in our good-fortune and enjoyments. Every good gift, no less than the bereavement, is under the Lord's control, and grows out of His great heart of love, and of His remembrance of us. Some excuse their seasons of depression thus—"God sends me bright days of spiritual summer; I must expect these hours of darkness as well." But if we *must* have our hours of darkness, let our own hearts and our Master know them only, lest we hinder and depress the Christian life of those around us. We heard of a good man who arose in a prayer-meeting, and asked the precentor to start a tune for a hymn full of mournings and complaints, but the precentor declined, believing the general atmosphere to be one of thanksgiving, and gave out instead—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

It has been said that the best remedy for depression is to count up our mercies; by the time we have reckoned up a portion of these, we shall surely be on our knees in praise to Him who, whatever our outward circumstances may be, is great in goodness, great in beauty, changeless in His mindfulness and love.

A FRUITFUL MINISTRY.

A contemporary describes the work of Mrs. Spurgeon's "Book Fund" as "an invention in Christian philanthropy," and the results of this invention reach further than human sight can follow. Year by year, despite long feebleness, Mrs. Spurgeon has carried on this quiet, blessed ministry both at home and abroad, supplying from a store of helpful, inspiring volumes pastors to whom such literary contributions come indeed as waters of strength and refreshment. Pastors with small means on which were numerous calls—pastors in lonely places, sorely needing the

companionship of congenial minds—pastors whose hearts burned within them at the mention of longed-for books, alas! beyond their reach—such have been the recipients of gifts from Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund. "I feel as if someone had left me a fortune," writes one in acknowledgment of books received; and another says, "If you knew all my needs in this direction, you would understand how precious and helpful such a gift will be to me." "I cannot resist a good book," said a gifted preacher, excusing what some might deem his weakness in that direction: would that it were possible for more Christian workers to indulge their pardonable yearning towards a helpful, suggestive library! A few here and there still seem of opinion that a pastor's mental needs may be left to the supplies of Providence, but since so many Christian spirits have been led to enrich our literature with inspiring and immortal thoughts, it is our duty to pass on as far as possible the words that have already proved help and blessing. A pastor in the midland counties was so much gladdened by the literature sent from the Fund that he wondered what he could do to make others similarly happy, and, by the help of Christian friends, he managed at last to establish five village libraries: other kindly schemes have been the outgrowth of the Book Fund, a similar agency having now been started in Australia. Mrs. Spurgeon's efforts are limited to needy pastors of churches, and she suggests that some loving heart might undertake the distribution of suitable volumes to local preachers, lay helpers, etc. Clergymen and Nonconformist ministers alike have been benefited by her Fund, which reaches to China, India, Russia, New Zealand, etc. Very beautiful and suggestive are the words of Mrs. Spurgeon in her report: "Shut out from all other activity, but so gloriously helped in this, how can I do otherwise than give myself entirely and joyfully to be used in such a Divinely appointed way?"

THE SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR.

Teachers can sympathise with one another in the difficulty experienced again and again in keeping our elder scholars. We would fain see them still among us, till our scholars shall be teachers and active Christian workers, but too often the age of fifteen or sixteen means a vacant place in the class, for there are many outside temptations, and that age has a longing to be considered free and "grown-up." This year the friends of the Sunday School Union were much interested in considering an association that exists for young people in America, the Society of Christian Endeavour. Here we have musical bands and sewing meetings, cricket clubs, guilds, the boys' brigade, etc., working for the sake of our elder scholars; and in America this Society has launched out into many branches, all combining to draw away youths and maidens from worldly influence, and to benefit them morally and spiritually. There is the Sunday-school branch, which

finds teachers for vacant classes; there are also the Prayer Meeting, Missionary, Temperance, White Cross, and Relief Committees, and the "Look-out" Branch, which finds out in a spirit of loving interest how the young people are getting on. The "Calling Committee" arranges for necessary visitation, and for acquaintance with new-comers, etc. All this means a great deal of oversight, thought, and arrangement, but the Society seems to be a real success, and to be fruitful in help and blessing. "God changes His workers," it has been said, "but His work goes on;" those in His vineyard to-day will be called ere long to rest. How earnestly we should strive and pray that the coming generation may arise to confess the Master openly, and to enlist in His service! An English speaker told how the little girls of his Sunday-school were taking charge of infirm old women, and tidying their rooms, for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

A CENTURY'S RECORD.

The secretary of the recent most successful conferences on Foreign Missions, the Rev. James Johnston, F.S.S., who was also the author of the clever little "Century of Protestant Missions" (which we noticed a short time back), has now published, through Messrs. Nisbet and Co., a work entitled "A Century of Christian Progress, and its Lessons." Some of the lessons which he points out to us are most significant, among the foremost being the difference between the progress of the Protestant nations and the stagnation of other countries. Another important lesson to be noted is that a nation which is, in the highest sense, religious, is more prosperous in almost every department of life, and more successful and more daring in its ventures of commerce, than a nation

the attention of our readers. In Mr. Johnston's record of the last hundred years' progress, he was naturally compelled to deal much with the great German Empire, whose place in the European arena has become so much more important of late years than it was a century ago; and recently—as all our readers know—this Empire has twice been called upon to pass through "the deep waters." Within three months it has lost two great rulers: one full of years, the other struck down in his prime. The story of the Emperor William—the first Emperor of United Germany—has already been told for older readers by Mr. Archibald Forbes; but younger readers, to whom this long life should certainly be full of lessons, cannot be expected to know the meaning of many of the references to European history and political movements which must necessarily find a place in the work for their elders. It was a happy thought, then, that led the Rev. W. W. Tulloch to add to his series of biographies for the young "The Life of the Emperor William" (Nisbet); and any teacher or friend who is on the look-out for a suitable book or present for a young reader cannot do better than get this volume in its attractive dress of "Imperial purple."

"IN THE GAY SUNSHINE."

Last year about 1,600 children of the London Ragged Schools were sent for a fortnight into the country, and *six thousand* little ones were enabled to enjoy one never-to-be-forgotten day among fields and hills. Those who receive the little street-arabs as visitors tell us that they are sometimes frightened at first by wide commons and Nature's freedom; they are so used to the sunless alleys that they fancy the spreading heaths hold wild animals and unseen



"One never-to-be-forgotten day."

in which the greater proportion of the people take no thought for matters of religion. These lessons, and many similar ones, may be learned from Mr. Johnston's book, which we commend most heartily to

dangers, and one little thing cried out, "Take me home—it is too big!" But timidity soon changes to wonder and delight and healthful romping, and when the sunburnt children return to Slumdom with

smiling faces and hands full of flowers, they have gained good in body, mind, and soul, and look so well that sometimes their friends can scarcely recognise them. "We look like little angels," decided a juvenile, bathed and white-robed for bed after the journey from London; such unusual luxury fits the children for next morning's wholesome enjoyment of "the sweet looks that Nature wears," and the regular habits and kind Christian treatment all combine to make such visits an Eden to the poorest of the poor. Again through these sunshiny days the workers of the Ragged School Union are putting forth the appeal: "Which of you by taking thought can assist our Holiday Homes?"

THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

Mrs. Smyly (35, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin), who is working on behalf of the Dublin Mission, sends us an interesting account of a city missionary, now taken hence, who toiled to carry the Gospel into the dark places of that city. Later on, he went forth with the same message into country districts, and trod the mountains, knapsack on back, footsore and weary; everyone hunted him thence as a foe, refusing him a drink of milk or a resting-place. Reminding them of this years after, he was greeted with the cry, "We would not treat you so now; we would give you a *cead mille faillte*." And the old man looked at them tenderly as he said, "I want you all to give the Saviour a *cead mille faillte* to your hearts." Once a mob rushed out at him with knives and sticks, and a man called out, "Why don't you run?"—"Till God please," said the evangelist, "none of you can touch me; when He chooses, I am ready." The weapons were put away, and he remained unhurt. Many other earnest warriors have fought in the Irish Church Mission campaign, striving to carry the Gospel light across the Emerald Isle, and to make the fair scenes of nature beautiful with peace and holiness. Owing to railway enterprises, some mission buildings in Dublin have had to be pulled down, and the compensation is not found sufficient for the purchase of a new site; an excellent situation has been found, and help would be much appreciated towards raising the necessary buildings hereon, and thus continuing the good work in Dublin that has been so much encouraged and blessed.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.

We were privileged this summer to attend an interesting meeting that has been annually carried on for some time, and, though happily such a gathering would be now less rare than in days gone by, it was still of a specially striking and touching character. The garden of a mission-room, bright with waving boughs, was filled with tramps, gipsies, wanderers of all ages, from those grey-haired to little ones in arms; by the kind exertions of a Christian lady, these had all been gathered in to a substantial tea, and were seated at tables where fragrant flowers were smiling cheer and welcome. Two policemen strolled in by-and-by, and seemed inclined to eye the assemblage rather doubtfully, but, despite their rough appearance, they

behaved quietly and well, and many cheering traits could be noted even among the poorest. Here was a worn-looking mother, scantily clad, holding tightly to her a delicate-looking child, and whispering to her that she had the best posy of all—a gay bunch of buttercups. "She will begin with bread and butter, please," said the careful mother, prudently, laying by an offered piece of bread and jam for her child's future benefit. "Get her a cup of tea, my lady," said a rough-looking man, pointing to a woman who we found had recently left the hospital; "she can't eat naught just now, but she could take some tea. I'll look after you," he added to the invalid, with a cheery, encouraging nod. His garments were fastened with a safety-pin, and the tramp's look was upon him, but we recognised a good heart beneath the rough exterior, and were not surprised to see him later on carefully arranging with the safety-pin a cherished flower that had fallen to his share. All present must have been struck by the wanderers' passion for flowers; they entreated and strove, and were inclined to struggle for a spray; rough gipsy-lads were eyeing the blossoms with tender admiration, and, on receiving them, they seemed perfectly contented and happy. After tea came hymns in which many readily joined, the Lord's Prayer breathed alike by rich and poor, earnest supplications on their behalf, and the "wonderful words of Life," telling of the Heart that can be Home for the wandering, Rest for the weary, and Strength for the tempted! There were tears in the eyes of some of those rough men as they listened; one who went to sketch their faces laid his pencil away. "I saw those tears," he said, "and I could not stand there drawing; those faces seemed to touch the depth of my heart."

A RECORD OF GOSPEL POWER.

The Working-Men's Mission, Collingwood Street, New Cut, has existed for about eleven years. It still remains a ministry of working-men to those of their own class, and has developed growing branches, such as special meetings for children, as well as for adults; rescue work among the fallen, feeding the hungry, temperance efforts; the visitation of lodging-houses, etc. Before the services, skirmishing bands go forth amid the courts and alleys of the neighbourhood, and thus people are drawn in to the mission-hall; while many who refuse to enter hang about the door, listening to the hymns sung within. The converts here seem all inspired with the longing to draw others to the Lord. We hear of a young person employed in a work-room—once the object of a Sunday-school teacher's efforts—who was induced by a Christian companion to attend the hall, and there was affected by the preaching, being brought to decision by the words of a young Christian girl, "Jesus has a work for you to do." Her work is now found in taking a class of little ones; her own teacher of past days told her she had never left off praying for her conversion. The mission members go on recruiting in workshops, kitchens, etc., and more than eight hundred houses are regularly visited week, by week, with interesting and suitable reading. When Dr.

Judson was labouring in Burmah, he was asked what assurance he had of success. He replied: "There is a God Who will fulfil all His promises." And He Who honoured so largely the missionary's faith and love has crowned with tokens of His grace and goodness the little mission of former years that labouring men started for Him, and which has now grown into an important, extensive factor in turning men and women amid dark surroundings to the Shepherd of the Fold.

IN GOD'S FRESH AIR.



MR. GAWIN KIRKHAM.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)

This year the motto of the Open-Air Mission is, "Speak what thou knowest," and week by week undaunted hearts are carrying out this watchword under the free arch of heaven, with ever varied listeners, sowing beside all waters, appealing alike to the careless, the

argumentative, the hostile, the almost persuaded, and simply, clearly preaching the Master's Word, leaving results to Him. "Perhaps we have more difficulties than ordinary preachers," said Mr. Kirkham, the secretary; "but I think we have also more encouragements." And as they pass from fair to race-course, amid shows, and festivals, and busy streets, wherever the mob is surging and thronging, again and again these workers in the open-air are privileged to see drunkards reformed, gamblers impressed, and those who seemed hopeless at the feet of Jesus. Gipsy children at Kingston Fair gathered around to hear the preaching; from Carlisle we hear of tracts thrown aside by some, picked up by others; from Tremadoc of a backslider drawn back into the Christian life; from Cornwall and Monmouthshire of new village stations opened as the issue of the preaching. Many striking incidents of blessing received are told by the missionaries. On one occasion a man who had estranged his wife by brutal conduct had determined to assault her—he was in so frenzied a state that it might have meant murder. He stopped to listen to the street-preaching, and it reached his heart and caused him to go quietly home. This man was led to surrender himself to God. One Sunday afternoon a husband and wife strolled out, and were attracted by singing

to a meeting by the way; both were convinced of sin, and, later on, both found peace in believing. Next day, the man went to his work, and witnessed for Christ to his "mates." Mr. Kirkham said solemnly, in our hearing, "The grandest of all open-air sermons was *Calvary!*" And the brave men who go forth from this mission into towns and villages are bearing to all who pass by, the echoes of that Love which was on Calvary made manifest.

"CHRISTIAN LIVING."

Readers of the account of our Special Commissioner's interview with the Rev. F. B. Meyer will be glad to welcome a pretty little volume which Messrs. Morgan and Scott have just issued under the above title, containing a series of eloquent addresses which have been delivered by Mr. Meyer at conferences and missions, with wonderful results. We trust that the addresses may be equally successful in this new form. "By God's Help" is the title given to a miniature volume containing daily thoughts and prayers for the use of members of the Church of England Temperance Society, by whose committee it is issued.—Preachers and teachers should find the volume of the "Biblical Illustrator" on St. Mark, which the Rev. J. S. Exell has just issued through Messrs. Nisbet, very useful. We have referred to this series before, but we may recall to our readers the fact that it presents, verse by verse, a series of illustrative anecdotes, references, and other aids to the right understanding of the text of Scripture. The references are taken from widely different sources, and it is evident that their collection must have been the cause of many years' arduous work.—"The Voice of the Year" (Nisbet) is intended to remind us that this present year is the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the bicentenary of the establishment of the Protestant succession to the throne of this country; and its author, Mr. A. S. Lamb, calls upon us not



"Gipsy children gathered round to hear the preaching."

to let slip, or in any degree escape us, those blessings of freedom of worship and purity of faith which our forefathers secured for us at such a terrible cost. —“Raynbirds and Robins” is the title given to a very attractive story for the young by E. C. Matthews, of which Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher. We commend the book to Sunday-school librarians and officials.—In a curiously interesting volume entitled “Sunlight” (Trübner and Co.), Mr. H. P. Mallet sets himself the very daring task of proving that light is the potent force in the material universe, instead of heat as has generally been assumed. We must leave our scientific readers to form their own conclusions from Mr. Mallet’s book, which they will, at any rate, find interesting, and reverent in its tone.

“ENDURE UNTO THE END.”

Phrenologists tell us that a bump worth developing is that of *continuity*. So many people can devise good and useful schemes, and even *start* them, but keeping one’s shoulder to the wheel is a little more difficult. Ben Jonson said, “I am like a tailor’s needle—I *go through*,” but the people who *give up* are more in numbers than those who *persevere*. Would that all would realise that the secret of success is steadily keeping on at what is good and helpful, even though the task seem difficult, discouraging, and opposed! A preacher once told of an old man whom he watched at stone-breaking: “When there came a stone harder to break than usual,” he said, “the old man *struck* harder and more often, and so they were all broken at last.” If our work seem disheartening, let us go at it with even more energy and resolution. Are we not fellow-workers with Him who can break even the iron and brass in sunder, and with whom *nothing* is impossible?

AN OPEN BIBLE FOR ITALY.

We hail with thankfulness the dawn of better days for Italy. For some weeks past the proprietor of a Milanese newspaper has been issuing in halfpenny numbers a new translation into Italian of the Word of God, thus placing it within reach of the poorest. True, the text consists of the well-known Vulgate version, but we are hopeful that this act of Signor Sonzogno will pave the way for a purer and more accurate text hereafter. This, the first-fruits of the repeal of restrictive laws by which the general circulation of the Scriptures was practically suppressed, shows how great a step has been taken towards the spiritual enfranchisement of the Italian people.

LIGHT THROUGH TOUCH.

“Celestial Light!

Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate,—there plant eyes,”

sings Milton, himself an immortal witness of inward vision, notwithstanding darkened sight. By the use of Dr. Moon’s simple type, many have read by touch the precious Bible, and received education in history, geography, poetry, etc. How their faces light up

with joy, as they trace the characters, and feel they are not so utterly shut out from the realms of cheer and knowledge as once they thought! The time is long past when the kindest thing that could be arranged



“Now she can read almost as fast by touch as formerly by sight.”

for the blind or crippled was to make them pensioners on charitable bounty; a better way now exists of helping them to help themselves, and of improving their own condition, and inspiring them with hope and energy. We hear of a blind woman who had read nothing for twenty-two years, yet was taught by Dr. Moon’s method, and now can read almost as fast by touch as formerly by sight; another became blind at the age of ninety, but continued to read her Bible (by means of her fingers) till five years later she fell asleep in Jesus. How merciful is He Who, in permitting the shadow of blindness to fall on Dr. Moon himself, has brought light for hundreds out of darkness! for the doctor set himself to devise a suitable system of reading for the blind, and we cannot estimate the value and comfort of his help. Increased funds would result in the publication of yet more books in embossed type, and the increase of home-teaching and free-lending libraries of such books. The Society for circulating the Bible, etc., in Moon’s type, is at 104, Queen’s Road, Brighton, where thank-offerings from those who enjoy the blessing of sight would be well and wisely laid out on behalf of the blind.

“BE USEFUL WHERE THOU LIVEST.”

We wonder how many of our readers, laid aside just now in weakness, perhaps in pain, are sad at heart because they are “doing nothing?” Faith without works does not satisfy them, and herein they are in the right. Whately tells us of two travellers who disputed as to the importance of these attributes, and

presently their ferryman settled the matter thus: "I hold in my hand two oars; I call one *faith*, the other *works*. If I pull the oar of faith alone my boat goes round and round and does not get on, and so with the oar of works; but, gentlemen, if I pull *both together* we shall reach our landing-place." A word to our invalid friends who would thus unite faith with works. First of all, are you quite certain you are *useless*? May not your patience and trust be preaching to someone near you a sermon more eloquent than many delivered from a pulpit? May not your quiet endurance, like the "folded hands" of the painter who could paint no more, but was sketched thus by a fellow-artist, be inspiring those who look upon you with restful thoughts of peace and faith and love to the will of God? And, on your couch of weakness, you have opportunities of doing immortal work. Some who would not listen to a pastor will attend quietly while in your weakness you speak a word for Jesus; and your dear ones, who gather round you from their outside work, feeling your room a Bethel, will cherish longer than you think the messages the Master gives you for them. If you can use your hands, we would say correspond with some missionary abroad, or some young servant here, or with anyone to whom a Christian letter will be an oasis of cheer. A religious contemporary some time ago quoted the Latin proverb, "More useless than seaweed," and showed that seaweed yielded *iodine*, a boon to many a sufferer. Physical weakness need not mean spirit-torpor or a useless life. Many a sick-bed has brought glory to God and blessing to man, and the effort thereto has resulted in real benefit to nerves and body. As Herbert quaintly expresses it—

"A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse."

"SHE HATH WROUGHT A GOOD WORK UPON ME."

It is natural for the Christian heart, filled with love to God and man, to be anxious to be up and doing, and to work the works of grace and helpfulness while yet it is called to-day; the Master's disciples cannot be contented to be idle, and there is room in His service not only for the prominent ones, foremost in the war, but for His quiet home-ministers, many of whom doubtless would count themselves least and last, but shall be yet placed among those who are greatest in the Heavenly Kingdom. In Manchester, thanks to the instrumentality of devoted work by women among women, a little band of disciples has risen up in a very poor locality, where all things seem to be against the development of the brighter and higher life. Nevertheless, these poor women who have set themselves to follow the Master, have been anxiously asking, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Talents they had none, and very little education; of money they could spare little or nothing, for the daily-bread struggle meant hard work and perplexity. Love solved the problem of Christian work; each one determined to give one hour daily, or such portion of time as could possibly be spared, to tending a sick neighbour,

cleaning that neighbour's house, attending to the little ones therein, cooking or mending for the invalid, and thus in many ways comforting and helping the afflicted one. With a few strong hands and loving hearts combining in this ministry, how much blessed service can thus be rendered! these women have enough toil in their customary round to weary them, but the extra labour seems light, being done for the Master. We are not all fitted for the front ranks of service, nor can we all help on the good works surrounding us as liberally as heart could wish; but may God open our eyes to see and understand the burdens of our neighbours, and reveal to us the measure in which we can show practical sympathy.

"For in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee."

AGED CHRISTIAN ISRAELITES.

The freewill offerings of God's people have provided a cottage home for converted Jews who have been forsaken by their own race, and are too old to earn their living. The first cheque for this most needful provision was drawn by the Rev. W. Pennefather, the details of two or three distressing cases having been revealed to the notice of those who were praying and working for the race from which our Saviour came. No collectors are employed for this Home; the needs are simply laid before the Lord, and then before His servants, and every contribution has been thus sent in. The "British" Jews' Society carries on this work. Their office is at 96, Great Russell Street, W.; the "London" Society has pensioned the inmates of the institution, who receive therein some additional money help, with lodging, coal, gas, and rates free. It may be interesting to our readers to hear some account of those who have been sheltered beneath this roof. A Jew, born in Prussia, and a great traveller, bears this witness, at the age of eighty:—"I was baptised in 1842; I have had great temporal losses, out of which, by Divine grace, have come great spiritual gains. I believe that Messiah is come, that Jesus is my crucified Redeemer, and in that belief I hope to live and die." Another aged inmate was converted through the efforts of a Bristol clergyman, and earned his living by selling toys, pens, etc., till his health broke down, and finally he was taken into "Ebenezer." A poor widow from Hamburg saw nothing before her, after an illness in the hospital, but the workhouse, it was then she heard of the Home, and she says, "I am now, bless the Lord! the happiest woman in the world." A Polish Jew was the son of a ruler of the synagogue, and at sixteen knew much of the Talmud; his father wished to make him a Rabbi, but he desired to travel, and in an English church he heard the preacher praying to the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." He was much surprised, and further acquaintance with the minister led to his conversion and baptism as a Christian. "At seventy-two years old," says this man, "as I near the valley and shadow, I need more and more the crucified Jesus, whom, in health or affliction, I have found to be a Saviour indeed."

A NOBLE WORK.

"You are doing a noble work," wrote a girl to friends connected with the Y.W.C.A.: "many a poor girl feels your effort for her welfare." Special efforts have been put forth by this association on behalf of girls employed in restaurants, many of whom work hard and long, and are exposed to special difficulties and temptations. Social gatherings and Bible-classes have been arranged for their benefit, wholesome literature has been distributed amongst them, and an institute has been opened for their rest and improvement. We read of the testimony of a barmaid, coming into Christian care and sympathy from a hot, busy restaurant: "Oh, this is restful! I always feel so happy here, and go away refreshed." Several of these girls are abstainers, and, as a rule, the visits and help of those who long to befriend them are welcomed heartily and thankfully; there is great scope yet for work amongst young women in refreshment-rooms, and a lady who read a paper on this subject in Edinburgh well suggested that practical Christian ladies should visit the girls as friends, eschewing all notion of *patronage*, and taking with them bright leaflets, text-cards, etc. An invitation to tea, with enjoyable music and singing, would doubtless be a help; some ladies take part in the Letter Mission, writing now and then to particular girls, and sometimes sending them flowers, books, etc. Hundreds of young women are earning their living in restaurants, with brief leisure, and in many cases with surroundings that seem to counteract spiritual life; it is fitting that Christian love should specially reach out helping hands to these—we are told that not a few are bravely taking their stand for the right, "by the grace of God's Holy Spirit, and the support of our friendship."

FLOWER SERVICES.

"Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field."

Sweetly ring the hymns of praise that arise amid incense of wreathing lilies, and baskets of dewy roses, and wild flowers brought from hedge and lane. We lingered beside an old parish church one sunny afternoon watching the bright spoils of Nature that old

and young were bearing in to the crowded service; some had but two or three simple sprays, some had a wealth of loveliness, and tiny children were entering with glad faces; the blossoms preached a sermon the youngest could understand. The poet bids us, should sermons be long and incomprehensible, remember that "God takes a text and preaches *Patience*;" but, where the flowers are blowing, it is easy to be patient, for they whisper of Divine thought and arrangement and protection, of little flowers cared for by Him as well as those we crown as royal, of needful pruning, of quiet, fragrant growth, and of a life succeeding to seeming decay.



"The blossoms preached a sermon."

To some, flower-services savour of offence; they hold that fruit and flowers are not in their proper place within the sanctuary, but it seems to us a beautiful idea to surround the worshippers with living tokens of the Father's bounty, and then to send these forth to sick-bed and city court and workhouse and work-room, to cheer and comfort, and witness of the heart Divine. The decorations should not be so profuse or so magnificently arranged that the thoughts must inevitably centre on these things, even in a place of worship, rather than on Him whose Name we name; prayerful wisdom should

guide even the arrangement of the flowers, and let those whose minds seem inclined to wander commit their thoughts to the Master's keeping, and He will draw their meditation and contemplation up from Nature unto Nature's God.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS.

"Let Zion's time of favour come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!"

Fervently has the prayer gone up from many a yearning heart, from many a Christian congregation, and we cannot doubt that in the Master's own good time Jew and Gentile will stand side by side beneath His banner, and tell the wonders of His grace. How many of the children of Israel have already owned the Redeemer as their longed-for Messiah! and many more are seeing 'with clearer vision the way of salvation alike for every name and race. The *Jewish Herald*, the organ of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, bears witness to the triumphs of God's

truth in East London, "where there are more Jews than in Jerusalem." During one year 7,210 Hebrews attended the services in the Jewish Mission Hall, Whitechapel, and many tracts and New Testaments have been distributed. A gentleman interested in the movement urges that all classes of Christians should unite in establishing religious meetings in some central place accessible to the Jews, who must be kept aware that definite efforts are going on to uplift before them the Lord Jesus as the one Messiah. Mr. H. Ehrlich has laboured for the Jews in East London for twenty-five years, and so encouraging have been the results, that a money testimonial was suggested, but he answered, "Not myself, but my work," and the mission-hall is therefore to be rebuilt and enlarged.

"STRENGTHEN THY BRETHREN."

We are living either to weaken and depress our fellow-believers, or to hold up their hands, deepen their faith, and inspire them with new courage. We may prove a hindrance to some by a mournful or fretful appearance, which in nowise recommends the service of the Master whom we love; we may also be the means of weakening the Christian life of others by a thoughtless jest on Scriptural matters—a careless play upon words that to the listener convey such sacred associations. We have heard of a wit who, when dying, found no comfort in the texts repeated to him, because he had at some time or other turned all such into jokes, and Christian people must set their faces against this thoughtless habit of bringing into amusing conversation the Bible words with which we should indeed be familiar, but with a spirit of loving reverence. Those who have the courage to speak out and stop such joking, though others encourage by laughter, cannot fail to impress for good, and will ensure the witness of their own conscience that they have acted aright. And let us beware lest we sometimes spoil the effect of a sermon on the

minds of others by our own critical spirit. Two gentlemen were once leaving a place of worship, showing all the weak points in the discourse, when one less gifted, but in a more earnest frame of mind, quietly told how he had been affected by a certain portion of the sermon—"the one part worth hearing," said one of the gentlemen; "but his naming that part taught me a lesson, and made me repent my criticism." Let us ever be on our guard against quenching the spiritual yearnings and enfeebling the strength of those around us. The Master bids us "Comfort ye My people," and each one of His followers should pray and strive for more of His spirit of understanding and sympathy!

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

List of contributions received from May 28th, 1888, up to and including June 22nd, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

M. and C. Clifton, 2s.; J. J. E., Govan, seventh donation, 5s.; A Friend, Edinburgh, 3s.

"BLIND AND HELPLESS."

In response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number, we have received the following subscriptions from May 28th, 1888, up to and including June 22nd, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

Mrs. Atworth, Kilburn, 5s.; R. C., Liverpool, 5s.; Rebecca, Beckenham, 5s.; W. H. F., West Hartlepool, £1; J. B., Stirling, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Wm. Boyle, Ballyorman, 7s. 6d.; Kate Clifton, 2s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, Oldham, 5s.

Those of our readers who desire to contribute to this deserving case are requested to do so without delay, as it is now proposed to close the Fund.

We regret that in our May number Mr. H. H. Ten Broecke's donation should have been acknowledged as from "Carnelton, Missouri," instead of "Carrollton, Mississippi," his correct address.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR AUGUST.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	Psalm lxxv.	Heb. viii.
2.	Psalm lxxii., ver. 1-8, 17-20.	Heb. ix., to ver. 14.
3.	Psalm lxxiii., ver. 1-6, 23-28.	Heb. ix., from ver. 15.
4.	Psalm lxxvii., to ver. 12.	Heb. x., to ver. 13.
5.	Psalm lxxx., to ver. 10; ver. 14, 15.	Heb. x., 14-25.
6.	Psalm lxxxiv.	Heb. x., from ver. 28.
7.	Psalm lxxxv.	Heb. xi., to ver. 10.
8.	Psalm lxxxvi., to ver. 12.	Heb. xi., 11-21.
9.	Psalm xc., to ver. 12.	Heb. xi., 22-31.
10.	Psalm xc., from ver. 13; xci., to ver. 6.	Heb. xi., from ver. 32.
11.	Psalm xcvi.	Heb. xii., to ver. 13.
12.	Psalm xcvi.	Heb. xii., from ver. 14.
13.	Psalm ciii., to ver. 12.	Heb. xiii., ver. 1, 2; 5-13.
14.	Psalm cvii., ver. 21-32.	Heb. xiii., from ver. 14.
15.	Psalm cxv., to ver. 12.	James i., to ver. 15.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
16.	Psalm cxvi., ver. 1-4; 12-19.	James i., from ver. 16.
17.	Psalm cxviii., ver. 18-20.	James ii., to ver. 13.
18.	Psalm cxix., to ver. 12.	James ii., from ver. 14.
19.	Psalm cxix., ver. 105-116.	James iii., to ver. 13.
20.	Psalm cxxi.; cxxv.	James iii., from ver. 14; iv., to ver. 7.
21.	Psalm cxlv., to ver. 13.	James iv., from ver. 8.
22.	Psalm cxlvii., to ver. 11.	James v., to ver. 9.
23.	Psalm cxlviii.	James v., from ver. 10.
24.	Prov. i., to ver. 10; ver. 15, 16.	1 Peter i., to ver. 12.
25.	Prov. iii., to ver. 12.	1 Peter i., from ver. 13.
26.	Prov. iv., ver. 1-7, 23-27.	1 Peter ii., to ver. 12.
27.	Prov. viii., ver. 11-23.	1 Peter ii., from ver. 13.
28.	Prov. x., ver. 1-7, 19-24.	1 Peter iii., to ver. 11.
29.	Prov. xvi., ver. 1-9, 31-33.	1 Peter iii., from ver. 12.
30.	Prov. xx., ver. 1, 11; xxii., 1-6; xxiii., 29-32.	1 Peter iv., to ver. 13.
31.	Prov. xxxii., ver. 10-12, 21-31.	1 Peter v.



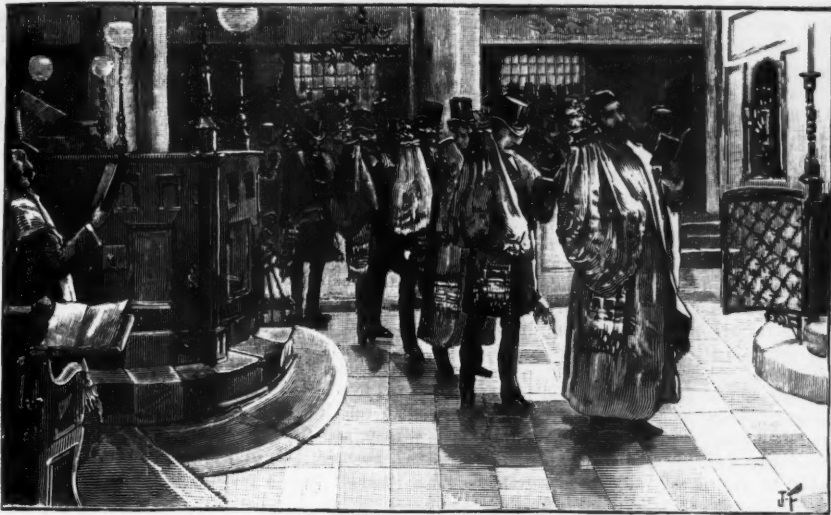


"The children, flower-laden every one,
Walk slowly homeward when the day is done."

"A SEPTEMBER PICTURE."—p. 856.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT AS OBSERVED BY THE MODERN JEWS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.



"Bearing the much-venerated rolls of the Scripture."—p. 805.



the Epistle to the Hebrews. The way in which it is observed by

the modern Jews is not so generally known, and as the writer has had special opportunities of witnessing it, a brief account of these rites may be found interesting, while it will serve to illustrate the great principle of the Christian Atonement, and the deep-seated consciousness of its necessity in every human heart.

It is a remarkable fact that this day, after the lapse of so many ages, is still kept as most sacred by the Jews in all the countries of their dispersion. With

slightly varying ritual and different degrees of strictness, it is regarded by them as an essential, practical bulwark of their religion. The great truths so impressively taught to their ancestors thirty-three centuries ago have never been altogether forgotten. Burnt in upon their souls by these solemn rites, repeated year after year through all those ages, they have left a mark which nothing can efface. In civilised lands the spirit of progress and inquiry has swept like a keen north wind over them, as well as others, and has imparted a fresh activity to their vigorous intellects. Many of them have, indeed, mistaken rationalism for earnest seeking after truth, and scepticism for large and liberal views. Nevertheless, when the tenth day of their seventh month comes round, go where we will through the countries where they sojourn, we find each community, whether rigidly orthodox or hopelessly latitudinarian, uniting in the ordinances of the "Yom Kippor." In the large towns the synagogues are crowded to overflowing. All who can possibly attend are present. Great are the sacrifices of time and gain made by not a few in London and elsewhere in abstaining from their daily callings on their Sabbaths and other Festivals, and in this they are often examples to Christians. But even the thoughtless and indifferent amongst the Jews, men whose whole lives are absorbed in money-making, and whose Sabbaths are passed in the banks, counting-houses, or shops, then burst the trammels of business and take part in the services with the most punctilious devotion. Many of the orthodox, to mark the solemnity of the

occasion, attire themselves in the long white linen robes which are usually presented by the bride to her husband at his marriage, and serve as a shroud after his death. The liturgy for the day is peculiarly beautiful and touching. It consists in great part of very minute and particular confessions of sin, and reiterated appeals to Divine mercy. Thus several times in the course of the day they unite in saying, "We have trespassed, we have dealt treacherously, we have stolen, we have spoken slander, we have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly," etc., etc., etc., "but Thou art just concerning all that is come upon us, for Thou hast dealt most truly, but we have done wickedly." And again, "Thou knowest all the secrets of the world, and the most hidden transactions of all living, Thou searchest all the inward parts and examinest the reins and the heart, so that there is nothing concealed from Thee, neither is there anything hidden from Thy sight. Oh, may it be acceptable in Thy presence, O Eternal, our God, and the God of our fathers, to pardon all our sins and forgive all our iniquities, and grant us remission for all our transgressions." These and many other acknowledgments of guilt are followed by the most impassioned appeals to Divine mercy, commencing with the following words: "Most merciful God is Thy name, most gracious God is Thy name. We are also called by Thy name. As Jehovah, grant us our request for Thy name's sake, grant it for the sake of Thy truth, grant it for the sake of Thy covenant, grant it for the sake of Thy promise, grant it for the sake of Thy memorial," and so forth. While reciting these prayers they often fall upon their knees

or their faces (instead of standing as at other times), they smite their breasts, as did the publican in the parable, and exhibit every sign of penitence. In such painful exercises, with strict fasting, they pass the whole day (except a short interval for sleep), from sunset to sunset, amidst the stifling atmosphere of their crowded sanctuaries, until they are thoroughly exhausted in body and mind. They may be moral, upright, esteemed members of society, justly respected for their social and domestic virtues. Are they not also the favoured descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? and, being of the number of the just, are they not according to their own creed assured of a place in Paradise? Do not the majority protest very loudly in theory against the very idea of an atonement for sin? "Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground," having no temple, no altar, no high priest, they cannot comply with the requirements of their law. How shall we account for their inconsistency? There must surely exist deep down in their hearts a suppressed conviction of moral defects—nay, of actual guilt, with a vague, undefined fear of its future consequences. Morality, repentance, almsgiving, prayer, are felt to be insufficient. The longing of Job finds an echo in their souls for some daysman betwixt them and God, that might lay his hand upon both.

To meet this difficulty, however, in a measure, a singular custom prevails in Poland and some other countries. On the eve of "Yom Kippor" a cock is procured for each male member of a family, and a hen for each female. The head of the household (or often the Jewish butcher in his stead), holding the victim in his hand, recites part of Psalm cvii., with Job xxxiii. 23. Then dashing the fowl against his own head, he says, "This is my substitute, this is my commutation; this cock goeth to death, but may I and all Israel have a happy life. Amen." These words are repeated thrice. After this, laying his hand upon the victim, he strangles it, cuts open its throat with a knife, throws it with violence upon the ground, and,

lastly, roasts it for the evening meal. During each act the offerer is instructed to reflect that he is himself worthy of death in all these four forms: by strangulation, by the sword, by stoning, and by burning. The family then visit the graves of their ancestors, and having prayed there, they distribute amongst the poor the price at which their victims have been valued, and so obtain the right to feast on them after their return home.

Two other interesting features of the day's observances are worthy of notice. Some years ago, when visiting the synagogue at Avignon on this occasion, the writer was surprised to observe that each member of the congregation was provided with a taper, which at the close of the service he lighted from the large candelabra around the reader's desk. As they hastened homewards, the effect was not a little striking and picturesque, of the torch-bearing groups of Israelites wending their way amidst the fast-thickening twilight through the dark, narrow, winding streets of that ancient town. Subsequent inquiry into the origin of the custom



"Throws it with violence upon the ground."

discovered another curious explanation of the matter from the Cabbala. The Hebrew word "nair," for a candle, is composed of two letters, whose numerical value is 250. Now, they say there are 240 members of the human body, to which if the soul and spirit be added, this number of 250 is made up. The word will thus express the whole man, body, soul, and spirit. But in Isaiah xxiv. 15, it is written, "Glorify ye the Lord in the lights" (or, as it is in our Authorised Version, "in the fires"). By a very peculiar mode of reasoning, this is resolved into a command to use candles, as symbolic of the worshipper's dedication of himself to God. Nor is this all. As the learned Buxtorf informs us, the extremely devout Jew carries two tapers: the one to represent his body, the other—a little larger, and of better quality—his soul; inasmuch as in Proverbs xx. 27 the soul is called "the candle of the Lord." This not very conclusive argument we can only reproduce for what it is worth. The ancient Rabbins alone are responsible for it, and it cannot now commend itself to the judgment of the intelligent Jew, any more than to an enlightened Christian.

When the lengthening shadows of evening assure the assembly that the solemnities are almost over, the Rabbins and Readers, with the principal laymen, bearing the much-venerated rolls of the Scriptures, form in procession, and proceed slowly and solemnly, chanting as they go, to the front of the Ark. Standing there, one of them sounds several shrill notes on a ram's horn. This is the long-wished-for signal that the great Fast is over. The faithful hasten to congratulate each other on the event, exchange good wishes for the New Year, and then retire home. There seems no doubt that this practice is derived from the sounding of trumpets which of old ushered in the Year of Jubilee. To the devout Israelite this sound conveys a certain mystical and transient measure of consolation. One of their great teachers has thus interpreted it:—"At the time," he says, "at which the Israelites take their horns, and sound before the Holy One (Blessed be He!), He riseth from the Throne of Judgment, and sitteth upon the Throne of Mercy (as it is written, 'The Lord with the sound of the trumpet'



"The effect was not a little striking and picturesque."—p. 804.

(Psalm xlvii. 5); and He is filled with mercy towards them, and changes the attribute of justice into mercy. When does this happen? In the seventh month." There is much that is deeply affecting to a Christian heart in these confused attempts to harmonise the attributes of Jehovah and to propitiate the God of infinite purity and love. The devout earnestness of many of our Jewish brethren may well put to shame the lukewarmness of nominal Christians. In the believer's ear these harsh notes seem like a faint anticipation of the Gospel's silver trumpet, proclaiming, through Emmanuel's atoning blood, reconciliation and peace to every penitent sinner.

SENTIMENTAL CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. R. H. LOVELL.



THE late Bishop Fraser said, "The sentimentalism of our day is one of the subtlest of our religious perils. I venture to say there is not one person here who wishes 'to put on immortality.' Let people be a little more real in their religion. Modern hymns are for the most part strangely namby-pamby, those addressed to our Lord generally unctuous and sentimental." There can be

no question but that both the more human spirit of our day, and also the spirit of æsthetic culture, powerfully operate to make religious life and character largely full of sentiment. The very anxiety to make our religion one of personal experience (without which it is worthless) has its element of danger. When we rightly declare that religion is a matter of inward experience, rather than a matter of authority or ceremony, we must be careful lest in deposing one pope we set up another. The

new pope may be as dangerous and troublesome as the old one. The old pope may be *outside* the man, the new one *within*. We may come to seek salvation more in self-analysis than in self-abandonment; more in our moods than in our Master; more in inward feeling than in outward fact; in a word, more in self rather than in Christ.

What place should feeling occupy in our religious life? A religion without feeling is impossible and unwise. Our need is not absence of sentiment, but that it should be kept in its proper place. What is its place? A tender heart is a great and blessed gift. To live to love and give, is life's greatest luxury. To feel deeply for sin is to have the only possibility of a large indebtedness for its forgiveness. The rich, deep soil is better than the sandy desert, *if it be not allowed to grow weeds*. The noble river has a dignity and power that the little shallow pool never can have. To feel deeply is one of the noblest endowments of God. But like all great and delicate instruments, this feeling may be much abused. Feelings are like waves (we speak of "waves of feeling"); the wave may repeat itself, but it cannot retain its form. It ebbs, falls, breaks, it cannot be permanent. So feeling is transient and changeful. It is designed not to spend its force in mere luxurious indulgence, but to rouse our practical energies and lead to duty. Unless it do this it will become an enervating and aimless force.

All sentiments that are evoked and that lead to no definite *moral* results end in mischief. There ought to be definite relation between all enjoyed feeling, and some stern, definite duty discharged, just as there ought to be some relation between the food enjoyed and the strength gained and work done as the result. Mere enjoyment may bring delight, but that is not *safety*. To be in a stout ship at sea may bring much personal discomfort, but the discomfort may have no relation to my present or ultimate safety. Feeling and sentiment are neither the test of our safety nor the measure of worth in the religious life. Duty and obedience should be our larger concern.

Mere sentiment in life is largely a waste. What is the use of a delicate ear for music if you never touch a note? Delicate perception and sensitiveness to colour and beauty are a great enjoyment, but what purpose do they serve if you never exercise them beyond your own selfish pleasure? Deep feelings unused are as valueless as a deep unused gold-mine. All the value of sentiment depends on the obedience it procures and the action it prompts.

Healthful feelings are really far less assertive than *painful* ones. The perfection of bodily health is reached when we are largely unconscious of any part of the body, because of the restful, harmonious working of the whole. To be conscious of any one member, even of the quick of the finger-nail, will give more cause for definite feeling than perfect health would give in every organ of the body. So happy content and cheerful duty, with little of sentimental concern about self, are the real conditions of good spiritual health. For the Israelite to put the blood on the lintel and go indoors to happily work or restfully sleep, was a nobler thing than to look out to get a sight of

the angel who was to pass over the house. Feeling, after all, can go but a little way with us in life. To feel you are in pain will never bring the physician. To feel you are hungry will never secure food or health. Christ must be our complete salvation, and not mere feeling about ourselves. Feeling is liable to make many and sad mistakes. How many persons in sickness have mistaken, through nervous feeling, a slight disorder for a deadly visitor? How often the feeling of confident success has been the blind presumption that refused to see either its folly or danger! How many a valuable friendship has been destroyed through a false feeling of suspicion which had no ground in reality! What torments feeling has inflicted on those who have not subjected it to reason, conscience, and duty! And remember, the enjoyed sentiment of to-day, if allowed to rule our life, will surely be the depression and melancholy of some after-time. Feeling is not itself a faculty, it is only the *condition* of a faculty. It may be joyous and happy to-day, or it may be sad and depressed to-morrow. In either case it may neither rule over nor guide religious life.

Our feelings and Christ are in such strong contrast, as to fickleness and powerlessness, that if we only look at their *difference* we shall see easily the folly of putting any high value on sentiment, however delightful, as compared with Christ.

Christ is like the rock in mid-ocean, that never changes, and braves every storm; feeling is like the restless, shifting water that rolls round it. Christ is like the grand old church tower standing foursquare to every wind, grey with centuries, a shelter and a home to all who will come; feeling is like the bells in the tower, which only ring on rare occasions, and easily change their tune; most demonstrative on Sundays, and often still all the week when *duty* much needs their merry music. Christ is like the sun, whose light and heat are constant; feeling is like the fleecy cloud, now beautiful as an angel's wing, now a cold, grey sky. Christ is the Tree of Life, with root deep, and the soil firmly gripped, lifting into the sky leaf and blossom and branch; feeling is a mere blossom, a child of the gay summer-time, unfit for storm or winter service. Christ is the Guide who never leaves the traveller; feeling is the torch sometimes burning brightly, but very liable to be blown out. He who trusts mere feeling will trust a light most likely to be blown out when *most* he needs light and comfort, whilst it will often burn brightly when it is *least* needed.

Even the highest and holiest feelings are a very transient experience. "I am so sorry," said the limpet to the rock, "that the tide has gone out so far; it was so nice to be covered with the deep water."—"Yes, but," the rock replied, "if it were always deep water, how many graceful and curved billows and bright colours you would never see; what sea music you would never hear. I don't change or move; you need only cling to me, and then the very change of the tides will help to serve you." So let us remember Christ, the unshaken Rock, must be our strength, not even deep tides of feeling.

The changes that must and do come in all life and experience make this subject one of the most

important and helpful in Christian life. It needs to be thoroughly understood, wisely dealt with, placed on its true basis. Unless it is so, our Christian life, mistaking our feelings about Christ for Christ Himself, will be weak, fluctuating, unpractical, unfit for the common task and round, and specially unequal to the strain of sorrow and the demand for sacrifice. Such a Christian character is, perhaps, the Gospel's greatest injury. It is useless and selfish. We are not to *trust* our feelings, we are not to *make* the condition of our feeling or our not feeling the ground of our faith and hope. Feel or not feel, Christ is true. His word, and Himself, are to be trusted and obeyed, whatever our feelings may be. Peace or no peace, joy or no joy, delight or sorrow, let us be sure that Christ is Real. He is the ground of our salvation, the pledge of our safety, the security and joy of our life, and not our feeling about Him.

The trouble with many is that they feel so little or nothing. They want feeling to come, and meanwhile they neglect their *duty*. If we want to feel clean, we know that we shall if we wash. If we want to feel hunger satisfied, we know that eating is the secret. Let us in Christ's name and strength, and for His sake, *try and do our duty*, and then we may be sure that feeling must follow, as light follows sunrise.

The aspect of many a Christian life is one continuous look within. The eye is ever gazing on the feelings, the finger never off the spiritual pulse. Is it not far wiser to look up into the unclouded sunlight of God's face, and to see, not rising from our imagination or self-consciousness, but coming out from God, that four-sided jewelled city—that cubical gift of love—beautiful as a glad young bride, that city with open gates, into which we may ever run for every need and all safety, and having entered, and because we have entered, then feel the joy of being within its walls. Religion is a *God-built city*, not a *fanciful work* of man's mind. *Faith* in God, not *feeling*, is the ground and crown of our religious life.

Meanwhile we may wisely *use* feeling and sentiment, if we do not *trust* or *worship* them. On the top of Snowdon is a wooden stage to give travellers a better view. But for the mountain itself it would never have been there. I may use that stage for getting the widest view I can. Only the wooden stage will go, when the mountain will be stable as ever. If the most delightful feeling comes to me, I will use and cultivate it to get a larger view of Christ. Only I will not trust it, nor allow it to take the place of Christ. Feelings must and will pass away: only Christ abides for ever.



THE BEAUFORTS OF BEATRICE GARDENS.

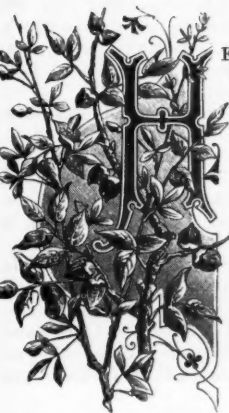
BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XIII.

It certainly is very much changed, Patty. Yes, on the whole, I am glad you have come home; Constance and I are dull companions for him; we are neither intellectual enough nor silly enough for his taste."

"Oh, Ethel, what do you mean?"

"Now, my dear Patty, you need not put on that injured air. You are the silly little girl who always suits our dear father to perfection; as



to the intellectual people, he may now and then meet them at the British Museum, but they don't come here."

Ethel was standing in the dull little drawing-room in Beatrice Gardens, and Patty, kneeling on the fender-stool, was looking into her face. On this occasion the drawing-room was not flooded with sunshine; a steady rain was pouring outside, and the autumn day was already fading.

Constance, leaning back in an easy-chair, was trying

to catch the last rays of light to devour a novel, and Ethel was grumbling out the woes of the last six weeks into Patty's attentive ears.

"Yes, Patty," she said, in conclusion, "that is exactly how things are. We are shorter than ever of money, shorter than we *ever* were, and father has turned very queer. He is so morose, and sometimes looks so excited and unhappy, that Constance and I don't dare to speak to him. It's all very fine for you, Patty. You have been having a gay, delightful time, of course, but we have had our worries, I can tell you."

"You have not told her the worst yet, Ethel," said Constance, suddenly flinging down the book that she was reading. "The most perplexing and the deepest worry of all is the one about Elizabeth, you know."

"Betty?" exclaimed Patty. Her heart sank; she got up, and, scarcely knowing what she was doing, set a light to the fire which had been laid in the grate.

"Oh, what an extravagant little thing you are!" said Constance, coming up and spreading out her hands to the grateful blaze. "There, it is a comfort to have you back, Pattypan! you know how to make things nice for us all. Yes, I thought you had heard it—Elizabeth is going."

"Mrs. Forrester hinted it to me," said Patty; "but I did not know that Elizabeth herself wished to go—I mean, I thought Betty liked being with us."

"Oh, yes, so did we—she always pretended to; but after all, why should she—a rich girl like her? Anyhow, these are the facts. She comes of age this month; is quite her own mistress, and leaves at Christmas—no reason given."

"And so vanishes her two hundred pounds a year!" said Ethel. "Heigh-ho! we starved before; now we can't live at all—that is a self-evident fact."

"Don't, Ethel," said Patty. Her head was throbbing wildly. Just now coming from all the luxury, and wealth, and freedom from money cares, she could scarcely realise the great pressure of poverty. Two things alone absorbed her bewildered brain; first, that she was certain she knew why Elizabeth was leaving; second, what ailed her father? The fear caused by her sister's words was almost the sharpest fear of all just now. She sprang suddenly to her feet.

"I have not seen father yet," she said. "Is he often out all day long like this?"

"Oh, yes," said Ethel. Then she yawned carelessly. "At least," she added, "I don't know. He's scarcely ever in in the evening, is he, Con?"

"No," said Constance. "Ethel, do you know where the second volume of my novel is?"

"I'll run down to father's study and make it a little comfortable for him," said Patty.

She left the room, neither of her sisters hindering her, and running down-stairs entered the tiny study. It was dark enough here, so dark that Patty instantly lit the lamp; and then poking all the rubbish out of the grate, she went into the kitchen for coal and wood, and in a few minutes had a bright fire blazing merrily. There are pieces of work which only loving hands can attempt, and one of these is the setting in order of such a study as Mr. Beaufort's. Patty, however, had deft little fingers—they knew how to tidy without disarranging, and how to bring a certain amount of order out of the most hopeless chaos. When the room was dusted, the worn arm-chair turned in front of the fire, the lamp burning clearly, the fire sparkling merrily, Patty ran into the kitchen.

"Jane," she said, "have you got a chop in the house?"

"A chop, my dear? where would I have a chop?"

"Eggs, then, Jane—some fresh eggs—which you can poach, and serve up hot on anchovy toast."

"Well, well, love, there are two or three which we are keeping for breakfast."

"Never mind about breakfast. As soon as ever my father comes, get them ready as nicely and as quickly as you can, and bring them into the study with some hot, strong coffee."

"I'm dead beat, darling, for the ladies up-stairs never give me no help at all, but I'd do more than that for you. Oh, how pale you look, Miss Patty!"

"But I am really very well, Jane; I've had a splendid holiday. Now I am going into the study to wait for father."

Jane began bustling about in the kitchen, and Patty went back to the little room she had made bright and cheery. She sat down in her father's arm-chair, crossed her hands on her lap, and gazed into the glowing fire.

This time last night she was coming home from

that delightful picnic, and the sun was disappearing in golden splendour behind the hills. This time last night it seemed all summer and sunshine and hope. This time to-night it was autumn, and the dreariness and despair of late autumn had entered her heart.

"I did the right thing to-day," she murmured to herself—"I did the right thing, though it almost killed me. He only said those words to me out of pity—his heart is with Elizabeth; yes, yes, of course it is with Elizabeth, and she will make a good wife for him, and her money will be useful to him. Yes, I am glad I had courage to keep him true to her. Very soon he will forget about me—he will forget that he very nearly asked a penniless little girl to be his wife, and that she very nearly was weak enough to say 'Yes.' Ah, but he won't ever know that—I had to be rude, to make it quite safe for him and Elizabeth—that was what hurt me most. Well, now it is all over, and I must forget about it as fast as ever I can. Oh, I have enough to think about now that I have come home, and there are worries enough. Dear father—I cannot help being very anxious about him!"

Just then steps were heard, pausing at the hall-door—a latch-key was put into the lock, and a moment or two later Mr. Beaufort entered the study.

Patty was accustomed to a look of gloom on her father's face. That look of gloom, accompanied by an expression of abstraction—a far-away, dreamy, rapt gaze—was how she best knew his face. To-night she started, clasped her hands, and sprang from her seat. Her father's countenance was simply transfigured. So completely altered was it, that in an instant his daughter forgot her own cares, her own little story, her own young life. Every faculty in her was absorbed in wondering, in conjecturing what had happened. Mr. Beaufort, for the first time in Patty's memory, looked a jubilan, a radiant, a happy man.

"Oh, father!" said Patty—"father dear, I have come home! How are you?"

"How am I, child?—does it matter in the least how I am, or how anyone is?—the poem will live!"

"Oh, father dearest!—oh, father!"

"Read this, Patty—my head is a little dazed: of course there was no fear—there could not have been—but I own I have been anxious. Read this, read it aloud to me, child."

With trembling fingers, Mr. Beaufort fumbled in his coat pockets. Presently he pulled out a letter which bore the impress of a great firm of publishers.

"Read it aloud, child—I own that I feel a bit dazed—it's the lifting of the load of anxiety. Read me what they say, Patty. I am glad you are home; you always sympathised."

The letter was short. Patty read the following words aloud:—

"SIR,—We have considered your poem—'London of the Present'—very carefully, and are so far impressed by it as to be willing to open negotiations with regard to its publication. We need scarcely tell you that poems are a drug in the market, but we admit that your work shows considerable power. Can you make an appointment to see us at an early opportunity? We will suit our convenience to yours.—Yours faithfully,
SHARP AND JONES."

"There, Patty, it is settled at last," said Mr. Beaufort.

"Oh, father dear, I hope so!"

"Why do you say you hope so?—the thing is done—Sharp and Jones are men of sense. Oh, I am tired,

me some supper; that is right. You may leave it there, Jane—thank you, I feel quite hungry. Patty, I have been long waiting for this day—you know, child—you can testify I have waited patiently."

Tears sprang to Patty's eyes.



"Stanhope returned with it, and presented it to Miss Cunningham."—p. 810.

Patty; we won't discuss the poem any more—the load is off my mind, and I can rest. I am glad of a fire, and my own study looks cosy.—Well, little girl, and so you have come back to your old father!"

"Give me a kiss, father dear."

"There is a load off my mind, Patty—I feel quite young and hearty again. We shall have money too, and I shall be famous.—Ah, Jane, you are bringing

"You have," she said, "you have;" and stooping down, she kissed her father's thin hand reverently.

CHAPTER XIV.

ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM was a special favourite at Chalford; she was a great contrast to Patty, being large and fair and important-looking; she had

a bright face and merry blue eyes. So merry and genial was her glance that no one felt in the least afraid of her, but at the same time so dignified was her carriage and bearing that no one could have dreamed of taking a liberty with her.

This girl, the happy possessor of a thousand a year in her own right, had of course no lack of lovers; wherever she went she was fêted and made much of—anxious fathers and mothers being always civil to Elizabeth, and penniless sons instantly worshipping her.

"I don't want to marry," the young girl said—"and what is more, I will not marry anyone, until I can give him my heart as well as my purse."

As yet the right person had not arrived to claim Elizabeth's heart; unless some slight shyness, a vague embarrassment, which might be discerned in her manner when talking to Stanhope, could be construed into signs.

Mrs. Forrester welcomed her niece warmly.

"It was so sweet of you to return, love; you know, you naughty girl, that you promised only to be away a month, and it is quite six weeks since you left England."

"Well, I'm back again at last, Aunt Fanny," answered Elizabeth, in a careless tone. "And I did not leave you in bad hands; you had Patty."

"Oh, yes, dear little thing! she is a nice child, Betty. I took quite a fancy to her."

"You took a fancy to Patty! I should rather think so! She is the sweetest creature—Where is she? I am longing to see her."

"Oh, my dear, she is a sad home-bird. As soon as ever she heard that her duties had terminated, she hurried off home. She seems devoted to her father—quite a little home girl."

"Poor uncle Egbert! Yes, he is very fond of Patty, and she of him; but I should have thought she would have waited just to see me," added Elizabeth. "I am disappointed. I was anxious to have a chat with her."

"Well, my dear, I did my best to induce her to remain, and so, I know, did all the Morrisises, but she would not even put off her return until the afternoon. She was a nice child, but I expect she felt her poverty. I can't say that I think you treated her very well in the matter of dress, Betty; the poor little thing often put in quite a shabby appearance."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, colouring high. "I gave her—"

Here she drew herself up abruptly. "I thought I gave her plenty," she added. "I am very sorry, *very* sorry. Dear, dear little Patty!"

"Well, never mind her now, love; she has gone, and she enjoyed herself very much. I mentioned to you, did I not, in my letter, that Louis Stanhope was here?"

"Oh, yes. I have not seen him yet."

"He is sure to be somewhere near; he has been expecting you, looking for you, I know."

"Very likely," said Elizabeth, in a careless tone. She got up and tapped her fingers impatiently on the pane of glass. Mrs. Forrester guessed rather than saw that a dreamy look filled her dark blue eyes.

"I will go down-stairs and have a chat with the others, Aunt Fanny," she said, looking round and giving her aunt a smiling nod. "I am disappointed to have missed little Pat, particularly as I have to change all my plans by the winter."

She left the room and ran down-stairs, to be greeted eagerly and affectionately by the elder Morris girls.

"Now, Betty, you are just in time for tennis. —Bell, run and ask Louis to join us—tell him that Betty has come."

"Louis is not at home," said Bell; "he told Rupert he would not be back till dinner-time."

"What? Impossible! Did not he know Betty would be here?"

"He *did* know it," replied Bell steadily; "still, he has gone for a walk."

"And a walk will do him good," said Elizabeth. "Now, girls, let us come out and enjoy our game without him."

The afternoon passed away gaily; Miss Cunningham was all life and vivacity. Hers was a stronger and more vigorous nature than Patty's, and she bore all the young people along on the joyous current of her own high spirits.

Just before the second gong sounded for dinner Louis strode languidly up; he wore his most bored and his laziest air, and Bell could not help saying to herself—

"Oh, what a worry he will be now that Patty has gone; she was the only one that managed to make him quite pleasant and charming."

Bell had a very troublesome trick of sometimes saying her sentences half aloud, and Elizabeth, who was standing near, heard at least part of her muttered words.

Not a muscle of her smiling face changed, however. With a gracious and dignified movement she advanced a step or two, and held out her hand with a cordial smile to Stanhope.

"Wonder of wonders, we have not met for a whole year!" she exclaimed lightly; "and yet when you heard I had come you took the opportunity of running away."

"Not at all," he answered. "I happened to have a splitting headache, and could talk to no one. You look well, Miss Cunningham."

"So I am, only disappointed."

"Ah, that is scarcely flattering to us who have counted so on your visit."

"Nevertheless I adhere to my words—I am disappointed. I had hoped to find my cousin Patty Beaufort here."

"Miss Beaufort returned to London this morning. —Bell, has not the first gong for dinner sounded?" Stanhope turned on his heel, sauntered across the grounds without waiting for Bell's answer, and cutting a lovely bud from a late *gloire de Dijon*, returned with it, and presented it to Miss Cunningham.

She accepted it with a careless and smiling word of thanks, but, as the whole party moved towards the house, took the opportunity of dropping the bud in such a manner that Stanhope could not fail to see it. That he did observe the significant little action she was sure, for glancing back for a second she saw him trample the innocent and lovely flower under his foot.

"Bell," said Betty, later that evening, "I want to talk to you; will you come into the inner drawing-room with me?"

"Of course I will, Elizabeth—I shall be only too glad. But I am the youngest, and they will all want you."

"Never mind; I want the youngest at present. Now let us settle ourselves cosily in this nook where no one can disturb us. Bell, I want you to tell me all that you can about my dear little cousin Patty Beaufort."

"I love her very much," said Bell, her eyes widening and darkening. "We are great friends—I miss her dreadfully."

"Bell, you will tell me the truth—why did she go away so suddenly?"

Bell looked nervously round the room.

"Well, Betty," she began, "I don't know—I don't know anything; Patty said that she must go home, and that she must catch the eleven o'clock train from here to-day. She would not give any special reason—she was determined to go, and she went."

"Even though I was coming here in the middle of the day? Did she not often tell you that she loved me?"

"Yes, many, many times; she loved you dearly."

"Thank you, Bell; you have told me what you know about Patty, now tell me what you *think*."

"Oh, that is a very different matter," answered Bell, blushing, and once more looking round her.

"But you must tell it to me, good little cousin; it is important that I should know; if I do not know, I may unintentionally wrong someone whom I love very much."

"Oh, Betty! would you really, really be good to Patty whatever happened?"

"What can you think of me, child? I have known this little friend of yours for years—I would not wrong her for the world. Now out with your thoughts, maiden fair; I am sure they are as wise as thoughts can be."

"You must not laugh at me, Elizabeth—I have not much experience, only I do think——"

"Yes, yes! How modest the child is! What do you think, little one?"

"I do think—I am sure that Patty was very anxious to stay when she came home from the picnic last night. She and Louis had been together as usual, and Louis wanted her to stay, and so did I, and she certainly looked as if she wished to."

"Well, Bell, go on; this is most entertaining. So Louis wanted her to stay? It sounds quite a romance, my dear. When did our charming little Patty make up her mind to disappoint Louis?"

"Oh, Betty! you are speaking quite sarcastically. Patty went to bid Mrs. Forrester good-night, and when she came back she was changed. She looked quite old, and then she said she must go. I *think*," said Bell, "I *think* I know what it means."

"Oh, now, this is charming—thrilling—you must tell me, Amabel."

"I don't know that I ought, Elizabeth; they are only my thoughts, after all."

"Your thoughts, child—how do you know that

others don't share them? Tell me this minute what you think about Patty, Bell."

"Indeed, Elizabeth, I think I had better not."

"You think you had better not. Very well, then, I will tell you. I know your thoughts, wise little Bell—I know what you think."

"Oh, Betty! that is impossible—you cannot."

"I will say them aloud to you, may I?"

"Betty, you frighten me."

"Do I? I am sorry. These are your thoughts, most wise Bell. You know that Louis is fond of Patty, and that Patty is fond of Louis; you know that Patty would have wished to stay, and intended to stay, until Aunt Fanny (I know her way!) interfered—she frightened the poor little bird, and sent it fluttering away to its own nest. Those are your thoughts, are they not, Bell dear?"

"Oh, Elizabeth, how wonderful you are! How could you guess?"

"How could I guess? The moment I saw Louis I knew everything. But just for my own satisfaction, tell me that I am right, Bell."

"You are perfectly right, Betty—oh, are you cold, Elizabeth dear? How you shiver! Yes, anyone could see that Louis was fond of Patty—he was always with her, and we thought she liked him—that is, I did, for I don't believe the others noticed anything. Betty, I don't mind confessing something to you; I was so anxious to help her, and so unhappy about her, and I got up early this morning, and I told Louis she was going. Louis and I made a little plot then, that he was to meet us as we walked to the railway station. He did, and I ran away to leave them together. I did so hope he would propose, and that Patty would come back again to the house with me, or at any rate go to London quite radiant with happiness. But I think, instead of proposing to her, they must have quarrelled, for Patty did look so pale and wretched when I met her at the railway station. Rupert brought her up instead of Louis and she could tell me nothing about Louis except that he had gone back to his fishing. Then this evening did you not notice how dismal Louis looked? Oh, I am certain they have had a great quarrel."

"We must put it right," said Elizabeth, rising with alacrity. "You were a good girl to confide in me, Bell. You may be quite certain I shall respect your confidence."

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning early a bright gleam of sunshine awoke Elizabeth Cunningham from her slumbers. The dismal evening, wet in Surrey as in London, had vanished, and the autumn morning was as fresh and beautiful as morning could be. Elizabeth sprang lightly out of bed.

"What a good thing I found out just in time!" she said to herself.—"Oh, Aunt Fanny, you are a wicked woman! Don't I know your aim and your longing? Don't I know why you sent for me in those emphasised letters? Can I not read your hints, can I not fathom your innuendoes? However, if you are wicked, you are also transparent—any girl who was

not an absolute fool could see through you. Poor little Patty—poor little Patty! I might have broken her heart, and also, alas! alas! I might have broken my own. Just fancy Elizabeth Cunningham going about the world with a broken heart! Smiling, gay, brilliant, rich Elizabeth—no one would guess she had such a dismal appendage belonging to her! No, no, I have been saved in time—just pulled up short at the critical moment—and now my duty lies very plain; I must do what I can for little Patty.”

So Elizabeth dressed with vigour, singing gaily as she pursued her toilet, for she was a thoroughly healthy-minded, happy girl, and if she had been wounded she would make no sign of defeat even to herself. At breakfast-time no one looked more smiling or brilliant; and the whole party congratulated her on her good looks.

Mrs. Forrester did not often appear at the breakfast-table, but on this occasion she came down, and took a place reserved for her near gentle Mrs. Morris. Stanhope was the last to put in an appearance—he still looked gloomy and bored, and as he dropped into his seat, said abruptly—

“By the way, I am sorry, but I must leave to-day. I have had a letter from my mother; she is all alone, and wishes me to go to her.”

This announcement was received with a chorus of disappointed ejaculations. In the midst of the din of voices Mrs. Forrester was seen to bend forward, and whisper something to Mrs. Morris.

“Yes, yes,” exclaimed the good lady eagerly, “certainly, most certainly—what an excellent idea, Fanny. Thank you for reminding me of it. My dear Louis, your mother must come here; oh, yes, I insist—we all insist—she must come here, and then, of course, you will stay, and everyone will be pleased and satisfied. I will write to Lady Stanhope at once, by this very post. Our largest spare room is vacant; we can make her thoroughly comfortable, and it will be delightful to renew our acquaintance with her.”

“You also must write to your mother, Louis,” said Mrs. Forrester, in her thin, clear voice; “and when writing you might mention that her favourite, Elizabeth, is here.”

Louis coloured slightly. Elizabeth had not failed to observe that when his mother's name was mentioned, a flush of vexation rose to his cheek.

“You are very kind,” he said. “Yes, it would be nice for my mother to come here. It—it——”

“Oh, it would be charming,” said Emily, one of the older girls. “I am so anxious, so inordinately curious to find out if Lady Stanhope in the least resembles you, Louis. She must come—she must—and we will all promise to make her happy.”

“Still, I fear I shall have to go to-day,” continued Louis! “my mother, of course, must please herself—I mean, I daresay she will be delighted, but I——”

“My dear fellow,” said Rupert, raising his voice for the first time, “have you forgotten our engagements with the Le Bretons for Saturday?”

Louis laughed.

“I confess I have,” he said.

“And tennis at the Marshes' to-morrow afternoon,” said Maude.

“You must make my excuses,” said Louis, with his most bored expression. “I fear, I greatly fear, that even though the Le Bretons want to fish, and the Marshes to play tennis in my company, yet I must absent myself.”

“Even though your mother is coming?” said Mrs. Forrester, “even though your mother, whom you said you were going to stay with, is coming! Louis! oh, Louis! what paltry excuse can you offer for running away? If you go—you must own the truth—you leave us because we are so intolerably dull that you simply cannot remain with us any longer.”

“You are unfair,” said poor Stanhope, colouring again. Suddenly raising his eyes, he encountered those of Elizabeth.

“I wish you would stay,” she said then, in her usual quiet, richly toned voice.

“If you wish it,” he answered, in a startled and astonished manner.

Then he abruptly rose from his seat.

“I am vanquished, ladies and gentlemen,” he said, with a laughing bow, and a peculiar glance at Elizabeth. “I did not know that my society was of consequence to anyone; but if you want me, Mrs. Morris, I am at your service for the next few days.” Then he strolled out of the room, having forgotten a packet of letters which lay unopened near his plate.

“What a witch you are, Betty,” began one of the girls; but here Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Forrester, who had exchanged glances, interposed.

“Breakfast has lasted quite long enough,” said the gentle hostess. “Girls, you lazy things, run away to your different duties.”

“Elizabeth, can you spare your aunt half an hour of your society?” inquired Mrs. Forrester.

“Certainly, auntie,” replied Betty, in her brightest voice. “I will just run into the drawing-room to find my knitting—I left it there last night.”

She escaped from the room before anyone could question her further, and not only reached the inner drawing-room, but saw Louis standing in the verandah pretending to admire the view. Quick as thought she had joined him.

“Mr. Stanhope, I want to speak to you. Can you give me an opportunity?”

He looked at her again in utter bewilderment.

“I want to explain why I asked you to stay—please don't misunderstand. Can I talk with you anywhere without being disturbed?”

Her face wore so honest, and kindly, and sweet a look, that the young man was slightly appeased—his embarrassment ceased, his brow grew clear.

“I beg your pardon,” he said. “I—they talk of making up a riding party for this afternoon. I did not mean to join it. Now I will go—will you?”

“Yes.”

She smiled and vanished, returning to Mrs. Forrester's side, before that good lady had time to remark her somewhat lengthened absence.

Mrs. Forrester was beaming with good-humour and happiness. All things were, *must* be, going well. Elizabeth could not mean to refuse Stanhope when she pointedly asked him to stay. Stanhope must intend to propose for Elizabeth when he allowed her

voice to influence his decision. What a good thing that she had got that little Patty away in time—what a blessing that matters were in such a position that she could influence them before irrevocable harm was done! So, brimming over with good spirits, she chatted and laughed with Elizabeth, taking care not to mention Stanhope's name, for on this subject her mind was now absolutely at rest. She said a good deal about Patty, however, praising her much, and trying to get Elizabeth to believe that she was sincerely attached to her.

On the subject of Patty, Miss Cunningham was strangely silent, but this very fact only added to Mrs. Forrester's happiness, for it occurred to her that little rumours of Stanhope's attentions to Miss Beaufort might have reached his niece's ears, and she might be jealous in consequence.

The riding party turned out a success, and Miss Cunningham and Mr. Stanhope were quite undisturbed in the *tête-à-tête* which they evidently sought.

"Now," said Betty, drawing in her horse's rein, "we surely need not gallop up this hill. Let us crawl—let us go at a snail's pace. Mr. Stanhope, I want so much to talk to you."

"And I am pleased to talk to you," said Stanhope. "You know, a man never can talk to a girl without people making themselves disagreeable, and—and—Of course, you must have some reason for wishing to see me alone."

"I told you my reason. I wished to explain why I asked you to stay."

"Ah, that surprised me. I mean, I could not account for that, and your throwing away the rosebud last night."

Elizabeth coloured crimson.

"Never mind the rosebud," she said; "that episode is past. I want you to stay because I think there is a misunderstanding somewhere. People are often made miserable for life because of misunderstandings, just because those who know about them won't have courage to speak up. My position is a difficult one, but I thought, I hoped that you would quickly comprehend me, and spare me the pain of speaking more clearly."

Elizabeth's words were faltering—her cheeks were deeply flushed—Stanhope gazed at her in returning astonishment, and it is certainly true that at this moment he failed to understand.

"I wish I could take a hint," he said; "there evidently is a game of cross purposes going on in my immediate circle, and I am the unlucky victim. A lady has accused me of something of which I am absolutely innocent, of conduct which from the bottom of my heart I abhor; then you come and intentionally slight a small attention, and, when I feel that the best chance for me is to go away and be out of it all, you ask me to stay, in so marked a manner that I had to flatter myself that it was a personal wish on your part."

"You are right," said Elizabeth boldly, and as her companion's embarrassment grew her own lessened; "I have asked you to stay for the sake of Patty Beaufort."

"Pardon me," said Stanhope hotly, "why should Miss Beaufort's name be dragged into this?"

"Because without her we have nothing to talk about—because she is my dear little cousin, whom I tenderly love."

"Forgive me," said Stanhope, with a sudden change of tone; "I always knew you were kind and noble—there is—there must be a misunderstanding; I am bewildered."

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Cunningham. Then she paused.

"The fact is," she said, "you are giving me a very difficult task; you force me to speak more explicitly than I thought I should have to. I have gathered from one or two little speeches made, from one or two hints dropped (you know, girls' perceptions are wonderfully keen, Mr. Stanhope), that you and my cousin Patty were good friends."

"It was a natural conclusion to come to," retorted Stanhope, with some bitterness. "Well, cannot a man and a girl be on terms of good-fellowship without all the world commenting thereon?"

"I am going to be very bold—I conjectured that you were more than friends."

"Oh! your perceptions are very keen."

"I have known Patty for years," continued Betty, in a quiet voice—"I have watched her in her home—I have seen her enduring little crosses and vanquishing little cares. I have seen her the sunbeam in a gloomy dwelling—I have seen her the right hand and the stay of her old father. I know Patty well; I know that the man who wins her heart will have secured a priceless treasure; I know—"

"Why do you tell me all this, Miss Cunningham?" interrupted Stanhope. His voice was husky—the hard expression had vanished from his face.

"Why do I tell you this? Because I know what my aunt, Mrs. Forrester, is; she is my aunt, but this is not a moment to mince matters; she would sow discord between you; she would oppose this marriage, if in her power she would prevent it."

"You certainly have plenty of courage, Miss Cunningham; you speak about my marrying a girl, and about somebody preventing my marriage. Do you suppose for an instant that I cannot make a free choice—that I am to be opposed by a woman, by a woman not my mother, not even a near relation? Surely I may, and will, woo the girl I love, without asking anyone's approval or consent. Now I will reward you for your candour; I will believe in your kind intentions, and place implicit faith in your friendship for Miss Beaufort. I did not play that young lady false—I did not flirt with her; there has been no misunderstanding between us. Yesterday morning I asked her to be my wife."

"You did?" said Betty—"you did? Well?"

"And she refused me."

"Patty Beaufort refused you?"

Elizabeth was conscious of a queer sensation. Surprise, pain, envy for a moment filled her heart. Would *she* have refused? But the gift had been offered to one who valued it not.

"She did refuse me," said Stanhope, "and she said some queer words—something about 'another'; she

seemed to think, or her words implied, that in presuming to love her I had been guilty of a great injustice to another. What is the matter, Miss Cunningham? You look pale; are you ill?"

"No," said Elizabeth, rousing herself with a great effort. "I knew there was mischief at work; I felt there was a misunderstanding; I must see Patty."

"Not on this subject, please—I would rather not. I know, Miss Cunningham, you mean kindly; I am ashamed of myself for even pretending to misunderstand you. I cannot say for a moment that I have not suffered—that I do not suffer by Miss Beaufort's refusal; but no one can interfere between us; I understood her words to be final—I won't have her worried. Will you promise that you will not speak of me to Miss Beaufort?"

"It would be difficult for me to promise not to speak of you to her; the very fact of my not doing so would awaken her suspicion. I can promise, however, not to allude to this."

"Thank you; that is all that I require. Is not the view fine from here?"

The rest of the ride was taken up with commonplace. The *tête-à-tête* between Stanhope and Miss Cunningham was interrupted, and the whole party arrived at home in time for dinner in apparently the best of spirits.

When they entered the house Bell ran to meet them, holding a telegram in her hand.

"It is for you, Elizabeth," she said; "it came more than an hour ago."

Elizabeth tore open the little yellow envelope carelessly. Telegrams are common nowadays, and people receive them without any starts of dismay.

"This is probably from my dressmaker in Paris," said the young lady; but the next moment the cry which arose to her lips brought the whole party clustering round her.

"From Patty," she cried. "My uncle is ill; he has had a paralytic stroke. Patty wants me. I must go to her at once."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN, late that evening, Elizabeth Cunningham arrived at Beatrice Gardens, she found the whole house in that state of disorder and breathless suspense which is generally the result when serious illness occurs in a poor family where there is no definite head.

Patty was nowhere to be seen, and Jane, with very red eyes, ushered the young lady into the drawing-room, where a smoking paraffin-lamp did little to disperse the gloom.

Constance was lying on the sofa, and sprang up to meet her cousin with an exclamation of astonishment.

"I never thought you'd come, Betty. That silly child Patience would telegraph; but I told her it was useless. Why should you come to a house of mourning and misery like this?"

"Constance, how unkind of you! I hurried off the first thing. Now tell me all about Uncle Egbert: is he better? I could get nothing out of Jane."

"Oh, he won't be better for days, if ever. The

doctor says we must not expect any change for some time. Of course Ethel and I could see that it was coming on. Anyone with half an eye must have known he was in for an illness. I expect it was partly your fault, Betty; he did not say anything, but I am sure he was vexed at your leaving us. Ah, here comes Ethel; you see, Betty has turned up, Ethel."

"I am glad to see you, Elizabeth," said Ethel, kissing her cousin with some affection. "Father is no better. Patty is still with him—she has scarcely left his side all day."

"Except when she went out for more than two hours in the middle of the day," interposed Constance.

"Oh, yes, I forgot that; I wonder she could go out. You know, Elizabeth, Patty has always made such a fuss over dear old father. She seems very low this evening; she is crying nearly all the time."

"I will sit up with my uncle to-night," said Betty, taking off her hat and jacket. "Patty must have some rest, poor little dear! How did Uncle Egbert first get ill, Constance? Do tell me everything."

"Oh, my dear, how can I? Patty said he seemed so bright and well last night, but this morning he did not get up, and when Patty went to his room to take him his breakfast he could not speak to her, and his face was greatly altered. Then we sent for Dr. Phillips, and he said he had had a stroke."

"I will go up to Patty now," said Elizabeth. "No, I don't want anything to eat—don't keep me, girls, and don't fret about me. I have come to be useful, and mean to do my share in watching and nursing. Now do go to bed, you two tired-looking, poor things, and if I possibly can I will make Patty follow your example. As for me, I am as fresh as possible, and as strong as a horse."

"You really are a comfort, Betty; I didn't know it was in you," said Constance, going over and kissing her cousin with some warmth. "I don't know why a rich girl like you should put yourself out. However, as you will; we are very grateful—are we not, Ethel?"

"Yes," said Ethel, "I always knew that Betty had a kind heart."

When Elizabeth left the room she made her way down to the kitchen.

The Beauforts' house had been her headquarters for the greater part of three years, but never before had she visited the kitchen, and when Jane saw her enter she gave a violent start, and hastily began to sweep away the contents of a very frugal little meal into the nearest cupboard.

"Dear, dearie me! you took the heart out of me, Miss Cunningham. Is it a jug of hot water you want, miss?"

"Not at all, Jane. I am anxious to have a little chat with you. May I sit by the fire for a few minutes?"

"With pleasure, I'm sure, miss; and so you don't find the air of the kitchen too close? It's awful wearing to the complexion. See how dead-white I've grown from it."

"Poor Jane! You want some fresh breezes to blow upon you. Now, see here, Jane: I hope you are attending to all the necessary nourishment for Mr.

Beaufort. I don't know much about sick people, but I've always heard they wanted very tempting things—soups, broths, and fruit, you know."

"Oh, don't I just, miss! Well, we'll do our best, Miss Patty and me. You wants your room made up, I suppose, Miss Cunningham?"

"I will do what is necessary to it myself presently. Jane, is Mr. Beaufort's illness likely to be a long one?"

"How can I tell you, my dear young lady? It will be according to the will of God."

"Oh, yes. Dear Uncle Egbert! I fear he is very ill. Jane, see here, I want you and me to housekeep together for the next fortnight."

"How so, Miss Cunningham? Oh, my word! but I've no time for fads at the present moment."

"No, no, Jane, not any fads, but just the necessary things—all the necessary things got in in plenty, without worrying Patty about the money."

"Just so, miss; but they must be paid for in the long run; and Miss Patty, whatever Miss Patty do have the management of, she puts down ready money for—she always do, Miss Cunningham. And I don't mind telling you, miss, that my young ladies would rather die than let you hear that money ain't too plentiful in the family."

"Oh, Jane, as if I did not know that! Here, I will have my way in this matter. Here is a five-pound note; buy everything that is wanted; spend it freely—get in chickens, and beef, and soups, and fruit, and ice, and fish. Let the young ladies have plenty to eat, and get everything that Mr. Beaufort wants, and when the money is out come to me for more. Now, Jane, this is a secret between us two, and if you reveal it I'll never forgive you—never!"

Some tears had sprung to Elizabeth's eyes, and poor tired old Jane also felt her vision dim.

"There, Jane, not another word!" said the girl, running out of the kitchen.

Jane passed her hand across her dim eyes.

"She's a blessed young lady, and I didn't know it was in her," she muttered. "Oh, *she* don't know, and may she never know the real worth of a five-pound note. Why, Miss Patty and me we hadn't a shilling between us—and Miss Patty wondering, with the tears raining down her cheeks, what we could sell, and the doctor's orders that Mr. Beaufort was to have nourishment every half-hour. Oh, dear, dear, dear! this will put things right fine. Catch me telling—no fear!"

Jane put on her bonnet and cloak and went out, for the provision shops were not yet shut, and she had many things to purchase.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth, going softly to her own room, changed her boots, and put on a dress which she knew would not rustle; then quite quietly she opened the door of the sick-room and went in.

Elizabeth knew little or nothing of illness, but some people are born nurses, and she felt neither awkward nor out of place. Mr. Beaufort was lying with his eyes shut—if he were conscious, he made no sign, and Patty, lying back in the arm-chair by his side, was fast asleep.

She looked deadly pale in her sleep, and the traces of tears were still visible on her pretty cheeks.

"Poor little thing!" said Elizabeth, bending over her, and speaking with great tenderness. Then she sighed deeply and murmured half to herself, "Never mind, Patty; you shall have a happy life yet, for someone loves you well."

Perhaps Patty heard the gentle little murmur, for she opened her eyes, and started up with a glad exclamation.

"Oh, Betty! Oh, you have come! How glad, how very glad I am!"

"And you are to go to bed, dear; I will sit up with Uncle Egbert to-night. I have arranged it all, Patty."

"No, no," said Patty; "no, I cannot leave father; don't ask me, Betty dear."

"Very well, I will not force you. You shall come over and lie on this sofa, and tell me what to do. Can he hear us when we speak, Patty?"

"The doctor says not; he is rather more unconscious than he was this morning."

"Then he is not so well?"

"I fancy he is not so well, but Dr. Phillips said we must look for no change for the better for several days."

"Come over to the sofa, Patty; lie down, and I will cover you up. Now I will kneel by your side, and you shall talk to me. Tell me everything about him—what made him ill?"

"He must have been over-excited, Elizabeth; the doctor said he was working at high pressure, and taking no nourishment. He had written a poem, the greatest he had ever composed—he had finished it. When I came home he brought good news—or at least he thought it was good news—oh, father, father!"

"Why do you cry, Patty darling? Patty, put your head on my shoulder; now tell the trouble to your own Betty, who loves you."

"You are very good to me, Betty. Oh, it is bitter—it will kill him. If he gets better, this will kill him. Sometimes I almost wish he would never get better, and then he would go away to the other world with some happy thoughts. He would fancy, he would believe that his last great work was not absolutely a failure."

"Tell me about it, Patty."

"Oh, Elizabeth, you are rich. You cannot understand the sorrows of poor people like us."

"So you say, dear—perhaps you do me an injustice. Tell me the story, anyhow."

"Father had finished the poem. It was called 'London of the Present'—it was very powerful—he threw his whole heart into it, he lived in it—it was part of his very self. I cannot tell you what he felt about the poem, Betty, but if you had heard him speak of it, and seen the light in his eyes, you would have known what genius meant. Father had written a great many other poems, but none were quite like this to him—he staked everything upon it. I came home yesterday, and the girls gave me a bad account of him. He was neither eating nor sleeping, and he looked strange. I went down to his study, and made everything comfortable, and then he came in. Elizabeth, I should not have known my own father—he was changed—he was transfigured—he brought a letter from some publishers, and he thought they

meant to publish the poem. He made me read the letter aloud to him, and I felt so happy, and as to father, he seemed lifted quite out of himself. He went on telling me how he had waited for this, and how after all he had not lived in vain. I never saw

what he must want, and I bent down over him and whispered, 'Father dear, I am going to Messrs. Sharp and Jones; I will arrange about the poem.' His face got quite peaceful then, and he squeezed my hand, but he could not speak. He is much more unconscious



"'Poor little thing!' said Elizabeth, bending over her."—p. 815.

anyone so thankful, nor so humble, for you know he is a real genius, Betty, not a make-believe, and he seemed overpowered, and almost humiliated by his success.

"He did not come down this morning, and I went to his room, and I found him—I found him as you see him now. He could not speak even then, but there was a troubled look on his face, and I suddenly guessed

now; he does not recognise me when I say anything to him—perhaps that is best."

"Go on, Patty; you went to Messrs. Sharp and Jones? Tell me what they said."

"Oh, Betty, Betty dear, I went to them——"

"Yes—yes?"

"Oh, this would have broken father's heart. They dared not bring out the poem at their own expense;

they would pay half, if father would pay the other half. They dared not risk more, they said, for though the poem was fine, there was no market for poetry. I almost cried when I was with them, Betty; I almost went on my knees, but they—why should they care? I told them how ill father was, and one of them seemed sorry. They said they would give us a week to consider; then I went away."

CHAPTER XVII.

MESSRS. SHARP AND JONES had large offices in the Strand; they always brought out the best books, and they were looked up to and esteemed by all lovers of literature. Aspiring authors said to themselves, "If only I could get my work published by Messrs. Sharp and Jones I should be sure to succeed!" Their name alone was almost sufficient to float a book; they were known only to bring out the very best, the cream of literature.

Poor little Patty, however, in her despair, knew nothing of the fact that for Messrs. Sharp and Jones to contemplate publishing a work on any terms was in itself a high recommendation, was in itself a guarantee that the manuscript offered to them was the reverse of worthless. All that Patty knew was that certain terms were proposed which neither she nor her father could by any possibility meet. Therefore the great poem must remain unpublished and unknown; therefore her father must either live with a broken heart, or die with his genius unrecognised. Patty very nearly made up her sorrowful little mind that it would be best for him to die, but somebody else with energy and resolution thought differently.

Elizabeth sat up with the sick man that night, but being a thoroughly strong and healthy girl she felt very little the worse when the morning came. She had made some plans during the silent hours of the night, and when daylight arrived she proceeded to carry them into execution.

First of all, she had a long interview with Jane in the kitchen, then she waylaid the doctor on his return from the sick-room, and then she sought Patty out.

"Patty dear, I have just had an interview with Dr. Phillips. He says Uncle Egbert is in no immediate danger; also that in all probability there will be no change for some days. That being the case, I am going to send in a nurse."

"Nonsense, Betty! You cannot, you must not! You know—why should I speak of it?—but you know that we cannot afford to pay for a nurse."

"She will be my nurse, Patty; she comes here by my arrangement. Patty dear, why should I not have a little to say to making Uncle Egbert better?"

"I don't think we want a nurse," said Patty, her cheeks growing red; "if father—when father gets better, I would rather feel I had taken care of him all by myself."

Elizabeth looked hard at her little cousin. There were some new obstinate lines about Patty's mouth—lines brought there by pain.

"It will not do to deceive that child," said Elizabeth; "I must be quite frank with her. However painful it is to break the ice, the ice must be broken.

Patty, dear," said Betty, "you know perfectly that illness is an expensive thing."

"Oh, don't!" said Patty, shrugging her shoulders and turning her head away.

"You know perfectly," continued Elizabeth, "that doctors must be paid, and medicines freely ordered, and suitable nourishment got. Have you money for all this?"

"Don't!" said Patty again, in a stifled voice.

"Have you, Patty? For if you have not, you must go in debt; and when Uncle Egbert is well, how is he to meet the debt? Or you must do without the medicines, and the doctor's visits, and the suitable nourishment, and then Uncle Egbert will die."

Patty's hands were clasped over her eyes, her tears were streaming fast.

"Whereas, Patty," continued Elizabeth, pretending not to see the tears, "if I, Uncle Egbert's own niece, step into the breach, and supply the doctor and the medicine and the food, no one is any the worse, no debts are incurred, and Uncle Egbert has a chance of getting well again. Nothing stands in the way of this arrangement but the pride of one little cousin, who I thought loved me too well to feel any pride where I was concerned."

"I do love you, Elizabeth," said poor Patty; then with a great effort she forced back her tears. "You can do as you wish," she added. "It is hateful, hateful, taking the money, but I do it for father's sake." Then she added, with a sudden crimson blush, "Perhaps I ought to tell you, Betty, I did something absolutely wicked at the beginning of the summer—I spent half the money you gave me to make myself smart for my visit, on the house."

"Oh, you poor little thing! Patty, you have not been half frank enough with me. And so you went away without half the nice things you ought to have had! I don't believe, however, you looked shabby—I can't quite say how it is, but although you are so pale and unhappy-looking just now, you have really improved in appearance since I last saw you; you are a prettier Patty than ever. Patty, I hope you were happy when you were away?"

"Oh, yes; oh, more than happy! Betty, don't ask me about my visit."

"No, dear, I will not. Patty, you won some hearts. The Morris girls cannot talk about you highly enough, and Louis Stanhope and I had a long talk about you yesterday."

"See here, Elizabeth," said Patty, "you can give us the money, if you like, and you can send in a nurse if you think she is wanting, but I must not stay any longer out of father's room, for, whatever the doctor says, he *may* want me at any moment."

Patty rushed away, scarcely allowing Elizabeth to catch a glimpse of her disturbed face.

"She will marry him, and it is terrible to have to take the money from her," moaned the poor child, as she went softly into the sick-room.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth, in good spirits—for there is nothing so stimulating to the spirits as helping others—put on her hat and jacket and went out. She hailed the first passing hansom, and drove straight to those august publishers Messrs. Sharp and Jones. Here she

was received by a clerk, and asked to remain for some time in a waiting-room. She sent in her name, which nobody seemed at all impressed by, and by the time she was feeling a little cross and a little impatient, received a summons to see Mr. Jones, the junior partner.

"I have come about a manuscript sent to you by my uncle, Mr. Beaufort," said the young lady, colouring high, and abruptly announcing her business. "I think his daughter called about it yesterday. I am not at all literary, and I don't know anything about publications, but I want to say a few words about this special manuscript."

"Oh, ah, yes," said Mr. Jones; "I think my partner Mr. Sharp saw the young lady in question. She was a good deal troubled with regard to our terms. We like the poem, and think it above the average—decidedly above the average—but we do not see our way to risking a larger sum than we have named. Poetry, however good, is, I regret to say, a drug in the market. Miss—Miss—"

"Cunningham," interposed Elizabeth.

"Miss Cunningham, I am sorry for the young lady and her father, who I regret to hear has been taken seriously ill, but I fear we cannot improve our offer, therefore there is no use in troubling you to discuss the matter further."

"I have come," said Elizabeth, speaking slowly, although her voice trembled a little, "I have come to tell you that I wish to have the poem published. I wish to have it made into a very nice book, and printed on the best paper, and largely advertised; and I am prepared to take all the risk—all. I am well off; I am Mr. Beaufort's niece, and I wish that book to be published—are you willing to undertake it for me?"

"Certainly, Miss Cunningham—most certainly; perhaps it is only right to tell you that to bring the book out well, and to advertise it freely, in addition to the commission we must charge, will cost a considerable sum of money. This money you may never see again, although the poem is good, striking, above the average."

"I will risk that," said Elizabeth. "I am very much obliged to you. I have just one more request to make—please keep my name a secret in this matter. I have a particular reason for wishing this. Please also write to Miss Beaufort; write to her in any terms you like, only give her to understand that you now see your way to bringing out the poem without putting Mr. Beaufort to any expense whatever; that the question of profit will be an after consideration."

Mr. Jones smiled, shook his head a little, but finally agreed to write such a letter as Elizabeth required.

"That is one thing off my mind," said the young lady, as she tripped joyfully down-stairs; "I really feel now that Uncle Egbert will get better; but how am I to put things right for poor Patty?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELIZABETH occupied her thoughts very much over this latter subject. How *was* she to put things right

for her pretty little cousin? Patty did not look quite as usual. Her manner to Elizabeth had altered—it was not only intensely affectionate, but also a trifle defiant; now and then Elizabeth thought she detected a rebellious, hurt gleam in Patty's brown eyes.

In old times Patty had never been defiant with her favourite cousin; she had been all that was soft and pretty, yielding as a rule to the superior rich cousin's opinion.

Betty wondered over the change.

"I can understand her sorrowing over her father; I can understand her even refusing Louis Stanhope; but I cannot understand her turning away from me as she is now doing. One would suppose I had done her some injury," thought the girl.

Then it suddenly flashed across Elizabeth that perhaps Mrs. Forrester had really made Patty believe that she, Elizabeth Cunningham, cared for Stanhope. Stanhope had told her that Patty had refused him with queer words. Dear, dear! how terrible it all was! what a mischievous woman her Aunt Fanny was turning out! The young girl quickened her steps as she thought this, and the colour mantled high in her cheeks. She had walked from Charing Cross, and now found herself in St. James's Park. Autumn was making sad havoc of the London trees—dreary, unmistakably late autumn, forerunner of winter, was at hand. Elizabeth felt her spirits sinking, and a cold despairing sensation came over her bright nature for a moment. She was rich, she was handsome, and doubtless by many people she was beloved; and yet just now she felt lonely—intensely so.

Footsteps overtook her in the Park, a voice called her name, and looking up she saw Stanhope standing by her side.

"What witchery has brought you here?" she said, flushing and then paling at sight of him.

"I was standing on the steps of my club, and saw you go by. I had the impertinence to follow you. Do you mind?"

"Not at all; I am glad to see you. Have you just come up from Chalford?"

"Yes—that is, I have been in town for a few hours. My mother comes to Paddington this afternoon, and I am going to meet her."

"Oh, don't forget to give her my love. I shall be really sorry to miss her."

"Then you don't return to Chalford this evening? They all hoped you would."

"I? Certainly not. My cousins are in great trouble: Uncle Egbert is seriously ill."

"Oh, I wanted to ask you about that. Is it really very serious?"

"I fear it is; he is unconscious just now. Patty never leaves him."

Stanhope quickened his steps a very little.

"It is like her. She will wear herself out," he muttered.

"Oh, no, she won't; she loves her father. It would be agony to be parted from him. Besides, I'm getting in a nurse. I will see that she does not overstrain her strength."

"That is very good of you," Stanhope absolutely

favoured Miss Cunningham with a short, quick glance full of gratitude."

"Of course I will take care of her," she said, brightening. "You must give a message from me to my aunt, Mr. Stanhope. Tell her that Uncle Egbert's state is so precarious that I do not know when I can get back to her, and she had better make her plans without relying on me."

Stanhope promised to give this message. Still, however, he kept by Elizabeth's side.

"I am going home by the Underground," she said; "perhaps we had better say good-bye here."

"Yes, yes; just one minute," he said. "Is—do you mind telling me?—is Mr. Beaufort's great poem finished? Miss Patty set her heart so on the poem; she often spoke of it to me."

Elizabeth's face grew full of brightness.

"I have good news about the poem," she said; "it is finished, and its publication arranged for with some publishers."

"Indeed; with whom?"

"Messrs. Sharp and Jones."

Stanhope, who had dabbled slightly in literature himself, knew what this name was worth.

"I am delighted!" he said. "If such a first-class firm bring out the poem, it is certain to succeed."

"I believe it is certain; they speak very highly of it."

"I am truly glad. You might tell Miss Patty how pleased I am. Now I shall speak of it everywhere. I promise you it shall be the book of the coming season."

Elizabeth smiled, shook hands with Stanhope, and hastened home.

Mr. Beaufort was just the same, but Constance had come home ill, and required some attention. She had discovered that her cousin Elizabeth could adopt quite a new *rôle*, and instead of being the petted young lady boarder to whom everyone must bow down, and before whose desires all other caprices must yield, might herself turn into a very comfortable and soothing Lady Bountiful.

Constance felt a certain degree of pleasure when Elizabeth bathed her forehead with eau-de-cologne, and forced her to eat some delicious hothouse grapes.

"I do hope, Betty, when you marry and have a house of your own, you'll ask me to come and stay

with you," she said impulsively. "The fact is, I do pine for a luxurious life, and even to have it for a month would be a treat."

"But I'm not going to marry, Con."

"Oh, nonsense! Everyone says you are. They say that's why you're leaving us."

"It is untrue. Aunt Fanny has almost forced me to promise that I will go abroad with her next winter. She says it is an old promise, and I must redeem it. I don't want to. Frankly, I would rather stay here with all of you."

"That is good of you, Betty; you always were a nice creature, and not a bit spoiled by your wealth. And so you really are not going to be married?"

"No; you ought never to listen to idle rumours."

"But there is no smoke without a little fire. Rumour not only gave the report, but even mentioned the name of the lucky man. Mr. Stan—Stan—"

Elizabeth put her hand with unnecessary violence over Constance's mouth.

"Don't say it, Con, don't say it!" she implored.

"Well, I won't, if you don't want me to; you need not be so rough—you have quite brought my headache back again. I heard it when I was out this morning, and thought it quite an interesting little bit of gossip, and I ran home to tell Patty, for the most interesting part is that she has been staying in the same house with this Mr. Stanhope."

"Oh, Constance, you have not been so terribly indiscreet as to tell Patty such an idle bit of gossip?"

"Yes, I have told her; she took it quite coolly, and as if she knew all about it. What a pity it is not true! Stanhope is a nice name, and I was picturing to myself your wedding-dress and trousseau, and then your house, and all the etceteras. I thought, perhaps too you would ask us to be your bridesmaids. You know we are quite your nearest girl relations, and people often have uneven numbers now as bridesmaids. Ethel and I would have made a couple, and Patty would have done very well by herself. Patty looks very nice when she is dressed."

"Nice—nice! I think Patty perfectly lovely. There, I must go up-stairs now, Constance. Take plenty of grapes, and lie quiet, and let me hear nothing more of my coming wedding, for I have no intention whatever of being a bride."

(To be concluded.)

SHORT SAWS WITH LONG TEETH.

YOU are much too green for me," as the horse said when he looked over the gate of the neighbouring field.

How often we hear people affecting to despise in others certain traits which they themselves are unable or unwilling to develop.

"Silence is golden," as the magpie said when she sucked the eggs in the pigeon's nest.

It must not always be held that when people abstain from certain faults they are practising the

virtue of self-denial. It may be that the very reason of their apparent probity is the commission of a greater sin.

"Pray don't let me inconvenience you," as the cuckoo said when she pushed the young hedge-sparrow out of its nest.

How often it happens that selfish people, ever seeking their own end, express anxiety for their neighbours' welfare. The words sound well, and the voice is sympathetic, but the elbowing goes on all the same.



ANGELS UNAWARES.

IN the hours of morn and even,
 In the noon and night,
 Trooping down they come from
 heaven,
 In their noiseless flight,
 To guide, to guard, to warn, to cheer us,
 Mid our joys and cares.
 All unseen are hovering near us,
 Angels unawares.

When the daylight is declining
 In the western skies,
 And the stars in heaven are shining
 As the twilight dies,
 Voices on our hearts come stealing
 Like celestial airs,
 To our spirit-sense revealing,
 Angels unawares.

O faint hearts ! what consolation
 For us here below,
 That angelic ministration
 Guides us where we go.
 Every task that is before us
 Some blest spirit shares ;
 Watchful eyes are ever o'er us,
 Angels unawares. J. F. WALLER.

THE UNSELFISHNESS OF TRUE EVANGELICAL RELIGION

BY THE REV. W. HAY M. AITKEN, M.A.



DOES Evangelical religion tend to make us selfish? The charge has been often brought, and supported by arguments of considerable plausibility. A religion that makes men think so much of their own salvation and of the importance of ensuring their ultimate happiness, and of escaping from the terrors and misery of future retribution, must of necessity induce an exaggerated self-regard which may easily degenerate into downright selfishness, and is almost certain to do so. Higher objects and aims will fail to affect us as they should, because our minds will be of necessity self-engrossed, and the result must be a reproduction, in the region of morals and religion, of the principles of conduct indicated by the selfish maxim of worldly, commercial life—"Look after Number One." The charge has been brought not only by those who have lost all faith in the Christian revelation, but also by others who, while retaining the name and profession of Christians, seem to be strangely ignorant of, or prejudiced against, the elementary principles of evangelical truth.

I wish I could affirm with perfect confidence that the charge receives no sort of confirmation from what is observed in the lives of some Christians who bear the designation of Evangelical. I am afraid it must be admitted that the accusation derives only too much colour from what is frequently witnessed in the conduct and character of such.

In the first place, not a few who accept Evangelical doctrine, and who are usually spoken of as Evangelical Christians (although their Christianity may be of a very questionable type), seem possessed with the idea that the salvation of the soul is the one thing aimed at by the Christian revelation, and that if this is attained the great object of our existence is completed. Further, as a complement of this notion, the thought prevails that this salvation being, as all Evangelicals teach, the gift of God to the undeserving, it may be obtained at any time, and that a dying hour will offer as good an opportunity as any other for obtaining it, and perhaps better. Ideas of this kind, seldom uttered in so many words, but prevalent in the thoughts of men, do tend to render the Christian religion (so-called) in their case the very minister of selfishness. For if this be the true view of the object and purposes of Christianity, clearly it becomes unnecessary to trouble one's self much about either glorifying God or benefiting the world in which we live—sooner or later we may hope to be saved, and "All is well that ends well."

Passing on to another class of professing Christians

that bear the name of Evangelical, we cannot help observing that a certain number of those who accept Gospel truth have their minds greatly exercised and their thoughts introverted by anxious questionings as to their own personal salvation. The hymn, happily now old-fashioned, but which used to be a most popular and, as was supposed, highly proper hymn for Evangelical congregations to sing—

"T is a point I long to know,
Oft it gives me anxious thought,
Do I love my God or no?
Am I His or am I not?"

—represents a phase of thought and feeling that unfortunately is by no means extinct amongst us to-day. In almost all Evangelical congregations a certain number of persons will be met with who seem to live under the shadow of this miserable chronic uncertainty, and whose higher instincts and nobler impulses are paralysed by this wretched habit of introversion.

But these are not the only persons who bear the Evangelical name that seem to give occasion to the enemies of the Gospel to blaspheme it in this respect. The saddest spectacle of all has yet to be contemplated. We cannot, I fear, deny that there exists amongst us to-day a large class of persons who will tell you with the fullest confidence that they believe that they are justified and accepted before God, and have been so for years, whose lives none the less seem destitute of any of those higher impulses, or, at any rate, of that holy enthusiasm of devotion, which one might expect would necessarily characterise those who have felt the power of the grace of God in their hearts.

I am not now speaking of Christians whose lives are disgraced and whose profession is discredited by flagrant inconsistencies, but rather of those who lead an easy-going, self-pleasing, self-indulgent life—a life that is distinguished in no respect as to its moral character and complexion from that which is lived by their worldly neighbours, except that they perhaps abstain from certain particular forms of worldly pleasure, and make a distinct profession of general interest in religious matters. The moral attitude of these so-called Evangelical Christians might be expressed somewhat after this manner: "We are saved, and therefore we may take things easy; all has been done for us, and therefore we need not trouble ourselves about *doing*." Thus, while, as I have said, they do not usually lapse into any very gross and flagrant inconsistencies, their lives appear to be destitute of those higher features of positive and aggressive goodness which one meets with sometimes even amongst those who make no sort of religious profession. Their life of unprofitable self-indulgence contrasts unfavourably with the career of the philanthropist, the social reformer, or even the honest and earnest

politician. Wrapped in the mantle of what I may describe as (for I know no other word that expresses what I mean so well) *smug* respectability and self-complacency, these good people live out their lives apparently without a misgiving or a fear, but apparently without either progress or profit, just because, as they would tell you, they believe in the doctrine of grace, and trust to the merits of their Saviour.

Such is the case, so far as appearances go, against Evangelical religion. Is the accusation true, or is it false?

Without a moment's hesitation we reply that it is radically and essentially false, yet we hasten to add that those who make it may be to some extent excused for their error, since, as we have said, there is so much to suggest it in the lives of some who are, at any rate, Evangelical in name. When, however, we come to look at facts as distinct from appearances, we shall find that in each of the cases to which I have referred that which we deprecate in character or conduct is attributable not to Evangelical religion, but to the absence of it; is not the legitimate outcome of its principles, but springs from either a misapprehension of them, or a total ignorance of what those principles are.

To begin with the first class, it cannot be too strongly affirmed that the Gospel of Christ nowhere represents the salvation of the soul as the great end of our existence; on the contrary, it meets us at the very outset of our Christian career with the offer of salvation; pressing salvation upon us and demanding its immediate acceptance, in order that, this question being set at rest for ever, we may be free to pursue other objects, and to live for ends worthy of the dignity of our nature. The gift of eternal life to every believing soul leaves that soul sufficiently "at leisure from itself" to be able to inquire, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" While the joy of that salvation stimulates all the instincts of benevolence in our nature, and disposes us eagerly to long that others may be partakers of a like blessedness.

Yet again, the Christian who bears the name of Evangelical and yet lives in an atmosphere of doubt and fear continuously exercised as to his own salvation, might do well to pause and ask himself what imaginable right he can have to the name which he claims. Evangel means "glad tidings," but where is there a semblance of glad tidings in a religion of morbid terrors and melancholy misgivings? Surely it is not because such persons are Evangelical, but because they are ignorant of the simplicity of Evangelical truth, that they are in their lives and experience thus introverted. Surely, the Gospel revelation has been expressly designed to set our minds at rest upon this point, assuring us as it does of God's pardon and acceptance the moment that we, as repentant sinners, cast ourselves believingly upon the atoning work of Christ.

But now we pass on to the case of the third class of persons to whom I have referred as giving occasion

for these accusations against Evangelical religion. At first, it would really seem as if this particular *genus hominum* were the distinct and definite product of Evangelical principles, and that apart from these such a type could never have been produced. And, indeed, we should be right in admitting that they are a product of Evangelical *teaching*, such as it too often is, but that is a very different thing from Evangelical principles.

The plain truth is that the existence of this class of persons is due to a fundamental misconception of what Evangelical truth really implies. The persons that I am referring to see in the doctrine of the Cross a provision made for their salvation from the wrath of God and His judgment against sin. They fail clearly to see that the way of escape from the penalty lies in the judgment of God against the sin. They derive comfort from the theory of a vicarious atonement, but they fail to discern what is implied in the union of Him who makes the atonement with those who are benefited by it.

But before going further into these considerations, as we shall do in a few moments, let us offer an answer in the concrete to this particular accusation against Evangelical Christianity, by pointing to the character and career of St. Paul. One would need considerable temerity to affirm that St. Paul was an example of Evangelical selfishness. Few men in the world's history have ever led a more unselfish life. Regardless of all considerations of self-gratification and self-indulgence, this hero of Christianity presses forward in his course, running his race and fighting his good fight with an energy and devotion which have been the admiration of mankind from that day to this. Wherever he went the light of Truth blazed forth into the darkened world, through his untiring zeal and unselfish devotion. He was content to count the loss of all things gain, if only he might finish his course and fulfil his ministry.

Now, we all of us doubtless admire the man, but do we sufficiently realise that the man was what he was just because he was an *Evangelical Christian*? When a man is particularly distinguished or successful in any walk of life, whether in commerce or in literature, or in politics or in professional avocations, the intelligent observer, who desires to profit by an illustrious example, will naturally and rightly inquire wherein the secret of the man's success lies. Considered in the light of the purpose it aimed at, and the work that it accomplished, St. Paul's career was surely a splendid success.

Let us endeavour to discover wherein the secret of this success lay, and St. Paul himself shall answer the inquiry; he does answer it in one of the most remarkable passages in his writings, by the very strongest assertion of the great fundamental principle of Evangelical truth. In 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, he represents himself as under the dominating influence of a constraining power—"The love of Christ," he says, "constraineth us." We need not pause to inquire, though the point

has been carefully discussed, whether the genitive in this sentence is what grammarians describe as objective or subjective; that is to say, whether the sentence speaks of our love for Christ, or Christ's love for us. The plain fact is, the two are one, the mighty love of Christ affecting and laying hold of the human heart awakens the reciprocal affection there, and becomes the mightiest factor in all true Christian experience.

But how is this love kindled, and, on Christ's side, how is it displayed? St. Paul replies—"Because we thus judge if one died for all, then all died; and that He died for all that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." What is this death of all to which St. Paul ascribes these notable consequences in his own personal experience?

We have to go a long way back in human history for an answer. It has been truly and strikingly said by Archer Butler that before the fall the law of man's life was out of self and in God, after the fall the law of man's life came to be out of God and in self. Self-assertion would seem to have been the primal sin of man, and self-assertion has been the root-sin of human conduct all through the ages. The New Adam began his career by exhibiting the life of God-assertion, as opposed to the Old-Adam life of self-assertion. He concluded His career by consenting to become the representative of man's self-assertion, in order that representing it He might slay it. He consented to undergo Himself such a judgment as it deserved, and by exposing it to judgment to bring it to an end.

How does His atoning work affect us? Surely just in this way, that the rebel creature, the self-asserting self, God's rival and opponent, has been crucified in Him. We thus judge—if One died for all, all died; but now the question for each individual soul to face is this: Do I consent to the death of the rebel creature in me as represented by Christ? Am I content to perform the same act of judgment as did the great Apostle? Where that rebel creature lives, and is allowed to live, he still must needs live under the judgment and wrath of God. God can and will make no

terms with him. Do we desire to benefit by the Cross? then let us ask ourselves, Are we willing to see our old man crucified in Jesu's death? Do we shrink from this? then let us not console ourselves by the thought that Jesus Christ is our Substitute.

The very word "substitute," though it is not altogether improper one, and has its uses, may yet be most misleading. God forbid that we should so regard Him as our Substitute as to believe that He died in order that our rebel self might not have to die; rather let us put it, He died in order to ensure its death. If, then, we claim the benefits of redemption, and entertain the hope of salvation through the death of Christ, it is not a matter of option with us whether we will or whether we will not surrender ourselves to God, to live for His glory and the benefit of man. We have no choice in the matter. The old life, which had self for its centre, having been crucified, and we being saved by its crucifixion, there is nothing now left for us but the new life, which has God for its centre, and whose motto is, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

"Not to myself," is the primary law of Resurrection experience. The new life, received through the death of Christ, comes not from self, and tends not to self. "All things," as the Apostle in the same passage to which I have already referred goes on to say, "are of God, and therefore all things must be to God." In a Divinely ordained circulation, the new life, flowing from the heart of Divine Eternal Love, enters ours—becomes in ours a constraining force, sweeps us on in a life of holy enthusiasm, through deeds of love and devotion, to realise the blessedness of sacrifice, and thus fits us for sharing ultimately the glories of our self-sacrificing Lord.

Evangelical religion requires no apology; what it seeks is an honest and adequate presentation of its case in human life and conduct. Where this is given it must ever hold its own, and commend itself to-day, as it did in the time of St. Paul, to the admiration of mankind as a revelation of the unselfish benevolence and self-sacrificing love of God exhibited in the character and in the life of man.

NEWTON AND VOLTAIRE ON PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D., DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



IT is a singular and remarkable fact that Sir Isaac Newton, in his work on the prophecies of the books of Daniel and the Revelation, said that if the predictions of these books were true, as he well knew they were, then it would be necessary that some new modes of travelling should be invented and brought into use. And he further said, that the knowledge of mankind would so be increased before a certain date or time

alluded to in the prophecy (namely the 1,260 years, which most commentators agree in fixing not far from A.D. 1860), that men would be able to travel at the rate of some fifty miles an hour.

Voltaire, seeing this statement of Newton, in the sneering spirit of scepticism said, "Now look at the mighty mind of Newton, the great philosopher who discovered the law of gravitation. When he became an old man and reached the time of his dotage, he began to study the book called the Bible, and in

order to give credit to its fabulous nonsense he would have us believe that the knowledge of mankind will yet be so increased, that by-and-by we shall be able to travel fifty miles an hour! Poor dotard!"

Probably the sneer of the philosophic infidel afforded a laugh to his sceptical friends; and both he and they doubtless thought his remarks an evidence of his wisdom, and of the superstitious weakness and credulity of Newton. But if the most confirmed sceptic were to go upon a railroad train to-day, would he not be compelled to say that Newton was the discerning and wise philosopher, and Voltaire, if either, the "poor old dotard!"

So late as A.D. 1819, when railroads were first planned in England, the *London Quarterly Review* said, "We cannot but laugh at an idea so utterly impracticable as that of a road of iron, on which they say one may travel by steam! Can anything be more absurd or laughable than the idea of a steam-propelled wagon, moving twice as fast as our rapid mail coaches? It would be much more possible to travel from Woolwich to the Arsenal by the aid of a Congreve rocket!" And but a few years later, in A.D. 1825, when a London paper spoke of railroads as already in operation in England, and soon to be built in America, the cars to go ten or even twenty miles an hour, a gentleman of high standing and intelligence, who afterwards became a distinguished member of the

United States Congress, said, "Well, the man who can swallow such stories as that must have a throat larger than that of the whale that swallowed Jonah!" And yet here was Newton, the Christian philosopher, taught by God's inspired Word, predicting, more than a hundred years before, results which have been far more than realised at the present day!

In more senses than one, as the Psalmist says, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light"—light as to all that is interesting and valuable for this world, as well as for all that relates to the world to come. As good old George Herbert says, "The Bible opens to us millions of surprises." And Goethe says, "It is a belief in the Bible, the fruit of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life." Sir John Herschel says, "All human discoveries and inventions seem to be made for the purpose of more and more confirming the truths of the Bible." And the Bible is not only, as Dwight says, "A window in this prison-house of hope, through which we look into eternity," but it is the safest of all guides, for the life that now is, as well as for the life that is to come. Not only, as Flavel says, does it "teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying," but, as in the case of Newton, it often anticipates the discoveries of science, and foresees and foretells some of the wisest and most useful inventions of men.

THE NATURAL POETRY OF FOOTPATHS.

THERE is a soothing softness in the sound of the distinctive word in our title—Footpaths—apart altogether from what the term compasses in the way of suggesting endless glimpses of

meadow, woodland, and shining stream. The hard, matter-of-fact highway, where the strong strive in their power with varied results, and where the weak are trodden down in a strife in which chivalry and



"We turn aside towards the soft green footpaths."—p. 825.

mercy have frequently a scant place, is, it is true, one of the chief factors in our relationships with toil and strife; but it is alike essential to our spiritual life that we turn aside from this dusty and travel-stained highway towards the soft, green, moss-fringed footpaths, where we may hear the witching music of Nature's minstrelsies, or touch with reverent finger the hem of "the living garment of God." If we would have quiet enjoyment which will leave our souls wholesome and our tongues untainted, we can readily find it in those delectable regions to which the humble grassy footpath leads. We can have there psalms from feathered throats, sung beneath aisles of green beeches moist and transparent in the first flush of summer sunshine. The melodious choristers, too, never break engagements; flattery turns not their dainty heads, and their songs are as much filled with the sweetness of high-born praise as were ever the harmonies of the glowing seraphim.

Apart altogether from the delightful nooks, trout-pools, shining shallows, and shady dells, to which our footpaths and country lanes lead, those green, meandering ways have a peculiar charm for the unconventional and open-hearted traveller. We experience an exultant sense of freedom the moment we leave the hard grit of the dusty highway, and touch the soft, springy turf. We have, at once, that indefinable touch with Nature in sight, scent, and sound; and, before we are well aware of it, we discover ourselves audibly reassuring the startled squirrel as he skips from us—a living, nimble line in Nature's epic—into the midst of the screening branches of the umbrageous elm. What a charming bird-medley, too! All around call and answer are sent from bank to tree, from dell to sky. Chatter, gossip, cawing (and this latter not without humour in leering askances and wonderful inflection of notes), and thin metallic piping songs from tiny bird-dames, fall on our ears as we pass from nook to nook along our footpath; whilst from high overhead, in one rill of unbroken melody, descends the lark's song, filtered through half a league of summer air.

It would be interesting to be able to trace the influence which rural footpaths have had, if not in creating, at least in giving complexional colour to, some of the most exquisite Arcadian scenes with which our great poets have dowered our literature. We will warrant that Chaucer had many a charming footpath in his mind's eye, when he wrote the immortal prologue to his "Canterbury Tales," a bit of writing fresh with meadow sweetness:—

"Whan that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathud every veyne in swich licour.
Of which vertue engendered is the flour:
When Zephirus eek with his sweet breeth
Enspirid hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And small fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in her corages."



"Call and answer are sent from bank to tree."

Again, what charming tales could be told by that footpath which led from Stratford to Shottery, the path which, in harmonious sympathy, oft echoed to the tread of William Shakespeare as he bounded along with love's light step to see his sweet Ann Hathaway, having blithe songs upon his lips and sweeter madrigals within his soul. Surely this Warwickshire lane has a right to one of the foremost places in lovers' walks for all time!

Some of the most exquisite scenes from our pastoral poets are eminently suggestive of verdurous footpaths fringed with the speedwell and anemone, and all redolent with the wild violet's breath. In Allan Ramsay's pastoral "The Gentle Shepherd," sweet are the sylvan footpaths which lead to that dell of sport, and song, and homely mirth, "Habbie's Howe." They are associated, too, with that journey towards the tiny elfin folk, when—

"Bonnie Kilmeny gaed up the glen,"

and they are also interwoven with that splendid hour of poetic sauntering when Wordsworth had that delightful vision of the "Highland Reaper"—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!"

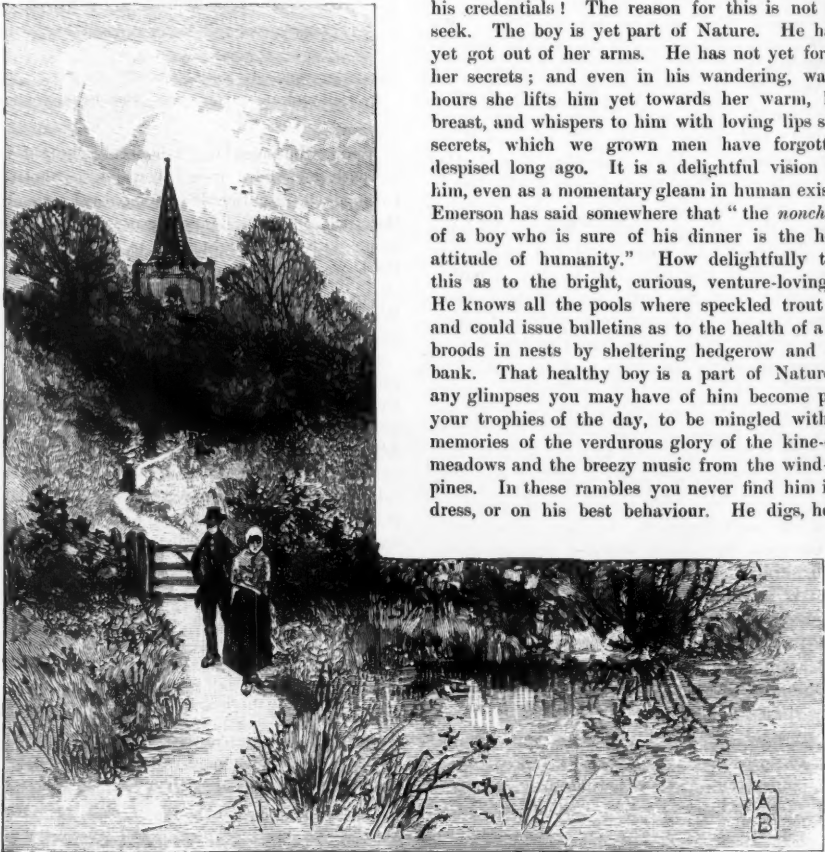
If you are desirous of going back, even for one brief hour, to the unsullied glory of Nature, leave

the whirl of the highway, and turn aside into the first shady footpath which leads to the warm breast of mother Earth. On the crowded highway you will find much that glitters and much that is false. Frequently gild'ed rascality rolls past you there, in his liveried chariot; and mayhap he may stop and ask you to accept a "lift," to suit his own ends. Satan himself may even ask you, in a thousand ways, to ride with him through the mazes of the motley cavalcade. Note well, however, that he would never dream of asking you for a quiet walk along a green lane or a moss-fringed footpath; in the latter event there would be a chance of his being circumvented or outwitted, a contingency not to be thought of in his arrangements.

Now and again, at long intervals, in this undress, non-official sort of footpath rambling, you may meet with a specimen of that picturesque bit of humanity, the tramp. Well, as a rule, this is to be regarded as rather interesting and enjoyable than otherwise; he

is, in fact, one of the features of the scenery, and is almost as much an artistic bit in the landscape as the pollards by the side of the quiet stream, or the familiar church tower glimmering through the waving elms. If he should be sober and clean-tongued, the chances are that his scraps of information may be decidedly interesting.

There is another human factor, more or less connected with the natural poetry of footpaths, and which it may be your lucky hap to discover thereon—the fine, healthy, typical boy who has just touched his teens. Who is there that has undertaken a journey of discovery amongst the glades and streams, which are the chambers leading from the footpath corridor, who has not found this beaming boy already in full possession? Yet, after all, he would be a heartless cynic who would contest that boy's claim to the friendly relationship with Nature which seems to be part of his personality. There is a delightful finality about his general bearing amongst the woods and streams, which creates a kind of fear in one as to asking him, even in the meekest terms, to show his credentials! The reason for this is not far to seek. The boy is yet part of Nature. He has not yet got out of her arms. He has not yet forgotten her secrets; and even in his wandering, wayward hours she lifts him yet towards her warm, kindly breast, and whispers to him with loving lips strange secrets, which we grown men have forgotten or despised long ago. It is a delightful vision to see him, even as a momentary gleam in human existence. Emerson has said somewhere that "the *nonchalance* of a boy who is sure of his dinner is the healthy attitude of humanity." How delightfully true is this as to the bright, curious, venture-loving boy! He knows all the pools where speckled trout sleep, and could issue bulletins as to the health of a dozen broods in nests by sheltering hedgerow and mossy bank. That healthy boy is a part of Nature, and any glimpses you may have of him become part of your trophies of the day, to be mingled with your memories of the verdurous glory of the kine-dotted meadows and the breezy music from the wind-swept pines. In these rambles you never find him in full dress, or on his best behaviour. He digs, he runs



"The familiar church tower glimmering through the waving elms."

down his game, he tries to outwit—and frequently with success—some of the most cunning creatures of wood and field. He lives in a world of his own, and in one respect is as yet a glorious savage; his tastes are still primitive, and have not been vitiated by the sometimes doubtful ingredients of an overwhelming civilisation. There is no sentiment or affectation in this boy whom you come across in one of the dells leading from your footpath, and, consequently, no imperfection or prophecy of wreck; he is as jubilant and melodious at heart as the lark that sings overhead. He knows not what faithlessness means, and has never yet wandered near the abyss of doubt, far less looked into its gloomy depths. His life's sky has never yet been clouded, and if a passing shower has fallen at intervals, kind Nature has hitherto always contrived to weave a rainbow into the background. Such a healthful vision coming across your footpath is a double blessing; it gives you backward-looking, tender thoughts, and at the same time a new revelation of the infinite possibilities, under God's grace, contained in a young human heart.

If you would know a county, or a section of a county, thoroughly, you must thread its every footpath, and that with loving and careful step. What delectable bits of scenery and charming glimpses of domestic happiness are compassed by them! They lead the merry children with shining faces to school in the bright summer morns; many a trysting-gate lies across their course; and often, at the close of

even, their winding stretch takes the shepherd lad over the dividing hills to her he loves so fondly. And, when they are far from the noisy highway in the loneliness and silence which surround them—

“A whispering blade

Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light-rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.”

Ere we leave the sweet, simple charms of rural footpaths and part with each other on the dusty highway, it might be pleasing to catch a glimpse of their aspect in relationship to the blessed weekly day of rest. There could be no picture more charming and tender than an English landscape threaded by these footpaths, each one being dotted with rich and poor, reverently wending their way to the house of prayer. The noises of labour are all hushed, and the only sound that mingles with the lark's song is the bleating of the sheep on the silent, sleeping hills. Those footpaths have no higher or nobler mission in all their service to man than that of leading weary, yearning hearts to that sacred house in which the consolations of the higher life are given, and where dwell charity, compassion, humility, and love. There, too, all around, beneath the overshadowing elms and the solemn yews, are our beloved dead, safely folded in by the tender, lowly, sheltering grass. To this field of grassy mounds all footpaths lead; its portals, however, are not the doors of darkness, but the gates of endless day!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

WHAT MRS. THWAITES DID.

CHAPTER I.—WHAT DID MRS. THWAITES INTEND TO DO?

IT was a lovely summer afternoon. Mrs. Duncan, wife of the Vicar of Holmby, was giving an outdoor entertainment to the district visitors.

As a matter of course, Mrs. Thwaites had been invited, and equally as a matter of course she had accepted the invitation, and there she was now, seated in a comfortable garden-chair, in the shadow of a fading laburnum, with the glistening skirt of her black silk dress spread out around her, and the Vicar in attendance.

“Oh, no!” the little old lady is saying, her keen grey-blue eyes peering watchfully the while at everybody and everything within her ken, from beneath the broad, waving lace that borders her elegant sunshade. “Dear me, no! Mr. Fermor never comes to see me!—that is, he has called once—only once! But, a poor lone widow”—with a pathetic sigh—“what can I expect? Ah, there he is now with Miss Kirby!” a little eagerly, as the curate crosses the lawn, looking

down at a pretty girl in a white dress, who is walking quietly at his side.

“Miss Kirby often spends an hour with you, does she not?” inquires the Vicar easily. Mrs. Thwaites' complaints and insinuations never go for much with him. She is a busy and conscientious worker among all classes, and would be a perfect treasure in his parish, were it not for her one great failing, of which, however, he sometimes wonders if she is even conscious. But, meantime, she is replying to his question.

“Oh, dear no!” with a slight shrug, and shaking off a tiny blue butterfly that has lighted on her black lace shawl. “I am no favourite with Eleanor Kirby; but her aunt, Miss Wheatland, calls occasionally. Eleanor is going to Barberton, to the Johnstones', tomorrow, I believe. She lived with them for some time after her mother's death, I have understood; and there has always been a strong friendship between the two families ever since.”

“Yes,” said the Vicar absently, and before Mrs. Thwaites can add to her speech the point which she has all ready in her mind, as well as on the end of her tongue, Mr. Duncan is called away to greet some late arrivals. And upon this, Mrs. Thwaites immediately

settles herself back in the creaking wicker chair, and prepares to bestow her undivided attention upon the young couple who are still well within her view.

Edward Fermor, the curate, is seven- or eight-and-twenty, perhaps—tall, fair, slender, with a good dependable face, observant blue eyes, and a very determined mouth. The young girl he is accompanying is the dearly loved and only child of the organist, who was of gentle birth, and had known "better days," as they are called. She looks very simple and pretty in her white washing-dress, and cool straw hat with trimmings of lace, and a real moss-rose half-hidden among the light folds.

And Mr. Fermor, as he glanced down at her, inhaled the perfume of the rose with approval, but could not help wishing that the hat itself had not been quite so large, that he might have seen just a little more of the sweet, changing face which it shaded, and of the brown eyes that were so persistently bent upon a companion rose in the little white-gloved hand.

"And so you are going to leave us, Miss Kirby?" Edward Fermor spoke, however, without betraying any very particular concern, and the next moment he added, in a tone that was almost conventional, "Not for very long, I hope?"

"No," replied Eleanor pleasantly, "only for a fortnight or three weeks; and I am only going to Barborton. Five miles, that is all!" and she looked up at the gentleman with a smile that was entirely free and unembarrassed—though, as his quick blue eyes met and seemed to hold her own dark ones for an instant, her colour rose, and her glance fell. Her voice, too, had a little tremor in it, as she continued fluently, as though to cover her momentary confusion, "I am going to stay with some very dear friends at a lovely old farmhouse; and I daresay I shall enjoy myself when I get there, though I do not care to leave home. But papa thought that I ought to go, as the Johnstones have asked me so often. You know something of them, I think, Mr. Fermor?"

"Yes," answered the curate. "Oh, yes, I know them; though," reflectively, "I have not seen as much of them as I might have done since I have been in Holmby."

And then, somehow or other, instead of making any rejoinder, Eleanor inadvertently allowed the moss-rose she held to slip from her fingers. Mr. Fermor, however, deftly caught it before it had reached the close-clipped grass of the lawn, and was politely presenting it.

"It is a lovely flower," he remarked, with his eyes fixed upon it somewhat abstractedly, one might have thought. But then he glanced at Miss Kirby again, and with a totally different expression—a little playfully, indeed—he said, "No one has given me a flower to-day!"

And Eleanor returned, with a still heightening colour, and smilingly, yet with a gentle dignity that became her: "You are very welcome to that one, if you care to keep it, Mr. Fermor."

And the curate bowed his thanks, and forthwith fastened the beautiful half-blown rose in his button-hole.

"Really!" was Mrs. Thwaites' inward exclamation

from her distant chair. "Quite an affecting little scene, I declare! How designing of her! For of course she dropped the flower on purpose! But there," with a deep sigh, "girls *are* designing now-a-days! And he has only been two months in the place, the foolish young man! What can he be thinking of, I wonder? The daughter of the village organist! when he might do so much better, too. But if he cannot take care of himself, I must try to help him out a little, in remembrance of my poor dear husband, if on no other account. Ah, my poor William! he has often told me how very nearly he married a portionless young governess; and how, indeed, he *would* have married her if he had not met with me just in time!"

And Mrs. Thwaites did not think it necessary to remind herself that her husband had more than once openly expressed his regrets that he had *not* married the poor, portionless young governess instead of herself: did not deem it at all requisite that she should remember that it was her own propensity to mischief-making that had separated him from one whom he had truly loved.

Mr. Fermor was now parting from Miss Kirby, as she rejoined her father and aunt.

"A girl like that!" thought Mrs. Thwaites contemptuously, "with no money, no style, no anything; why should he think of her? Now, there is Cordelia Weldon, a fine, handsome girl, and the daughter of the great sugar-factory man—I'll be bound to say that she would have him to-morrow if he asked her! and, as everyone knows, she is to have fourteen thousand pounds on her wedding-day! Now, why can he not show his common sense by making her an offer?"

And here the lady's feelings got the better of her, and she rose hurriedly, with a half-acknowledged purpose in her indignant mind, and, tossing back the long streamers of spotless white tulle which she called her "bonnet-strings," she advanced across the lawn, and met Mr. Fermor, and was quickly engaged in an interesting conversation with him, as she moved leisurely along, with closed sunshade now, beneath a row of fine old mulberry trees.

"I find that we are to lose our young friend Miss Kirby for a time," she said; and then:—"She is so useful in every way, that we shall all have to regret her absence."

"Yes," responded Mr. Fermor, while he gazed up at the green mulberries dotting the gently waving boughs overhead, and idly speculated as to the probable quantity of ripe fruit. Then he recollected himself, and added warmly:—"Oh, yes, certainly; she *must* be missed!"

"Still," continues the old lady, with an affected laugh, and, as she speaks, guarding her silken skirts past an obtrusive gooseberry-bush, "it will not do to be selfish. Miss Kirby is going to stay at a farm at Barborton, so her aunt tells me, and there is a certain young man named Robert Johnstone—a brave, manly fellow, I understand he is, and the farmer's eldest son; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, he will do his best to persuade Miss Eleanor to make Barborton her home! And if she is to be happier there than here, why"—with a little shrug of her

lace-clad shoulders—"we must not, of course, say a word!"

Edward Fermor had given the slightest possible start at the mention of Robert Johnstone's name; then he frowned, and next shot a swift side-glance at the giver of all this unsolicited information.

"Indeed!" he coldly returned. "I was not aware

There was something in this small speech that deeply offended and angered him, though he could not clearly have told why, and he made no response.

"Ah, there is our dear Vicar!" exclaimed Mrs. Thwaites the next moment. "Excuse me, I must speak to him about my new class for mothers—I forgot it just now!" and, putting up her sunshade



"There he is now with Miss Kirby."—p. 827.

that"—and, looking down with suppressed vexation, his eye caught the rich and cheering hue of the rose in his coat, and he ended quietly—"that Miss Kirby was so nearly engaged."

And his reluctance to utter the last word might have warned him afresh as to the real state of his own feelings, which, as a fact, he had scarcely suspected till now.

"No?" said Mrs. Thwaites, in an admirably indifferent tone. "But you are a new-comer, you must remember, Mr. Fermor, and you have yet to learn, I do not doubt, a good many of the happiest secrets of our, I trust, not unhappy little village!"

once more, she trotted away, as brisk and lively in her movements as a young girl of eighteen, and Edward Fermor was left to himself.

He stood still, gazing aimlessly up at the mulberry trees, for a full minute, then he went moodily off down a side-path, ate a few late red-currants from a north wall, took the moss-rose out of his coat, and looked at it, and—considered.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT DID MRS. THWAITES REALLY ACHIEVE?

THAT same evening, as Eleanor Kirby sat in the summer twilight, thinking, with a happy smile on

her lips, of the pleasant afternoon she had spent, she heard the click of the little wooden gate, and, lifting her eyes, saw coming up among the tall hollyhocks and sweet-peas that bordered the quaint garden path a quick-stepping old lady, with black skirts held high, lest they should gather, to their detriment, damp, or dust, or cobwebs from the luxuriantly growing flowers that were far over-reaching their boundaries on either hand.

Mr. Kirby was at the church, Aunt Ella in the kitchen, therefore it was Eleanor who went to meet the coming visitor.

"Oh, my dear, how do you do? You are the very person I wanted to see! I could not conveniently get to speak to you this afternoon, or else I much wished to say good-bye—especially as I could not tell *when*," with slight, but significant emphasis, "I might meet you again!"

"Come in, Mrs. Thwaites," said Eleanor quietly, almost coldly, and without troubling herself to inquire what the old lady's words might mean. And the two were soon seated in the twilight by the little parlour window, in at which the fragrant honeysuckle blooms were peeping.

"And see, my dear!" and Mrs. Thwaites was now opening a small parcel, "I felt that I should like to bring you a little present," displaying in a moment a diminutive work-bag of pale blue satin, with pink-tipped daisies in crewel, looking as though laid here and there upon the satin, so beautifully were they worked.

Eleanor was fond of pretty things, and could not but admire the lovely little bag, though she seemed to be more than doubtful about accepting it.

"It is too good for me, Mrs. Thwaites," she said, not quite so coldly or quietly now. "And, besides, what have I done that you should give it to me?"

"Oh, my dear, you *must* not be so unkind! An old lady walks all up here"—the cottage was situated on rising ground just outside the village—"to bid you good-bye, as you did not come to her, and brings you a piece of her own work into the bargain, as a present, and you think of hurting her feelings by refusing to accept it. Fie! And particularly as you are going where you are going, you see, child; and that there is someone there who may take upon himself to hinder you from returning if he can!"

Eleanor could not see the force or point of this reasoning, albeit she saw and understood quite enough to cause a deep blush of vexation to mount to her very brow. In the twilight, however, it was doubtless entirely lost upon Mrs. Thwaites.

But the young girl spoke, as well as blushed, and further explanations soon came out, and presently she was saying, in a tone of annoyance—

"No, indeed, Mrs. Thwaites! How could you think it? Mr. Robert Johnstone and I have for years been very good friends, and I like him very much, but——"

"And he likes you, my dear! Oh, you need not be angry!"

And finally Eleanor discovered that the busy old lady had "felt so sure of it all," that she had "even mentioned it that afternoon to Mr. Fermor!"

"I thought it better, you know, my dear, as there is no saying what ideas a young man may not take into his head! And then, too, if report speaks the truth, he has been very attentive lately to Miss Weldon; but this afternoon it certainly did appear to me that——"

Here, most opportunely, for Eleanor was growing undeniably angry, Aunt Ella entered, and her niece almost immediately left the room, after the stiffest and coldest of farewells to the meddling old lady, who had so quickly quenched all her innocent lightness of heart.

And, going into the usual sitting-room, Eleanor stood looking out at the back garden, with its overshadowing trees, through the leafy boughs of which the golden beams of the red rising moon were beginning to peep. She was thinking, thinking, not a little sadly and drearily, "how happy *some* people might be if *other* people would only leave them alone!"

A few minutes passed, and then she heard her aunt's voice: "Nellie! I am going down the lane with Mrs. Thwaites, my dear. Perhaps I may go as far as the church, and return with your father."

They were gone, and as the sound of their footsteps died away, Eleanor went out into the passage, stood for a moment at the open door, watched a "ghost-moth" flit past between her and the twinkling stars and then disappear among the hollyhocks, heaved an impatient sigh, and finally re-entered the parlour.

There lay the embroidered work-bag on a chair by the window, the blue satin glistening in the first stray moonbeam. Eleanor's anger revived at sight of it. "I'll send it back to her the very first thing in the morning!" she said aloud, and with something very like a sob, she flung it for the present on to a distant sofa. But as she did this, she heard the gate click once more, and, turning quickly towards the window, she exclaimed in surprise, that instantaneously deepened into pleasure, "Mr. Fermor! But I expect he wants to see papa."

They did not keep a servant, and Eleanor went out to the open door, feeling a warm colour of renewed gladness stealing over all her face.

"Good evening, Mr. Fermor," she said pleasantly, and offering her hand, which the gentleman took and clasped closely—so closely, indeed, as to cause Eleanor's heart to beat much more quickly than usual. "Papa is not in."

"No?" he lightly rejoined, and then he looked at her in the moonlight, and that look said as plainly as words could have done, "It was *you* whom I came to see!"

And it did not take Edward Fermor long to explain himself. Mrs. Thwaites' suggestions, if not assertions, of the afternoon had alarmed him. Eleanor was going to Barberton early on the following morning; therefore, if he did not say what he wished to say to-night, it was possible—nay, according to his informant, exceedingly probable—that he might never have another opportunity. He had not previously thought of making his proposal so soon; indeed, until that afternoon he had not *fully* determined as to whether he would propose to Eleanor Kirby at all. But Mrs. Thwaites had so hastened matters, that

here he was, putting his fate to the test without delay.

And as for Eleanor herself, neither had she realised the significance of her own feeling where Mr. Fermor was concerned until to-day. The afternoon had made her happy, she scarcely knew why; and then, when Mrs. Thwaites had told her of that important conversation with the curate, and how coolly he had taken the information which she had given him, Eleanor had felt, for some reason or other, both hurt and saddened. But it was all over now, and here was Mr. Fermor sitting beside her in the moonlight, still holding her hand fast in his, and asking her to become his wife, and looking, moreover, unmistakably glad to learn, as he soon did, that she had not even a predilection in any other direction whatever.

More than an hour later, long after her father and aunt had returned, Eleanor walked down to the gate, with her lover's arm around her, and with happy eyes watched the "ghost-moth," as it still hovered about among the tall, nodding hollyhocks. *Before*, there had seemed something uncanny about it! But *now*, Eleanor thought that, if she had only known, she would surely have looked upon it as a tiny, unconscious herald of coming joy.

"Dearest," said Edward softly, "you will go away as my promised wife now; and I shall not say good-bye, for if I can possibly get away, you will see me in Barberton to-morrow evening."

Eleanor made him some gentle welcoming reply, and he raised her hand to his lips; and presently he said jokingly—he could afford to joke now—"If it had not been for Mrs. Thwaites, we *might* in some way have missed our happiness. We owe her our best thanks, Nellie."

As Eleanor made her way back to the cottage she thought of the blue work-bag, and murmured happily to herself, "No, I shall not send it back. . . . It will always be to me a reminder of this evening. . . . Though it is seldom, indeed, that gossiping and mischief-making have such pleasant results. . . . If only people would not listen so readily, and take things for granted, as they do. . . . And yet I did the very same thing myself. . . . But he did not!" And here her thoughts wandered off into an admiring and endless enumeration of her lover's good qualities, and everything disagreeable was quickly forgotten.

But who can imagine Mrs. Thwaites' chagrin when she discovered what she had really effected? Mr. Fermor had gone to the organist's cottage last even-

ing, and had asked Miss Kirby to marry him! And he had gone to the station this morning, looking as happy as a man could look, to see the young lady off by the early train! And *he* was going to Barberton this evening! All these particulars, with not a few additions and embellishments, found their way to Mrs. Thwaites in good time, on the day following that on which the Vicar's wife had given her pleasant entertainment.

"Well done, Edward Fermor!" apostrophised the old lady, as she sat sipping her solitary afternoon tea. "For decision and promptitude I declare you have almost taken my breath away! If you had been like most men—but there, you have shown that you are *not*, and so it is of no use talking about it! And," with a smile and a frown at the same time, "well done, Amelia Thwaites! You *have* made a match this time, and no mistake! . . . And that lovely little blue satin bag"—after a pause—"you have simply thrown away! . . . And yet, on second thoughts—I don't know! Suppose you make yourself another exactly like it! And suppose you use it constantly, as a reminder that you had better be more careful in your tactics on future occasions, lest somebody or other should write a pretty little story about you, and call it '*Meddlesome Amelia!*'"

And it was observable, after this, that Mrs. Thwaites was not quite so continually busy, as formerly, about what she had been used to call her "poor little innocent plans for the benefit of other people;" and as a consequence, people in general liked her the better. And two people in particular, namely, Edward Fermor and his wife, began to think that they might now perhaps accept the friendship she offered, without the risk that would once have attended the proceeding.

And, as she had planned to do, Mrs. Thwaites made herself a fac-simile of the work-bag which she had given Eleanor; and, as time passed, the two elegant little articles might have been seen more and more frequently side by side on the same table, as their respective owners sat chatting and working together. And it was whispered in Holmby that, more than once, when Mrs. Thwaites had seen some of her young friends, lovers especially, on the verge of an estrangement on account of some idle tittle-tattle that had been repeated to them, she had told them a story (against herself though it was), in which the two work-bags had figured, and which she had entitled, as I have done this—"What Mrs. Thwaites Did."

EMMA BLITHE.



EDUCATING OUR FUTURE "HELPS."



LAUNDRY WORK.

domestic life in the future. The home where they are forging their armour for the coming fight is the nucleus of a movement which shall spread throughout the land; the maidens are to be the bearers of the Fiery Cross that shall flit o'er hill and dale to arouse slumbering housewives, and urge them to be in readiness to take part in the overthrow of their enemies—inefficient maidservants.

The little maidens are learning that the road to high and honourable service can alone be trodden by those who cultivate the virtues of self-control, obedience, truthfulness, orderliness, courtesy, and fidelity. They are learning that work, faithfully

and honestly performed, is ennobling; that in idleness lies degradation; and that each and all of us are called to a life-work of loving sacrifice for the good of our fellow-men. With this higher training they are receiving a sound English education, and, what is fully as important as the latter, considering their future occupation, a thorough technical education. "Skilled labour!" is the outcry of all employers, and housewives echo almost hopelessly "Skilled labour!"

Truth to tell, the present class of domestics have well-nigh driven housewives wild. I am not speaking of the comparatively few trained servants now; that there are such I fully allow, but then, the wages they ask are prohibitory. Many and many are the mistresses who have to put up with second-rate service, or to train young girls themselves. For my part, I would far rather, of the two alternatives, choose the latter: but in these days, when ladies are often compelled to add to the general income, that the home may be kept going in comfort, there are thousands who cannot give the requisite time for teaching girls the duties of service, which was the usual habit of their grandmothers. Life was not made up of bustle and rush in our grandmothers' days, and the dear old ladies, and the fair young brides, could well afford to spend their mornings in initiating Phillis in the mysteries of the art beloved of the *cordons bleus*, teaching her how to make flaky puff paste, or concoct dainty preserves and pickles; showing her how to handle with care valuable real lace that, being soiled, must be restored to its pristine cleanliness; and watching her elbow-grease the old oak, or mahogany, until it shone again. Other times, other manners. We have more travelling and more visiting to get through, more books to read, more letters to write, more concerts to attend, more pictures to criticise or admire, a higher standard of learning to reach, numerous duties outside our home life, of



PREPARING FOR CLASSES.



A LESSON IN MAKING BEDS.

which our ancestors never dreamed, to perform—and no more time to do it in than they had. So we long for skilled servants, and the home in Gloucestershire aims at giving us our hearts' desire in this respect. The young girls there are being taught on the Kindergarten system the whole art of domestic service; not one branch is to be shirked. A knowledge of housework, cooking, washing, ironing, waiting at table, marketing, and so on, has to be acquired by all the inmates; but since their limbs are not strong enough, though hearts are willing, to undertake the harder kinds of work, they must needs gain the desired proficiency by means of toy models. The promoter of the undertaking—Miss Headdon—has devoted the past seven years to perfecting her ideas of teaching housewifery to young children; she has turned her own house at Newnham-on-Severn into the Training Home; she has opened a London centre at 41, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, where business connected with the work is conducted, and she gives lectures on the subject in London and the country. Board-schools are applying for toy models. Thirty-six sets have been forwarded to Leeds, six to Dublin, and others to Scotland, Italy, and various parts of this country; whilst three of the London Board-schools have introduced the Domestic Kindergarten system into the curriculum as "object lessons" and "varied occupations."

As a proof of the usefulness of the work, I should state that the Training Home had not been opened

more than a few weeks before it was filled right up, and many are the applications for admission since received that have had to be refused. This is the more sad, for the applications come from those who terribly need kindly help, and to whom the opportunity, were it afforded, of sending their children to a pleasant



LAYING THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

home, where an education such as that described above could be received at the low terms of £3 3s. a quarter, would be of incalculable value. The poor of the upper and middle classes are just those whom it is most difficult to aid; they shrink from giving their confidence to the kindest-hearted, for it seems to them equivalent to "asking for money." From officers', doctors', and clergymen's widows, ay, and from the wives of professional men who are invalided, or whose incomes are so small that even to find the means of living—let alone education for their little ones—is a puzzle, come piteous appeals to Miss Headdon to take their girls into her Training Home. For this Home is not intended to be a charitable institution; the parents pay (though the sum is a small one) for the food, lodging, and instruction of their children.

Some of the letters sent to Miss Headdon reveal an appalling state of affairs. One lady, who is nearly related to some ducal families, is, through adverse circumstances, compelled to take her art-needlework round from house to house, in the hopes of effecting a sale, that she and her four girls—two of them afflicted and helpless—may live on the proceeds. The close application to work has weakened her eyesight, and the over-walking in attempting to dispose of her productions has now permanently injured her leg. What a harrowing picture does the bare statement of the case call up!—the weary tramp through the streets, the disappointment that has to be faced when refusals to buy come—as, indeed, they must constantly—the tired limbs, the failing hope, the heart wrung with the thought of the little ones at home needing the mother's care. What wonder she writes: "I implore you, if your vacancies are not already filled up, to let me send two of my little girls. It would be to me the greatest boon." Another says: "Being an

officer's daughter, an officer's wife, an officer's grand- and great-granddaughter, I naturally know a good deal about the domestic arrangements of 'service' people. Ninety-nine out of every hundred, incredible as it may seem, have nothing but their pay; and I could tell you hundreds of most heart-aching cases, where to keep from three to twelve children decently causes *such* wear and tear of brain, *such* anxiety. A school where, at a very low price, gentlemen's daughters are taught, is sorely needed."

Yet again: "The life of an officer's wife with children is one *long struggle*. The Princess Helena's College and Bath College are charities for children of dead officers: it is the living who also want help. There are many excellent boys' institutions, but for girls only one, and that is yours. If you would take two hundred instead of twelve, what a boon!" One of the children, whom I saw just before they were taken down to the home at Newnham, a bright, sturdy little creature, is the orphan daughter of an officer in the army. He died leaving his young widow, with six children, penniless.

The hope of the indefatigable founder of the Housewifery Association is that a large house in the neighbourhood of Newnham, which cost £20,000 to build not long since, but which has now been offered to her for £3,000, may, through the kindness of well-wishers of the scheme, be secured. It is just such a house as is needed, and will accommodate a hundred girls. Were it once purchased, the work would be placed on a lasting foundation, and be for the future self-supporting.

Miss Headdon will be pleased to receive visitors at 41, Wigmore Street, W., where a photograph of the house is on view, and where on Saturday afternoons a Kindergarten Housewifery Class is held, a sight of which may interest our readers. E. G.



WHAT IS CONVERSION?

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S,
AND INCUMBENT OF ST. PHILIP'S, REGENT STREET.



THE thirteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians contains the most famous description of charity known to the world. "Charity," it says, "suffereth long and is kind . . . it beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

These words were written by St. Paul. He had not, however, always been in this mind. Once he had made havoc of the Church.

But while he was yet breathing out threatenings and

slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, he was "converted." That is the word we use. We talk about the "conversion" of St. Paul, or rather Saul. It has been written about, imagined, painted, over and over again. He was converted, and people presently said that he preached the faith which once he destroyed. He passed from the bitterest mood of persecution into one of the tenderest and most hopeful forbearance. And for this he thanks God. The Lord had converted his soul.

Now this passage of the fierce Saul into the loving Paul, emphasised by his description of charity, might teach us something about "conversion."

Conversion is change; and the world is full of it. It is not a rare or occasional business, but the most common and incessant. It goes on all around—in

hard rock and soft flesh, in the realms of animal nature and of human thought, in the nation and in the individual, in the busy world, the quiet home, and the still more quiet grave. It never ceases by day or night.

But among all the changes which come to pass, that which affects the mind of man is of the closest importance to us. I refer to the "transformation of the spirit" which St. Paul himself speaks of, and urges in writing to his disciples. This, indeed, it is which has almost monopolised the word "conversion." When we use it we think of the law of the Lord "converting the soul." This is the greatest of all transformations. There are many external forces and influences which bring about changes in nature—as when, through no miracle, but by reason of the frost, the yielding fluid is made into a hard floor, and we can walk upon the water itself. This is wonderful. But the moral change is the most mysterious. There we are touched by an unseen power, enabling us to conform to the Divine Law, and to do what we had not done before. It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

And there is another difference between these two kinds of transformation. The river cannot resist a certain degree of cold. When the mercury in the thermometer shrinks to a sufficient depth, water is changed into ice.

But man, it would seem, is able to forbid or stop the working of the mystic force which sets up a new action in his mind. We read of the Jews in old Judea that they had enormous power of spiritual resistance. They were said to have rejected the counsel of God against themselves. Christ could hardly control Himself when He thought of it. It brought tears into His eyes when He looked at Jerusalem. He was overheard saying, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, but ye would not!" This power of refusal, however, is no mere ancient faculty. It is simply human, and a mark of human nature, being inseparable from a possession of responsibility. It is one of the rights of man, and its exercise is common enough in these later days, as well as in those of old.

But amid all the changes of this mortal and immortal life, here and there a man meets with something to which he yields, and which sets his mind in a wholly new attitude towards the world in which he lives, towards the seen and the unseen, towards his fellow-man and towards his God. He is outwardly unchanged, though his voice may take an indefinitely tenderer tone, and his eye be capable of another look. His health, faculties, senses are all the same. He has the same strong hand or weak arm. And yet he is not what he was. He is transformed in the spirit of his mind. It is even sometimes said of such a one that he is "another man."

The world, as I have said, is full of change; and this is the greatest, most excellent. We can see some minor phases of transformation in several ways.

We can see it in love. I do not refer to the transient impulse of passion, however mysterious and commanding that may be; but to a higher impulse, which gives a new tone, colour, and direction to the whole of a man's or woman's life.

And yet there is something else, something higher still, which has reached thousands upon thousands, and the constraint of which is greater than that of the truest love which links human spirits together. It is felt to be importunate, potent, and lifts the heart into the new Jerusalem though the feet walk upon the pavements of earth. I speak seriously. There is a power brooding over the flux of this world which here and there touches a soul with Divine contagion; sometimes catching it with strong grip and hurrying it into an untried, unwonted mood; sometimes silently depositing the seed of change, which comes to ripeness after long and varied growth.

This change or conversion is a very real matter, and in the most stale, coarse, or cynical world is continually going on. Here and there, quickly or slowly, men and women are being transformed in the spirit of their minds.

They are the result of that mystic power which Christians understand to be the grace of God, which abounds, and with which we are brought into contact. It reaches us in many ways. It may come through some conscious submission of our own will to that of God, or by a relaxation in the guard we have kept against spiritual influences, or by some accident (as we may call it) which breaks the crust of life, and which seems to concern outward things alone, but unexpectedly lets in the Spirit that converts the soul.

Some are thus changed suddenly. A shock comes, with which an alteration in their lives is ever afterwards associated. This has happened to many. A man tells us that on such and such a day, in such and such a place, he was converted, and the whole course of his life changed from that hour. I need not quote history, ancient and modern, to prove that these sudden but deep impressions have been made. The conversion of Saul is the most conspicuous example in the records of Scripture. But if there is anything which the world chooses to laugh at most, it is perhaps this swift transformation of the spirit. And yet the world itself is full of changes which bring about incalculable issues in, as it were, a moment. I do not speak of such spasms as the shocks of an earthquake; I do not think alone of the lightning, which carries death in its flash; I do not think of tropical hurricane or other elemental disasters; nor do I speak only of what we call sudden accidents—when the ship strikes on the hidden rock, or the engine leaves the rails; nor do I dwell on that unconscious recognition of the process of conversion by the most worldly, when they admit that such and such a man has suddenly and unexpectedly "changed his mind." The example may be on a small scale; and yet a

sparrow illustrates "flying," which is unattainable to a man, as well as does an eagle. Frequently the greatest human changes affecting individuals and nations depend at last upon some one act or decision, the arrival of which could be determined, but is generally forgotten in the train of events which follow. The world ignores all this. It chooses to neglect experience of changes which it has had, and in which it might find many not less marked than those which indicate the perception of a better life by a careless or misguided soul. These flashes of Divine enlightenment surely come, and in many cases a man can look back upon his life, and, while he says, "I was not always so," be able to recall a day in which the mystic voice of God reached him. Though it may have been accompanied with no such display, it may have found him as surely, unexpectedly, and suddenly as it did Saul while he journeyed, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, towards Damascus.

It is a solemn thing even to suspect, though the suspicion has not passed into experience, that these hidden arrows are in the air.

But though many have been struck with a new Divine light, and suddenly perceived that the spiritual is indeed the most real, there are others, perhaps the most in number, whose change has been delayed. It has come after (so to speak) a patient importunity on the part of God. There is, if we will see it, nothing more augustly pathetic than the attitude which the Christians' God is exhibited as showing in many places in Scripture. He pleads with man. "Why will ye die?" He says to the headstrong defier of His laws. His Son Jesus weeps over the obdurate Jerusalem. And it may well be thus in the case of individual souls to-day. There is many a man to whom qualms of conscience have come, who has heard the voice of God and the summons to a better life, but has not given way. He can hardly define his state, but he has been conscious of some secret pressure, some hitherto unheeded invitation or proposal to which he thinks he may eventually have to yield. But he has not yet made up his mind to welcome the appealing influence.

It is the (perhaps unconscious) recognition of this truth which makes such a picture as Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" so profoundly affecting as it is found to be. Some people hardly know why they are touched by it. Others do. It is a painted parable. The Saviour has long knocked and listened at the ivy-grown door, hearing maybe the chink of the flagon and the rude song within. So, with many a man, a waiting Christ has pleaded, until at last he listens with a better ear, and undoes the bolt and bars which had shut Him out. Then is fulfilled the saying which is written, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with Me."

Again, there are cases of conversion in which the

moment of inception may be known, and yet a long time passes before the change has been fulfilled. When you touch the receptive blossom with the pollen-laden brush, many stages of progress have to be gone through before the full fruit is reached. And so it may be with a man's soul. He may have to reflect long, to be trained and pruned. He may have to experience alternations of temperature before his transformation is completed. And yet there was a distinct beginning to the change, when the mysterious seed of God (which is ever descending in many shapes from the great Sower's hand) fell into the soil of his soul, and there struck a small but living root.

We must clearly recognise the truth that though some natural processes are rapid, though some results are instantly obtained—as when the cold, hard metal is fused in a moment by the touch of lightning—the material transformations in the Kingdom of God are mostly slow. And they have their counterparts in His spiritual procedure. There may be some, like Saul, melted with a flash; but others are changed by degrees, like those creatures of God which grow in the garden or the field. But in their case we can trace their true conversion to the operation of the Spirit at a receptive moment.

In some cases men are changed, and we cannot lay our finger on the date of conversion. They hardly know how and when they were transformed in the spirit of their minds. Let me use a more domestic example. Take bread. Its material is flour, first made into dough. Touched with the contagion of leaven or yeast, and searched with fire, this becomes bread. Here you can hardly say when the change took place. And yet the loaf is converted. It is a new creature. Thus we might learn a lesson from the breakfast-table, since there are sermons in many things beside stones. The great lesson of change is, indeed, being ever, and everywhere, preached in the Kingdom of God to those who have ears to hear.

The way in which God thus works is, moreover, manifold; and the fastidious must not indulge surprise at the rudest and most uncouth displays of conversion. We need not question the reality of God's work because it is very material in its accompaniment. None may resent the Divine worth of conversion because it sometimes appears in a coarse or even grotesque shape. Rough and foul natures have been changed with a repulsive exhibition of the business. You cannot empty an unclean vessel without some offensive revelation. So when a gross sinner has been touched by the Holy Spirit, which appeals to him as surely as the pure sunshine falls upon the rotten dunghill, we may witness a transformation covered with no veil of refinement.

But that is no reason why a sinner who chances to be polished does not need conversion before he can fill his high place as an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Politeness is not the pass-word into Paradise, but

"a clean heart and a right spirit" renewed in the man. Be sure that it is needed by many a comely and educated being, as well as in any coarse creatures of dissipation and intemperance.

But it is not from gross offences, and from a carnal mind alone, that we need to be turned.

Conversion may be needed in more than some think. The whitest building may be foul within. The change required may be from hidden vice into the consciousness of an honest struggle against some fleshly sin. It may be from an unlovely temper into the exercise of unselfishness and consideration. It may be from easy indolence, whereby the duties of a position are neglected, into an attitude of conscientious regard for the discharge of household or official claims. It may be from a state of indifference to religion into a new perception of union with God and the use of prayer. It may be with some thrills of shame; it may be with grave moods of meditation. We cannot tabulate the force and direction of the wind of God.

But one main thought must be retained, and it is seen especially in the case of Saul. The need of conversion is not confined to the irreligious and immoral. Indeed, the most prominent and frequently quoted example of conversion was that of this conspicuously virtuous and devout man. He was, touching the righteousness which is of the Law (no small matter) blameless, and he belonged sincerely to the strictest sect of his religion, which was the Church of the One God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in which he had been brought up. This is a suggestive fact. Some religious people sorely need conversion; for we must remember that religion and righteousness, though they often go together, are not convertible terms. True conversion is a changing from self to God; a transformation from the natural man, whether conventionally religious or not, into the spiritual man. It makes him abhor pretence. It possesses him with a perception of law which pervades the whole Kingdom of God. It makes him try to be swift to hear and slow to speak. It makes him accurate and thorough in his work. It makes him very compassionate towards the ignorant, sinful, and helpless.

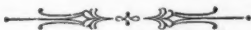
Judging by the precedent of Saul, whose one most notable change was to a sympathetic but active

tolerance, we must expect this to be a leading note, if not the chief note, of conversion. There are severely conscientious professors or holders of the Christian creed who need the fruit of the Spirit, which reckons in its train, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance—or moderation.

Thus the conversion of Saul gives a wider meaning to the word than it commonly bears. Before it he was religious, but confident, dogmatic. After it he was still religious, but tolerant and humble. It is not (as some might fancy) that St. Paul changed sides, and turned his old energy into a new channel. No; when he became a Christian he preached the new faith which once he destroyed, but he did not persecute those of that which he had left. The conversion of Saul was no mere shifting from one party to another in the religious world. God knows nothing of parties, as such. Saul was no mere convert. He was no fresh recruit in the ranks of those who contended with the holders of another creed or opinion. He was transformed in the spirit of his mind. He who had been a persecutor and injurious was so changed as to teach a charity which hoped, believed, and bore all things. We may change sides, and be as severe in our judgments of others as we were before. We may be as aggressively certain about the exclusive truth of the views we entertain, whichever "side" we take.

But when Saul (our great example of conversion) was converted, he learnt to see the good there might be in others, whatever their opinion might be. And, as I have remarked, that was the conspicuous mark and result of the change which came upon him. He took in a new sense of the Spirit of God, and the beauty of Faith.

May we all learn from him! The truly converted man will be so far like St. Paul. He will perceive how much there is to see, and how little he has seen. We cannot tell what God may have in store for us, how He may open our eyes, correct our opinions; how, in guiding us into all truth, we may be astonished at a nearer view of Christ, and use for life—as the motto of our conversion, as an utterance of our daily trust in the living God—the prayer of the convicted Saul: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

NO. 10. THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN.

To read—Numbers xiii. 17—33. Golden Text—
Numbers xiii. 30.

THE SPIES' DEPARTURE. (1—3, 17—20.) About a year since Israelites had left Egypt. Had not gone by direct road, but round by Red Sea and

Peninsula of Sinai. Were now encamped on borders of Canaan in Wilderness of Paran (ver. 3). How excited people would be at prospect of so soon entering the Promised Land! But first were to send out men to view the land and come back and report. Notice about the spies—

(a) Appointed at God's command—had authority.

(b) Chosen from each tribe—to avoid jealousy.
 (c) Elders (or rulers) selected—men of experience.
 These twelve men came before Moses to receive his instructions. They must get into the hill-country, so as to get a good view, and notice three things—

(a) *The land*—whether fruitful or barren, wooded, well watered, etc.

(b) *The people*—strong or weak, many or few.

(c) *The cities*—whether fortified or not.

And they must bring back specimens of the produce to show the people and Moses.

II. THE SPIES' RETURN. (21—33.) Can imagine the spies starting on their mission. The farewells to Moses and Aaron—and last words to their own families—the people watching them out of sight—their talk as they went along—their cautious inquiries—their climbing up the slope of hills to get better view—their descending into the fertile valley of Eschcol—cutting down cluster of grapes so heavy as to take two men to carry it—gathering ripe pomegranates and figs—then the start back to the camp—safe arrival after forty days—whole congregation gathered together to hear their report. What do they say?—

(a) *The land*—no doubt as to its fertility—numerous herds of cattle—flowers, fruit, and corn everywhere—nothing could be better.

(b) *The people*—strong and tall—giants in height—made the spies seem quite small by their side.

(c) *The cities*—walled and very large.

Can imagine dead silence for a moment—then Caleb speaks out.

Let them go up *at once* and take the land.

Let them not hesitate—no faint-heartedness.

But the other spies (except Joshua) dissuade them—they cannot conquer the people, who are stronger and mightier than the Israelites.

III. LESSONS. Canaan being a type of heaven, what do we learn from the spies?—

1. *Inquiry*. Learn all we can about the "happy land." (1 Peter i. 4.)

2. *Courage*. Our enemy is strong. Satan like a roaring lion, but we can overcome him in God's strength. (1 Peter v. 8, 9.)

3. *Resolution*. Set out at once on road to heaven, without delay. (St. Matt. vii. 12.)

NO. 11. THE UNBELIEF OF THE PEOPLE.

To read—Numbers xiv. 1—10. *Golden Text*—Hebrews iii. 19.

I. MURMURINGS. (1—5.) Israelites have heard the spies' report. What do they do? Burst out into tears and cries lasting through the whole night. What a contrast to their feelings when sending out the spies! Then all the pleasant excitement of delightful anticipation. Now all the bitter feelings of sad disappointment. Why do they weep? Because of—

Disappointment. Expectations come to naught.

Delay. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

What do they say? Murmurings against their leaders.

(a) Better have died in Egypt.

(b) Better have fallen in the Wilderness.

(c) They will now perish by the sword.

(d) Better choose a captain and return to Egypt. What do Moses and Aaron do? Why fall on their faces?—

For sorrow at the people's faint-heartedness.

For shame at their conduct.

For prayer to God to help at this crisis.

II. ENCOURAGEMENT. (6—10.) Who now reproach the people? Joshua and Caleb.

1. *Joshua*—originally Oshea, or Saviour; then Jehoshua (or Joshua), the Lord my Saviour. (xiii. 16.)

(a) First mentioned when defeated Amalekites. (Ex. xvii. 9.)

(b) Minister (or servant) of Moses when went up to Mount Sinai. (Ex. xxiv. 13.)

(c) Heard sound of shouting round golden calf. (Ex. xxxii. 17.)

(d) With Moses when God spake to him. (Ex. xxxiii. 11.)

(e) Chosen amongst the spies. (Num. xiii. 16.)

(f) Moses' successor as leader. (Josh. i. 1.)

2. *Caleb*. (a) Chosen amongst spies. (Num. xiii. 16.)

(b) First to still murmurings of people.

(c) Allowed to enter Canaan. (Num. xiv. 24.)

(d) Obtains Hebron as inheritance. (Josh. xiv. 14.)

(e) Followed God fully. (Num. xiv. 24.)

These two faithful men feel sad, and rend their clothes in token of grief.

They then encourage the people as follows—

(a) The land is exceedingly good.

(b) The Lord will surely keep His promise, "and bring them in."

(c) No occasion to fear the Canaanites—their defence is gone—the Lord is against them and for the Israelites.

Alas! no result. People more and more angry—threaten them with stones. Now the glory of the Lord appears. God will avenge His honour.

III. LESSONS. What was it kept Israelites back from Canaan? One word—*Unbelief*. (See Golden Text.) What did they not believe?—

(a) *God's word*—that the land was good.

(b) *God's promise*—that He would take them in.

(c) *God's power*—that He could put down their enemies.

Are they so very unlike us? What keeps people back from heaven?—

(a) *Distrust of God's Word*. Think this world fairer than the next. (2 Tim. iv. 10.)

(b) *Distrust of God's power*. Think Satan stronger than we.

NO. 12. THE SMITTEN ROCK.

To read—Numbers xx. 1—13. *Golden Text*—1 Corinthians x. 4.

I. WATER WANTED. (1—5.) People now encamped at Kadesh-Barnea, on south-east border of Canaan. Were turned back for forty years into the wilderness because of their listening to the unfaithful spies. That time almost over. Here Miriam dies. Recall her history.

(a) Watched Moses when an infant. (Ex. ii. 4.)

(b) Led the chorus after crossing the Red Sea. (Ex. xv. 20.)

(c) Struck with leprosy for murmuring against Moses. (Num. xii. 10.)

Manna been supplied daily through all the forty years, but supply of water has failed. What do the people do? At once forget all God's special and daily mercies—begin murmuring against Moses and Aaron. What is their complaint?

There is no fruit as in Egypt, and no water here. They forget how He had before supplied water.

II. WATER GIVEN. (7—11.) Notice conduct of Moses and Aaron—

- (a) *Silence*—make no answer to the people.
- (b) *Prayer*—go to the Tabernacle to seek God.
- (c) *Worship*—fall on their faces before God.

Now the Lord speaks. Water shall be supplied.

Notice the manner—

(a) Moses to take the rod, *i.e.*, Aaron's, laid up before the Lord (xvii. 10), *but not to use it.*

(b) Moses and Aaron are to *speak* to the rock.

They did in both respects just the opposite.

They spoke to the people in angry manner.

Moses struck the rock twice.

What did this conduct show?—

(a) *Impatience* and anger with the people.

(b) *Disobedience* to God's command.

(c) *Taking honour* of miracle to themselves. "Must we fetch water?"

God gave the water—it flowed abundantly—all were refreshed.

But God was displeased with Moses and Aaron.

III. LEADERS PUNISHED. (12, 13.) They had sinned, must be punished.

(a) Their sin public, so must punishment be.

(b) They had dishonoured God. He must be sanctified, *i.e.*, show Himself holy in them.

(c) They must die in wilderness, and not enter Canaan.

What does all this teach?—

1. *To guard our words* carefully. Moses spoke unadvisedly. (Ps. cvi. 33.)

2. *To check impatience.* God is provoked every day, yet pardons abundantly.

3. *To honour God* always and in all things.

4. *To accept punishment* meekly.

NO. 13. THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.

To read—*Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1—12. Golden Text—Proverbs ix. 14.*

I. A LONELY CLIMB. (1—4.) Moses now an old man—120 years. His life divided into three parts—

(a) Forty years in Pharaoh's palace—*learning.* (Acts vii. 22, 23.)

(b) Forty years in Midian—*waiting.* (Acts vii. 30.)

(c) Forty years in wilderness—*working.*

Three times hear of his impatience—

(a) Killing the Egyptian. (Acts vii. 24.)

(b) Breaking the tables of stone. (Ex. xxxii. 19.)

(c) Striking the rock. (Last lesson.)

Three times hear of special vision of God to him—

(a) At the burning bush. (Ex. iii. 4.)

(b) On Mount Sinai. (Ex. xx. 21.)

(c) On Mount Nebo at his death. (Verse 4.)

Now time came for him to die. His work ended.

(a) His last *words*—blessing the people.

(b) His last *deed*—making covenant between them and God.

(c) His last *thoughts*—the people's happiness in Canaan.

He climbs Nebo alone—of the people none with him. But God meets him there.

(a) Shows him the land—north, south, east, and west.

(b) Promises him once more to give it to Abraham's seed.

(c) Reminds him that he must not himself enter it.

II. A LONELY DEATH. (5—8.) What a strange scene!

God's earthly servant lies down to die.

God's heavenly servants—the angels—bury him.

God's eye watches him.

Israelites watched him ascend—vanish out of sight—no man knows or could visit his burial-place. But he was missed, mourned for, remembered.

III. A GOOD EPITAPH. (9—12.) No prophet like him. How was he remarkable?—

(a) *The Lord knew him face to face*—intimate communion.

(b) *Mighty in word and deed*—God was with him.

(c) *Full of spirit* of wisdom—inherited by his successor.

Not sinless—but forgiven for his sin.

Not perfect—but lived in fear of God.

Not allowed earthly Canaan—but received into heavenly Canaan.

May our epitaph be like his!

NO. 14. REVIEW LESSON.

Golden Text—Nehemiah ix. 17.

HAVE had thirteen lessons about Israelites after Law of God was given on Mount Sinai. They have taught us a great deal about—

I. God Himself and His dealings with men.

II. Man's approach to God in His House of Prayer.

III. Moses an example, and a type of Christ.

I. GOD AND HIS DEALINGS.

1. His *faithfulness* in keeping His promise to Abraham.

2. His *almighty power* in giving manna, water, etc.

3. His *justice* in punishing Israelites at Mount Sinai, and Moses at Meribah.

4. His *mercy* in forgiving Israelites on their repentance.

5. His *love* in providing for all their wants.

II. MAN'S APPROACH TO GOD.

A. The Tabernacle.

B. Feast of Tabernacles and Day of Atonement.

C. The Sacrifices.

A. 1. That God must be publicly worshipped.

2. That He delights to receive gifts from man.

3. That He must be worshipped with reverence.

4. That He will accept man's prayers.

B. 1. The duty of setting apart fixed times for worship.

2. To humble ourselves for our sins.

3. To praise the Lord for His mercies.

C. 1. That sinners deserve death.

2. The duty of confessing sin.
3. Vicarious offering accepted.
4. That the whole nation, priests and people, should be holy to the Lord.

III. MOSES A TYPE OF CHRIST.

1. Christ like Moses made a covenant with His chosen. (Heb. x. 16.)
2. Christ foretold His death as Moses did his. (St. Matt. xvi. 21.)
3. He chose His Apostles (as Moses did Joshua) to carry on His work. (St. Matt. x. 1.)

4. He gave laws for their guidance. (Acts i. 3.)
 5. He taught them about the Promised Land. (St. John xiv. 2.)
 6. He went forth alone to meet death.
 7. He was faithful as a Son, Moses as a servant. (Heb. iii. 6.)
 8. He pleased God. (St. Matt. iii. 17.)
- ### IV. GENERAL LESSONS FOR OURSELVES.
1. The blessedness of serving God always.
 2. The misery of sin.
 3. The joy of forgiveness. (Ps. xxxii. 1.)

THE TEMPERANCE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT.

BY HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.



STICK to your colours; don't be ashamed to confess your opinion," was the advice given me by an eminent statesman, not a total abstinence, who was talking over these great movements. Having always been told that the less one talks of one's own opinions the

better, it was with some hesitation I avowed, that while equal honour and respect is paid to the supporters of both these excellent movements, yet that, in the opinion of a large number of persons, of whom I am one, total abstinence offers the safest path, and blessings to people of every class that can hardly be over-estimated. My own experience confirms what I have been told. It has been estimated that there are between four and five million total abstainers in the United Kingdom. Formerly it required more moral courage than it does now for a young man or a young woman to abstain. The blessings that attend on total abstinence are more universally recognised than in former times, but still it does require courage for people to resist persuasions to drink; and it is for this reason that total abstinence is such a valuable safeguard. Few would now like to urge anyone to break the pledge.

I am aware that many excellent persons say that young and old ought to have strength of will enough to say "No," resolutely, without the aid of pledges. But to those exposed to great temptation from companions, and very likely tempted from within also, the moral support is very precious. I believe it is an ascertained fact that nine-tenths of the crimes committed in the country have been done under the influence of drink. Reports from the army, the navy, the civil service, all tell the same sad tale. Physicians assure us that a very large proportion of cases of ill-health are caused by over-indulgence in strong drink. Sir William Gull, who, as we all remember, was instrumental in saving the life of the Prince of Wales when he was at death's door, writes:—"In cases of feeble digestion alcohol is sometimes given to stimulate digestion. I should not be prepared to go so far; I

should be prepared to advise the use of alcohol on certain occasions when a person was ill, but to say that persons should drink habitually—day by day—I should not be prepared to recommend. All alcohol, and all things of an alcoholic nature, injure the nervous tissues *pro tempore*, if not altogether. You may quicken the operations, but you do not improve them. And even in a moderate measure they injure the nervous tissues, and are deleterious to health. Alcohol acts upon the brain, and causes the blood to flow more rapidly in the capillary vessels. I should like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it. If a patient came before me as a drunkard, and not as a sick man, I would say, Get rid of the alcohol at once. In the case of an habitual drunkard, to whom drinking had become a second nature, I would, when he left it off, recommend nothing beyond good food. It would not at first supply the craving, but it would ultimately overcome it." Perhaps I ought to apologise for making so long a quotation, but testimony from Sir William Gull is indeed valuable. He concludes with this sentence: "I should say from my experience that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country." In another paper he says, "The public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form."

Sir William Jenner, Her Majesty's honoured physician, is in favour of temperance, and on his rounds he causes his coachman to be provided with hot tea. Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, has written in the strongest manner of the diseases, sin, and misery produced by alcoholic excesses. Sir Henry Thompson, that celebrated surgeon, is of opinion that what is called moderate drinking is injurious.

I think that we should be on our guard, if we abstain, against allowing the system to get too low. A little book by Symes Thompson points out that beef-tea—easily made—milk, or coffee, and occasionally perhaps some tonic containing a bitter, are excellent and efficient substitutes for alcoholic



A SEPTEMBER PICTURE.

See p. 856.

stimulants. I believe there is a steadily growing increase in the number of total abstainers in these realms, while immense numbers belong to temperance societies.

I would ask those who have leisure to study the subject for themselves. The Church Temperance Society, Bridge Street, Westminster, and the National Temperance Society, 337, Strand, publish numerous small works, as well as large books giving full information.

The cause is making great advances. If we each in our sphere, be it high or low, earnestly yet modestly endeavour to help it forward, and if a kind Providence bless our efforts, can we doubt that in many homes prosperity will succeed adversity?

The facts recorded on this question speak for themselves. Above all, in the many cases where words or exhortations would be out of place, let us try to help

those in danger of exceeding, by example. The danger of over-indulgence besets all classes. May there be found some in every family who for the sake of others may deny themselves, and thus bear one another's burdens!

It may be that we do not actually see the dreadful results produced by intemperance; still, we know these evils exist. We ought, therefore, to inform ourselves of the best way of counteracting them. We should all of us try to rescue a fellow-creature whom we saw in danger of drowning, or death from fire. Now, it is known that deaths from over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks are terribly frequent. Those deaths are most painful—mind and body become wrecks; and surely we should do our very utmost to avoid leading others into temptation, or falling into it ourselves.

EMIN PASHA.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.



WADLAI, the stronghold and the seat of government of this remarkable man—the last white chief of the dread Soudan—is at the present time the centre around which all interest in Equatorial Africa revolves. Till quite recently Emin

was unknown to fame, although since 1878, when he was appointed to his present post by General Gordon, he has held the key of the slave districts of Upper Egypt with signal success and ability. Only a few scientists and officials in England and Germany, however, knew anything of the details of the desperate and deadly struggle for liberty and civilisation which he has carried on single-handed as Gordon's heir, in the very heart of African barbarism, since the fall of Khartoum and the tragic death of his illustrious friend and patron. Public attention was first drawn to Emin and his splendid efforts in the cause of humanity amongst the lake tribes of the Dark Continent, by the despatch of the Relief Expedition in February, 1887, under Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who, a few days before he left England, thus described his mission in a farewell speech at the Mansion House: "I am preparing a new expedition into the centre of Africa for the relief of an Egyptian official who is at present in somewhat straitened circumstances, and environed by breadths of unknown territories, populated by savage tribes. I go to relieve an officer who may be called the last white chief of the Soudan. Years ago Gordon sent him and his officers and their families up towards the sources of the Nile, and then came that terrible catastrophe which cleared out the heart of the Soudan, and wiped out all traces of civilisation, and barred the way to return. His ammunition was spent, and between himself and the sea on either hand there were hosts of savages. We propose crossing the mainland,

striking inland, and we shall not return till we have reached Emin, or perished in the attempt."

The fate of the relief party is still, as we write, enshrouded in uncertainty. No news has been received of it or from it since September last. It is for the time buried out of sight somewhere between Stanley's River and the Albert Nyanza. Whether it is hemmed in by "the insolent foe," decimated by disease, depleted by desertion, weakened by famine, or carefully but slowly feeling its way over the difficult and dangerous region of 400 miles, hitherto unexplored, which lies between the Congo and Emin's stronghold, none can say.

To many it will be a surprise to hear that Emin Pasha is not, after all, a native Egyptian or Copt, or an Arab, or a negro princelet, but a young German surgeon, of very delicate physique, with shy, sensitive manners, and a gentle and peculiarly modest bearing. Eduard Schnitzer (he adopted the name of Emin, "the faithful one," on joining the Egyptian service) was born at the pretty little town of Oppeln, in the Prussian province of Silesia, on March 28, 1840. He was the son of Ludwig Schnitzer and Pauline his wife. The family were all Protestants, and occupied a good position amongst the merchant classes of the district, which is famous for its industrial activity. In 1842 the Schnitzers removed from Oppeln to Neisse, where Emin's friends still reside. After a course of study at the Gymnasium (or public school) of Neisse, young Schnitzer was sent to attend the lectures of the medical professors at the famous University of Breslau. He completed his medical education in the hospitals and surgical classes at Berlin, and graduated in 1864. As a boy he had developed a decided taste for the study of natural history and books of travel: and his friends were not at all surprised to find that he had made up his mind, on taking his degree, to proceed to Turkey, with a view to obtaining employment under the Government of the Sultan. He was

appointed, on his arrival in Syria, to the post of surgeon on the staff of Ismail Hakki Pasha, and served for some time in Antivari and at Scutari; but on the death of the Pasha in 1873, Schnitzer went to Constantinople and resigned his commission, and returned home to Neisse, where he occupied his leisure for some months in the further pursuit of his favourite study of natural history.

In 1876 he reached what proved to be the turning point in his career. Wearied by the inactivity of his life at Neisse, he made his way to Cairo and offered his services to the Egyptian Government. Taking the cognomen of Emin, and with the rank of Effendi, he became an officer of the Khedive, and was ordered to join the staff of the Governor-General of the Soudan, who had his headquarters at Khartoum. From Khartoum Emin was sent to act as chief medical officer of the Equatorial Province, the southernmost limit of Egyptian conquest on the Nile, of which region General Gordon was then Governor. The hero of Khartoum was able at once to see the value of the young German doctor, and to appreciate those peculiar gifts of character and intellect which distinguished him and rendered him worthy of his confidence and esteem. Gordon found him invaluable as a diplomatist, and sent him from time to time on tours of inspection through the more remote and unsettled districts of the province. He also employed him on several important missions to neighbouring tribes and kinglets, and selected him as his second in command when he himself visited Uganda, the White Nile, and the populous shores of the Albert Nyanza. In 1877 Emin carried out a successful mission to Kabrega, the troublesome King of Unyoro; and in 1879 he went again to Uganda to arrange the terms of a new treaty of amity and friendship with Mtesa, the great semi-Arab potentate of Uganda. It is said that Emin was the only white man whom Mtesa was ever really afraid of offending.

The extraordinary gift for languages which Emin possessed (he spoke Turkish, Arabic, and the native dialects, with perfect fluency) gave him a powerful influence over the native population wherever he went, and he loyally adopted the policy of his superior in dealing with the population of his Province, and always identified himself with the interests of the various races committed to his charge. He sunk his Frankish origin as far as possible, and sought to lose all identity as a German. In a letter from Trebizond written to his sister in 1871, he says, "Here I have already gained a reputation as a doctor. This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and that I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of these people, that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish name." But Emin was no renegade, and no half-Christian. He had no idea of preferring Mohammedanism to Christianity (as the manner of some is) as a civilising influence in Central Africa. His letters show him to be at all times thoroughly and earnestly in sympathy with all distinctly Christian effort on the Dark Continent, and he heaps scorn upon the faith of Islam, on more than one occasion, for not having succeeded in making ten converts in over twenty years.

In 1878 Gordon was made Governor-General of the entire Soudan, and he immediately appointed Emin to succeed himself in the supreme command of the Equatorial Province. An interval elapsed, however, between the resignation of Gordon and the succession of Emin, during which the administration had been in the hands of native officials and others, and much of Gordon's work had been undone or upset. The famous Englishman had left the region organised and peaceful, although financially matters were not so satisfactory. An excessive debt, incurred by the operations necessitated by the acquisition of the territory for the Khedive, and the old liabilities left by former rulers, as well as the prevalence everywhere of a system of speculation, and incompetent administration of public funds, had laid a burden of taxation upon the people which was as unjust as it was excessive. Emin at once set himself to remedy this painful condition of affairs. He found on taking up the reins of government that the public offices were filled by a despicable body of criminals, convicts, and ex-felons, who had been sent up from time to time from Cairo to be out of the way, and who had been appointed to places of authority with a view to bribing them, and so keeping them from returning to trouble the authorities in Lower Egypt.

Slavery had been revived, with the connivance of these men, and without the knowledge of the Khedive, and the various tribes which form the population of the dependency were in a restless and discontented condition. Emin at once set to work to bring order out of chaos. He heard every case of complaint himself. He made constant journeys to every part of his dominion. From daylight to sunset he was engaged in the administration of justice, and the active conduct of public affairs. He got rid of the peccant officials. He cleared out the slave-dealers, and equalised the taxation of the people. He rebuilt the various military stations, cut out fresh roads, and, isolated and entirely without help of any kind, in a few years he had allayed all discontent, secured for the Central Government a warm spirit of loyal obedience, and converted the deficit of £32,000 in the public exchequer into a profit of £12,000 (1884). During this period of reform there had been a two years' block on the Nile, and during six years (1878-84) only nine steamers reached him from Khartoum, and only six of these carried supplies, so that the province had become practically self-supporting.

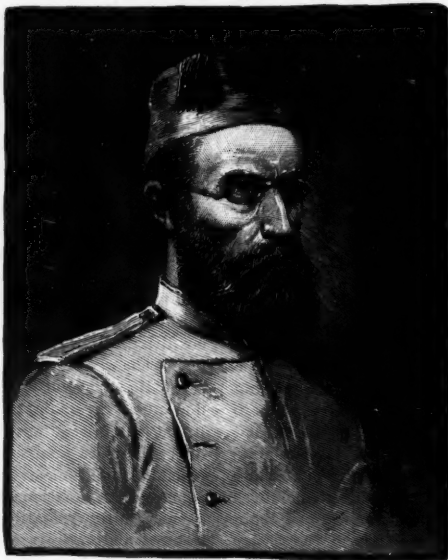
His work was not without an element of danger. His spirited action aroused the malice and anger of the native officials and banished slave-dealers, and even the Egyptian soldiers who were sent to assist him were secretly in sympathy with the evil-doers. Emin disbanded these and formed a new army, which he trained himself. "I am," he said in one of his letters, "an M.D. qualifying as a general in strategy." He also added new territory, developed the cultivation of cotton, indigo, coffee, and rice, and in fact entirely changed the aspect, physical as well as moral, of the region which he ruled, so that in 1882 he was able to report the province as peaceful and prosperous, and cleared almost altogether of the traffic in human beings, which had so long and so persistently defiled it. The

hospital of Ladó, which was his special charge, occupied his attention almost every day from six a.m. till noon. He went round the wards and carefully and tenderly examined into every case, and in this as in every department of his labours, his one thought was for the people over whom he was placed as guardian and parent. Of Emin it may be truly said "that he spared not himself." He had a lofty sense of the meaning of the word "duty." Like Gordon, he regarded himself as one "sent" to the work he had in hand, and this thought has carried him through difficulties and hours of darkness which would have overwhelmed any ordinary man. A friend who spent some years with him (Dr. R. W. Felkin) says that he often marvelled at his thorough unselfishness and perfect devotion to duty, and the noble simplicity of Emin's life as a whole in his far-off dependency. He always preferred duty to pleasure, at whatever cost to himself, we are told, and all who know the man delight to speak of their fresh and fragrant remembrances of this lonely and highly cultivated soul holding on to his post in the midst of the wilderness, sustained only by the thought that it is his destiny to remain and prevent the Equatorial regions from falling back again into the hands of the Arab slavers. He was cheered and gratified by the news that Stanley was coming to help him, but he positively declines to think of leaving his people or his province. "What!" he said lately, "leave the work which Gordon sent me to do, and for which he paid with his blood? Never! I will stick on to the finish. Evacuate our territory! certainly not."

It is characteristic of Emin that he shrinks from no detail of his work, however commonplace, and although he is passionately devoted to scientific pursuits, he at once relinquishes the search for a new plant or a curious animal, if the sterner duties of his high office call him away. Dr. Halland, of Bremen, testifies to the value of Emin's researches into the zoology, botany, and other natural phenomena of Africa. "He is," says this renowned expert, "a born naturalist and scientist." The collections sent home from time to time amply support these opinions as to the accurate and extraordinary knowledge which the gifted Governor of Equatorial Africa has gained of the flora and fauna of

probably the least known of the central provinces of the Dark Continent. The amount of work which Emin presses into each day astonishes his friends. But in everything he undertakes he evinces the same care for details, and the same earnest desire to be perfectly accurate in all he says or does. He writes a microscopic hand which is distinguished by its exquisite neatness, and his descriptive power is such that nothing is overlooked. Trees, flowers, and the smaller forms of animal life are all dealt with in his letters to his learned friends with such care that, as one of them has remarked, you can even "feel the sting of the insects." Emin considers that with an outlet to

the east coast the future prosperity and security of his province is certain. "A free and safe way to the sea is all we want," he says. Once a trade route is opened up to Wadelai from the eastern shores of the continent, a new commercial activity will be developed, and fresh markets will be available for the produce of the inner Equatorial regions. As soon as manufactured goods and raw material become the basis of barter and trade in the markets of the Soudan, slaves will cease to be required or sought for—the whole commerce of Central Africa will flow into new and legitimate channels. From Wadelai to Kismanga the distance is only 650 miles, and this route can be traversed,



EMIN PASHA.

(From a Sketch by Dr. Felkin.)

if opened, by camels at the rate of thirty miles a day. The recent action of the new East African Company will do much to open out this road, as desired by the courageous and far-seeing ruler of the Equatorial Province, and if not by his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and spirit, the route which will deliver Central Africa for ever from the curse of the slave traffic will soon be available. Gordon had a very high opinion of his German lieutenant, and he held him in great esteem for his work's sake, as well as for his varied accomplishments and great natural gifts. He kept up a close correspondence with the lonely man away in the desert fastnesses of the Soudan, and his letters always acted as an incentive to Emin to keep steadily to the path of duty, and to cherish the Gordon traditions. It is well for the age to know and appreciate such men as Emin Pasha. The lessons of such a career are too precious to be lost or overlooked, and we can only hope that in due course the unique and

magnificent devotion to the service of his fellow-men of this hero of the century will meet with the success which it deserves.

In the latest communication which has reached England from Emin, dated August 16th, 1887, and addressed to Mr. W. H. Allen, F.R.G.S., he says, "Please convey my and my people's heartiest thanks to the *Anti-Slavery Society*. Their ready sympathies with our position, their unselfish advocacy of help to be sent, their generous exertion in our behalf, have greatly rejoiced us, and our warmest thanks will never equal our obligations. As to myself, if ever I wanted an encouragement to pursue my work, the acknowledgment of what, by God's permission, I was allowed to do until now, will spur me to go on and do my duty cheerfully. I am sorry to disappoint your kind wish that your letter may find me safely arrived at Zanzibar, and I may as well tell you that I have been greatly amused by the doubts expressed in some papers if I would stay or leave when Mr. Stanley arrives. I think there can be no doubt that I will stay, and I wonder how one could suppose the contrary. I need not dwell on the reasons for my decision: would you desert your own work just at the dawn of better times? Since my last letter to you I have been able to resume the regular turn of affairs, relaxed somewhat by the events you know. I have inspected our stations, and erected two new ones. I have put order everywhere, and our native chiefs have been consulted. The crops for this year are luckily abundant, the cotton plantations yield fairly, and altogether things look now more brightly than before. Once provided with necessaries, I deem it not at all difficult to open a direct road to the sea-coast by way of the Lango and Masai countries. A chain of stations in suitable places and distances is more than sufficient for holding the road open; and the country itself is so rich in camels and donkeys, and so eminently

fit for breeding them, that means of transport will never want. The only obstacle to conquer is the fierceness of the Lango people. I think, nevertheless, that by cautious and energetic proceedings they may become more manageable. At all events, you see, I have a good lot of work before me, and if, with God's help, I succeed in carrying out only a part of it, I shall feel more than rewarded for whatever I have had to undergo. Privations do not terrify me—twelve years' stay in Central Africa are a good steel.

"The death of Gordon has been, as you truly say, a great blow to civilisation in Africa. Certainly he would have done better to make his way here, where friends awaited him. Through prisoners we have heard of his arrival in the Soudan, but we never could make out what he was doing, and the news of the fall of Khartoum, and of Gordon's death there on the 21st of January, given me by the Mahdi's commander, Keremellah, seemed too incredible for acceptance. Gordon had his rest; he died, as he wished, the death of a soldier. *Now it is our duty to carry on his work, and upon myself, his last surviving officer in the Soudan, devolves the honour to develop his intentions. Be sure that, by God's will, I shall succeed.*"

Just as these pages are going to press a most interesting communication has reached Dr. Felkin, dated October 25th, 1887, from Emin, at Wadelai. Matters are still very bad in the whole of the region surrounding Wadelai. All correspondence is confiscated by the rival kings of Unyoro and Uganda. Emin, however, reports a very friendly feeling as existing between himself and the native chiefs, and says of himself that he is very well, and tells his friends they need not have any anxiety about him. A large natural history collection for the British Museum is on its way from Emin, in which are a number of entirely new and rare specimens of birds and insects from the Central Equatorial Province.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS."

IV.—THE DOUBTFUL.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.



SHOULD like now to say a word to those who have a tremulous sense of anxiety about themselves, both in things temporal and spiritual.

I know full well that constitutional temperament has much, very much, to do with anxious forebodings and spiritual disquietudes. Sensitiveness is sometimes

created by a burdensome environment of depressing conditions of life. It is possible, however, to comfort the most weary hearts, and to cheer the most

despondent spirits, with the promises that are all Yea and Amen in Jesus Christ; and therefore to the doubtful I would utter this now familiar refrain, "Lift up your hearts."

Spiritual anxieties are hardest of all to bear, because they go the deepest, making the inner self so sad, that we sometimes say, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious, and is His mercy clean gone for ever?" But this, as the Psalmist says, is our *infirmity*, and as such it ought to be treated. But often there is no careful diagnosis of our inner ailments, and under a general sense of depression we do not trouble enough to search out the specific nature of our spiritual complaints. In many cases we shall find the disease to be doubtfulness. We think, naturally enough, such hard things of ourselves,

that we too often forget the *depth* of Divine mercy; and we need to ponder the words, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." God not only forgives, He forgets the sins of the penitent and the believing: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." But He never forgets mercy. It is His anger that endureth but a moment, but His mercy endureth for ever; and surely this is one of the most beautiful antitheses in Holy Scripture. But some of our readers may say, "You mistake us; we do not doubt God—we doubt *ourselves*. We painfully ask, 'Are we really penitent? do we really trust? Have we really believed in Christ from the heart?'" My friends, you would not be anxious about these things at all if there were no Divine life in your souls. Your very sensitiveness concerning them is a sign of the *reality* that you are so doubtful about. It is often said by our spiritual counsellors, "Look out of yourselves to Christ;" and this is beautiful advice—true as beautiful. But even if you do look within yourselves a little longer, it will do you no harm, if you will but see that, amid all your doubts, conscience and heart are not asleep, are not dead, but are both crying out for God, the living God. *Conscious feeling* is yours. You *are* wounded; and He who wounds can heal. You *are* bruised; and "the bruised reed God will not break." You *are* fearful; but it was said of Our Lord's disciples, "As they followed they were afraid;" and the "*they*" in this passage includes St. Peter, who received, in after-days, grace to go forward, and to win and wear the martyr's crown. Lift up your hearts. Ask, and you shall receive. The prayer from your lips will not be in vain, "Lord increase our faith."

But it may be that the atmosphere of your environment in a human sense is a very care-filled one. You do not talk about your troubles—they are small in their separateness; but, like locusts, they make a thick cloud and eat up all the green pasture of pleasant thoughts and cheery hopes. All would have been so different with you if friends had been true, if those related to you had not filched from you your provident possessions, if characters you had believed to be honourable had not been hollow and base, if selfishness had not left you to sleepless nights and struggling days, if love had not grown cold, and if life had not lost its earlier energy and elasticity. All true, quite painfully and exactly true! There is no false sentiment about all this; and the unbidden tear has almost risen to your eye when you have found that friends around you have little time and less inclination to enter into your life, and to understand *why* the larks do not sing as of old in the garden of your heart, and why you are not full of the *naïveté* and fun and freshness of earlier days. Very difficult indeed is it for you to escape from all this depression of mind and heart, and very charlatan comforters are those who say a *change* will do you good. Your answer would fairly enough be, had you spirit enough to answer at all, "The change must be *in me*!" True indeed; for the anodyne of new scenes would scarcely soothe for

long the heart that knew it must come back to the old circumstances, the old struggles, the old cares! The dark raven, you justly say, would wait here for you, even if you fled to far-away scenes and to sunnier skies. You are right—the change must be *in you*; but first of all thank God here *you* are. "The finger," as the old proverb says, "is more than the ring!"

But best of all is, ever to remember the Divine words of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour, "The life is more than meat." Trouble might have crushed out your life, might have upset the brain or paralysed the nerves, or ruined the health; and *you* are spared all this: and then if trouble had not come, you might have grown cold, hard, proud, vain, worldly, selfish, and indifferent to the highest and best things. As it is, you have learned to trust and pray, you have found "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," you have listened to one Voice, that the gay-hearted children of this world never catch the echoes of, and that Voice has said to you, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of;" whilst your own experience attests the truth, "I have not seen the righteous forsaken." It is not necessary to make light of, or in any way to under-estimate, your personal care; you are *doubtful* about to-morrow's provision, about your needful subsistence, about your little home, the roof-tree of which seems to shake, about independence of others whose love you have never taxed, and on whom it would grieve you more than words can tell to lean in any burdensome way.

Poor heart! who shall speak lightly of your cares, as though there were none of the pangs in them that go to make the hero and the martyr? I am not sure that in the eye of God your daily troubles and burdens are not seen to be even harder than these, because they are so constant, so ubiquitous, and yet so unnoticed, and so unknown! It happens, too, that they are often incapable of being made the subjects of a comprehending human sympathy. But God knows. "Lift up your hearts." Remember the gracious words, "In *all* their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence was with them; in His love and His pity He redeemed them, and bare them, and carried them all the days of old." Brace your soul for renewed fidelity to duty, and fresh chivalry in life's battle, for "He that is faithful in that which is least" in the sight of Our Blessed Lord is as noble as "he that is faithful in that which is greatest;" and remember, above all, the great sustaining word, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

But, once again, some reader may stop me and say, "I agree with all you have written, but you have not described my case. Doubts, in these modern days, have crept into my soul from all quarters. I seem to have been breathing the mephitic air of a withering scepticism in literature, in conversation, and in many ways of personal influence; and what am I to do? My hope is darkened. My soul is cast down within me."

Well, you will never gain religious rest by mere disquisition and discussion. To believe, understand,

and obey the truths of the blessed Christian faith, you must come again along the old highway of experience trodden by your spiritual fathers; you cannot, as your consciousness tells you, escape from the sense of sin; and you know that beside Christ there is no Saviour. You cannot escape from the inward sense of immortality: and to whom can you go except to Him? for He has the words of eternal life. You cannot live happily in mere intellectual culture, for, like the dove that found no resting-place for its feet, you must return to the Ark for peace. The great question for you to ask yourself is this, "Does the everlasting Gospel answer to all the deep instincts of my immortal soul?" And have you had one hour's real rest since you left God, your Saviour, and wandered in the dreary labyrinth of doubt? As the exercise of prayer has always proved to be the best argument for prayer, so the satisfaction of thirst is the most eloquent eulogy upon water. As of old, it is true to-day: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, for it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

It was all summed up for me in a parish visitation last week, when a poor old blind man said

reverently, with a sweet smile on his face, putting his hand on his heart, "I've got it all *here*, sir; I've got it all *here*." And in mentioning this, I am not forgetting that intellectual rest will follow trustful faith. The evidences of the head supplement and sustain the experiences of the heart. They are not its outriders, but its rereward. Lift up, then, your heart. Be not faithless, but believing, for "to him that hath shall be given," and a little faith shall be the glorious harbinger of a holier, happier day.

Such are some of the aspects of doubtfulness; but unquestionably there are many more, for doubt takes subtle forms, and is a tenant of the heart not easily dispossessed. Perhaps quietly to talk over all these things together—to feel that we are not alone in mental, social, spiritual cares and anxieties, is one way of help. We take, then, each other's hand in the darkness; we whisper to each other words that have done us good in the fret and wear of life; we look together on Him Who says, "Come unto me *all ye* that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and thus, by the exercise of mutual ministrations, we help each other to obey the words, which, so far as we do obey them, will make life nobler, cheerier, braver, and better: "Lift up your hearts."

IN HER OWN RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER BASIL," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—A DAY IN JUNE.

"Hast thou a heart, O deep-eyed girl,
To match that glance of thine?"

Hast thou a soul as rich and
sweet,
And may I call it mine?"
C. H. CRUNDELL.



THE winter was over, and the time of the singing of birds was come. The fens were dressed in green, with fine broidery of blue forget-me-nots and yellow lotus and of all the unnamed colours, the delicate half-tones of the innumerable wild flowers that peeped from every grassy bank and rush-filled dyke. Little brown birds darted amongst the hedges, the peewits ran along the banks, the kingfisher flashed, a glancing feath-

ered jewel in the sun, the larks sprang up from every field of growing corn, and poured their music on the quivering air.

All the fair wide plain was steeped in sunshine and in song. There was a throbbing Laze of heat

in the air, that seemed to pulsate back from the straight white roads and emerald fields, and blurred the far horizon and the outlines of the minster towers.

In Ely few people were abroad, for the want of shade made the streets almost unbearable. The errand-boys wore cabbage leaves under their caps, and loitered incontinently on the shady side of the street, and the little knot of elderly ladies and clerical-looking men, coming from the ten-o'clock service, showed a tendency to linger in the shadow of the Cathedral, that lay sharp and black far across the green, and made one think of the Eastern imagery of "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Perhaps the coolest place in Ely was the yew-walk in Canon Treherne's garden, and it was here that Tessa was pacing up and down, with slow, pensive footsteps and musing eyes, glancing from time to time at the letter in her hand, but oftener losing herself in the thoughts it suggested, and the memories it evoked.

The yew-walk ran along the bottom of the garden, and ended in a soft bank of turf and moss, which was Tessa's favourite seat. The yew trees rose tall and dark on either hand, a close hedge of impenetrable green, and, shown against their darkness, gleamed the waxen chalices of tall white lilies, planted along each side of the turfy walk between. Below, there was the fragrance of mignonette, and the murmur

of bees, and, overhead, the larks in the soft summer sky, and the great white towers rising up into the blue.

Miss Damant was a little thinner and paler than she had been in the winter now so long overpast. Perhaps she was a little statelier also, as one whose pride has been wounded may sometimes be, if only to hide the wound. The large dark eyes showed all the darker above the white cheek, and had a troubled shadow in their soft brown depths that had come too gradually for home eyes to notice, but that made Miss Joan Paterson shake her kind old head. Miss Joan was much concerned at her young favourite's loss of colour, and wondered often what had brought that wan and wistful look into her eyes. Could it have anything to do with Austin Romaine's departure? It was true that Tessa had never seemed to care for him—he did not give her much chance! thought Miss Joan—but the shrewd old lady had not forgotten Mrs. Damant's afternoon tea, and the look in Tessa's eyes when she first heard of his going.

But whatever Tessa felt, she made no sign. She wore Austin's ring on her forefinger, and explained to those who inquired about it that it was a pledge of friendship, not of love. That is, she explained the fraternal compact to those who she considered had a right to inquire; those who had not, learnt by painful experience how much disdainful reproof a dignified silence could convey. Clare Pembroke, rallying her friend with more freedom than good taste, learnt the limits of friendship in the same tacit manner, and had not ventured to allude to the subject again.

It was five months now since Austin had gone away, and he said nothing about coming home again. He had written to Tessa once or twice, letters such as a brother might have sent; letters that all Ely might have read. Tessa showed them to her mother and the Canon, but Miss Damant always recovered her property again, and it was one of the thin blue sheets, with the American stamps and the Florida postmark, that she was reading as she walked up and down the turfy walk between the lilies and the yews. It was a month-old letter now, and she had read it often enough to need only to refresh her memory by a glance now and then. It told of the life at Corbyn's Grove, where Austin had been received with the ready hospitality of settlers, and where Corbyn was already in full swing of work. It was a pleasant life enough, Austin said, and he was going further into the country to look about for a grove for himself, and might perhaps send for the boys, if he found one to his mind.

Tessa sighed as she read. It seemed to make the separation so final and complete. And she could not believe that such a life could really suit Austin. The hot Floridan summer must be trying to the fennan, reared on the great plain where, emphatically, "the hard north-easter breeds hard Englishmen." She could not picture him going about in a flannel shirt and Panama hat, and lounging through the stifling noontide in a hammock. Still less could she picture him riding a pony so small that his legs almost

touched the ground. Yet this was what he said the men out there did. And he thought of staying there himself! He was only waiting to find a "bearing grove" with a suitable house, and then he should send for Jack and Tom. Mrs. Romaine and the younger ones must remain at Elibank at present, but eventually he evidently contemplated their all making Florida their home.

"I shall call our grove *Elibank*," he said, "and perhaps some day Lenny will buy the old place, and be Romaine of Elibank, in the dear old Isle of Ely. You would like that, Ermytrude, should you not?"

No; Ermytrude felt she would *not* like it at all. She told herself that she should *hate* to see anyone, even his cousin, in Austin's old home, or to think of anyone but Austin as Romaine of Elibank. She wondered Austin should ask—but then she always wondered at the tone in which his letters spoke of Leonard. It was true she was very fond of Lenny, but Austin seemed to think she cared for nothing else. If she had been engaged to Leonard, he could not have written more as if their feelings and interests were one, Tessa thought; and then it flashed across her that perhaps this was what Austin believed. She knew—she could not help knowing—that there was a report to that effect, and perhaps it had come to Austin's ears. Well! she would say nothing to undeceive him. It was soothing to her pride—the pride that had bled so deeply for the tears she had shed before Austin Romaine—it was soothing to her pride to think that Austin believed that she loved his cousin. If he thought *that*, he could not think—

Even to herself, in the solitude of her green retreat amongst the lilies and the yews, Tessa did not name the alternative she so vehemently deprecated. She only bent her head lower and lower, while a slow, scorching blush mounted to her temples, and seemed to cover her like a scarlet cloud.

"Tessa! do you want the courts marking out this morning?" cried Lenny, sending his pleasant boyish voice before him as he came down the yew-walk, to where Tessa stood. "My goodness, how you jumped! I believe you never saw me till I spoke."

"No," said Tessa, looking up with a smile at Lenny's bright, blithe face.

Lenny had given Black Care to the winds since Austin had, as he put it, "polished off old Bowles." The burden of debt alone would never sit very heavily on Lenny's easy shoulders, and as for obligation, was not Austin the head of the house? It was his natural business to help the younger branches, Lenny considered, and so went about eased of all but the most moderate sense of gratitude. He looked on the best of terms with himself this morning, as if he had never known a care or a sorrow in his life, as if, indeed, he was as much a part of the fair summer day as the sunshine or the flowers, or the song of the larks overhead.

Some such thoughts came into Tessa's mind as she looked at him, standing there in his suit of summer grey, his blue eyes dancing, and his fair hair catching the sunshine that turned it into gold. To look at him and to remember Austin, had all the contrast of sunshine and shade. How like and how unlike

they were! Their features had the resemblance of close relationship, but Austin's eyes were so much more grey than blue, and his hair, though fair as Lenny's, had none of the golden lights that made his cousin's like a seraph's, or a child's. And Austin's cheeks were brown, while Lenny's were purely tinted as a girl's, and only the white forehead showed that Austin's skin had been originally as fair. There was no question which an artist would have preferred to paint, Tessa thought, though which was the better worth painting was another matter.

"What a lazy boy you are!" she remarked, as Lenny threw himself on the mossy, terraced bank, that made so soft and pleasant a lounge. "Have you got another holiday to-day?"

"It's nearly twelve o'clock, and I thought you might want the courts marking, so I knocked off work and came round. And this is the thanks I get!" said Lenny, showing the white teeth that were so like his cousin's, in a smile that was nevertheless quite unlike his. Lenny could not have looked sarcastic to save his life, and his smile had an unalloyed sweetness that always reminded Miss Damant of sugar-candy.

"Poor fellow!" she said satirically. "You always were an unappreciated being, weren't you? But if you've come to do the courts, why are you lying there?"

"You haven't said you want them doing yet."

"Well, I really shall be very much obliged. Jenkins is so busy in the kitchen-garden, I know he'll growl if I ask him, and we want some tennis this afternoon."

She was moving away, and evidently expecting him to follow, but Lenny protested.

"Really, Tessa, what a nigger-driver you'd make! Legree was nothing to you! One wants a little rest, after walking through a sun like this."

"A small quarter of a quarter of a mile!"

"A whole quarter of a mile, if it's an inch! And besides, if you knew how superior you look in that white gown—it's a new one, isn't it?—you'd know

that a fellow likes to lie and look at you, just to improve his taste."

Tessa laughed. She was too used to Lenny's compliments to do anything but laugh at them. As for being offended, it would have been as absurd as being offended with a child.

"Well, when you've looked long enough, perhaps you'll take pity on the courts. I really do want them doing, for Lord Eastwood and the Dean's daughters are coming, and their courts are quite too-too."

"Lord Eastwood! I don't think I shall bother myself for him," said Lenny, with sudden surliness; "or the Dean's daughters either. Is anyone else coming that will make up a decent set?"

"I've asked Clare; and I suppose you'll come too?"

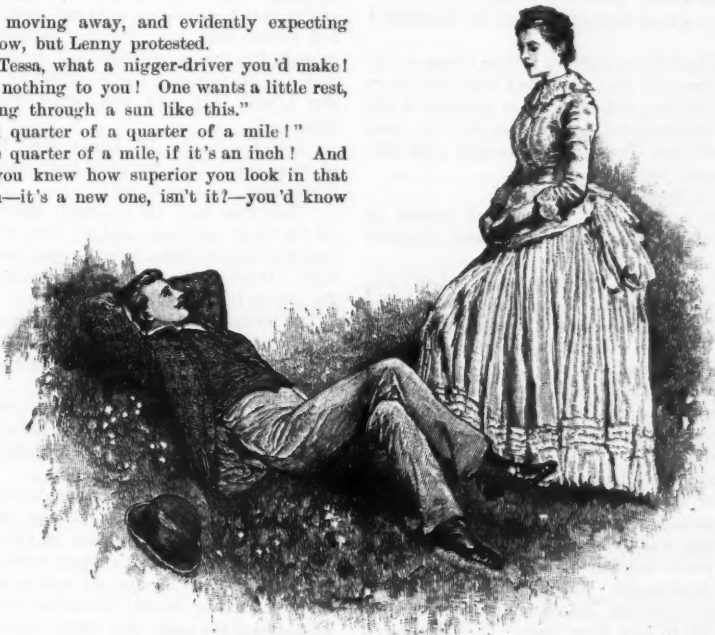
"Humph! No, I don't think I will. I hate the Dean's daughters—they think themselves too good to look at an unfortunate quill-driver. And I hate Lord Eastwood worse still."

"And what has he done to you, pray?"

Lenny sat up, with a sudden access of energy and earnestness.

"It isn't what he's done, Tessa—it's what I'm afraid he'll do. Do you think I don't see through his little game? Do you think I don't know what his friendship with your mother means, and his coming here as he does? Do you think I don't know that it's *you* he wants—you, my own beautiful darling!—and what chance has a poor beggar like me against a lord?"

Lenny's eager speech had quite carried him away.



"Have you got another holiday to-day?"



"The road was only a path cut through the scrub."—p. 854.

Before he had ended it, he was standing by Tessa's side, and trying to put his arm round her waist. Miss Damant drew herself haughtily away.

"Don't be a goose, Lenny!" was all she vouchsafed to say.

Tessa had been in the habit of telling Lenny not to be a goose, from the days when they both wore short frocks and pinafores, and when it was recorded of the generally good-tempered Lenny that he had once turned round upon Tessa, and exclaimed with outraged masculine feeling—

"I'm not a *doose*—I'm a *dander*!"

There was a good deal of outraged feeling in Lenny's face now, though it found more dignified expression.

"Don't!" he said, in low, hurt tones. "Can't you see I'm in earnest, Tessa? I'm not a rich man, like Lord Eastwood, and I haven't a title to lay at your feet; but I love you with all my heart, and no man can do more than that."

"I beg your pardon," said Tessa humbly; "but, indeed, Lenny, I thought you were just talking nonsense. I never thought—I never dreamt—oh! Lenny, I *am* so sorry—"

She stopped, with a look of sorrowful dismay. That her boy-lover should suddenly have developed into a grown-up, passionate man, and be making her an offer in good earnest, was as astonishing and disconcerting as if a toy pistol had gone off of its own accord, and inflicted a fatal wound. She sat down on the bank, for a sudden trembling had come upon her, and she had much ado to keep from tears. That she should hurt her old playmate and friend—that she should hurt Austin's cousin like this!

Lenny stood before her, very tall and straight and dignified.

"Sorry!" he said, bitterly. "Do you mean that you've only been playing with me, then? I wish now I'd spoken long ago. But my father said I ought to wait for the partnership, and you always made such fun of things, I never seemed to get a chance. But I wish I'd told you before Lord Eastwood came—"

"Lord Eastwood? Oh, Lenny, don't think so badly of me as that! Lord Eastwood has nothing to do with it—nothing, *nothing* at all!"

"Then what has? If you really don't care for him, or for being 'my lady,' and all that, why do you say you are sorry? Tessa, why do you look at me like that? Don't you know I love you? and can't you care for me—a little—?"

The broken sentences trailed lamely off before her unresponsive face. It was a minute or two before Tessa spoke, but he knew beforehand what her answer would be.

"You know I care for you—but not as you mean it," she said slowly. "I never really thought of it like that, and now I do, I know I couldn't do it. I'm very sorry, Lenny—"

"So am I!" said poor Lenny dolefully. He had fallen back into his boyish manner, and the sweet, delicate mouth was quivering painfully. Suddenly he turned away without another word. He was not going to let Tessa see him cry, and he saved his manhood by striding fiercely down the soft grassy walk, swallowing the tears that almost choked him, and nearly knocking down Canon Treherne, who was coming in search of his granddaughter.

CHAPTER XIII.—A MYSTERIOUS WOOING.

"Love should be free, and I am bound
To win your hand in love's despite;
What fellowship can e'er be found
Of false with true, or dark with light?"—C. L.

"If you could not love him, my dear, there is nothing more to be said," said Mrs. Damant.

Tessa had been telling her mother of Lenny's offer and of the answer she had felt constrained to give him, and Mrs. Damant had listened with equal surprise and pain. She had always thought of Lenny as her future son-in-law, and all her little plans for Tessa's happiness were bound up with Leonard Romaine. It seemed to her as if they must fall with the downfall of Lenny's hopes, and the feeling with which she heard of his rejection was not far short of consternation. How cruel it seemed—first the father and then the son! Tessa did not know it, of course, but the fact that she herself had refused the father served to make her daughter's rejection of the son doubly painful to Mrs. Damant. And yet, there was nothing to be said. She did not reproach Tessa, unless the tears that filled her eyes were a tacit reproach, but she grieved for Lenny almost as much as if he had been her own son.

"I was afraid you would be disappointed," Tessa said; "but I could not help it. I love Lenny dearly—he has been like a brother to me all my life—but that is quite a different thing."

Mrs. Damant was the last woman to dispute it, but she looked at her daughter with a sudden wistful tenderness. Where had Tessa learnt the truth she proclaimed with a fulness of conviction that suggested a personal experience, and who had been her teacher?

It seemed that it was not Leonard. Could it be Lord Eastwood, with his handsome face, his fine dark eyes, and his winning charm of manner? Or could it be that while Austin Romaine had pledged a brotherly regard, Tessa—her proud, beautiful Tessa!—had secretly entertained for him a warmer feeling still? Fervently Mrs. Damant hoped that this was not the answer to her question; but how changed Tessa was lately! Tessa's mother would not say, even to herself, how changed she was since Austin Romaine went away.

She caught Tessa to her with a strange tightening at her heart, and a fierce impulse of defence. And she could do nothing, absolutely nothing! The child whose life she had once been potent to mould, whose sorrows she had once been all-powerful to soothe, had passed beyond her tender care. She could only stand aside and weep and pray as other poor mothers do. She knew that Tessa shrank a little impatiently from her embrace—Tessa, who was so proud amidst her pain, and could not brook pity, even from her mother. Her mother knew all about it, yet, for pity's sake, feigned not to know.

"I am a silly old woman to cry like this," said this gentle hypocrite; "but, Tessa dear, I am so sorry for—Leonard."

Tessa was very willing that Leonard should be pitied.

"So am I," she said, truly enough. And then Mrs.

Damant and her daughter went down to their guests, who were already beginning to arrive.

There was no tennis that afternoon. Lenny was not there, naturally enough, and it seemed to Tessa that to be playing Lenny's favourite game, while Lenny sat lonely and sad at home, alone with his ruined hopes, and the broken heart in which youth so entirely believes, would have broken her own heart also. Besides, who was to arrange the sets? Tennis without Lenny was simply impossible. So the Dean's daughters sat under the great cedar tree, and drank their tea, and chatted languidly with the curates, because Lord Eastwood was too much engrossed with Tessa to notice anyone else. And then they found their way to the yew-walk, and went into ecstasies over the lilies, and voted the Canon's garden party insufferably slow, and went away as soon as they decently could.

But whatever the Dean's daughters might be, Lord Eastwood was not at all sorry that no tennis was forthcoming. He had come to see Tessa, not to play at tennis, and Tessa was much more accessible this afternoon than when she was consulting Lenny Romaine about the sets, or playing the game herself, or even watching its progress with the interest of a spectator who understands the meaning and value of every stroke. She sat amongst her guests, rather silent and absent, but when Lord Eastwood came up to her, people fell away a little, and left them virtually alone. His attentions to Miss Damant were so generally an understood thing, that people gave him place, as they had been used to give place to poor Lenny Romaine.

And yet he felt, with a good deal of mortification, that he made no way with her. Since the meaning of his attentions had dawned upon her, Tessa had shown an unmistakable desire to keep him at a distance, a quite abnormal obtuseness as regarded delicate compliments, and an exasperating fertility of resource in avoiding *tête-à-têtes*.

She was looking pale and out of spirits this afternoon, but the gentler mood was not without its advantages. She made no effort to leave the friendly shelter of the cedar, though Lord Eastwood shared it with her, and the others were all exploring the yew-walk, or idling in the conservatory. She hardly seemed to be aware that everyone else had finished tea, and they had the umbrageous shade of the cedar to themselves.

Tessa was, indeed, scarcely thinking of Lord Eastwood at all. It was Lenny who filled her thoughts this afternoon; Lenny, and her sorrow for his pain, a remorseful wonder that she had not sooner understood what his feelings were towards her, and some bitter reflections on her own inability to give him the affection he desired.

"If I had not been such an idiot!" Tessa thought, with a sudden brilliant colour that made her look lovelier than ever.

Lord Eastwood was very decidedly of opinion that his old friend's daughter was the most beautiful girl he knew. He would have been quite willing to marry her—this man who was old enough to be her father—even if the marriage had not been so supremely

desirable on grounds quite apart from admiration, or from personal preference or feeling. He did not ask himself if he loved her, but probably only the existence of those other and antagonistic feelings prevented his recognition of the fact. Interest and expediency—how could they coexist with love? For if love means anything, it means self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, self-effacement.

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might—
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

So wrote the poet who, in this nineteenth century, is perhaps the clearest-eyed philosopher. Eastwood might have loved Tessa Damant with a pure and vital passion—a passion that should have purged him of self, and lifted him into a higher and nobler life—if it had not been, in his opinion, so manifestly and so imperatively his interest to woo and win her. As it was, something within himself, some feeling he could neither analyse nor explain, checked the words on his lips when he would have approached her with the stereotyped phrases of conventional gallantry, which no one knew better than himself how to use.

He looked at her now, and a strange yearning filled his breast. If he were only plain Algernon Eastwood once more! If, in all innocence and uprightness, he might but have cast himself at her feet, and prayed for the love that might never now be his. Eastwood's mother had been a pious woman, and the language of Scripture was familiar to her son. As he sat and looked at Tessa, he found himself repeating the words of St. Paul—

"What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness?"

And there was nothing, it seemed to him, that he could do to retrieve himself. Confession, reparation, restitution, these were not to be thought of—and nothing short of these could raise him to Tessa's level, or make him worthy of her love. But all the more desperately he sought to win it. When once he was her husband it might be that he would tell her all, would abase himself before her, win absolution from the sweet lips that had sealed their love, and rise purified and triumphant. But he could not tell her now. "Not now—not now!" he said, half aloud. To speak now would scare away the white dove of her maiden soul for ever.

How pure and sweet she looked, how proud and dignified and sad! He wondered what had brought that shadow to her brow, and that look of pain to the beautiful eyes. A curious tenderness overcame him at the sight. He felt as he remembered feeling when a stag he had shot looked up in his face before it died. If there was anything he could do for her, even to the half of his kingdom— But, like the potentates from whom he had learnt the royal phrase, his thoughts never went beyond the half!

She was playing with the ring upon her finger—the ring that looked rather clumsy for a lady's wear—and the action recalled something to his thoughts that he had meant to tell her.

"Do you remember the empty ring-box amongst the Eastwood jewels? I found a description of the missing ring the other day."

"And what was it like?" she asked, with a polite attempt at interest that was rather a failure. What were the Eastwood jewels to Tessa Damant?

"It was more curious than pretty, I should think—a large black pearl, set round with diamonds—"

Tessa uttered a startled cry. Her interest was real and vivid enough now.

"But that is *my* ring!" she exclaimed.

"Yours?" cried Eastwood, looking every whit as startled as herself.

"I mean that I have—that I had—a ring exactly like that. A black pearl, set round with diamonds? Oh, I could not be mistaken! I have had it since I was quite a little girl."

"Will you let me see it?" he asked, in a tone that tried to be indifferent, but was only startled and dismayed. But Tessa drew back, scarlet and abashed. She had been surprised into speaking of it, but she wished now that she had held her peace. Lord Eastwood was the last man to whom she could explain her relation to Austin Romaine, or who would understand it if she did.

"I can't show it you, for I have not got it now. I gave it away—to a friend," she said breathlessly; and Lord Eastwood looked at her curiously.

"If it was really like the Eastwood ring, it was a valuable gift," he said quietly, but with a look that made her glad to cover her confusion by the first speech that came to hand.

"You do not think it is the same, then?" she said lamely.

"I think it is possible, but not probable," he said, after a little pause. "I should be much interested to see it, if your friend would allow me to do so."

Again there was the spreading blush, the look of confusion and almost of distress. Who could this friend be, to whom so valuable a gift had been made, and the mere reference to whom could so move the stately Miss Damant? Friend! Was it a friend at all? Was it not more likely a lover?

Lord Eastwood could not ask, but he felt as if he would have given his life to know. And then, with a sudden overmastering impulse of love and jealousy and despair, he rushed upon his fate. It was not the calm proposal he had been intending to make when he felt the time was ripe and the hour propitious. For that moment, at least, he did not remember that he was Algernon, Baron Eastwood, or that the girl before him was anything but Ermytrude Damant, his fair and stately love, the one woman in the world for him.

"There is a better, a richer, a fairer gift in your keeping still," he said, in low, passion-stirred tones. "Tessa, my love, my darling! may not that best of gifts be mine?"

It is not often that it falls to a woman's lot to have two offers of marriage in one day, and to refuse them both. Tessa looked at him with bewildered eyes.

"Will you not give me yourself, Tessa, and make me the happiest of men?"

So this had come upon her—this that Lenny had

prophesied—that she herself had secretly dreaded! It did not move her as Lenny's offer had done; nay, it even seemed some atonement to Leonard that she was able to refuse this far more prosperous suitor.

She drew away the hand Lord Eastwood had taken.

"I thank you, Lord Eastwood, but it is impossible—quite impossible!" as he seemed about to speak. "I know how much honour you are doing me, but I can't—indeed!"

"But hear me!" he cried passionately. "Is it Romaine that stands between us? Ah!"—as that

at him for a moment with affrighted eyes, and then she fled into the house.

"Grandpapa!" she gasped, "I think Lord Eastwood must be—ill. He is saying such extraordinary things—but *will* you please make him understand that I cannot marry him, whatever he may say?"

"Has he asked you?" said the Canon, getting up in some excitement. "My dear Tessa, you ought to think twice before you refuse a man like that."

For the Canon had had *his* dreams for Tessa also, and they were dreams in which Lenny had neither part nor lot.

Perhaps Tessa had had her dreams too—dreams



"Where did you get that ring?" he panted."—p. 856.

vivid blush seemed to give the answer the mute lips refused—"I love you too, Tessa, and with a deeper love than that smooth-faced boy. And oh! my love, my love, you cannot guess all that your love is to me, all that it will save me from, if you will bless me with it! It is my one hope, Tessa, my one chance of honour and honesty and self-respect. Child! you do not know what hangs on your decision. Be my wife, if only that I may give you back fortune, and rank, and name!"

Was he wandering in his talk, this lover who was old enough to be her father, whose rank and station seemed to put him so far above her, but whose looks and tones were wild and passionate as a boy's? Had he gone distraught, as she had heard men sometimes did for love, and was it for love of her? Tessa gazed

that were like neither her mother's nor her grandfather's, and from which she had had a rude and sharp awakening. They were all over now, but not the less did she ruthlessly crush the Canon's hopes.

"Think twice!" she cried, with some unnecessary scorn. "If I were to think for a hundred years, grandpapa, it would be all the same, and you had better go and tell him so."

But when the good Canon ambled out in search of his guest, the garden was vacant, and Lord Eastwood had gone.

CHAPTER XIV.—ON AN ORANGE GROVE.

AUSTIN ROMAINE had made up his mind to settle in Florida. The gorgeous beauty of the sub-tropical country, its forests of graceful yellow pines festooned

with Spanish moss, its broad-leaved palmettos, so strange to northern eyes, its endless succession of lakes, each seeming bluer and more beautiful than the last, were all charming to the man used to the dim neutral tints of the English fens. What variety of colour and of form was here! That the country was as flat as his native fen was scarcely a drawback to Austin Romaine. Here, at least, was as wide a sky as that he had left behind him, but with what magnificence of noontide blue it blazed, with what splendours of unimaginable radiance the sun rose above the orange-groves, with what gorgeous pageantry of crimson and purple and gold it sank behind the western woods!

There was enough unentailed land on the Elibank estate to raise sufficient capital for the purchase of a few acres of "bearing-grove," and of some "hammock-land," which could be cleared and planted by the time Jack and Tom would be ready for it, and this, Austin decided, would not be for two or three years yet.

A further acquaintance with the country had made Mr. Romaine determine that only the sternest necessity should prevent his young brothers from finishing their education in England. By the time this was done even the "wild land" would be in bearing order, and meanwhile he must depend on remittances from home. They could live more quietly and inexpensively at Elibank when the master of the house was away, and the new Elibank he was to found in this far-off land would be an ample provision for them all. Then, perhaps, he might go back. Surely he would be able to meet Ermytrude as his cousin's wife by then!

The grove he had decided to take was near to what is now the flourishing town of Orlando, but which then consisted only of a post-office and a variety store. "Colonel" Jackson, who owned the rows of huge, glossy-leaved trees, the smiling blue lake, and the excellent log house that stood on its bank, had "made his pile," and was going to "Urnp" to spend it. He was to go in another week, and meanwhile Austin was being initiated into the mysteries of orange-culture, the respective merits of budded trees and seedlings, the vexed question of "girdling" trees or leaving them to nature, the Floridan methods of tillage without and cooking within that make up a settler's life.

They were all sitting in the shade of the deep piazza that is a necessity of Floridan houses—Colonel Jackson and his two lanky sons; Mrs. Jackson, a homely woman, on whom the hardships of a settler's life had told more than on her husband; and Austin Romaine, who was learning by painful experience what a mosquito means, and half forgetting his bites in admiration of the exquisite scene before him, when a sudden barking of all the dogs announced a stranger's approach.

The new-comer was a tall, angular man, with a lean yellow face, and clothes that agreed in nothing except in not having been made for their present owner. He was mounted on a Texan horse, half-broken, and in the last stage of leanness, and had a general air of shiftless dilapidation. Austin had

been long enough in Florida to know that the man was a "cracker," or descendant of the first white settlers, and was probably a cattle-raiser in the "flat-woods" that lay beyond the limits of the clearing. He carried an old-fashioned gun, that reminded Austin of the old fowling-pieces in his own room at Elibank, and had brought some squirrels he had shot in the woods, and whose skins he was anxious to dispose of. Jackson seemed to know the man, and when the bargaining was over asked how his wife was, and how he was "getting along." It appeared from Mr. Cyrus Dawkins's account of himself that his getting along was of the most unsatisfactory description, and to add to his troubles, a stranger who had stopped at his shanty to rest had been "took with the chills," and was so ill that he did not know if he should find him alive on his return.

"Who is he?" the Colonel asked.

"Wal, he's a Britisher, I believe, but he cum down here with some horses from Texas, and his mates left him when they went back. Guess he's a tenderfoot, for he's got the chills pretty bad."

"And what are you doing for him? Quinine?"

"There isn't a grain in the house," the cracker declared, "though that's what he du ought to hev, if ye could spare us a little, Colonel."

But the Colonel's medicine-chest was out of that useful drug, and was waiting to be replenished when he went to the variety store. Austin produced some of his, and hearing that the invalid was certainly an Englishman, offered to go and see him.

"I see a good deal of ague round my home," said Mr. Romaine, "and I may be of some use."

"Of considerably more than Prue Dawkins," said the Colonel in an aside. "I shouldn't like to be ill, with no better nurse than that. But if you mean going, sir, I'm in. I enjoy a ride into the woods considerable, and I guess I shan't see palmetto scrub in Urup, nor cactus and magnolia neither."

It was certainly a lovely ride. Their way lay along the side of the lake, and the water stretched away before them, a sheet of limpid blue. The trees, with their waving drapery of Spanish moss, came down to the water's edge, the magnolias filled the air with a perfume that was almost too powerful, the great palmettos stretched out their fan-like leaves, the tall, feathery pines waved above them, and creepers, whose names Austin did not know, trailed in will luxuriance from tree to tree. Presently they left the swampy margin of the lake, and plunged into the wood. The road was only a path cut through the scrub, and the tangled growth of almost tropical vegetation was like a wall on either hand. At last the lean-faced cracker stopped before a shanty or log-cabin, which seemed of the rudest description. There was an attempt at a verandah, and one or two men, as yellow and loose-limbed and ill-dressed as Mr. Dawkins, were lounging in it, but the logs that composed the walls were so roughly put together that great gaps were visible here and there, and only a small, unglazed window gave light to the room within.

In the room a man was lying on a mattress in

the corner, breathing heavily, and shivering with an attack of the malarial fever or ague that is known in Florida as "the chills." He was a man about forty-five or fifty years of age, as ragged and unkempt as the crackers about him, but speaking good English with the manner and tone of a gentleman, and evidently shrinking from the compatriot who had found him in such poverty and degradation.

Who or what he was, no one about him knew. He had been known only as "Black Jack" to the Texan drovers, and though he gave his name to Austin as "John Duncombe," there was something in his manner that made Romaine suspect it might not be his true appellation.

But whatever he was, he was manifestly an educated Englishman in the last depths of poverty, cast helpless and perhaps dying on the charity of the dregs of Floridan society. He made no complaint—and indeed, the crackers were evidently doing all they could for him—but what a hovel it was! what a couch for a sick man was the filthy straw mattress on which he lay, huddled up in a blanket that looked as if it had never been washed! High summer as it was, his teeth rattled with the deadly chill of ague, and a cough, that probably told of more deeply seated disease, shook the emaciated frame. Austin had been "down with ague" himself when he was a boy, as most fenmen have at some time or other, and its chill fingers seemed almost to grip him again, as he looked down on the shaking, shivering wretch who called himself Jack Duncombe. But the Floridan malaria was evidently a more formidable disease than the mild fen-ague of the Isle of Ely.

"Will he get over it?" he asked Colonel Jackson, as they rode away, after leaving some of Austin's quinine behind them, and presenting Mrs. Dawkins in secret with some money for the purchase of necessities for her involuntary guest. To have let her husband see the glitter of gold would have been a trial of his probity to which the Colonel was unwilling to expose him.

"Will he get over it? Well—not very likely, I should say," said the Colonel; "not *there*, at any rate—they've no notion of nursing, or cooking, or anything. If I hadn't been going away, I'd have got him up to our place."

"But why not?" cried Austin eagerly. "I shall be glad enough to have him, and Aunt Polly can look after him, can't she?"

Aunt Polly was the fat, good-tempered negress whose husband was employed on the orange-grove, and who was to "do for" Romaine when the Colonel and his family had gone.

"Oh, she could look after him right enough, but there's the getting him up. And then you know nothing about him, and a Britisher, down on his luck like that, hasn't always a biography that's exactly Sunday reading. There's a good many men throwing lassos in Texas, that would have a noose round their own necks at home."

"I can't let a fellow-countryman die for want of a little care," said Austin, "whatever his history may be."

He was curiously moved by the thought of the forlorn "Britisher" in the cracker's squalid cabin. What a fate for a man whose speech betrayed that he must once have known such different surroundings! to die like a dog—nay, worse than a dog, for many a kennel is a paradise of cleanliness compared with a cracker's shanty. He was too proud to bemoan his fate, or to ask for help, but there was something in the mute appeal of the eyes that looked out so pathetically from the wan and wasted face, that Austin Romaine had found it impossible to resist. But then, for some reason or other, Austin Romaine was never able to resist the appeal of any eyes that were large and dark and bright as were Mr. John Duncombe's.

Where had he seen eyes like that? he wondered, as he sat in the piazza with the Jacksons, and watched the sun go down behind the pines, and discussed the best means of removing Jack Duncombe from his present quarters. And then—though he would have repudiated any association of ideas as little short of sacrilege—the vivid southern sunset, the great avenues of glossy-leaved orange-trees, the clear blue lake, with tropic setting of cypress and palmetto draped with silvery moss, all faded from his sight. He was not in Florida at all; he was back in Ely once more, and the eyes that were looking into his were not Jack Duncombe's, but Ermyntude Damant's.

The transfer of the unfortunate man to the comparative comfort and civilisation of "Elbank," as Austin had already dubbed his grove, was safely accomplished the next day; and after being handed over to the ministrations of Aunt Polly, and installed in the sparsely furnished but clean and cool guest-chamber, Mr. Duncombe revived so far as to ask to see his host, and expressed his thanks with somewhat formal courtesy, but with evident sincerity.

"Though why you should have done it I don't know," he said, looking with a good deal of curiosity at the tall, fair Englishman who stood beside his bed. But Austin did not answer. Perhaps he did not know himself.

It was quite a fortnight before "Black Jack" was able to leave his room, and then it was the merest shadow of a man that crept out, leaning on Austin's arm, to the wide, cool piazza, and sank on the long wicker couch on which Aunt Polly had gathered together all the rugs and cushions the establishment afforded. Romaine had seen very little of his guest, being busy enough out-of-doors, and finding Mr. Duncombe eminently disinclined for conversation. But he felt it incumbent on him to attempt a little now. Perhaps, too, he was glad of some society that was neither yellow nor black. The Jacksons were all gone, and whatever Jack Duncombe's antecedents might be, he had certainly known gentle rearing, and was a more attractive companion than Aunt Polly, or her coal-black spouse, Uncle Jake.

So Austin brought his chair beside the couch on which the invalid was lying, and produced a budget of newspapers he had found with his letters at the Orlando post-office the day before; but Jack Duncombe seemed indifferent to news.

"I haven't seen an English newspaper for years,"

he said, as he languidly accepted the fortnight-old *Times* that Austin handed to him.

But though he took it, the effort to read it seemed too much for him. He soon laid it down again, and lay back amongst his pillows, watching his host with idle, desultory gaze. Austin himself was engrossed with his letter. He was re-reading for the fiftieth time the few shy lines which Tessa had sent in answer to his closely written pages, and as he read, his fingers unconsciously toyed with her parting gift, and his lips parted in a smile as sweet as his cousin Lenny's.

Suddenly Jack Duncombe raised himself on his pillows, and bent forward, seizing Austin's hand.

"Where did you get that ring?" he panted, pointing with trembling finger to the dear gage on Austin's chain. "Man! that is the *Eastwood* ring! Where did you get it—and who gave it you?"

Austin clutched his treasure in a tightening grasp.

"What right have you to ask?" he demanded sternly.

"The best of rights!" cried the man who had called himself Jack Duncombe. "My name is John Damant Eastwood, and that is my wife's ring!"

(To be concluded.)

A SEPTEMBER PICTURE.

THE ground, that late was clad in rippling wheat,
Lifts now its golden stubble to the sun,
And from the fields, through the September
heat,

The children, flower-laden every one,
Walk slowly homeward when the day is done.

The woods are clad with foliage rich and rare;
The garden still is sweet with many a rose;

There is a stillness in the autumn air;
And fruits, that ripen in the orchard close,
Rest 'neath their leafy boughs and seem to doze.

All praise to Him the Giver, who in love
Has sent the winter snow, the soft spring rain,
The ripening sun from bright blue skies above,
Bringing glad harvests to the sons of men,
Filling their hearts with gratitude again.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

INEQUALITY.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE. BY THE LADY LAURA HAMPTON.

"Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities."

SHAKESPEARE.



HEY formed an odd group in the moonlight, of gleaming white patches and deep shadows, with heads and legs so intermingled that had any midnight rambler been passing that way he might have imagined that some huge monster of the earlier ages of the world's history had risen from the chalky

ground, to survey once more his ancient haunts. Not the click of a hoof was to be heard, not a switch of the tail, nor movement of ear or eye to be seen, as they stood together waiting for the dawn which was to usher in another day of toilsome work and scanty food. To all outward appearance silence reigned supreme, and yet to those who understood the language of the dumb creation an animated discussion was being held by the silent group.

"I don't see it at all," vehemently exclaimed the white pony, the youngest of the trio. "Why should I be turned out on this common to get my living as best I can, and he be pampered in a stable? Why should

I be cold and hungry, and he warm and fed? Why should I be rough and shaggy, while he is sleek and groomed? Why should I drag about potatoes and onions, and he a phaeton in silver harness? Have we not the same nature, the same form, the same feeling, and yet where is the equality, I say!" And so excited did he become that he withdrew his head from the old horse's back on which it rested, and tossed it impatiently in the air.

"In the harness, perhaps," slyly responded the third horse in the group. "For my part, as long as we are all beasts of burden, which you must confess is the case, and are driven whither we know not, it does not seem to me to signify much if the bit is silvered, or the weight on Cee springs, or the halter of hemp. The racehorse's strength is as much taxed as the cart-horse's when it comes to the point; depend upon it the pony you envy would as lief kick over the traces of the phaeton as you would over those of your green-grocer's cart. No, in my opinion, the fault lies not so much in the inequality of the burden, as in the burden itself. There should be no masters, say I, and then there could be no harness!"

"Then you would all have to turn into broken-down animals like me," said the old horse, who had not yet spoken, "for, mark my word, if you did away with the



"They formed an odd group in the moonlight."—856.

masters you would soon have plenty among yourselves, unless you were all broken-kneed and broken-winded, and worn out. You forget, no masters means no corn provided, no stables or sheds, no clothing or care, each horse for himself; and consequently might would be right—the weakest to the wall, and the survivors to trample under hoof the wounded. No, no," he continued, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "the inequality does not lie so much in the burden, or the masters."

"Then what is in fault?" impatiently broke in the first speaker.

"Principally ourselves," he replied; "in the way we bend to our burden, answer the curb, perform our work. That there are bad masters and heavy loads I am not going to deny, but my experience is that the master is very much what the horse makes him. Let him but see us willing to help him and ourselves by not requiring the use of the whip or reins; and over and above our daily wage of food there is the kind word and crust of his own bread, and the caress of his hand to lighten the labour and reward the toil, and then, after all, remember, he finds us the stable and the field, if we do pay for it by our work."

"Yes, yes, that is all very well, but why should I work for him at all? Why should not the earth be mine as much as his? Why should the corn be for him of rights, and only the grass for me?"

"Tell me why the life of many flowers is needed to form one drop of honey. Tell me why twigs and grass, moss and hair, grow and are gathered to form one birdie's nest; then will I answer thee why the gifts of life are unequal, how the inequality of the many is leading up to the future perfection of all. Yet methinks even now life is not so unequal as one imagines. Could a hunter draw a coal-wagon, or a cart-horse run a race? But the draught of water is as sweet to one as to the other, and the sleep in the shed as grateful as in the stable. The bit and the burden are facts to all, question about them as we will, but once accepted from the master's hand, the one ceases to gall, and the back soon accommodates itself to the other. The rests by the way are many, and if the mid-day sun is overpowering, one knows that the master will lead us home when the work he has for us to do is ended, and the evening shadows fall."

A BOX OF OINTMENT.

(ST. MATTHEW XXVI. 6-13.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D., EDINBURGH.



HERE is something very touching and beautiful, as well as instructive, in this incident. It gives us an insight into the feelings with which the Lord regards our services: how He looks at the motives which prompt them, and how grateful they are to Him when they are expressive of our love; and it also sheds light on the feelings which are becoming to us, and the course of action we ought to pursue. The woman's action, being the natural outflowing of a heart which ardently loves the Saviour, indicates the course which, under certain circumstances, love will take, and the feelings which animate the loving heart. And the manner in which our Lord responds to it shows how clearly He reads, and how favourably He interprets, those actions to which love naturally prompts.

I.—THE PRESENTIMENTS OF LOVE.

LET me call your attention in the first place to what I may call *the presentiments of love*.

There is no reason for supposing that this woman knew the Saviour's death to be so imminent as it was. She was aware, no doubt, of the hostility of the Jews, and of their desire to get Him into their power in order that they might put Him to death, and of their plotting to this end. She may also have heard of the predictions He had uttered concerning what was to take place on this visit to Jerusalem, and by which He had given such offence to His disciples, and especially to Peter. But beyond this there is no reason for supposing that she knew when His death would take place. And it is only from the forebodings of love—love brooding over the things it had heard—or from the pure instinct of love, that you can account for there being any reference to His burial in the act she now performs. Apprehensive as only love would be of what was about to take place—seeing it with love's instinctive but clear discernment—she is moved to give this costly and emphatic expression of her love to Him, as to One who will soon be gone; and her instinct proves to be correct, for the unerring One, who rightly interprets her feelings, receives what she does as an act connected with His burial—"against the day of My burying hath she kept this"—"for in that she hath poured this ointment on My body, she did it for My burial"—"she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying."

We attribute this knowledge to the instinct of love, partly because the disciples do not seem to have

connected her action with His burial, which they might naturally have done had they known that it was so near. Had they known this, it is hardly conceivable that they would have seen anything objectionable in her act. They could not have had the heart to grudge it, or to suggest any better use of it, had they viewed it as a love-token towards Him on the eve of His being removed from them. Even Judas, one would think, would hardly have had the courage to suggest its being sold and the proceeds given to the poor, rather than that it should be poured on His head under those conditions. And their taking such a view of it, and making or approving of such a suggestion, justifies the conclusion that they did not see what the quick instinct of her love had discerned.

We do not say, of course, that His Disciples did not love Him. This may have been true of Judas. It was certainly not true of the others. But then there are different qualities and degrees of love. Woman's love generally is more acute and sensitive and quickly sympathetic than man's, and with a finer intuition learns all about its object. And Mary's was one of those quiet, contemplative natures which silently meditate on the meaning of outward things, and draw from them unerring conclusions. A love like hers would look more deeply, seeing in consequence more in its object, and more correctly interpreting that which it saw; inasmuch that that which others never apprehended would be clear enough to her. She might not be able to give conclusive reasons for her conviction—everything she could mention might be capable of a different interpretation from that which she gave to it—but the impression would be borne in upon her notwithstanding, and prompt her irresistibly to the action which the disciples did not understand. And thus she performed the loving ministry which appeared to them only so much waste; but which He received as an anointing for His burial.

Whether you agree with this explanation of the feelings which led to the procedure or not, there can be no doubt that love has such presentiments. The mother sometimes has forebodings of the death of her child, when others less interested in it see no danger. The lover perceives signs of approaching dissolution in the one he loves, which are visible to no other eye. And this not always because of closer watching, but because of the informing instinct of love. It cannot be accounted for, perhaps—no intelligent reason can be given for it—but the heart indulges in its own fearful forecastings, which are all verified by the result. Thus it may have been here. The presentiment of love may have made her as sure as if a Divine revelation had been given her—or

perhaps we ought to say the presentiment of love was a Divine revelation—that He whom she sought to honour would soon be beyond the reach of such marks of honour as she desired to pay, and that therefore what she desired to do must be done quickly. And hence, by a brief anticipation, she pours on His head while He was yet living the ointment which was to anoint Him for His burial.

II.—THE NATURALNESS OF THE ACT.



NOTICE, in the second place, *how natural it is for love to seek for expression in connection with the removal of its object, especially, as is the case here, the removal by death.*

The Saviour speaks of what the woman did as if it were a perfectly natural thing to do when it was connected with His burial. The disciples make no remark on it after it is thus interpreted. They are silent, as if even in their estimation its costliness were justified by the object for which it was designed. And we all know—if not in every case from experience, yet from very general observation—that it is natural for love to be thus expressed. Few things appear to me more touching than the following account, which appeared in one of our papers, of the Queen's visit to the tomb of her daughter:—"Her Majesty has gone to Darmstadt to assist at the confirmation of grandchildren, and to lay a memorial wreath on the tomb of that dear good daughter who watched so tenderly by the side of the dying couch of the late Prince Albert, and who has followed him so soon. The Princess Alice is buried at Rosenhöhe, and thither the Queen went yesterday to indulge in the melancholy comfort of affectionate grief." She took the least-frequented route to the "Hill of Roses," as the chronicler, with pathetic hand, describes it:—"Beyond the murmur of the town below, though within sight of the quaint and pointed Gothic gables clustering round the moated old castle of the Hessian dukes, is the gently rising knoll crowned by the mausoleum wherein repose the ashes of the Princess and two of her children. Wandering about the newly trimmed flower-plots that front the tomb, the visitor imagines the mausoleum to be nothing more than a sheltering garden-house, and ventures in, to find the floor occupied by three sarcophagi shrouded with crimson-coloured velvet palls and covered with floral crosses, drooping palm-branches, and wreaths of violet, white, and yellow immortelles. 'A mark of tenderest love and affection from her broken-hearted mother, Victoria;' 'A mark of affectionate love from Louise;' 'A mark of love and affection from Alexandra;' 'In affectionate remembrance from Marie;' 'A mark of tenderest devotion from Beatrix,' are but a few of the English inscriptions appended to these floral emblems of immortality; while conspicuous among all, at the head of the largest coffin, reposes a massive wreath of purple

Grampian heather, being 'A token of love from Balmoral.' Into this sunny sepulchre the Queen with her companions entered, and affectionately placed two more wreaths and a floral cross upon the already heaped-up central bier. Then kneeling, Her Majesty remained for several minutes in deep devotion."

Such feelings are not peculiar to the high-born, as the writer intimates, but are common to our humanity. And it is their manifestation in those who are isolated by reason of their exalted rank and position, which makes us feel that human nature in all conditions is essentially the same. The wreaths and immortelles which are laid on the coffin may sometimes mean little more than formalities which might as well be dispensed with; but much more frequently, and in their origin at any rate, they are the results of a tender feeling awakened by the removal of the loved one, and feeble expressions of a love which survives the stroke of death. The costly tombstones or mausoleums which are erected, in like manner may sometimes be the expression of a spirit of worldly pride and ambition which seeks distinction even in death. But more frequently, we are inclined to think, are they the offerings of a love which can now find no other way of gratifying itself. In some parts it is not customary to do anything in the way of ornamenting the grave; but where it is so, how touching is it to see—and how expressive of a deathless affection are—the flowers growing on the soil beneath which the remains of the loved ones lie—flowers planted and tended by the gentle hands of those in whose hearts their memories are enshrined. It is the same principle in our nature which makes the wishes of the dead so sacred in the estimation of survivors, and causes us to feel so shocked when covetousness, or any other unholy passion, leads to quarrelling over a father's grave. And the cherished portrait so carefully preserved, worn so near the heart, looked at so often with tearful eye—what is it but the outward token of a love which, cherished during the life of its object, is more tenderly expressed now that by death he has been severed from love's embrace? It was thus that the love which Mary had cherished ever since she knew the Lord, but which had probably sought no more demonstrative utterance than contentedly sitting at His feet hearing His word, now that He is about to be removed cannot be satisfied without some more marked expression; and therefore brings out its hoarded treasure, to pour it on the Saviour's head, and so finds its crowning manifestation in anointing Him for His burial.

Such an act is not possible to us. But the Saviour who understood so well Mary's feelings has not overlooked this principle in our nature, but has made provision for it in the simple but beautiful feast which perpetuates His memory. Knowing how the tokens of love are drawn forth by the death of its object, and how love tenderly expresses itself in connection therewith, He has instituted that ordinance in which His death is commemorated, and has left as

His charge or request to all that love Him, "Do this in remembrance of Me." And it were strange if any in whose hearts His love has a place should refuse compliance with this request—or rather, we should say, obedience to this command. Command we would say, were it not that no command can be requisite. The slightest intimation that this is pleasing to Him—that He has a desire to be remembered by us in this manner, must be sufficient to secure compliance in the case of all who are really His. The loving mother needs no command to make her look at the portrait of her departed son. It is not as a matter of imperative duty, but as the spontaneous expression of their love, that the members of a family fulfil what they suppose to have been the wish, or cherish the memory, of their now sainted mother. It was not in obedience to a mandate, but as affording scope for her own irrepressible emotions, that Mary sought to do homage to the Lord by indulging in an act of extravagance which ruffled the disciples' sense of propriety, and whetted the traitor's appetite for gain. And it is not a cold sense of duty, but the promptings of a grateful and adoring love, which leads us fitly to approach the table of the Lord, that by partaking of the symbols of His broken body and shed blood we may show the Lord's death, till He come.

Not that this is the only way in which we may give expression to our love. He has left open to us manifold ways in which that may be done. If, as regards Him, we are subjects of the feelings which the death of loved ones calls forth in such expressive manner, we need be at no loss for methods through which those feelings may be expressed. This woman has shown us one way, and perhaps it is among the most significant and expressive which love can adopt. Let us look into our stores, that we may find something valuable with which we may anoint Him—something which we can lay as the tribute of our homage at His cross or on His tomb; or rather, as He is not only dead, but risen again, something that we can lay at the foot of His throne in glad recognition of His exalted claims. And if we can find nothing in all our stores which we deem worthy of Him—if after we have offered to Him our best, it fails to give any adequate expression of our love or our sense of obligation, let us be thankful that He receives our gifts according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not; and that, whether what we have to give be great or small, we may nevertheless pour out on Him our heart's best affections; and that He will accept of that as our anointing for the day of His burial.

Love is especially and emphatically expressed in connection with the death of its object, in that death the element of self-sacrifice has entered, enhancing the affectionate regard which is already cherished. In Mary's case, we doubt not that her love was intensified, and her expression of it made more emphatic, by the thought that the death which was so imminent was to be endured on others' account, even for those by whose wicked hands He was crucified and slain.

He was cut off so soon, not because of constitutional weakness, or even because disease had fastened on Him, nor because of any wrong He had done; He died on account of others. All that He did, all that He endured, all that He suffered, all that He sacrificed, was on account of others. And this, no doubt, gave intensity to her love, and led it to seek such costly expression; even as it should increase the cordiality and the promptitude with which we observe every act in which love can be shown, whether it be calling to remembrance what He has done, or laying at His feet our offerings of gratitude and adoration.

One other thing which cannot fail to give peculiar ardour to the love which death calls forth, and which we doubt not existed in Mary's case, is the feeling of personal interest in the self-sacrifice which it manifests. You remember the touching story told after the American War, of a man who had travelled a long way to visit the grave of one who had entered the army as his substitute and had fallen in battle. He was seen kneeling by the grave, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and appeared to be rooted to the spot as if by some strange fascination. A costly tombstone which was erected there explained all; it contained the name of the dead, and the name of the man who out of gratitude had erected the memorial, and beneath that the words, "*He died for me.*" To those who knew that fact the strange conduct was all explained—the long journey, the streaming tears, the lingering over the grave, the costly memorial. For what would a man not do out of love for one who died for him? A similar feeling doubtless actuated Mary in her anointing of the Saviour's body. It was not likely that she, who had listened so devoutly to His teaching, and had such sympathy with Him, and understood Him so well, would fail to apprehend the purpose of His coming. And all the feeling awakened by the thought of His dying for others, would be strengthened when she considered how she herself was one for whom He died. All the love, all the pity, all the admiration, with which she thought of what He endured, could not fail to be greatly augmented and intensified when she thought of its being all endured for her. This explains all she did, and would have sufficed to explain a great deal more—not only the pouring out of the ointment, but the pouring out of her heart's blood in honour of Him. And if we truly realise that He died not only as a sacrifice for others, but put ourselves among those for whom He died, saying, as we have a right to say, "He died for me, He suffered that worst agony for me, He made that greatest sacrifice for me," what is there that we can either refuse to do or to give, by which we may serve or honour Him? I will not believe in anything so contrary to the principles of our nature as the withholding of anything from Him, who is clearly seen to have done so much for us. They must be ignorant of the meaning of His cross who do not yield to the constraining power of His love. Everyone who

recognises its significance and its bearing must be ready to say—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

"Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

III.—THE MOTIVE OF THE OFFERING.



BSERVE, in the third place, *how the Lord accepts of service which is prompted by a right motive, valuing it most of all because of the feeling from which it springs.*

He does not, in this case, enter into any explanation to show that the ointment was better employed in being poured out on Himself than it would have been if sold and the proceeds given to the poor. Possibly, if He had been asked beforehand, He might have directed to the latter use being made of it; but it was enough that she had employed it in the manner which suggested itself to her ardent love as best fitted to honour Him. When the feeling was so good, He will not suffer her to be blamed for anything mistaken in the manner in which she gives it expression. It might have commended itself more to those who study utility in everything, had it been devoted to the poor; but she deserved the praise of having done her best, the highest that mortal can receive—"she hath done what she could." And, moreover, many other opportunities would occur of helping the poor, who would be always with them, whereas He would soon be beyond the reach of such a ministry as that which she now performed. She was not to be forbidden, therefore, availing herself of the opportunity of gratifying her ardent love by an act which appeared to the more prudent and calculating disciples a needless waste.

And there is here a lesson for us, which in these times may not be without its use. It is a time of very general and, in many instances, generous giving; and among the multitudinous objects of public charity it may sometimes be questioned if all are worthy, and if the money contributed to many of them be spent in the most economical and useful manner—whether a considerable part of it be not wasted, or worse. A great deal, of course, may be said in favour of its being wisely directed and usefully employed. Some of it is saved from the scanty earnings of the poor, who pinch themselves in order that they may be able to give; and it behoves those who are entrusted

with it to see that the object is not undeserving, that the money contributed shall not be extravagantly spent, nor squandered by mismanagement, nor appropriated to other purposes than that for which it was designed.

It is possible, however, to be too much influenced by this. If because you find here and there a larger expenditure of money than you think necessary, or a less wise appropriation of it than you think desirable, you begin to look with suspicion on every object which solicits your help, and resolve not to give until you are perfectly satisfied that everything is as wisely appropriated and as economically raised and distributed as it can possibly be, you may inflict a very serious injury on your own soul. It will be a far less evil for you to give, even where your gifts may not be turned to best account, than for you to restrain your generous feelings, and to indulge an inquisitive, suspicious, censorious spirit. You should remember that your giving is not designed merely to help this or that cause, but to furnish an outlet for your own feelings. The greatest advantage which flows from it is its enabling you to give expression to your love to Christ. And that love may sometimes be most freely and adequately expressed when economics are not very carefully studied. Ardent love does not care very much for economics; it is inclined rather to prefer the costly because it better accords with its estimate of the Saviour's claims. The thing which it mainly asks is not, Will this be usefully spent? but, Will my giving it do honour to Him? Of course, we must not give to every cause, or through any channel which presents itself, whether it be good or bad. Christ would not be honoured by such giving as that. Discrimination should be exercised where means are limited and claims are many. But then, take care not to be too anti-wasteful where a work good in the main needs to be helped forward. Your gift, if it come from a loving heart, will not fail to serve some good purpose. Your withholding when you *can* give may either prove your own coldness of heart, or, by restraining the feeling which ought to find expression, it may do you serious harm. The greatest blessing in this instance came not to the disciples who grumbled at, but to the woman who practised, the extravagance. In an economical point of view, there was some reason in what was said, "To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." It might, no doubt. And perhaps the woman was not over-prudent when she acted as she did; for it is not her prudence that is commended to us, but her love. But whether she were prudent or not, she showed what is better even than prudence. The wasteful extravagance, as the disciples thought it, was justified by the love which prompted it. The prudent calculation of the uses to which it might be put was vitiated, because it was covetousness which made the calculation. He who pleaded most for the economical use was a "thief, and had the bag, and bare what

was put therein," and was on the eve of betraying his Master for thirty pieces of silver. The wasteful act was performed by one whose ardent love could find no adequate expression through ordinary economical channels; and the extravagance was not condemned, but placed on record as a testimony to her honour and to His. And, oh! if our most wisely planned and economical services receive such eulogy as this did, we shall feel that such praise is the best return they can yield. They shall not be fruitless, although they have no other result, if He should say of us, "They have well done: they have done what they could."

IV.—THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD ACT.



NOTICE, in the fourth and last place, the *wide-spreading and enduring influence of a good act.*

In accordance with our Saviour's words, when defending her against the indignation of the disciples, her act justifies and commends itself, and is spoken of to-day "wherever the Gospel is preached, throughout the whole world, for a memorial of her;" and will not cease to be thus spoken of so long as the Gospel is preached. If it be said that its widespread and deathless fame is owing to the Saviour's own appointment, and secured by its having a place in the Gospel record, we are not concerned to deny that it is so. His approval of it, and causing it to be placed on record, is no doubt sufficient to secure its being known throughout all the world to the very end of time. He thus graciously brings into notice the things that please Him, and will not suffer our works and labours of love to be forgotten, or the smallest service which is heartily rendered to lose its reward. It detracts nothing, therefore, from the value of her act to say that He has caused it to be widely known and long remembered; for it must, at the same time, be acknowledged that He would not thus have caused it to be known and remembered to her honour, had not its memory been worthy of preservation. He caused it to be widely known and long remembered because it is too excellent to be buried in oblivion. Moreover, its own qualities are such as to prevent its being forgotten. It speaks to our hearts in such a manner that we would not willingly lose sight of it. The enthusiasm it displays awakens in us a kindred feeling, inciting us to do as she has done. We cherish

it because of its effect on ourselves. We speak of it because of what it tells to others of the Saviour's claims. It lives and becomes known because it testifies to the estimate which was formed of *Him*. It is like a flower which men preserve for the sake of its beauty and fragrance. The love which imparts to it its excellence is the quality which embalms it for evermore; for the language of love is one which all loving hearts can read and understand. Prudence and economy are very good in their place. But I wonder if any prudential or economical act ever stirred the hearts of men, and incited them to a holy emulation, as the recital of this has done! The stiff proprieties of the Pharisee, the neatly arranged and carefully observed ceremonial, the imposing display (as orderly as it is heartless), are allowed to sink into utter oblivion as things worthy only of the contempt of mankind; and the unpremeditated and not very prudent act of this woman, whose heart sought, not the most economical, but the readiest and most direct, way of expressing its love, is published through all the world, and its memory preserved throughout all ages as an honour to her, and a blessing and pattern to us. Ah! it was the most economical thing she could have done, after all—economical in the highest sense; for no gift was ever bestowed to better purpose, or with better results. Thus does the heart sometimes prove itself a better guide than the head, by breaking through all the starched proprieties and prudential considerations which hedge it in, and leaping at once to its object. Reason may look on with indignation, because its calculations are violated; but even reason in the end is constrained to acknowledge that the imprudent act was well done, and that the property it thought wasted was turned to best account.

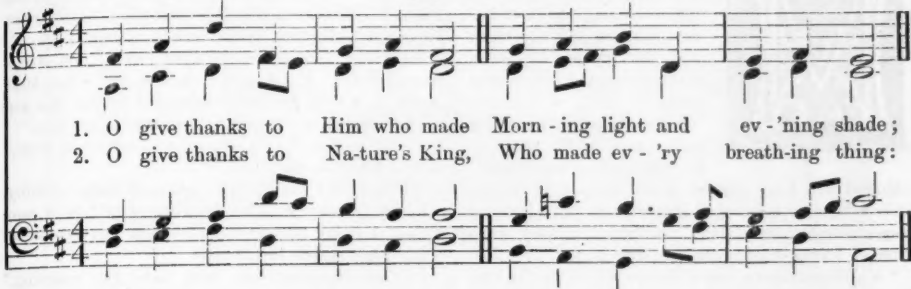
Dear friends, have we done, or are we doing, any works that will thus live after us? Are any of our works of such a nature that we can desire them to live after us? Are they such as set in motion holy influences, and fitted therefore to prove a blessing, not only to those who now witness them, but to generations yet unborn? Are they at best of neutral tint, having little good or evil in them?—distinguished always by conventional propriety perhaps, but never by any higher or better quality, and therefore never moving the souls of men to anything good or true? Or are they only evil, alike in their origin and their influence? It is only desirable that they should be remembered in so far as love to Christ enters into them. Better for us that they should be forgotten, buried in oblivion, if they be such as have only self for their mainspring and their end.



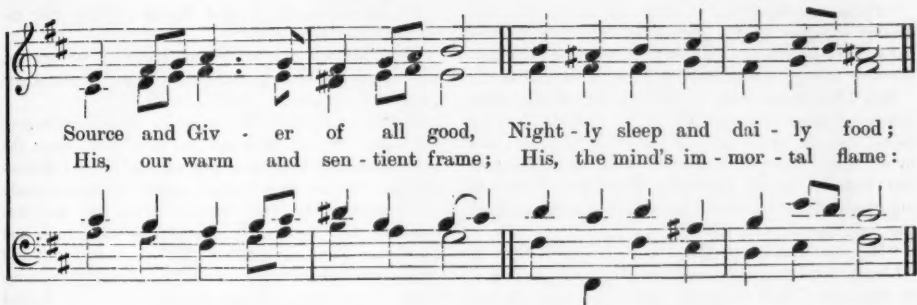
"O give Thanks."

Words by JOSIAH CONDER.

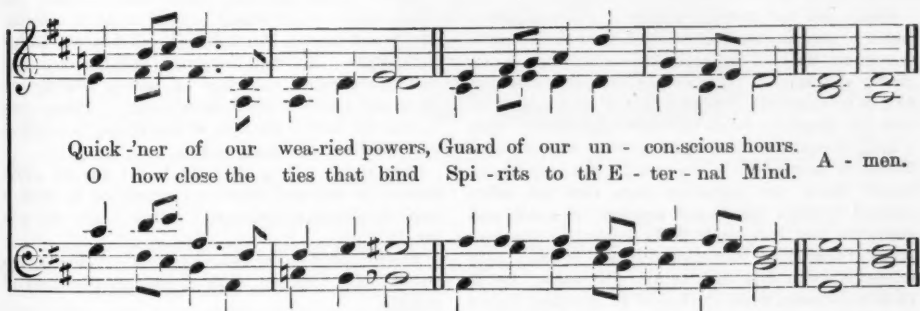
Music by PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D., Oxon.
(Organist and Master of the Choristers of Durham Cathedral.)



1. O give thanks to Him who made Morn - ing light and ev - 'ning shade ;
2. O give thanks to Na - ture's King, Who made ev - 'ry breath - ing thing :



Source and Giv - er of all good, Night - ly sleep and dai - ly food ;
His, our warm and sen - tient frame ; His, the mind's im - mor - tal flame :



Quick - 'ner of our wea - ried powers, Guard of our un - con - scious hours.
O how close the ties that bind Spi - rits to th' E - ter - nal Mind. A - men.

3.

O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ;—but, who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

4.

O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

THE OLD STORY.

BY SARAH PITT.

PART I.—"WITHIN A MILE O' EDINBRO' TOWN."



MOTHER, I do believe that corner shop is going to be taken at last; the door has been open for above an hour, and Mr. Smart is there, talking to some young man inside."

"Mr. Smart will need to be as good as his name, if he gets it off his hands now,"

returned Mrs. Linn, coming to the window to see the proceedings for herself. "He seems to have found a respectable-looking person, though; I wonder what kind of business they are thinking of?"

"A rising drapery establishment would be the best for us," said Madge, laughing, "always providing that it did not open a dressmaking department."

"There may be a family, who will be sure to want dresses of some kind," suggested her mother hopefully, "and anything is better than seeing those blank shutters always before us; we must wait and see."

Mrs. Linn went back to her dusting, Madge took another glance down at the spider and the fly—the spider was the owner (he was also their landlord), and by no means unacquainted with spider lore. The pair had come out on the pavement, where Mr. Smart was vigorously expatiating on the external advantages of the long-closed premises.

"He looks a rather good fly, too," she said to herself. "I hope, I do hope he won't let Mr. Smart take him in very far;" and then she turned her back on the window, and resumed her struggle with a complicated trimming for Miss Smith's new Sunday gown.

Madge did not consider herself a common dress-maker by any means; she had studied on the scientific system, and duly set forth that fact on her professional cards; she kept a perfect labyrinth of lines and figures prominently displayed on her work-table, and took her measures, when customers did appear, with a lofty composure that ought to have inspired confidence in their minds at the outset. But only Madge herself knew the appalling gaps that too often yawned between theory and practice, of waists and shoulders that had surely never occurred to the compilers of that chart, puckers and creases it was a sheer impossibility to date back to any first cause; and if there were hours when she longed to immolate figures and facts together at the back of the fire, there was no trace of it visible to the public eye—that small, small public by whom she was hoping to earn her mother's and her own daily bread.

A bird's-eye view over the back of her sewing-machine a few days later, revealed rapid strides in the progress of the corner shop; heavy crates and packages stood about the doorway, and a man up a step-ladder was beginning to paint the name in very yellow gold. Madge inspected his work every time she paused to thread her needle; it was completed just at the edge of dark—"Robert North, Ironmonger."

"Ironmonger!" echoed Mrs. Linn when Madge announced the tidings; "well, if people don't wear out their pans and kettles faster than we do, he will not make his fortune there: it is more than twelve years since I bought that kettle, and it is good yet."

"I rather like an ironmonger's shop," said Madge thoughtfully. "If I were rich, and had a fine large house, I would buy such beautiful bright tins and copper stewpans—not dingy iron ones like those."

"And need an extra domestic to attend to them," laughed her mother.

"I said 'if I were rich,'" returned Madge placidly. "In that case an extra domestic would be a mere trifle. I think we ought to go and buy something, just to encourage him."

"I was wanting some iron tacks this morning," said Mrs. Linn; "we might get twopennyworth from him."

"Twopennyworth!" cried Madge; "that will encourage him famously."

"It's all we can afford at present; we are not able to patronise new-comers extensively, you know quite well, Madge."

It fell to Madge's lot to make that encouraging purchase. She slipped out the next day, when the short February afternoon put an end to her button-holing, to invest in a further supply of thread, ready to proceed with fresh vigour when the gas was lighted. She held a commission for the grocer and the baker also; and when they were duly disposed of, she walked leisurely round the corner shop, criticising its shining contents through the newly lighted window.

"Jelly-moulds, roasting-jacks, brass fenders," she commented; "there would be some credit in ordering those; and there's Mr. Robert North himself behind the counter. Ah, well! every little helps, they say."

Madge marched valiantly in, past a mowing-machine and a bright green garden-seat. "I want some—some tin tacks; the best, if you please," she added, as a kind of redeeming feature.

"Certainly; I keep only the best," was the grave answer, as the new proprietor proceeded to untie a large brown-paper package. "How many did you say?"

Madge looked at the spiky pyramid. "Threepennyworth," she returned, with a reckless disregard of expense.

"I hope you will find this a good neighbourhood for business," she politely remarked, as they were being weighed in the new brass scales. "We were quite glad to see the shutters down again; the shop has been closed so long."

"Thank you. Mr. Smart thinks there is a very good opening for a business of this kind."

"Mr. Smart!" ejaculated Madge, with half-scornful emphasis, and then discreetly restrained herself. "Mr. Smart is our landlord," she volunteered.

"Indeed! He has been very kind in the way of recommendations, and if hard work and attention



"That walk drifted into a regular practice."—p. 833.

will do anything towards it, I intend to make it a success."

Madge looked at him attentively: a sedate, grave-faced young man; earnest, and likewise exceedingly matter-of-fact. She felt almost a motherly interest in him at the minute. He was at the very beginning, all his troubles before him. She had made her beginning six months before, with much the same hope and faith in the efficacy of hard work and attention. She had known little of the deceitfulness of figures and fashions then—perhaps lawn-mowers and brass fenders had their own disappointing depths too. Madge took up her neat little packet of tin-tacks, handed over the threepenny-piece, and went away across the street. Mr. North watched her through the open doorway.

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"So that is my first sale, and she lives over there," he said reflectively. "I wonder what she was going to say about Mr. Smart—nothing flattering, I fancy."

"I could not descend to the level of twopence, mother," began Madge as she walked into their sitting-room, her bonnet still on; there she stopped short. Mr. Smart was in the easy-chair, talking to her mother; he got up and shook hands affably.

"What twopence do you mean?" asked Mrs. Linn.

But some contrary instinct had suddenly sealed Madge's lips; instead of relating the particulars, she turned off to some other topic, wondering all the time what had brought Mr. Smart. He gave no explanation himself; he stayed for half an hour after she came in, remarked she was looking pale—he had a little place in what was practically the country,

though within easy distance, and she must bring her mother out and spend an afternoon before long; and then, with another elaborate hand-shake, Mr. Smart departed.

"What possessed him to come here to-night?—the rent's not due yet. Did he want anything?" Madge cried, when the door closed behind him.

"Not as far as I could make out; he said he was passing, and the light looked cheery from the street."

Madge walked across to the window and drew down the blind with a jerk. "There! we'll keep the curtains shut, if the light is to bring Mr. Smart up whenever he passes."

Mrs. Linn laughed. "There is nothing objectionable about the man, Madge, if he wishes to be friendly."

Apparently Mr. Smart did wish to be friendly; after that, on some pretext or another, he contrived to look in at least once a week: now it was some repairs he wished to talk over with Mrs. Linn; once, quite unsolicited, he papered a small room for her; and sundry improvements were set on foot in connection with the chimney-pots.

It was February when he paid that first visit and the new ironmongery shop had been opened; by the time May was slipping into June, Madge was beginning to realise that two ways were opening before her: one leading to wealth and solid property, one to—well, she hardly knew where, but dimly guessed—through poverty and struggle; and Madge felt as though she wanted no more of that—there was surely plenty on the path she was following at present.

That second path branched off from that ironmongery shop at the corner. Mr. North had come to live on their "flat," at old Mrs. Bird's, exactly opposite their door, and they frequently met in passing in and out. Mrs. Bird was never tired of singing his praises as a steady, well-conducted young man; and Madge, though on principle she had always rather objected to young men of that description, found herself thinking more kindly of Mrs. Bird than she had troubled herself to think hitherto. They were not exactly on visiting terms; the inmates of that "stair" had too much real work on hand, to have much opportunity for frivolities of that kind; but often when Mrs. Bird was ailing, or, as she herself would express it, "dowie," Mrs. Linn or Madge would step in and lend a helping hand; and on one of these occasions Madge had a glimpse into Mr. North's sitting-room.

A small room, like their own, but more sparsely furnished. There were some relics of palmier days about Mrs. Linn's, but here it had evidently been decent, careful poverty from the very beginning. A tiny spark of fire burnt in the grate, on a coarse cloth on the table were set forth a loaf, a pat of butter, and one solitary cup and saucer; bare and poor it looked, and Madge abhorred poverty. Yet she smoothed some creases out of the cloth with a curious lingering tenderness that she only half understood. There was the sound of a latch-key in the door, and Madge shot into the kitchen like an arrow. "There's someone coming in, I think," she said by way of explanation.

"Aye, it'll just be Mr. North; there's no cause to run, lassie; he's a decent lad enough."

"It wasn't that exactly," said Madge. "I must go back to mother now; she said she would look in herself to-night."

Mrs. Bird took up the brown teapot with a groan, and panted into the sitting-room; her lodger was standing before the fire.

"I hope you are better to-night," he said, without looking round.

"Only middlin'. I've no been fit to do a hand's turn the day; the lassie next door came in and put straight for me."

"I heard you speaking to someone as I came in."

"Aye; she was dusting up in here, but she ran out in an awful fright when she heard you. I tell't her she'd little cause."

That was Saturday evening. Sunday afternoon, as Madge was walking soberly up the road to the parish church, Mr. North overtook her; he hesitated, then half-lifted his hat, and made some weighty observation on the weather. Madge responded in the same spirit, and the conversation, thus hopefully inaugurated, laboured away over that well-beaten track all the way to the church door. Madge's seat was at the back, under the gallery; Mr. North's, near the front. Some tall, stout people sat between, and she saw no more of her neighbour till she came upon him at the church gate afterwards, evidently waiting to continue that weather-beaten subject again.

And, without any definite arrangement, that walk to and from church on Sunday afternoons drifted into a regular practice. They talked sedately of the sermons, the city, and in a roundabout general sort of fashion of themselves—not by any means brilliant discourse to a third person, but all the cares and small annoyances of the week faded away into the background while it lasted. Only three days—two days—one day—to Sunday, Madge began to find herself unconsciously counting forward. She was not given to reciting either grievances or gossip, so perhaps that may have been the reason that she never gave her escort any shadow of hint that they ever saw Mr. Smart's face, except in the way of business.

Her own business was not in the most flourishing state; there was a pile of gaily coloured stuffs on her work-table; but after all the sewing and wrestling with the fitting (that too often was not fitting at all), the pay was not liberal; and if Mrs. Linn managed to make both ends meet, there was no "tying them over in a handsome bow."

"I doubt Mr. North is not much better off himself, Madge," Mrs. Linn observed one evening, looking down at the young man as he crossed the street; "he never says anything, but there's much the same things in the window that he had at the first. Lawn-mowers and garden-seats are not things that people about here stand much in need of, and they mean so much capital tied up."

Madge did not look up from her flounces. "You know, we never expected he would do great things at that corner. I expect Mr. Smart talked him into it; he wanted the place off his hands."

"I shouldn't have thought Mr. North was the kind

of person to be talked into anything; he seems to have plenty of common sense."

"But no money. Oh! mother, that seems to be at the bottom of half the mischief in the world. Think how splendidly we could live if we didn't need this horrid sewing. I know one thing I would do."

"What is it?"

Madge did not seem to hear; she sent the needle flying through her work for the next hour without a word—brows knitted, mouth tightly shut, Madge was either out of temper, or disturbed about something.

"There's Mr. Smart coming up, Madge, and it's past his usual time."

"Mr. Smart is a——" Madge began; then she broke off, shut down the machine with a bang and her frowns into it, and greeted the visitor as if he had been a May flower.

He had one in his buttonhole—a new feature altogether. Mr. Smart was not a person addicted to vanity, thereby showing his native wisdom, Madge reflected, contrasting his heavy, parchment-coloured face with the pure whiteness of the blossom below.

"You have never found your way out to my little place yet, Miss Madge," he remarked, observing that she was regarding him closely.

"No, I am too busy through the week," was the answer; "and mother does not care to go far on Sundays."

"But surely you might spare a Saturday afternoon. Let me see: this is Friday: would to-morrow week suit you?"

"I—I don't quite know."

It was not at all like Madge to give uncertain answers, but her sudden nervousness did not displease Mr. Smart. He looked round at her mother inquiringly.

"If Madge would like it, I shall be very glad,"

Mrs. Linn said, looking rather puzzled at having the responsibility thrust upon her.

"Very well, we'll consider it settled; and I hope we shall have a very satisfactory little time—satisfactory in every sense of the word," repeated Mr. Smart, rubbing his hands together complacently, and looking like an elderly cherub. "Miss Madge shall take the head of the table, and make tea for us; it will be a fresh experience for her. You know, coming events——"

"Not at all," interrupted Madge coldly. "Pray don't disturb your housekeeper, or whoever looks after it. I make the tea here at home every night."

Mr. Smart laughed again. "Well, we shall see. It's my housekeeper's business to be disturbed, if I wish it. Housekeepers are not fixtures for life—eh, Mrs. Linn?"

Mrs. Linn smiled faintly. Mr. Smart serious was tolerable; but Mr. Smart jocular was a different and a sadder subject.

"Madge," said Mrs. Linn solemnly, when he had finally taken himself away, "I do believe Mr. Smart intends to ask you to marry him on Saturday week."

"I suppose so," rather drearily.

Mrs. Linn glanced at her anxiously. She knitted three rounds of her stocking before she spoke again. "He is very well off, Madge; it would be a good thing as far as money went."

"And we can't afford to forget that, whatever other people may."

"And he's not really bad-looking when one gets used to him," went on her mother more hopefully.

"Bad-looking! I think he's strikingly handsome. You've got to think so too, mother, if it's to come to anything;" and Madge got up abruptly. "Good-night, mother; I've got a dreadful headache, and it makes me too cross to talk properly."

But Madge made no attempt at going to bed when she reached her room. She turned out the light, and went and stood at the window, looking down at the corner shop opposite, clearly defined in the white moonlight. She knew quite well the path she intended to take—had made up her mind about it long since, when first it dawned upon her that Mr. Smart's personal property, shops and houses, were going to be laid at her feet; but—but the gilt did not look so golden now it was coming closer. Madge looked down at that corner shop through a mist of angry tears; she knew it would be an easier matter far if that had remained empty and untenanted.

"Only one more free Sunday for me; oh, if only he had but one-quarter of that man's money," she cried, with a passionate protest against the inequality of fate. "I can't go on like this all my days; it's very well in books to be above considering sordid troubles. I have tried both ways, and know what it means; and it is something to know I can end it all in a week or two, if I like."

And yet, the brightness of that near horizon notwithstanding, Madge put her head down on her pillow with a dull weary ache, which all the struggles with that scientific system had never caused her.

(To be concluded.)



THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

FROM the walls of a snug West-End drawing-room looks down a beautiful portrait, presented by Her Majesty, of the late Princess Alice, and on the mantel-shelf, almost opposite, is a touching reminiscence of the pathetic occurrence which caused her Royal Highness's lamented death. For there smile the pretty features of the little child to kias whom brought its mother to the grave. It is a simple, pretty picture. No one who knew not the circumstance would guess the sad tragedy connected with it; no one would guess that on those childish features was imprinted the kiss of death.

There is many another portrait and autograph of the Royal House of England in this same pleasant room. Almost every member, in fact, is here represented, or in the library down-stairs; each portrait, we may say, made valuable because of the autograph appended. Here are the firm, bold characters of the Prince of Wales and of the Princess, who writes a remarkably

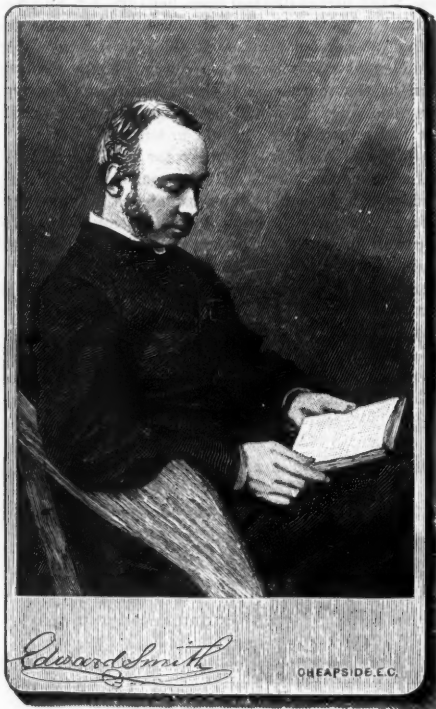
clear and firm hand, and here also the larger, round, childish letters of the younger generation; and we may remark that, judging from these autographs, the members of the Royal Family as a rule write very legibly and clearly.

The owner of this collection, which many persons would view and treasure with delight, is the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A., who for some years has enjoyed much social and confidential intercourse with members of the Royal Family, having been for some time one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, and also since 1879 the religious instructor of the three young Princesses—daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. And among the portraits are those of the young Princesses of Wales in their confirmation dress; and the fine portrait of the Princess Alice bears the inscription, "Presented to T. Teignmouth Shore by Her Majesty the Queen; Osborne, January 27th, 1879;" and Mr. Shore has also the Royal Jubilee Medal conferred upon him by Her Majesty, and the Alice Order conferred upon him by the Grand Duke of Hesse.

Since 1876 Mr. Shore has been the Incumbent of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, which is largely attended by members of the Royal House; and, moreover, he was practically the originator of children's services and flower services in the West End of London. His residence is in a quiet and retired square a short distance from Hyde Park, on the south side. It is most conveniently situated for his work, for a walk of about fifteen minutes across a corner of the Park brings him to his church.

The drawing-room of his snug and comfortable house is on the first floor, and the windows look out on the pleasant gardens of the square, while his sanctuary or library is below on the ground-floor. Here, of course, are numbers of books—mostly theological—and also photographs of public works with which he has been connected. Here is a fine one of a flower service at Berkeley Chapel, and another of the English Church at Berlin erected as a memorial of the silver wedding of the late Emperor Frederick and the Empress Victoria of Germany, and for which Mr. Shore acted as a trustee.

In a little cabinet below this portrait are piles of interesting autograph letters from some of the most eminent and distinguished personages of the time, and among them one from the Empress Victoria—then the Crown Princess—in clear, plain, and decided characters; another, from the great German Count Moltke, and many others from royal personages, and some of the most distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and scholars, both English and foreign. But, with all these letters, Mr. Shore has firmly made up his mind never to publish any of them, and holds very strong



THE REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, M.A.



MR. SHORE'S LIBRARY.

opinions on the recent publications of volumes of letters. In the same way, Mr. Shore has never been heard to discuss any of the private affairs of the Royal Family. May we not say that this may be one reason why he has been honoured with so much confidence?—because it was felt that he would not betray it.

Mr. Shore belongs to an old Derbyshire family, and was born in Ireland in 1842; some of his ancestors having gone to that country in the military service of the Crown.

He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1861, taking honours in divinity and in English composition. He then took M.A. at Oxford, *comitatus causâ*, and was ordained by Bishop Tait of London in 1865. He has held two curacies, being first curate of Chelsea and then of Kensington parish churches, and for two years afterwards was incumbent of St. Mildred's, Lee, Kent. In 1875 he was appointed to the incumbency of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, which, on what may be regarded as the impartial testimony of "Men of the Time," has "become one of the most important and crowded churches" in the West End, "and is the centre of much religious activity in the surrounding district." In 1878 Mr. Shore was appointed one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, succeeding Dr. MacLagan, Bishop of Lichfield. Mr. Shore was also for some years the editor of *THE QUIVER*, with which, however, we may say he is not now in any way connected.

It was in 1879 that the Prince and Princess of Wales requested Mr. Shore to undertake the religious training and instruction of their three daughters, who

were then quite children. And since then he has been intimately associated with their Royal Highnesses in that capacity, and prepared them for their confirmation.

Many persons will learn with keen interest that Mr. Shore speaks warmly of the Princess of Wales's anxiety on behalf of the religious instruction of her daughters. "I wish all mothers were as anxious," said he. "I don't know anyone who has taken the pains to secure the systematic religious instruction of their children which the Princess has."

This duty Mr. Shore has felt to be a very great responsibility and a very great privilege. The Princesses will probably influence so much of the future of English society, that it was no light task to strive to direct them aright for their high position. And it will be exceedingly gratifying to many to know that Mr. Shore expresses the firm conviction, from his ten years' knowledge, that the influence of these royal ladies will ever be on behalf of that which is truly noble, pure, and Christian.

As for the Prince and Princess of Wales themselves, says Mr. Shore, much as their Royal Highnesses are loved and honoured by the nation at large, these alone who are in their service can realise how fully all their popularity is deserved, and what feelings of devoted and affectionate loyalty they inspire in all around them.

It is not improbable that it was Mr. Shore's children's services at Berkeley Chapel which led the Prince and Princess to select him for the religious guidance of their children. As we have said, Mr.

Shore was one of the very first in West London to hold children's services and flower services, the reason which led him to adopt them being that the children did not go to the Sunday-school, and their religious instruction was often much neglected. When he began the services, in 1876, it was prophesied they would be a dismal failure; but in fact they have been an immense success.

They form a beautiful and very interesting sight. Children attend them in crowds. Many fathers come with their boys and girls regularly, and one of the most distinguished public men of the day told Mr. Shore that he enjoyed the services to children better than any others, and they did him more good. The three young Princesses of Wales attend regularly, and are often accompanied by the Prince and Princess; all the children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh attend when in London, and the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was wont to come with all her children when they resided at Kensington Palace. At the special Jubilee service for children last year, ten of the Queen's grandchildren were present, including the three daughters of the Emperor Frederick and Empress Victoria of Germany.

The whole of the children's service, including the sermon, occupies but half an hour. It is held every Sunday afternoon during the spring and summer months, when the majority of the congregation are

introduced should chiefly be about grown-up people or about animals. Everything unreal or "goody-goody" should be eschewed; what is said should be real, and absolutely true. To endeavour to give "strong meat" to babes causes them to turn against the whole thing.

But it is not an easy matter to arrest and keep their attention continuously. In fact, it is more exhausting than to preach to adults. A sermon for children, Mr. Shore holds, needs to be just as carefully and thoroughly prepared as any other sermon, while to tell them about "impossible little prigs" is very bad—indeed, it does positive harm. Further, Mr. Shore does not catechise his little audience. He thinks it better to ask the questions and then give the answers himself. Several of these addresses have been published in a volume entitled, "St. George for England," which has had an immense success.

Flower services were practically originated by Mr. Shore. One idea at the origin of these was to make children take an interest in others. So every child attending was to bring some flowers, or plants, or fruit, and it was arranged that when the service was over ladies should take them straight away from the church to the hospitals, this being, as it were, a feature in the proceeding. These services became quite celebrated, many clergymen writing to Mr. Shore from all parts asking for particulars. In fact, the celebrity which they attained caused Mr. Shore to abandon them in 1883, because they had become too much of a "show" and a sight, and much sensation and excitement were caused thereby.

But other very useful work in which the children join is that of supporting poor boys and girls in orphanages and hospitals; thus two boys are kept at the well-known Homes for Little Boys at Farningham, in Kent, and two sick children at hospitals, viz., one at the Alexandra Cot in the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children at Chelsea, and one at the Mayfair Cot in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, while a subscription is given—should the funds allow—to the Princess Mary's Village Home for Girls at Addlestone. In one year £138 was thus raised and disbursed, £20 being sent to the latter Home. In order to preserve the continuity of feeling and maintain the sympathy and interest of his youthful congregation when out of town, Mr. Shore sends photographs to them of these little *protégés* at Christmas-time. Most of the congregation are then in the country, and the photograph, with a little prettily printed circular, comes as a Christmas card of pleasant greeting, reminding them of their London church and pastor, and of some of their work there.

Mr. Shore preaches without notes, but writes the whole or greater part of his sermon perhaps twice or three times over, and in different words. This tends to give a closer grip of the subject, and greater facility in putting its points effectively. He regards it as very important to speak without notes, though this method involves three times as much preparation as a written sermon, and gives a much greater strain. But it is much better; the preacher can then speak direct to the congregation, and it is likely to be of greater benefit. There is more reality, and reality is everything.



THE ALEXANDRA COT, VICTORIA HOSPITAL.
(From one of Mr. Shore's Christmas Photographs, by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

in town. And in preaching to children Mr. Shore strongly disapproves of being childish either in manner or in the substance of the address, or, as a rule, of telling stories about children. The stories

Thus, Mr. Shore never commits passages to memory, for that would tend to give unreality; moreover, he could not remember them, for he can remember thoughts or arguments, but not words.

Recalling the story of Archbishop Whately, who on being asked if he did not think a certain preacher had great command of language, replied that he thought language had a great command of him—"That," said Mr. Shore, "is the great danger of extemporary speech. And it is such an awful and solemn thing to speak on subjects which influence the whole future life of people—perhaps the most solemn thing a man can do; and one never knows who is there." Thus, to preach a sermon is, he feels, the most terrible responsibility, and does not know how any minister dare face such a responsibility had he not the promised help of God's Holy Spirit. In God's wonderful providence, the everlasting destiny of one or more of those present may be influenced by that which the preacher says or omits to say. Sometimes, in the pulpit, it is a terrible temptation to give utterance to a thought which suddenly flashes upon the mind, but Mr. Shore regards this as dangerous, and endeavours to guard against yielding to it, for there is no time then to duly weigh and consider whether it be "of God." Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Shore endeavours to unite the care and precision of elaborate preparation with the directness and spontaneity of extemporary speech.

Concerning his sermons he has received letters from distant parts of the world, and the writer of one—destined for the ministry, but who had drifted into scepticism—under God's blessing returned home and was ordained. "These things," said Mr. Shore, "cheer and help one," and he may well say so, though they add to a sense of responsibility and the extreme necessity for care.

This necessity is all the greater because of the intellectuality of congregations and the wide reading of many among them on the scientific and other various thoughtful questions of the day. Any misstatement in the pulpit injures the subject and the

influence of the preacher. Mr. Shore's congregation is perhaps the most intellectual in London, and his opinion is that people do not want to disbelieve, but they do want to see their way out of difficulties of belief. It was mainly this idea which led him to preach the sermons afterwards published in a volume entitled "Some Difficulties of Belief," and which is now in the seventh edition. Yet another successful volume was entitled "The Life of the World

to Come," which has also passed through several editions. Further, Mr. Shore is a contributor to Bishop Elliott's New Testament Commentary.

Another point which Mr. Shore recognises in the changes of his day and generation is with regard to the religious instruction of children. This he sees to be more than ever important. "We must take the School Board as a fact," said he. "I would try and make the Sunday-school a regular treat—as unlike the day-school as it possibly could be. I would try and teach by pictures and by objects, things mentioned in the Bible, and work up from what they can see to what they cannot see. This is our Lord's method." The Sunday-school question is becoming very serious. Children are so overdone with week-day work that they do not want to make Sunday a school day. And

the plan which Mr. Shore would pursue is that of having bright, attractive, instructive children's services.

When Mr. Shore went to Berkeley Chapel, the building was deserted; now it is crowded. At first it was very hard work to arouse interest in the neighbourhood, but after tireless exertion for two years the work was brought into proper order. Mr. Shore thinks the first question a clergyman should ask himself on entering upon the duties of a new church should be, "Now, what are the requirements of this place?" To have a service at seven, when the bulk of the congregation dine in the evening, is absurd. Consequently, Mr. Shore arranges to have a full evening service at half-past four, immediately following the children's service. There is Holy Communion at half-past eight, with morning prayer and



THE LITTLE PATIENT IN THE MAYFAIR COT, GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL

(From one of Mr. Shore's Christmas Photographs, by Messrs. Faulkner and Co.)

sermon commencing at half-past eleven. Thus there are four services on the Sunday.

It is worthy of note that many of the congregation are men; there are peers, members of Parliament, officers of the Guards, and distinguished professional and public men. Berkeley Chapel being in such a fashionable neighbourhood, Mr. Shore's work is necessarily among the rich; but this, he avers, is more arduous and more trying than work among the poor. The church helps a large poor parish in Westminster, and it has established and carries on a Home Life Society for business girls. This Society has started and maintains two Homes, one in New Cavendish Street and the other in the Marylebone Road, accommodating together some fifty or sixty girls.

These establishments are homes rather than clubs, for girls employed in business during the day. The residents pay a rent for their bedrooms, but subscriptions are required to supplement that revenue. There is the appointment of a lady superintendent in each house, and the furnishing of a drawing-room and other common-rooms for the use of the girls; altogether, about £200 a year is required, and this sum is supplied by the congregation at Berkeley Chapel. The committee of the Society includes several ladies of title, and the Duchess of Leeds is president. The work is eminently practical, and moreover is eminently suited to the neighbourhood. It saves many

young girls from the terrible and dangerous loneliness of a cheap and poor London lodging, and brings them within bright and kindly influence, and into a pleasant and protected home life. Such a work is truly Christian, and eminently suitable for a Christian church.

Another branch of work in which Mr. Shore has met with success is that of preaching to soldiers. Several young officers of the Guards have seats in his church. Mr. Shore has also preached at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the Queen's private chapel at Windsor. On one occasion Mr. Shore owns to having been somewhat "nervous," and that was when, on entering the pulpit of one of the Chapels Royal, he saw immediately below him the Bishop of Peterborough and Mr. Gladstone, as hearers. Nevertheless, he testifies that the ex-Premier is a good listener.

The most careful preparation, then, coupled with complete spontaneity of expression, and a bold determination to deal with the problems of the time, to adapt methods to circumstances and to the changing conditions of the day—these are among the means which Mr. Shore has found successful in addressing Sunday after Sunday important and intellectual congregations as well as children and soldiers, and in changing the condition of Berkeley Chapel from one of the most deserted to one of the most crowded places of worship in the West End of London.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

81. In what words does Solomon express the instability of all earthly things?
82. In what way does St. John seek to give force to the writings in his Epistles?
83. At what period did Isaiah prophesy?
84. In what words does Isaiah set forth the Divinity of Christ?
85. What reference does the prophet Isaiah make to the coming of St. John the Baptist?
86. Which of the Apostles speaks of the manner in which the final destruction of the world is to take place?
87. Quote some words in which St. John teaches the necessity of a *practical* Christian life.
88. In what passage does Isaiah teach the fulness of God's pardon to the penitent sinner?
89. In what way does Isaiah set forth the truth that "Christ died for all"?
90. How does St. Peter express the growth of the spiritual life in the Christian?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 790.

71. To the position of those three tribes when they were marching in the Wilderness, as they followed immediately after the Ark; and thus God is called

upon by the Psalmist to display His power before them. (Psalm lxxx. 2.)

72. It is an invitation to worship God, and thus has been used from the earliest times as an introduction to public worship. (Psalm xc. 1, 2.)

73. He is speaking of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, which had a veil at the entrance, and therefore the veil which shut off the Holy of Holies is called the second veil. In the Temple there was only one—the veil. (Heb. ix. 3.)

74. Heb. xii. 1, 2.

75. There is a very general idea that young ravens are very early deserted by their parents, and being thus in great need are the special objects of God's care. (Psalm cxlvii. 9; Job xxxviii. 41; St. Luke xii. 24.)

76. The duty of obedience to parents. (Proverbs i. 8; iv. 1; vi. 20, etc.)

77. It should make the Christian patient and trustful in God. (St. James i. 2—4.)

78. "By which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison." (1 St. Peter iii. 19.)

79. It is generally supposed to be a valley leading to Jerusalem, and noted for the *baca* (or mulberry) tree. (Psalm lxxxiv. 6.)

80. It is the oldest of the Book of Psalms, and is generally believed to have been written by Moses. (Psalm xc.)

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

TO THE RESCUE!



SOME years ago, the readers of THE QUIVER generously helped to raise the drooping energies of an excellent institution, the Princess Louise Home, or National Society for the Protection of Young Girls. Those energies are again sadly relaxed. Woodhouse, Wanstead, is half-empty for lack of the nerves or sinews required to fill it—in common language, Funds. Only forty-seven of the hundred beds are occupied, and this at a time when ever-increasing population renders such Homes more and more necessary. Subscriptions diminish, and free cases cannot be admitted, on that account. We have the testimony of our own eyes to the healthful and happy physical condition of the girls, and that of their pastor to the excellence and thoroughness of their religious training. We saw the prizes for laundry and house-work, as well as for intellectual development, distributed the other day, and were pleased to know that many of these were awarded to old girls for length of service in the situations to which they had been drafted from Woodhouse. The guinea prize given by THE QUIVER to "the best girl in the school" was not the least interesting; for she was chosen by the unanimous votes of her companions. It seems incredible that a work which is more than half a century old, and which has saved during that period thousands of girls from destruction, should be allowed to dwindle to decay. It certainly would not, if people could see for themselves the Home and its surroundings. The laundry would in part support it, if *externes* would support the laundry. Clothes are fetched and returned from and to any part of London, and great care is taken to ensure plenty of water, air, and *elbow-grease*; for there is neither steam nor washing powder. Some of the girls have chosen to remain in the Home as laundresses, rather than go to situations elsewhere; for it is indeed their home, and they love it as such, having possibly known no other. In these days when cruelty to women and children is so much before the public, will that public allow an institution to fall into gradual decay, which was among the pioneers in rescuing young girls from lives of crime and peril?

LITTLE BIBLE-READERS IN CHINA.

Two years ago the daily readings of the Children's Scripture Union were first printed in an attractive Chinese booklet, and before long 245 native children became members of the Association. Last year their number rose to 581. These little ones are scattered over 17 cities where Christian missionaries are at work. Very cheery results are reported. "About 12 members," wrote the late Mr. Russell, of Ning-po,

"read together on my premises, and this daily reading with prayer has been much blessed." "I am receiving many applications for membership," writes Mr. Bonsey, of the London Mission at Hankow; "twelve are waiting to join us. The idea of joining the Union originated with a native brother, and was heartily taken up by others." "I enclose 26 application forms," says a Pekin missionary, "and expect to send in more." There could surely be no more hopeful sign and promise of Christian enlightenment for China, than in the evident success of such a movement as this.

"SWEET ORACLES."

Thus Mrs. Hemans describes the flowers, which, though voiceless, are ever potent to reach the soul as with heavenly whispers of hope, and remembrance, and consolation. We read in a paper the pleading appeal of a matron that the floral offerings from services might not reach the hospitals, etc., in a withered state, and only preach the truth that mortality fades as a leaf. Christian thoughtfulness will do well to care that the flowers reach the sick-bed while yet glowing in beauty, and also that the return railway fares for hampers, etc., do not fall upon charitable institutions as a burden. These matters being settled satisfactorily, no sweeter ministrants can reach the bed of suffering than plants or flowers. We almost need to have been laid aside ourselves to understand their loving message to the Master's prisoners. "I see faces in the flowers," said a girl in



"No sweeter ministrants can reach the bed of suffering."

one of our hospitals, "and they look into mine, oh, so kindly!" She would have opened her eyes had she been called a *poet*, but her heart had caught a truth which the poet's vision reads—to observant souls the flowers have faces, and they know how to smile even when circumstances seem to frown. We know of a case, somewhat peculiar in its nature, where the flowers must have seemed special messengers of rest, and cheer, and tenderness. A man living in the country gave it as his opinion that nobody cared about these gifts of flowers, and he "didn't hold with flower services." At the same time, to please his children, he cut them a posy from his garden to take to the neighbouring flower service. During the next week his doctor got him into a London hospital, as he had been ailing some time, and when he went up to the great city, and was conducted to the bed that awaited him, a little table stood by that bed, and on the table was a bunch of shining flowers. The man started and stared. "If that ain't the posy from my own garden!" he cried out; and so it was, and it may readily be believed how the sick man treasured the blossoms that had grown around his own distant home.

HELPS FOR TEACHERS.

The "Comprehensive Teacher's Bible" (Bagsters) forms in itself almost a complete armoury for a Sunday-school teacher. The text of Holy Scripture is supplemented by Bible Helps which explain all that is difficult in the customs, history, and topography of the Holy Land, and provide also a concordance, a Bible atlas, and a most valuable list of Bible proper names, with directions for their correct pronunciation. In appearance nothing could be better than this Comprehensive Teacher's Bible, and it seems to us to be very well adapted for desk use by Sunday-school officers as well as for class use by teachers.—The lives of Samuel and Saul have always been popular with Sunday-school teachers, and all who have to explain Bible narratives to children will welcome a new help to the right understanding of the important period covered by these lives. "Samuel and Saul, their Lives and Times," is the title of the Rev. W. J. Dean's second contribution to Messrs. Nisbet's "Men of the Bible" series, and fully sustains the already high reputation of this excellent series.—A clergyman wrote from Ceylon but a little while ago, "I enjoy Miss Nugent's 'Bible Readings.' She will no doubt rejoice to hear that her Bible Reading of 'Peace' was the means of converting Mr.—, who now rejoices in Jesus." Under the title "I must," Miss Nugent has just issued through Messrs. Cassell and Co. a new series of these short Missionary Bible Readings of hers, which, we trust, may be as widely successful in effecting their object as their predecessors.

TORCH-BEARING FISHES.

It is wonderful to see how God in His providence adapts the creatures He has made to the circumstances and state in which they are placed. The fishes that live in the waters of deep and dark caves are found to be without eyes, as they have no need of light. And

in the deep-sea soundings of the ocean, a mile or more below the surface, where the fishes are cut off altogether from the light of day, many of them are furnished with their own light. As they have no clear sunlight and no organised gas companies, each carries his lantern or torch with him. They have organs that give out a phosphorescent gleam, and so shed light on their path. Some of them carry little torches in the form of tentacles that rise from the tops of their heads, and others have regular symmetrical rows of luminous spots along their sides, so that they go flashing through the water as if in a torchlight procession. Sometimes, when brought to the surface, these spots glimmer for a little while with the light, but it soon fades away. How marvellous are the works of God! In wisdom He hath made them all!

MISS PRYDE'S WORK IN PARIS.

"We are in urgent need of funds," writes Miss Pryde, of 23, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris. Miss Pryde's Home is doubtless known to many of our readers, and it has claims upon us alike as Christians and patriots, for our English girls need protection and sympathy when away from friends and home. The most strong-minded among us has probably felt a little homesick and bewildered when amid strange surroundings, and in Paris the value of such a Home as Miss Pryde's to our Englishwomen is great indeed. Here governesses may be sheltered, and also art students, and weary ones needing rest in the midst of Christian labours. Increasing numbers seek the benefit of the Home, feeling themselves here surrounded by safe and helpful and wholesome influences. So many of the "weaker sex" have now their own livelihood to earn, and the battle of life is so truly a stern one, that Christian hands should be tenderly stretched out to help every girl and woman who is seeking to earn her bread. How many such Homes as Miss Pryde's have saved from shipwreck and loneliness only the All-knowing can discern; but we may be sure the work that cares for the stranger and the solitary commends itself to His heart, and we hope some readers of THE QUIVER will be inclined to put their money in trust with Him, by strengthening the hands of His servant.

IN THE MISSION FIELD.

It is now plainly recognised by all that medical work has taken an honoured place in the service of Him Who cares for the body as well as for the soul. The poet reminds us that even those who say "there is no God" cannot say there is no sorrow, and the needs of our common humanity in sickness and trouble have often paved the way for the Christian missionary, while relieving the body, to witness of the Great Physician. We hear that from the aboriginal tribes of the Khols and Santhals in India two young Christians have applied for medical missionary training, with a view to working among their own people. Those already working abroad tell of crowds of patients, and yet the harvest is great, the fields are broad, and much still remains to be done. The

committee of the Medical Missionary Association (104, Petherton Road, London) report that there is large room for the development of student work in their Training Home, if the funds could be increased. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which has contributed its own men to the mission field, has started a noble society to remember and help those engaged in the work, to spread missionary information, and to keep up missionary interest among the past and present students of St. Bartholomew's. The kind of work that medical missions accomplish is evidenced by the establishment of special houses for poor lepers,

hand, and she came to the Training Home with clean face, hair combed back, and the resolute words, "I mean to work." Once she ran away from the Home, beguiled by her former companions, and on her return exclaimed, "Oh, miss, I was wretched last night, but I went to a meeting—I did [which proved to be true]. I can't change at once, but if you'll give me another chance, I'll 'ave a hard try." Surely there is hope for a girl like this, though her life hitherto may have been hedged in by disadvantages. The girls are said to listen eagerly to Bible stories, sometimes crying out, "Miss, is it really true?" Some have even



A BIBLE-CLASS AT THE SHAFTESBURY INSTITUTE.

hospitals, services for patients, etc. "I shall not come to your school any more," said a little fellow, lying in much pain, "but I am going to the school of *Jesus*;" and this Name is the missionary's strength, for whatever we may offer to the heathen of knowledge, of commerce, of civilisation, the one great uplifting power, the one hope for them as for ourselves, is in *Jesus*, the Light of the world.

TROPHIES OF GRACE.

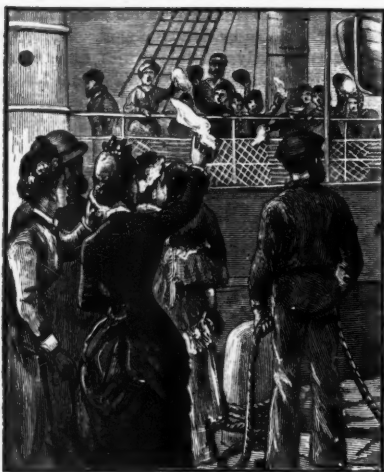
Already it is evident that the Master has set His seal of blessing upon the Shaftesbury Institute for factory girls—"rough diamonds," as they are tenderly called by those who are toiling and yearning for the good of their bodies, minds, and souls. Unruly conduct caused much trouble at first, but in this respect the progress is encouraging. A Training Home now exists, and herein poor, needy girls are prepared for domestic service, with a view to placing them out when ready in good situations. That the work among factory girls must be diligent, loving, and prayerful is shown from a case described. One of the girls terrified the ladies by her drunken habits and physical violence, and some thought she would have to be altogether expelled from the classes; but love took her in

begged that their Bible-class might last an hour longer, for all this message of beauty and peace seems to them as an unfamiliar tongue. Rough, wild, noisy, and neglected as are the generality of our factory girls, they have hearts that respond to the love of the Redeemer, and He with Whom nothing is impossible can give quietness even amidst the most turbulent, and bring the rebellious, by some deemed almost hopeless, to His feet eternally.

A HOPEFUL ENTERPRISE.

About fifteen years ago the Liverpool Sheltering Homes for Destitute Children were inaugurated. Mrs. Birt, the lady superintendent, then started a movement to give the poor boys and girls some training and education, and to rescue them from dark surroundings by transferring them to the healthy influences of family life in Canada. By some, Liverpool has been called "the black spot on the Mersey;" but a sympathiser with Mrs. Birt's compassionate work foretells that this and similar agencies will bring about a time when "the bright spot" shall be Liverpool's title. Here and there, of course, discouragements exist, for the early life of the children has made them familiar with much that is evil; but we

are told that ninety-five per cent. of those placed out are doing well. Their interests abroad are watched over, and certified reports as to their progress are forwarded to the Home. Many are so happy that their one wish is to induce others to join them. One boy of fourteen writes:—"My master will take my little



SEEING THE CHILDREN OFF—A LIVERPOOL SCENE.

brother too, if Mrs. Birt will bring him out," which arrangement was made in due time. Another came back at his own expense to find his brother and take him to Canada. Two boys—whose mother had died, and whose drunken father had turned them out—are prospering in a music-shop of their own, and the other members of the family are now doing well likewise. A girl writes home to her widowed mother:—"I am saving all my wages to fetch you and my brother, and I hope to have enough by the spring." What a recompense for time, thought, and money spent upon children's welfare is found in receipt of letters like these:—"I am blessed with good health; I attend school, and am learning fast. I am not afraid of the cold, having a warm fur cap, mittens, and a big coat." "I am determined to graduate; friends have prayed for my success, and it nerved me to go on. I will try and work for God, and win souls for Him. By God's help I will make a name, and people shall know I am one of your boys whom you brought out to Canada, and that we are not worthless." The emigrant writing thus was an orphaned workhouse lad.

MUSIC IN THE HEART.

Christians are to be the light of the world, bearing cheer and gladness to all, reflecting and mirroring Him in Whom is no darkness, and Who is "THE GOOD." Wherever they move, the Lord's people should be carrying "music in their hearts," and echoing amid earth's troublous voices the everlasting chime. Such

would seem to be the case with the Mildmay workers, whose loving service for the Master appears to be devoted as ever, and gradually widening. Besides many important religious gatherings at this centre, Gospel services are regularly held, and educational classes for men are carried on thrice a week for six months of the year; courses of Bible readings are also given, and the deaconesses visit the sick and poor, carry on classes, and employ their artistic gifts upon cards, texts, etc., sold for the benefit of the various missions. The Mildmay Invalid Kitchen supplies dinners to the suffering poor, the Flower Mission distributes bright, cheering tokens, and sewing classes have been held for widows, who are glad thus to earn a little help. The sick-nurses are continually sought for in cases of illness; and one has paid 1,700 visits in a year to poor people needing her relief. Besides the Medical Missions, there is an Invalid Home where some have found a shelter for sixteen years; then there are the Orphanage, the men's lodging-house at Bethnal Green, the Cabmen's Mission, the Balls Pond Mission, etc. It will be seen how Christlike and varied are the channels of sympathy and ministry at Mildmay. "It is an excellent thing," says Matthew Henry, "when religion makes us generous, free-hearted, and open-handed," and, as year by year these workers go in and out, tending, helping, uplifting the needy, and witnessing for Christ, surely their devoted lives must recommend their religion even to those who are not yet numbered openly with the Lord's disciples.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

Mistaken as we think Fénelon to have been in many respects, there is much in his work on "The Existence of God" which we cordially welcome in the re-issue of the English translation in Cassell's National Library. The translation which is used here is an old one, whose author is unknown, but the proofs which the ingenious Frenchman adduced to prove the existence of the Deity in an age when, as in our own days, there were many "without God and without hope" are as fresh as ever. To those readers who do not know this work, the following brief extract, in which Fénelon deduces from the order of the Solar System the proof of the being of its Maker, will be interesting:—"Let us now consider," he says, "the wonders that shine equally both in the largest and the smallest bodies. On the one side, I see the sun so many thousand times bigger than the earth; I see him circulating in a space in comparison of which he is himself but a bright atom. I see other stars, perhaps still bigger than he, that roll in other regions still farther distant from us. Beyond those regions, which escape all measure, I still confusedly perceive other stars, which can neither be counted nor distinguished. The earth on which I stand is but one point, in proportion to the whole, in which no bound can ever be found. The whole is so well put together, that not one single atom can be put out of its place without unhinging this immense machine; and it moves in such excellent order that its very motion perpetuates its variety and perfection. Sure it must be the hand of a Being that does everything

without any trouble, that still keeps steady and governs this great work for so many ages; and whose fingers play with the universe, to speak with the Scripture."—Messrs. Cassell are about to issue in monthly parts, at a price which will bring the work within the reach of even the humblest, their edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by H. C. Selous. This splendid edition of Bunyan's grand allegory is admirably adapted for use as a prize or presentation volume, and the illustrations do really help the reader to the better understanding of the text. We could not wish for a finer edition even of this fine and helpful work.

THE VOICE OF GRATITUDE.

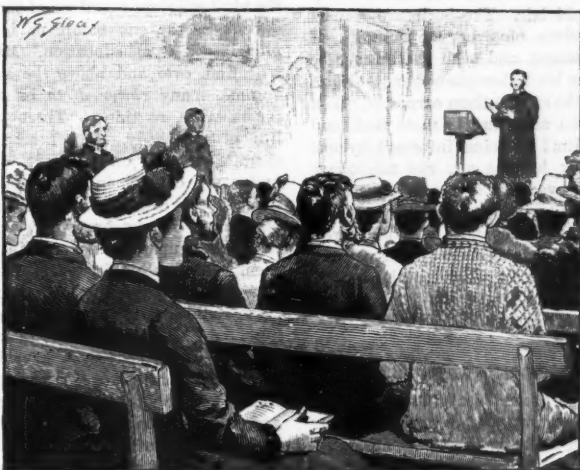
We have been privileged to see some letters of thanks from the *protégés* of the Somers Town Blind Aid Society. "Our people do not receive our gifts as a matter of course," says our correspondent, who is aiding this labour of love. "In the bulk of cases they are grateful, and, above all, many are led closer to the Saviour." Those represent Him best who have compassion on *body* as well as soul, and give the needy ones to eat in a temporal sense as well as spiritual. Our readers will be interested in some extracts from these letters, written doubtless in many cases from overflowing hearts. The receipt of such means untold blessing and joy, and a tender cure for personal worries and despondency. May all such as doubt the cure put it to a practical test by helping some; for, as we once heard a preacher declare, "the most certain way to obtain peace in our own life is to try hard to introduce it to the life of another." "With great joy," says one, acknowledging relief, "I received your kind letter; it had such a strange effect upon me for a moment. Oh, what a blessing to know that prayer has been answered! I have prayed that I might be kept out of the workhouse. You have often told us at the blind-class

that every good gift comes from God; but what should we do without such an earthly friend as Mrs. S.?"—"Words fail me," writes another, "to thank you for kindness and help during my illness. I have wanted for nothing. I shall never forget it. I can never repay it but by earnest prayer and deep gratitude." And another writes, "I remember you night and morning in my prayers, because you are keeping me out of the workhouse by helping me to pay my rent and keep my little shelter over me, which I thank you and the Lord for." We hear sometimes of the thanklessness of the poor, but we believe this is very rarely found. Rather than attribute ingratitude unjustly to *them*, let us ask ourselves if *we* whose cups run over with plenty are feeling and showing gratitude enough to Him who has filled our lives with good?

"Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done."

DEAF-MUTES IN BELFAST.

When the Rev. W. Hay Aitken held his successful mission in Belfast, and many were deeply impressed, it entered the mind of a friend that special prayer might be offered for those whose infirmities shut them out from so many blessed privileges. At one of the prayer meetings, therefore, the Divine blessing was besought for the mission to deaf-mutes in Belfast, praying that the love of Christ might reach the heart of every deaf and dumb person. A service was arranged later on for these afflicted ones, the hymn and prayer being interpreted by signs, and likewise the appropriate address, which was based on the text, "I have a message from God unto thee." May the Father's message echo for ever amid these silent lives! Deaf-mutes are capable of a higher and increasing education, and for their benefit the mission has arranged house-to-house visitation, and weekly services in the finger and sign language. A central



"A service was arranged for the deaf and dumb."

building is much needed in Belfast for institute, office, recreation-rooms, etc. The hon. secretary of the movement is Mr. W. Tredennick, 9, Clarence Place, Belfast. We are told there are in the United Kingdom about 20,000 deaf-mutes—a silent host, having special claims on the help of all Christians, and on their sympathy and prayer.

"Speak for the poor dumb child
To Him who gave thee speech;
O pray that to his silent soul
The words of Christ may reach."

"THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE."

The Archbishop of Dublin, speaking of the Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland, bore witness that in the first parish where he laboured, a Christian worker connected with this Society accomplished results which were impossible to himself, entering many homes to which he could not find access. In parts of the west of Ireland more than twenty churches have been raised up during the last fifty years, as the result of evangelistic work. Ireland is becoming used to many placards and proclamations setting forth various views of different parties, but there is *one* proclamation which the citizens of the Heavenly Kingdom are bound to make known—the proclamation of the good tidings of the Gospel. Godly men, full of zeal, are going forth among Irish homesteads with the Bible in their hands; would that a larger measure of sympathy flowed forth towards their labours! The secretary of this Society has sometimes mourned the small audiences at the London meetings, but Lord Shaftesbury, of beloved and honoured memory, would cheer him with the story of a meeting at which his lordship as chairman and a reporter were present alone. The chairman made his speech, the reporter took it down, money flowed in to send the person for whom it was wanted to college, and he lived to become a coloured bishop of considerable distinction. Still, well-attended meetings, and encouraging, sympathetic aid, will call forth the gratitude of our friends who are so nobly working in the Emerald Isle. The Scripture readers seem to avail themselves of every opportunity of speaking a word in season, and such shall never be void. One relates how his fellow-passengers told him their destination, but he said to them earnestly, "You are going further; you are going to meet God, and *how* will you meet Him?" Being informed by one that he did not know him at all, the missionary answered, "We have never met before, but we shall surely meet again; God has appointed a day in which He will judge the world. You and I will be there." The Irish people have many advisers; their cry has gone up from age to age, "To whom shall we go?" Let the open Bible answer across the land, "Lord, *Thou* hast the words of eternal life."

VILLAGE BOOK-SHOPS.

"God be thanked for books!" says Channing, and indeed a good book is of unspeakable worth, cheering the solitary, suggesting noble impulses, educating, uplifting, refining, and in its truth speaking for the Great Teacher, the Giver of all wisdom. But reading

can be a power for evil as well as for blessing, and young people and hard workers especially, wearying for a little change and alive to the pleasures of imagination, are susceptible to the debasement of pernicious, over-sensational, and contaminating literature. Recognising that the people nowadays *must* and *will* read, the Pure Literature Society goes forward on its philanthropic track of crowding out evil literature by the introduction of the good. It does not undertake publishing, but makes careful selections of wholesome, helpful reading, and thus proves of much assistance to Sunday-school teachers, Christian workers, librarians, etc. The Society's office is at 11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C. Numerous applications for assistance reach the Society from poor districts, and books at half-price have been supplied to more than seven thousand libraries. Their value is testified by correspondents, who write in grateful strains: "The farm lads' library has now been in operation two years, and the lads stay contentedly at home in the evening instead of wandering off to the public." "Our scholars, instead of reading pernicious books, read something that will benefit them, and so make the labours of the teachers easier." It has been suggested that some Christian friends in rural parishes where there is no book-shop, or but one, might promote the opening of cottage book-shops, displaying attractive literature in the window. Even those who did not buy might stop to read what was displayed, and thus the printing-press might be made to help the efforts of many a village pulpit.

MR. JOSEPH COOK'S BOSTON LECTURES.

Full of suggestiveness, full of deep thought, and at the same time bright and buoyant in expression, Mr. Joseph Cook's celebrated Boston Lectures are now a source of perennial interest to the whole religious world. His latest group of discourses, "Current Religious Perils" (R. D. Dickinson), should be read by all who are concerned (and who should not be?) in the vital religious questions of the day. To read such a book as the one before us is more than a mere pleasure—it is an education. Ministers and teachers will find, over and above the staple matter of this volume, many *obiter dicta* of great value. Look, for instance, at this:—"There is a life within the life of my body. My heart beats without any exercise of will on my part. Here is life hardly under my control in the respirations on which I live. I can cause them to cease for a little while, but I must live by breathing, and so there is a necessity laid upon me to take in the vital air. And then, behind all this, something mysterious which shines in the eyes is life. I have no control of it; its laws I did not make. I am moved by it in every fibre, but I did not give life to a single fibre. Now, just as in the body, you have in these facts three exemplifications of a life within our life. It is a Heart that beats whether we will or not. God is in it. And action of the soul in yielding to conscience is like the respiration of vital spiritual air. We breathe God if we will; and we must, to some extent, if we are to live as souls. But the very life behind the soul is

God's. His three names are Life, Light, Love. And He beats in each soul as a heart. He has so made us that we must breathe Him, we must yield to Him, if we are to live. But behind all life, so limited, so dependent, such a mere spark, is the life of Him of Whom Christ said, 'God hath Life in Himself.' That is to say, God is self-existent; and He giveth to the Son to have Life in Himself, and to as many as receive Him He giveth power to become the sons of God." These "Lectures" abound in similarly instructive and useful passages.

NORTH-EAST LONDON GOSPEL MISSION.

In the winter this mission provided dinners of soup and bread at Millwall Docks, for the needy sons of toil who stand at the gates from six a.m., and were thankful indeed when they could escape from the cold to the vicinity of the warm stove, and the food which had become so strange to their lips owing to the prevailing lack of work. The director of this mission, Mr. Chorley, of 2, Marquess Grove, Canonbury, is needing the kind help of friends no less in summer than in winter, for a "Holiday Home" is carried on at Brigadier Hill, near Enfield, where delicate children are sent away from unwholesome homes as soon as this can be arranged, and little ones, homeless through the parents' poverty, find refuge and shelter. Girls wishing to be trained for service are received into "Holiday Home," which is well used by the Mission, as about 1,500 young people attend the various schools. At Bow Common, in the cold weather, Mr. Chorley was busy looking after the boys and girls, who would block the doors of the hall, eager for the broth regularly supplied to them. "You must be often imposed on," is the chilling remark sometimes heard by those who are troubling themselves as to such matters as these, caring that the naked feet be shod, and the faint be fed. No doubt an impostor will occasionally be relieved by the efforts of charity, but let those who murmur stand amid a throng of such needy ones as this mission relieves, and we think the shake of the head will cease, and the funds of the society be multiplied.

Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice,
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice,—
Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers in spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring."

"GOD EMPLOYETH EVERYTHING."

It has been truly said that children are never so happy as when busy over something that is of real or imaginary help. It is a pitiful sight to see little faces long and dreary that ought to be round and sunny, and little feet moving aimlessly hither and thither, fidgeting nervous relations, perhaps, all for want of "something to do." Let the children have a share in the charitable ministry of their seniors; they cannot learn too early how blest is the life through which God's grace flows out in helpfulness

towards another. We read once of a negro woman who dropped her offering into the box for a charitable collection, and then held forth her infant's hand to do the same. The good brother collecting the money resented the long time taken by baby in finding the hole in the box, when the wise mother said gently, "Have patience, brother. I want just to bring the little thing up to it!" Let us bring the children up to doing something for God and for His world. From Miss Butler, Medical Mission House, 104, Petherton Road, London, N., the children may hear



A HARVEST OF SHELLS.

how they can help on in various pleasant ways many a good work among the sick and suffering; and the Sea-Shell Mission (now removed to 27, Benedict Road, Stockwell, S.W.) still pleads for pretty shells to delight little children in hospitals, city alleys, etc.; also for boxes and bags to hold the shells, scrap-books, albums, puzzles, etc. The seaside holiday will be twice blessed that results in a harvest of shells, with their never-ending delights, for the little white faces and less favoured lives among the children of the town.

BOOKS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

In "Foreshadowings of Christianity" (Hodder and Stoughton), the writer, Miss Peckover, has ably put together some of the most striking features of ancient philosophy and superstition; but many will demur, and with reason, to her designation of the darkness of heathendom, which the Apostle plainly tells us was the result of the corruptions of sin, as "foreshadowings" of the Gospel. In some few minds especially gifted a purer ray of light may have penetrated the darkness, but that is a different matter—one of individual exception only. Could any one of the old systems

of which Miss Peckover tells us have produced an Elizabeth Fry, with the conspicuous unselfishness that Christianity gave that devoted woman? We are led to ask this question by taking up "Four Biographies from 'Blackwood'" (W. Blackwood and Sons), by L. B. Walford, in which the life of the gentle "Friend" who gave herself to the cause of the poor prisoners is most beautifully told. Jane Taylor, Hannah More, and Mary Somerville are the other three whose life-stories are sketched in this interesting volume. Patient, suffering Jane Taylor, whose works are now so little read, refusing invitations, the acceptance of which would probably have lengthened her life, because she wished "to call home her thoughts, and to converse with her own heart without interruption," is a most pathetic picture. Altogether the book is a very attractive one, and will afford many pleasant hours' reading.

UNCHAINED SOULS.

Her Majesty's Consul-General in Havana, writing but shortly before the emancipation of the poor Cuban slaves was an accomplished fact, said:—"As by May, 1888, every vestige of slavery must by law have disappeared, the value of those still in bonds is so small, and the obligations of their owners towards them comparatively so onerous, that they may already be practically considered as free." During the last six years more than one hundred and twenty thousand slaves have been set free! And now comes the news of the legislative Act by which slavery ceases to exist throughout the great empire of Brazil. Statesmen have been concentrating their energies on the attainment of this last triumph for many years, and now that they have crowned their labour with success, their hearts must indeed be unfeignedly thankful. What this means to our lately enslaved fellow-creatures we can only faintly dream. Surely many must have cried in their hearts, like the slave of whom Whittier writes,

"De Lord, He ope' de prison door,
And t'row away de key,
He t'ink I lub Him so before,
I lub him better free."

Mark Guy Pearse tells an anecdote of an American lady who, in her travels, came upon an inn where the dust lay thickly, and where the servant was a wretched-looking negress, without any energy. "Auntie," said the lady, pleasantly, "we Northerners set you free, and you might treat us better than this. Try to get this bedroom a little tidier." In about an hour the lady returned to find the room a picture of neatness, and the woman looking inspired, energetic, actually taller. "Oh, missus, is we *really* free?" The lady assured her of the fact, which had hitherto reached her as a vague rumour, which her employer denied. Now the poor, eager listener *believed* in her liberty, and claimed it. Henceforth she would work with the new strength of the free. "Day after day," says Mr. Pearse, "the glorious Emancipator stands, sorrowful and pitying, wondering that the blood-purchased liberty from sin should remain unclaimed and unenjoyed. 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me?'"

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

List of contributions received from June 22nd, 1888, up to and including July 26th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

Anon, 2s.; E. E. W., Pershore, 5s.; A Clerk, 2s. 6d.; J. J. E., Govan, eighth donation, 5s.; One near Oxford, 5s.; Bosh, Kingston-on-Thames, 1s.; J. C. F., Stockton-on-Tees, 2s.; M. M. H., Edinburgh, 5s.; Blanche of Whitelea, 3s.

"BLIND AND HELPLESS."

In response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number, we have received the following subscriptions from June 22nd, 1888, up to and including July 26th, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

A Widow, Gravesend, 10s.; H. B. E., Surrey, £1; Thankful, Bromley, 2s. 6d.; Miss Meggitt, Wilton, £1.

Those of our readers who desire to contribute to this very distressing case are requested to do so without delay, as it is now proposed to close the Fund.

The Editor begs to acknowledge, on behalf of Miss Napton, of the Outcasts' Havens, the receipt of 5s. from "Clara," and 7s. from "Eva."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR SEPTEMBER.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	Ecclesiastes i., ver. 1—4, 12—18	2 Peter i., to ver. 11.
2.	Ecclesiastes ii., to ver. 11.	2 Peter i., from ver. 12.
3.	Ecclesiastes iii., to ver. 12.	2 Peter iii., to ver. 14.
4.	Ecclesiastes v., ver. 1, 2; vii., 1—4; xi., 1—4.	1 John i.
5.	Ecclesiastes xii.	1 John ii., to ver. 14.
6.	Song of Solomon ii., to ver. 13.	1 John iii., to ver. 12.
7.	Isaiah i., ver. 1—4, 13—20.	1 John iii., from ver. 13.
8.	Isaiah ii., ver. 1—12.	1 John iv., to ver. 11.
9.	Isaiah iii., ver. 10—17; iv., ver. 3—6.	1 John iv., from ver. 12.
10.	Isaiah v., to ver. 12.	1 John v., to ver. 11.
11.	Isaiah vi.	1 John v., from ver. 12.
12.	Isaiah viii., ver. 13—18; ix., to ver. 7.	2nd Epistle of John.
13.	Isaiah xi., to ver. 6; xii.	3rd Epistle of John.
14.	Isaiah xxv., to ver. 9; xxvi., to ver. 4.	Epistle of Jude, ver. 1—4, 17—25.
15.	Isaiah xxxii., to ver. 8, ver. 17—20.	Matt. vii., to ver. 12.
16.	Isaiah xxxv.	Matt. xxv., to ver. 13.
17.	Isaiah xxxvi., 13—18; xxxvii., to ver. 7.	Matt. xxv., 31—40.
18.	Isaiah xxxvi., ver. 14—23, 34—36.	Matt. xxvi., 17—35.
19.	Isaiah xxxviii., 1—10, 19—22.	Matt. xxvi., 36—46.
20.	Isaiah xl., to ver. 11, 28—31.	Mark iv., 3—20.
21.	Isaiah xli., to ver. 14.	Mark vii., from ver. 24.
22.	Isaiah xlii., to ver. 12.	Mark xiv., 43—46, 66—72.
23.	Isaiah xliiii., to ver. 13.	Mark xv., to ver. 15.
24.	Isaiah xliv., 1—8, 21—23.	Luke ii., ver. 7—19.
25.	Isaiah xlv., to ver. 13.	Luke iv., to ver. 13.
26.	Isaiah xlix., to ver. 15.	Luke x., 27—37.
27.	Isaiah l.	Luke xliii., ver. 33—46.
28.	Isaiah lii.	John x., to ver. 11.
29.	Isaiah liii.	John xiv., to ver. 14.
30.	Isaiah liv.	John xx., ver. 11—18, 26—29.

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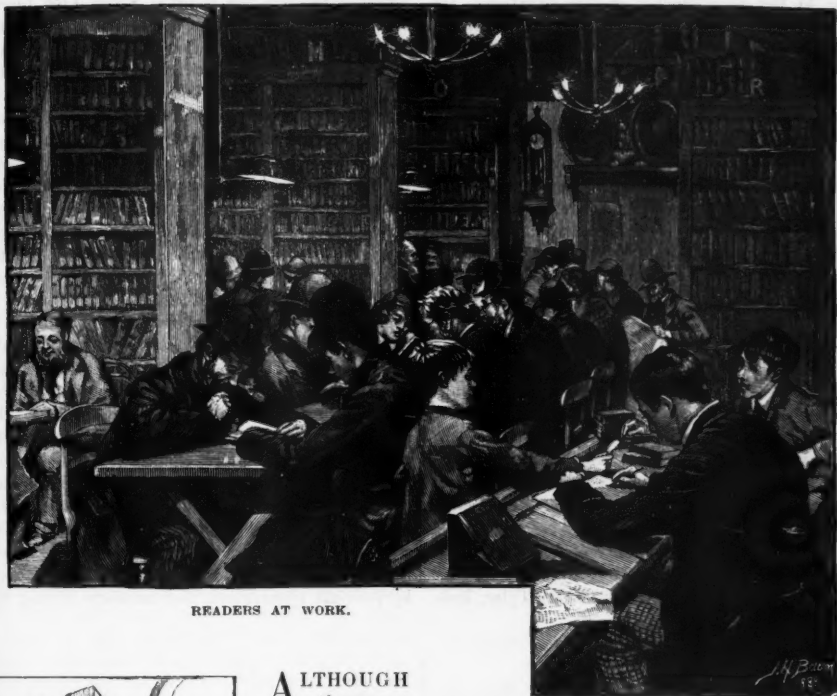


"Thou hast blest us far and wide
At the bounteous harvest-tide."

"HARVEST GLADNESS,"—p. 908

AN EAST-END FREE LIBRARY.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.



READERS AT WORK.



parish. The idea of coming upon such a comprehensive selection of books in the chief departments of literature in such a spot would probably be the last that would enter the minds of students who pass to and fro in express trains between the capital and the University of Cambridge; but there, nevertheless, the richly furnished building stands out as a cheery landmark—or, as one might almost say, a veritable lighthouse—amid much that is dingy and unattractive. Is it possible, one may be disposed to ask, that readers

ALTHOUGH there are without doubt a large number of persons who have hardly ever heard of the Free Library at Bethnal Green, the institution is one of peculiar value, and occupies a site close to the junction and station on the Great Eastern Railway named after the

of our standard and most popular authors are found in these densely peopled streets, where the battle with poverty has constantly to be maintained, and where the very atmosphere, charged with smoke, seems capable of repressing intellectual ardour? The answer is, that such readers abound on all hands; and their existence shows what strange discoveries may still be made in the by-ways of London. The founding of a large and well-selected library in the very heart of what is conventionally called the East End, seems to represent the complement of well-directed philanthropic effort. The value of the experiment has been proved by its fruits.

The Free Library at Bethnal Green is quite of recent origin; but provided that continued and adequate support is ensured, the institution would seem to have a distinguished future of usefulness before it. The history of the movement may be told in very few words. About thirteen years ago, immediately after the passing of the Public Libraries Act, certain enterprising philanthropists at the East End endeavoured to extend the provisions of the new law to Bethnal Green; but on the question being carried to the poll, the already too heavily burdened

ratepayers rejected the scheme by a very decisive majority. The party of progress did not anticipate such a result, but instead of being disheartened, they determined still to proceed, only adapting their procedure to the requirements of the situation. To begin with, there could be no doubt that libraries for the common people were a need of the times in London; for notwithstanding its superior wealth, the English capital is in this respect behind some other great cities. There are, of course, the great national library at the British Museum, the valuable collection of the Corporation, and many others; but they are rather adapted for professional people and scholars than the industrial classes, who read chiefly for recreation. In Paris it is quite otherwise, for as one authority remarks, there, "beside four important libraries, not including the Bibliothèque Nationale, freely open to the public, the municipality has established a system of popular libraries, of which there are now forty-eight, while the Budget for 1887 contemplated an increase which will bring the total number up to fifty-three." According to this system, small libraries of two or three thousand volumes each are dotted over the smaller area of the French capital, available for all comers, and no more profitable recreation can be conceived of, especially for the youth who are passing through the elementary schools.

It so happened that a number of gentlemen, including the present Lord Kinnaird, Mr. F. A. Bevan, Dr. Tyler, and his brother, Sir James Tyler, had

already subscribed towards the erection of a freehold building in the parish for some philanthropic purpose; and there, accordingly, with a modest collection of five hundred volumes to start with, it was arranged to open the Bethnal Green Free Library. It was confessedly an experiment, and in the opinion of many who supposed that they understood most about the ways and aspirations of the poor, not a very promising one. Of course, a large proportion of the more elderly people were partially or wholly illiterate; and it was hardly likely that, in the case of the younger folks, books, lectures, and opportunities for technical education would successfully compete with the lighter, frivolous, or even debasing amusements which abounded in that densely populated district. There was satisfaction all round, however, when the experiment proved to be a success. It may be that too low an estimate of the people and their aspirations had been formed, for although the popular idiosyncrasies may have been peculiar to the locality, they were possibly not quite what many observers supposed. Poor as they were, and seemingly with all things in the world against them, many of these people had flowing in their veins what may be properly called the blue blood of the aristocracy of Protestantism. We find one topographer telling us of Bethnal Green, that "the inhabitants are chiefly journeymen silk-weavers, who work in their own houses for the master-weavers in Spitalfields." The truth is, and we have proved it by personal observation, that numbers among these



YOUNG ARTISANS.

needy men and women, who, on any Sunday morning, may be found among the worshippers at the service at a well-known mission-school, are descendants of old Huguenot families. Not a few bear names which seem to carry with them a ring of distinction, and which unmistakably testify to their owners having come from the evangelical quarters of France in the days of the so-called Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., whose selfishness and disastrous policy sowed the dragon's teeth which grew up and ripened into the sanguinary Revolution of a century ago.

When the Library was started with its five hundred volumes, many may have harboured misgivings as they asked themselves, What are they among so many? It was quite otherwise with Mr. G. F. Hilcken, the librarian, however; he was heart and soul in the work, and having made what he considered to be a fair start, he was not only sanguine of ultimate success—he was determined to ensure it. With the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury for President of the Institution, and with some of the best-known men both in and out of Parliament for supporters or patrons, Mr. Hilcken thought that he had a fair claim on all friends of the poor, which might consistently be urged on every opportunity. He applied to publishers, to find himself rewarded with many a generous response; he sent to well-known authors, and as the request for the gift of their books was backed up by the need of tens of thousands of East-Enders, the works were of course sent without hesitation; he made known his wants, or rather the wants of his vast constituency, to other friends who were neither writers nor publishers, but who, as possessors of books, were more than willing to give of their abundance to Bethnal Green. The result is, that through the indefatigable labours of the librarian, the original five hundred volumes have grown to over four times five thousand in bound books alone, these being supplemented by a large collection of reviews, magazines, and journals in parts. The ball thus set a-rolling continues to gather its snow, and the Library promises to become one of the most useful institutions of its kind in the metropolis. Already the "general reader," if such a genus really exists, finds himself in a literary paradise; the literary worker has within easy reach a full supply of the very materials he needs; while the aspiring youth who is anxious to make way in technical education, finds that, in the main, he can do quite as well at Bethnal Green as at South Kensington.

It cannot be said that the Library has grown without the people themselves manifesting an interest in its progress. On one occasion, about seven years ago, Sir J. W. Ellis, as Lord Mayor, presided at a meeting which had the effect of attracting public attention to the enterprise. About four years later another Lord Mayor, Sir R. N. Fowler, was the chief figure in a still more striking demonstration at Victoria Park, at which tens of thousands of people were present, to say nothing of the crowds in the streets, numbers of whom gave to the collections

that were made along the route by representatives of trade and benefit societies. The people



THE EAST-END FREE LIBRARY, BETHNAL GREEN.

themselves are so far interested in what they properly think to be their own Library, that they desire to have a hand in providing the new building which the committee have now found to be indispensable to the growing needs of their useful enterprise. Several leading friends have already promised substantial aid in promoting this extension; and in due time it will doubtless become an accomplished fact.

In the present reading-room there is accommodation for nearly ninety readers; and on any night during what the East-Enders considers to be the reading season, the visitor will find the seats all occupied. In the matter of reading, the industrial classes naturally copy the ways of those who are of a higher social grade. If they read at all, they give the long winter evenings to the exercise; but when the more genial lengthening days draw on, the park and the attractions of the open air draw them away from literature to other recreations that should not, in all cases, be altogether profitless. We have to remember that the frequenters of the reading-room are not scholars or *littérateurs* such as we may have been accustomed to associate with public libraries; and also, that they are of many grades, ranging from those who actually cannot even read, to those whose taste for anything higher than police news

and the lighter kind of serials is a matter of slow development if it is cultivated at all. As it is, the results of observation of the habits of those who thus come are so far encouraging; the people are being helped to help themselves. Even the middle-aged labourer, who is wholly illiterate because there were no school-boards in the days of his youth, is better occupied while looking through the illustrated works of the Library than he would be in his own poor, comfortless room, in walking the streets, or in lounging at the public-house; and it is just possible that he may look at pictures until he bravely determines that he will master the art of reading for himself. If it should happen that a man of this grade can intelligibly get through a page of print, he makes a decided advance when he discovers that there is within his reach something of more ennobling quality than the police news of the Sunday newspaper. As it will occasionally happen, the mechanic who sets himself the pleasant task of reading the works of a standard author straight through, will inevitably improve his own quality, whether as a man, a friend, or a workman.

You may see the swain and his sweetheart reading the same book together; and the improving exercise will ensure happy memories in future days. The butcher's or grocer's apprentice, or even the young coster—no longer allowed to go their own way entirely unschooled—may come hither to find that the world is broader than they had supposed, and a knowledge that openings to higher service exist may kindle the desire to enter them. Then, among those who come are young artisans bent on securing for themselves that technical education which, in their case, will be the surest stepping-stone to usefulness and fortune. Here they find the books they require, and also the seclusion for studying them. Now and then a reader will appear who seems to think with Dr. Johnson, that the more abstruse a book is the better it is for whiling away the time; and such will find genial mental pabulum in works on logic, mathematics, and kindred themes. In a word, there is as much variety among these Bethnal Green readers as there is among those of every social grade. The majority are of course content with newspapers and periodicals, sometimes varied by a run on the biographies of such as are at the time prominently before the public; but there is always a minority even among the poor who can strike out a path of inquiry for themselves, and can in their own way be original.

But the educational influence of the Library does not begin and end with the books: the free lectures on scientific, literary, or social subjects, the evening classes, etc., are quite as important in their way, and these are very highly appreciated by large numbers; the total number of persons availing themselves of the advantages of the institution within the last

few years being more than a quarter of a million. Thus, the institution serves in some measure as a university for those who choose to appropriate its privileges. The present building has a commodious lecture-room; but doubtless this branch of the work will be considerably extended when a more suitable building for the keeping of the books is provided. The erection of such a building represents the chief enterprise which the Committee have now in hand; and it is to be hoped that the scheme will be shortly completed, aided, as it ought to be, by the sympathy and money of the outside public. The cost will be £10,000, and a tenth part of that amount has already been given by Sir James Tyler.

Among those who rank as friends or patrons of the readers of Bethnal Green, and who have sent gifts of books to the Library, must be reckoned a large number of eminent persons, including the Queen, members of the Royal Family, and leading authors: while the Prince of Wales is patron of the Library. Her Majesty has given her own books, accompanied by her autograph; and during the past year Her Royal Highness Princess Christian has sent a present of books, making the seventh donation of the same kind from the Royal Family. If the average of 1887 is maintained, the gifts of books is now over a thousand volumes a year, besides over two thousand reviews, magazines, pamphlets, etc. Some of these are withdrawn from circulation, or they are presented to other institutions. Standard works of reference are still needed, and also funds to carry on the general management with vigour.

We have thus described the locality and some of its peculiar characteristics; but, before leaving the Library, reference ought to be made to an invention first adopted here and at a library at Bradford, and but for which the Trustees of the British Museum must have provided additional buildings, at a cost to the nation of some hundred thousand pounds. The contrivance simply consists of presses for books, which are fac-similes of those fitted against the walls, and which can be made either to open as doors, having wheels on rails at the bottom, or they can be made to draw in and out. When the new reading-room was opened at the British Museum in 1857, the late Librarian said that the space provided would suffice for thirty years; and that prophecy has come literally true. The extra space provided has been filled up; but the happy invention, which Mr. R. Garnett, Assistant Keeper of Printed Books, first set eyes upon at Bethnal Green, will enable the Museum to go on for a lengthened period without erecting new buildings. Dr. William Tyler was the inventor of the contrivance, and all along he has been hon. secretary of the Library. Among other warm friends of the institution is Mr. F. A. Bevan, the treasurer, member of the well-known banking firm of Barclay, Bevan and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.



IN HER OWN RIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER BASIL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—MDLV.

"Is it a prologue, or the posy
of a ring?"—SHAKESPEARE.

AM John Damant Eastwood, and *that is my wife's ring!*" said the man who had called himself Jack Duncombe, and Austin listened in incredulous bewilderment.

The first part might or might not be true; he could not tell, and to him, at least, it did not greatly matter. But the second part—what did that mean? How could this ring that had been given him by Ermyntrude, that had once been Ermyntrude's mother's, belong to John Damant Eastwood's wife?

Austin drew the ring rather sharply from his guest's agitated clasp.

"Explain yourself!" he said, with some sternness, standing up, a strong, tall figure, full of a vigour that seemed almost aggressive beside the other's weakness, and looking down on the invalid, who had sunk back exhausted amongst his pillows. "This ring was given me by Miss Damant, of Ely. How can it be your wife's? And what do you mean by calling yourself Eastwood, when you said your name was Duncombe? What does it all mean?"

But the sight of the ring, or possibly the rising anger in Austin's tones, was too much for the invalid's weakened nerves. "Another time—I will tell you another time," he gasped feebly, and fell into so deep a swoon, that for some time Austin Romaine believed that he was dead.

He did not die, however, but struggled back to consciousness at last, to his host's great relief. Vagabond as he knew the man was, criminal as he half suspected him of being, impostor as he now believed him to be, there was something about this unexpected claimant of the Eastwood name that appealed to Austin's sympathy and touched his heart. Was it the helplessness that is in itself an appeal to every noble nature, or only that the glance of the deep dark eyes stirred his heart with the memory of others that were deeper and darker still? Austin had never admitted it before, but as his disreputable guest came to himself, and gazed up into his face, he knew that it was Ermyntrude Damant of whom the great dark eyes reminded him, and owned, with a curious thrill of wonder and repulsion, that it was for Ermyntrude's sweet sake he had found their glance so potent, and their appeal so irresistible.

He said nothing then, being little given to uncon-

sidered speech, and being besides anxious to avoid excitement for the man who had shown himself so unable to bear it, and whose eyes were so like Ermyntrude Damant's. He called Aunt Polly, and gave her patient into her charge, and then he got into the little boat that was always moored at the landing-stage, and rowed out into the blue silence of the lake to think it all over.

A fairer place for solitary thought could scarcely be imagined. Water so limpid and so blue, sunshine so brilliant, shade so deep, Austin had never seen before. The beauty and the wonder of it struck afresh upon his sober Northern senses every time he went upon the lake, and now, as he glided over the smooth surface, and made for the scented shade of the cypresses and magnolias on the bank, he found himself wondering if it were not all a dream that would presently vanish away. What was all this tropic beauty of cypress and magnolia, of pine and palmetto, of bright-plumaged, harsh-voiced birds, of strange vivid flowers, with their burden of oppressive sweetness—nay, what was this crystalline fairy lake itself, but the baseless fabric of a vision, of which John Damant Eastwood was an equally baseless part? Austin told himself that he would wake from it presently, and find himself at the real Elibank again, with pollard willows in place of all this strange luxuriance, and for this magic lakelet, the dull and sluggish waters of the Ouse.

And so, wandering, and drifting, and dreaming, he drew near the swampy margin, where the great trees cast their shade upon the water, and turned it from flashing sapphire to translucent emerald. The long, still alligators lay like grey logs upon the bank, only betraying their vitality by an occasional movement of their slit-like eyes. The turkey-buzzards rose awkwardly in the air, or sat sleepily on the trees, apparently quite aware that they were under Government protection. There were snakes gliding through the water, or basking on the hot sand, unfamiliar insects by myriads in the air, a hundred strange sights and sounds around him on every side; and strangest of all, there was the thought of John Damant Eastwood in the log-house Mr. Romaine was learning to call home, waiting with the untold story, from the telling of which Austin shrank with a curious feeling that it might be like the letting out of waters whose course no one could foresee.

Like everyone else who knew Mrs. Damant, he had wondered if the John Damant Eastwood for whom his uncle had advertised a year ago could be any connection of hers. And now, here was a man claiming the name, and whose eyes resembled Ermyntrude's with a closeness that suggested the possibility of near relationship, while the traces of gentle bearing, that had been evident even amidst the squalor of the cracker's cabin, forced Austin to own that such relationship was not the utter impossibility he would so gladly have pronounced it. But, if it were so, how was it that the Damants themselves were ignorant



of it? Mrs. Damant had distinctly disclaimed any connection with the Eastwood family, or with the Damants of Thorney Fen; but then she had admitted that her acquaintance with her husband's family was of the slightest, and it was just possible, Austin felt, that there might be more connection than she knew.

"But whoever the man may be, and whatever his relation to Mrs. Damant, I shall not give up my ring!" said Austin, putting the pledge of Ermytrude's friendship to his lips, very much as any other young man might have put a gage of love. There were no eyes upon him but those of the turkey-buzzards, and the alligators, the humming-birds, and parakeets, and other unfamiliar tenants of tropic forest or crystal lake, but Mr. Romaine was crimson to his hair, and the smile upon his lips was curiously sweet. And then he remembered Lenny, and the smile died out, and the mouth drooped to sadness, and the brow furrowed with care. It was no wonder she had preferred the bright, pleasant boy to a dull fellow like himself, he thought. He did not blame her for a moment, and he tried not to envy Lenny, telling himself that though she could not love him, she had at least given him her friendship—a friendship better worth having than any other woman's love!

Thus Mr. Romaine mused sadly enough, in the green shade of the magnolias, and a particularly sleepy-looking alligator opened one eye and winked at him solemnly, and promptly went off to sleep again. If he had been a lover he might have felt it a grotesque interruption of his dreams, but being only a friend, there was perhaps no need for him to look as disconcerted as he did. He came to himself with a start, and reflected, with rather a guilty feeling, that to sit and dream of a beautiful girl, though only as a friend, was not the way to solve the problems he had come out to consider. He was not much nearer a satisfactory conclusion as to the validity of Jack Duncombe's claims to the name of Eastwood, or as to his own ability to investigate them. One thing was clear, that if they were true, the outcast wanderer was probably the missing heir of Eastwood, was indeed actually Lord Eastwood of Eastwood Park. Little as Romaine liked the present possessor of the title, he felt a good deal of pity for him. The reverse of fortune would be far more bitter than if he had never enjoyed the elevation he owed to his cousin's disappearance, and whatever defects of character Algernon Eastwood might have, he was certainly a more worthy representative of the ancient name than this wretched companion of Texan drovers, who had lately been the recipient of a Floridan cracker's charity, and was now dependent on his own.

Austin felt, as he paddled slowly back, in time to avoid the pestilential vapours the sunset hour would bring, that his guest's relationship to Mrs. Damant was a mere side question. The important aspect of the case was the claim he had advanced to the name of John Damant Eastwood.

Duncombe, or Eastwood, whichever he was, was lying on the couch in the piazza when his host returned,

Austin looked at the wasted face and pallid cheeks, and wondered if he ought to put his questions yet, but the invalid sat up as he drew near, and after the first inquiries as to his health had been answered, Austin found himself the questioned instead of the questioner.

"Better? Oh, yes, I'm much better, thank you. But, Mr. Romaine, perhaps you'll tell me now how you came by my wife's ring?"

"It was given me by a friend: and I may as well tell you, Duncombe, that whatever story you may choose to invent about it, I shall only part with it with my life," said Austin, his judicial calm all vanishing before this attack. Whether the man was Jack Duncombe or Lord Eastwood, he should not have Ermytrude's ring. The mere thought of it made Austin ready to assume that his story was false from beginning to end.

"I did not ask you for it," said the other, with a dignity that sat oddly upon him; "I only asked you to tell me how it came into your possession. If I can prove to your satisfaction that the ring is my wife's, I presume you will hardly wish to keep it."

Austin did not answer for a moment; then he said coldly—

"Prove it first. We can discuss the other question afterwards."

"Very well. If that is the Eastwood ring, it has a date in Roman letters at the back."

"A date? Nothing of the sort! There is nothing at the back but some letters which are probably initials."

"Look and see. You will find the letters are MDLV—fifteen hundred and fifty-five."

Austin looked, and could not dispute it. The inscription was faint and worn, and, as he said, he had always supposed the letters to be initials; but now that their meaning was explained it was clear that they stood for the date suggested. Evidently the ring described so accurately was known to the man who claimed it; but if so, how had it come into the possession of Mrs. Damant? John Damant Eastwood, if that was his name, looked triumphantly at Austin's agitated face.

"Have I proved my case, Mr. Romaine? And will you tell me where you got the ring?"

"It was given me," said Austin slowly, "by Miss Damant."

He felt that he had no right to withhold the information, but he was not prepared for its effect on his mysterious guest.

"By Miss Damant?" he exclaimed, getting up in great agitation. "Is her name *Ermytrude*?"

"Yes," said Austin, with white lips. "What was he going to hear?"

"She is alive, then! My child, my little Ermytrude!" muttered Eastwood. He looked at Austin with wild, eager eyes. "Tell me about her!" he cried. "You say you know her, do you not?"

"I know Miss Damant; but I don't see how she can be your daughter," said Austin, fighting against his conviction of the truth. He sat down again, panting a little, and feeling almost stunned. This was the explanation of that haunting likeness, was

it! And was it *his* hand that was to restore to Ermytrude a father like this? "Your name, you say, is *Eastwood*; and besides, Mrs. Damant is a widow," he cried, in a sort of desperate protest, that he felt to be unavailing even before the other spoke.

"My name is *Eastwood*, but I married as John Damant, and my wife never knew me by any other name. It is no wonder if she believes herself a widow, poor soul! She has neither seen me nor heard of me for twenty years."

"But how — but why——?" Austin stammered, unutterably shocked at an avowal that was only not brutal because of the self-reproach in the eyes that were like Ermytrude's.

"You mean, why did I leave my wife and child? Well, it's an old story now, but if you care to hear it, you can. You wouldn't think, to look at me, that I had ever been prosperous enough to owe my creditors two or three thousand pounds. Well, I was; and as I'd nothing to pay it with, I just made tracks. I knew my wife would go back to her own people, and I've no doubt she did."

"She is living with her father now."

"And is better off than she would have been with me. She was too good for me always, poor girl; and I believe the best thing I ever did for her was when I took my passage for New York."

"And you never wrote to her?"

"What was the use? I always meant to write when things mended, only, you see, they never did mend. And then I heard from my cousin Algernon that they had left the old place, and he had lost all trace of them."

"Algernon? That is Lord Eastwood, I suppose?"

"No; he's my cousin. I didn't know Lord Eastwood; he was a cousin of some kind too, but only a very distant one."

"The old Lord Eastwood is dead. Is it possible you did not know?" cried Austin. "Do you mean to say you never saw the advertisement?"

"What advertisement?"

"In the *Times* a year ago, for John Damant Eastwood."

"I haven't seen an English newspaper for years. Who wanted me, and what was it for?" asked this unconscious heir of Eastwood, with an indifference that Austin did not know whether to regard as ridiculous or sublime.

That the man before him was not only the father of Ermytrude Damant, but was in very truth John Damant Eastwood, Austin no longer doubted; and

his ignorance of the advertisement was an additional proof of his good faith. It was evident that he had no suspicion of his cousin's accession to the title, or of his own claims to it. But when Austin had put the facts briefly before him, indifference disappeared.

"I must go home and claim my rights," he said, "if only for my wife and daughter's sake."

And Austin Romaine entirely agreed.

CHAPTER XVI.— BARON EASTWOOD.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

"BLESS my life!" said old Mr. Romaine; "bless—my—life!"

There was no one in the office but himself. Lenny was in Switzerland, trying to walk off his low spirits, for Lenny had

taken his rejection much more to heart than Tessa had expected, and had indeed shown a depth of feeling under all his easy *insouciance* that neither Tessa nor anyone else had given him credit for.

The office looked very empty to Mr. Romaine without Lenny's bright smile, but this morning he was glad that his son was away. He told himself, indeed, with the tender self-deception parents use, that he was sorry, *very* sorry, for the absence he could not help feeling a relief; he assured himself that if Lenny had only been there his advice would have been most valuable, and his help all but indispensable; but in the secret places of the heart—into which none of us, perhaps, are very eager to pry—he was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling that on this occasion Lenny's advice would not have been particularly worth having, and even that Lenny's help might have done more harm than good. For Lenny was impetuous both in speech and action, and Lenny's father had learnt to know that impetuosity was a



"Her arms were round his neck."—p. 891.

dangerous thing in a lawyer's office. He had been impetuous himself once, but he knew better now; and startling as the news he had just received was, he subdued his excitement, and only laid the letter down, and ejaculated very slowly and softly—

"Bless my life! bless—my—life!"

He did not speak much above his breath, for the door of the outer office was open, and the scratching of a pen showed that the clerk was there. He got up and closed the door, and then he came back to his chair and read the letter once more.

It was a letter from Austin Romaine, telling the story of his meeting with John Damant Eastwood, of Eastwood's identity with Mrs. Damant's husband, and of his determination to claim the title and estates now in the possession of his cousin Algernon. Austin was coming home with him himself, he said, for Eastwood was still too great an invalid to travel alone. They would start immediately, and might be expected any day after the arrival of his letter. He thought that his uncle ought to communicate with Lord Eastwood at once, and also, if possible, prepare Mrs. Damant for the meeting that awaited her. "It will be such a shock," Austin wrote, "after thinking herself a widow all these years."

But Mr. Romaine knew more about that than Austin did. He knew that Mrs. Damant was aware that her husband might be living, and that the uncertainty which shrouded his fate was the best preparation she could have. What she did not know was his identity with the missing heir of Eastwood, and this he was inclined to withhold from her still. It might be all as Austin said, but on the other hand the man might be an impostor, and at all events it would be well to wait and see. That he was Mrs. Damant's husband, Mr. Romaine did not doubt; his recognition of the ring—on which Austin had dwelt at length—was almost conclusive evidence of that; but the Eastwood heirship was another matter.

"And Damant was always a scoundrel," reflected Mr. Romaine; "his desertion of that angel of a woman was proof enough of that! It would not surprise me if this claim of his was just another piece of villainy."

He would say nothing, he determined, of that part of Austin's letter, not even that John Damant called himself Eastwood now.

"He has had a dozen other aliases, I daresay!" thought Mr. Romaine, as he went round to the Close in the cool of the evening, when he hoped the Canon and Tessa would be taking their evening walk. It would be time enough to-morrow to inform Lord Eastwood of his cousin's claims, but he could not leave Mrs. Damant unwarned of the possibility of her husband's appearance in Ely. Had not Austin said they might arrive at any moment?

So Mr. Romaine braced himself to his task, and set out for the Close, feeling keenly the sharp irony of the circumstances that had chosen him, of all men, to bear the news. Mrs. Damant was alone, as he had expected, and was lying on the couch, by the open drawing-room window, just as she had been lying that autumn afternoon, a year ago, when he asked her to be his wife. The contrast of the two situations could not but strike the man who had come now on so different

an errand, who had come not to speak of his own love, but to tell her that the husband of her youth was alive, and was coming to her again. He hardly knew how to begin, but the memory of that other time was stirring so strongly in his heart, that almost unconsciously he began to speak of that.

"Do you remember last September?" he said, "and the question I asked you then? No"—putting out a disclaiming hand, as she flushed, and turned away her head—"do not get up—do not be afraid! I am not going to say anything of that sort now. I was only going to ask you if you remembered what you told me then, about your husband?"

"I told you the truth, the unhappy truth, that I did not know if he was alive or dead."

"And now?"

"I know no more than I did then."

She had half risen, and was looking at him with a dawning wonder in her eyes.

"Ah, you know no more! You would be glad to know, would you not, my friend?"

"Glad! What do you mean?" She turned to him with vivid questioning, alert, alarmed, suspicious in a moment, and overthrowing all his little plans for "breaking" the intelligence. "You know something!" she cried, with quick conviction. "You have heard of him—ah! I see it in your face."

"Yes," he admitted, "I have heard of him, and I came up to tell you at once."

She drew her breath with an effort.

"Is he alive?" she whispered, with a look that went to his heart. Was it indeed better for her that he was able to assure her that her husband lived?

"Yes, he is alive—but he has been ill. He *is* ill. You—you must expect to find him changed—"

"Oh, I know. But to see him—to see him again!"

If ever Mr. Romaine had cherished the hope that Mary Damant would some day care for him, it died there and then, slain by the rapture in her eyes.

"Is he *here*?" she asked suddenly, with quivering lips.

"No, but he may be to-morrow. He is on the way now, and Austin is coming with him. It was Austin who found him out."

He thought afterwards that the surprise of this helped her to regain self-control. For a moment she had seemed on the verge of passionate weeping, but she checked herself as she heard that Austin was with her husband, and began eagerly to ask how it was they were together.

Then he told her all he knew, only omitting all reference to Eastwood, or the Eastwood name. By the time the Canon and Tessa came back from their tranquil walk, Mrs. Damant had heard all that Mr. Romaine could tell her, except the possibility that the husband now on his way to her might perhaps have a coronet to lay at her feet.

He told the Canon, however, taking him apart, and leaving the mother and daughter to an interview that must needs be memorable to both. He knew instinctively that something was needed to gild the bitter pill of his son-in-law's return for the justly indignant father, but the Canon would not accept the gilding.

"If Damant says it, it is probably a lie," he said bitterly. "God forgive me if I wrong him, but that is how it seems to me. I would rather have seen Mary in her grave than have to give her up to him. And Tessa!—that is the worst of it—*Tessa!*"

Canon Treherne wrung his friend's hand, and went back into the house. Tessa met him with shining eyes.

"Have you heard, grandpapa? Have you heard?" she cried. "My father is alive, and is coming back to us! my father—"

She stopped, checked by the look in her grandfather's face, astonished and afraid. And then a solution offered itself as natural as it was sweet.

"You think we shall not care for *you* now?" she said, with tender reproach. "Oh, grandpapa!"

Her arms were round his neck, and her kisses on his cheek, and the good Canon said no word to betray the deeper source of sorrow. But in the solitude of his own room he prayed far into the night, so far that the August dawn was yellowing the east before sleep closed his eyes.

And Tessa kept vigil too, pacing her room and musing over all she had heard to-day, and all that the morrow might bring. It was not only her father who was coming, but her brother and her friend! Her father, with all her readiness to welcome him, could not but be a vague and indistinct figure to the daughter who could not remember a feature of his face, but there was nothing indistinct in her memories of Austin Romaine. How well she knew the outlines of the tall, athletic figure, the shape of the features, the pose of the head; how vividly she could recall the tones of his voice, and even the sound of his step. She knew just how he would meet her; she could picture the kindly regard of the clear grey eyes, the rather formal courtesy of the grave brotherly manner, the sudden sunshine of the smile that was so much better than Lenny's, the tones that had the true tenor ring in them, and the slight rising inflection peculiar to the fens.

"My brother!" she said softly, gazing down upon the ring he had given her, with eyes that were suddenly full of tears.

Tessa dashed them away impatiently. What was there to cry about, because her brother was coming home? She ought to be glad—she *was* glad—only—

There is an unacknowledged "only" in most lives. Whatever Tessa's was, she would not own it, even to herself; but the broken sentence was never finished, and Tessa's tears were falling long after her grandfather had dropped asleep.

Mr. Romaine went over to Eastwood Park early the next day. He was averse from making so important a communication by letter, and perhaps he was not unwilling to see for himself what its effect upon Lord Eastwood would be. The more the acute old lawyer thought it over, the more the conviction forced itself upon him that Lord Eastwood had not acted quite squarely in the matter. If Mrs. Damant's husband was in truth John Damant Eastwood, Algernon Eastwood must have known it. He had known Mrs. Damant in the early years of her married life; he must have known that she was his cousin's wife; he must have known that, if John Damant Eastwood

was dead, it was Tessa, not himself, who stood next in the succession. He must have known it, he did know it, Mr. Romaine felt sure. He had not forgotten Algernon's visit to Ely in the old lord's lifetime, his curious demeanour in his own office, his call upon Mrs. Damant, any more than he forgot Lord Eastwood's subsequent attentions to Tessa, or the offer which everyone credited him with having made.

"Why, bless my life!" said Mr. Romaine, as he trotted his stout old cob along the level Eastwood Road, "I believe he knew it all along. If he didn't know Jack Eastwood was alive, he knew Tessa was his daughter, and wanted to make himself safe by marrying her. It's as neat a piece of scheming as I've come across for many a long day, and I'm glad the lassie had the spirit to refuse him. She'll be Lady Eastwood in her own right some day, and no thanks to him. 'Twas a pity Lenny couldn't pull it off, poor boy—but there's no accounting for the whims of girls."

But for all his conviction that Eastwood had kept silence when silence was only another name for fraud, he could not help being sorry, as he rode through the Park that might shortly have another owner, for the man whose new honours were so soon to be taken from him, whose new wealth was to melt from his grasp before he had well tasted the sweets of possession. What would Lord Eastwood say, he wondered, when he heard his news? Would he show fight, or would he confess his guilt?

Lord Eastwood did neither. He turned very white as he read Austin Romaine's letter, but he neither confessed nor denied the charges that, to Mr. Romaine's mind, seemed so clearly to be deduced from the facts it contained.

"If the man your nephew has picked up is really my cousin Jack, I shall be pleased to see him," he said with dignity: "or at least I shall endeavour to be so. Of course I have always known that he might turn up, and I can only feel thankful there is only a nine-months' tenancy to render an account of. The mesne profits would have been a more formidable affair in a few years' time."

"It seem to me that the chief question is, did you know that Mrs. Damant was your cousin's wife?" said Mr. Romaine; but Lord Eastwood only looked at him with cold displeasure.

"Do you mean to insult me?" he asked, and the lawyer could only apologise and disclaim. But as he rode home again he remembered that his question had not been answered.

It had been agreed between them that on the arrival of the man who claimed to be the long-lost Jack Eastwood, his cousin should be sent for at once; and it was not long before the summons came.

Two days later Austin Romaine walked into his uncle's office, and told him that John Damant Eastwood was his guest at Elibank. They had arrived the night before, and Austin had taken him straight to his house.

"He was too ill to think of an hotel; and besides, he has no money, and I have none to waste, so I thought he had better be at Elibank till things were settled," Austin explained.

"He didn't go to his wife, then?" said Mr. Romaine.

"He does not know if she will see him. I am going round to ask her now. But I think she will—I am sure she would forgive, if she knew all he has been through, and how truly he repents——"

"She will go to him, I know," said Mr. Romaine.

were numbered, and before the time fixed for Austin's return to America, it was evident that he was a dying man.

His wife and daughter nursed him with unremitting devotion, and perhaps it was well for all that they had only seen him in the softening atmosphere of a sick-chamber. The traces of the intervening



"He trotted his stout old cob along."—p. 891.

"And you think she will forgive?"

"I know that she has forgiven long ago."

It was true. Mrs. Damant had so entirely forgiven her erring husband that she had almost forgotten there was anything to forgive. She went to him at once, and her perfect and complete recognition left Algernon Eastwood no loophole for disputing his cousin's identity.

To do him justice, he made no attempt to do so. He left Eastwood Park at once and went abroad, and his cousin refused to take any proceedings against him. The title had come to the rightful heir at last, and perhaps the new Lord Eastwood was not anxious to give the publicity of a law-suit to the dark secrets of his own career.

It was a career that was manifestly drawing to a close. All that affection could devise, or that wealth could accomplish, was done for the man whom Austin Romaine had rescued from the cracker's cabin, but it was done in vain. The new Lord Eastwood's days

years, the coarsening effect of degrading companionship, were less evident than they might otherwise have been, and there was no doubt as to his penitence and grateful affection.

But above even the re-awakened love for wife and child was his grateful and almost reverential feeling for Austin Romaine.

"Nothing you can ever do for him," he said once to Tessa, "can ever repay him for what he has done for me. It is not only that he rescued me from penury and degradation, that he took me in and fed and clothed me—he has done far more than that. It is through his instrumentality, my child, that I am not afraid to die."

Tessa's tears fell fast, but they were not all tears of sorrow. The burthen of happy gratitude was filling her heart, and perhaps of scarcely less happy pride. For the man who had done all this was her brother and her friend, and had given her the right to be proud and happy in his goodness, and to rejoice in his praise.

She did not guess how nearly he had asked her if she could not give him more than friendship, more even than a sister's love. Mrs. Romaine had told him of Lenny's rejection, and Miss Joan had told him, with many significant looks, of Algernon Eastwood's, and love and pride had waged their eternal battle in Austin's breast. If she had only been Ermytrude Damant again, he thought, or if he had not been a Floridan planter! But, as it was, he was only anxious to put the wide Atlantic between them once more.

CHAPTER XVII.—A ROSE IN JUNE.

"What say'st thou, wise one? that all-powerful love Can fortune's strong impediment remove?"—CRABBE.

A YEAR and a half has passed away, and spring is smiling on the fair, level plain that lies round Eastwood Park. Spring comes always with slow and coy advance to the bleak and windy fens; young flowers open in the sunshine, only to be shrivelled by the east wind's icy breath, that scorches their leaves as if they had passed through a fire; the sweet April day is followed by one that might have been cradled amidst November fogs or December frosts; the treacherous brightness that tempts one forth, brings neuralgia and ague and rheumatism in its train.

But spring has ceased coquetting at last, and opens a liberal palm. It is May, but a May that clasps the hand of June, and the day is as fair and sweet as any that her early promise had mocked her lovers withal. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, a south wind is blowing, sweet with the breath of lilacs and cowslips, with the perfume of breaking leaf and opening bud. The fields are spangled with buttercups and daisies, the hedges are white with may, the rushes are springing all along the dykes.

At Eastwood Park the trees are beautiful with the first flush of green, and the garden is bright with flowers. The house has lost its desolate appearance, and has the thousand indefinite touches that make a home. The rooms have been partially refurnished, but a cunning hand and conservative taste have presided over the additions and alterations, and there is nothing incongruous or inharmonious in the result.

It is a year and a half since John Damant Eastwood succeeded to his inheritance; it is more than a year since he was gathered to his fathers,

Ermytrude, Baroness Eastwood, is the Lady of Eastwood now, and a very fair and stately chatelaine she makes. Her mother lives with her, and though the Canon is supposed to reside still in the Close, he spends most of his time at Eastwood Park. It is the Canon's hand that has guided the alterations there, the Canon's cultivated taste that has kept them within such severely judicious limits, and as he stands on the great terrace this bright May morning, and surveys what is practically his own handiwork, he may be forgiven the pardonable pride that stirs his breast. "What would they have done without me?" reflects the good Canon, not untruly. "Tessa is so young, she would have given the place over to the upholsterers"—with a groan of horror at the thought—"and Mary, poor dear, was so absorbed in that man." The Canon cannot quite forgive his son-in-law's reappearance, and especially his wife's devotion to him.

"And if he had been the best husband in the world she couldn't have lamented him more," he thinks, as he recalls, with a distinct sense of injury, the widow's inconsolable grief. The Canon is guiltily conscious that he does not lament the late baron at all, and is a little impatient of his daughter's tears, and of the trailing black garments in which she and Tessa still go about the house. But to-day Tessa has put off hers. She comes up the slope from the park in a dress of white muslin, richly embroidered, and with



"Do you like roses, Austin?"—p. 895.

a spray of lilac at the throat, and the Canon's spirits quite revive at the sight. If she would only smile he thinks, as she used to do, he would be quite content.

But Tessa's smiles have grown rare. She is quite happy, she protests—the Canon would like it better if she *looked* happy, instead of proclaiming the fact with unnecessary insistence—but there is no doubt that she is graver than a girl of twenty-three should be. She says, if any of those privileged to comment on her looks accuse her of undue gravity, that it is "the burthen of an honour unto which she was not born;" but she bears her new dignities too easily for that explanation to have much weight. Her grandfather wonders sometimes if Leonard Romaine's engagement to Clare Pembroke has anything to do with it. The engagement has just been announced, and Miss Joan is great on the subject of propinquity, but Tessa's approval and delight have a genuine ring that rather upsets her grandfather's theory. Then the old man falls to wondering if Tessa's heart has been touched by any of the men round about. The great county houses have vied in their attentions to the young baroness in her own right, and though her mourning, no less than her inclination, has prevented her going much into society, Lady Eastwood has had her full share of attention, and has received more than one offer that Canon Treherne has thought unexceptionable.

But though wooers have come, of fair fame and high degree, they have all been sent empty away, and Miss Joan is as jubilant as she used to accuse the Cathedral trebles of being over the fate of the rich men in like case. The county calls Lady Eastwood fastidious and whimsical, and the disappointed suitors call her cold and unapproachable, but Miss Joan has her own theory about it—a theory quite different from Canon Treherne's.

"Is Austin *ever* coming home?" she asked Mrs. Romaine impatiently, a little while ago.

"When he comes for Jack. I am not sure if it is to be this year or next," said Mrs. Romaine placidly. "Next year, I *hope*! I'm in no hurry to part with my Jack."

Miss Flora or Miss Letitia would certainly have found something friendly and sympathetic to say on the subject of the impending parting, but Miss Joan said nothing at all. She only shook her fist behind Mrs. Romaine's unconscious head, and then she went home and wrote a letter to Austin Romaine.

Whether, as Austin always averred, he had always intended to come for Jack that year; or whether, as Miss Joan stoutly protested, it was her letter that brought him, he walked into the Miss Pattersons' tiny drawing-room one morning early in June, and Miss Joan bestowed a hearty kiss upon him, to her sisters' shocked surprise.

"My dear boy!" she cried, "I never was so delighted in my life! And *how* are you? And have you come home for good?"

"Don't you know that my home is in Florida now?"

"As if you couldn't send Jack to look after your oranges, and as if the alligators couldn't eat each other without your help! But come out into the

garden. I've a hundred things to say to you, and four people in a room the size of this is too much for anything."

And then for the next half-hour Miss Flora and Miss Letitia were edified or scandalised by the sight of Miss Joan and Austin Romaine marching up and down the narrow path in the little garden, where Miss Joan's crinoline made havoc of the pinks in the borders, and Austin's masculine tread encroached so often on the neatly trimmed box-edging that the sisters could hardly refrain from rushing out to warn him off it.

The conversation was an earnest, and apparently a stormy, one; and when Miss Joan came back into the house, her kind, strong old face was wrinkled and perturbed.

"Of all the pig-headed, obstinate f——. Well!" as her sisters put their fingers to their ears—"donkeys, if you like it better—that young man is the pig-headest," she said. And then she went up-stairs, and began to tidy her wardrobe—an operation that in Miss Joan always betokened distress of mind.

"But at least he's on the spot," she reflected consolingly, as she smoothed the last handkerchief, and put the last bag of lavender in its place. "He's on the spot, and if *anything* will do it, it's propinquity!"

And meanwhile Austin Romaine was walking home alone, a good deal more disturbed by his conversation with Miss Joan than he had allowed her to guess. That audacious old woman had asked him point blank why he did not marry Tessa, and he had answered her truthfully—

"Because, for one thing, I am a poor man, and she is Lady Eastwood."

"As if *that* mattered!" cried Miss Joan.

"I don't choose to live on my wife's bounty," said Austin; "and besides, Lady Eastwood does not care for me in *that* way——"

"H'm!" said Miss Joan.

It was a mere inarticulate grunt, but its eloquence made Austin Romaine colour all over his bronzed and sunburnt face, and brought his speech to an abrupt conclusion. He was thinking over it as he walked home along the familiar "drove" that day; and he was thinking of it still, as he went through Eastwood Park on the morrow, to make the call which courtesy and friendship alike demanded, but which he assured himself, as he had assured Miss Joan yesterday, was only a token of the brotherly interest which was all that Lady Eastwood desired, or that he had to offer her.

"Very well!" Miss Joan had said tartly. "It is all very fine and disinterested, I have no doubt—only why a girl is to be left to break her heart because the man she loves is too proud to say he loves her, I don't quite see."

It was ringing in Austin's ears now.

"The man she loves!" Only what did Miss Joan know about it? But the mere thought of it made his pulses leap and his brain reel.

And then he ground his heel into the soft fen soil, and told himself that he was not a fortune-hunter, and that nothing Miss Joan could say should induce him to appear one.

Lady Eastwood was at home, the servant said, and as he went along the hall he could hear the sound of singing—singing that was too full and rich and sweet to be anyone's but hers. It was the song she had sung that evening when he thought she had accepted Lenny, when the sight of Lenny's happiness had been almost more than he could bear. And now he knew that she had never loved his cousin! But these were not the thoughts with which to meet her, he told himself severely; and then he heard his name in tones of shy welcome, and saw as through a mist the woman he might have loved if she had not been a baroness. That was how he put it to himself, while the room went madly round, and Ermyntude's voice came as if from somewhere very far away—perhaps from heaven itself! Presently his vision cleared, and he was able to look at her. She had not altered, he thought, except that she was a little thinner, and paler, and graver—or was it sadder?—than before. He remembered, with a *serrement de cœur*, that Miss Joan had said something about women breaking their hearts—was this how they looked when they did?

He put the thought hastily aside, for indeed it moved him to a passionate sympathy he dared not show, and did not know how to hide; but Tessa divined that something was amiss.

"What is it, Austin?" she asked, breaking in upon his incoherent inquiries for her mother and the Canon. "Am I not your sister, and may I not know?"

"Know what?"

"What it is that troubles you—for you are troubled, I think!"

"Ay, God knows!" he said, very low. And then he broke out passionately—"How can a man not be troubled, who loves a woman above him in rank, in station, in wealth, in everything—who sees happiness within his reach—such happiness as man has never yet known on this sinful earth of ours—and may not put out his hand to take it? That is my case, Ermyntude; and—somehow—I am not man enough to bear it."

He turned away as if to go, but the sound of her voice held him against his will.

"Your case?" she said softly. "But—but perhaps you are mistaken. Perhaps the girl you—care for—is not as cold and heartless as you think."

"I! That is the last thing she is, or that I think her."

"Then why are you unhappy? Women cannot show their feelings, but perhaps she—perhaps she cares too."

The faltering, sweet suggestion struck him dumb and motionless as a statue. If he had spoken, he must have told her all; if he had moved, he must have caught her to his heart. And he was a Floridan orange-farmer, and she was Baroness Eastwood! He looked at her in despairing silence.

"Austin," she said unsteadily, "will you not tell me—*who it is?*"

"No," he said slowly, "I cannot. It is the one thing you could ask me that I cannot and I will not do."

"Why not?"

"Because, having lost all else, I will not lose my self-respect. Did I not tell you how far above me she is, how rich, and great, and beautiful? And do you not know that I am poor, and of no account, and nothing to look at?"

If he could have seen her smile! But his eyes never met hers for a moment. The strength of his pride was invincible, invincible as she had always thought hers—till now. It died hard, this poor pride of hers, but it died there and then, as she saw the suffering in his face.

"Austin," she whispered—and if he had looked at her he would have known that even her lips were white—"did you ever hear what the Queen did, when the Prince came to Windsor, and could not say what he wanted because she was what people call 'above' him? I do not know if it is true, but I have heard that she gave him a rose, just to show that she—cared."

There was a bowl of fragrant roses on the table beside them. Lady Eastwood put out a trembling hand, and took one from it, crimson herself now as any rose of them all.

"Do you like roses, Austin?" she said, in a voice that shook pitifully, as she held it shyly towards him.

* * * * *

And Jack never went out to Florida at all, and Miss Joan believes more firmly than ever in the virtues of propinquity.

THE END.

AN HOUR WITH THE FRIENDS AT JORDANS.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, or the Beechwood county, though very much of an undiscovered land so far as artists and tourists are concerned, has played its part in the making of English history, and was, in the time of the Commonwealth, a sort of centre of religious life and action. The Puritan element was very strongly rooted in South Bucks, and many of the leading Quakers or Friends lived within a small

radius, of which Aylesbury was the most northerly, and Chalfont St. Peter's the most southerly point. At High Wycombe and Chesham there were important communities of Friends, and in the Old Meeting House of the former town (now occupied as a Sunday-school) George Fox is known to have preached; and when they were persecuted for such offences as using "thee" and "thou" in conversation, and for

refusing to uncover their heads in places of worship or before their superiors, it was in Aylesbury gaol that they were imprisoned.

Jordans is the principal Friends' burial-place in South Bucks, though there are others near Amersham, at Haddenham, Meadle, and Chesham; but because William Penn, and his friend and father-in-law, Isaac Pennington and Thomas Ellwood, are buried there, Jordans, the Quaker Santa Croce, has become quite a place of note, and the number of American citizens who annually visit it is quite extraordinary. It is embosomed in woods almost as thick as the "forest primeval," and is about half-way between Beaconsfield and Chalfont St. Giles. The route ordinarily taken by people who come from London is by rail to Uxbridge, and thence along the turnpike road leading to Gerrard's Cross Common, under the low wall of Bulstrode Park, and up a lane on the right which was cut through the very heart of the beech wood centuries ago, and then led (as it leads now) through an uninhabited region where the coo of the wood-pigeon and the twittering of smaller birds are the only sounds that break the stillness of the green solitudes.

All that is certainly known about the spot is that in 1671 it was conveyed by deed from William Russell to Thomas Ellwood (a leading Quaker) and others, and in 1688 a meeting-house is mentioned, and shortly afterwards a "new-built house and tenement called New Jordans" is alluded to. From this we might almost infer that there had been an old house or building of some kind on the selfsame spot.

The meeting-house, now exactly two hundred years old, is the plainest of the plain, with bare white-washed walls, brick floor, and a slightly raised platform at one end. Under the same roof, and with a door and upper windows opening into the meeting-house, is a good-sized down-stairs room, with a famous large fireplace and bedrooms above. When any noted and eloquent preachers were to be heard, the congregation was wont to overflow the main building, and then many would ascend the staircase, and, throwing open the shutters, would sit and stand round the windows, where they could hear every word and note every gesture. It was quite necessary to have accommodation of some kind, as the worshippers at Jordans walked and rode thither from long distances, and must often have arrived "wet, wet, and weary," and glad enough to dry their clothes and warm themselves at the roaring fire of logs on the wide hearth. Meetings are still held here during the months of May and June, and are frequently crowded, especially on Thursdays.

Among the early Quakers tombstones were prohibited because the relatives of those who died were not content with inscribing merely the names and ages of the departed, but added thereto epitomes of their lives and virtues. In consequence of this the Jordans burial-ground only showed a succession of grass-grown mounds, but some fifty years ago the rule was reversed, and those who chose to mark the graves of their dead with small headstones were permitted to do so. The Friends to whom Jordans belongs at once availed themselves of the privilege, and erected stones to

mark all such graves as could be identified from their registry. The most interesting group comprises those of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, who lies with his second wife close to the last resting-place of the gentle and beautiful bride of his youth, Gulielma, or Guli, as she was familiarly called, the daughter of Mary Pennington and her first husband, Sir William Springett. Next to them are the graves of Isaac and Mary Pennington, and behind them are their children; while at the back of all rest their trusty and well-beloved friends Thomas and Mary Ellwood. Often had they met and held sweet counsel together in their pleasant country homes, and in death they were not divided.

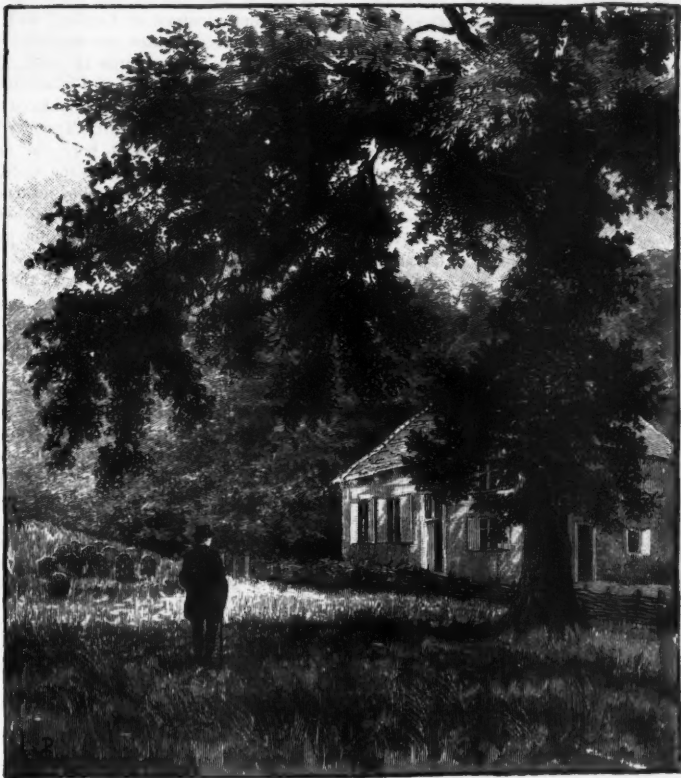
Romance and Quakerism seem wide as the poles asunder, but the romance of true love was not lacking in the lives of these men and women who dared and suffered so much for conscience' sake. First and foremost comes the story of Mary Pennington, the orphan daughter and heiress of Sir John Proude, who was killed at the siege of Grall, in Guelderland. She grew up in the family of Sir Edward Partridge, who, besides his own boys and girls, had two nephews and a niece living in his house with their widowed mother, Madame Springett, who was his sister. It was a religious but not a strict or gloomy circle, and when Mary Proude began to think she did not care for the prayers of the Liturgy, and preferred listening to a Puritan preacher rather than the parish priest, and moreover made a point of sitting while the rest of the family knelt at family prayers, her guardian and his wife did not like it. The girl was quite in the cue to martyrize herself, and Madame Springett used to tell her son William all about it in her letters. He had kept his terms at Cambridge, and then devoted himself to the study of law, and had at a very early age been knighted by the King. Probably there had always been a warm corner in his heart for his pretty young playfellow, and hearing how conscientious, and, moreover, how unhappy she was, he came home and begged her to give him the right to protect and shield her, and declared himself entirely at one with her in religious views. Mary said "her heart cleaved to him for the Lord's sake;" but she loved him for his own sake too, and they were married when she was just eighteen and he not yet twenty-one. How he "gave thanks to the Lord in a very sweet and melting way" when his first child was born, and went to fight at Edgehill when it was only a month old—how he raised a regiment of volunteers and became its colonel, and died of a fever at Arundel when only twenty-three, completes the record of a short but heroic life. "Come, my dear, let me kiss thee and take my leave; no more now, no more ever," were his last words to his heart-broken young wife. Shortly afterwards was born her second child, Guli, who became when grown up the wife of William Penn.

Lady Springett was but twenty when her husband died, and she seems to have remained a widow about ten years, till she married Isaac Pennington, the son of a wealthy London alderman, who at once gave him the estate and house known as the Grange, Chalfont St. Peter's, a small part of which still remains, though

it is incorporated with a modern villa. It was during the four years' interval between their marriage and settlement in the country that they met with the Friends, and recognised in them the precise forms of religious thought that had gradually taken shape in their own minds, and at Chalfont they were important members of the community that met at Jordans.

The Ellwoods were old friends of the Springetts,

determined to join the Society, and did so shortly after. In course of time he became tutor to the young Penningtons, and, on their father's recommendation, reader for a few months to Milton, who had already become blind. Being much in the company of Guli Springett, who was not only a most attractive girl, but also well dowered, he conceived a reverent love for her, but had the wisdom and honourable feeling never to declare



JORDANS.

and their son Thomas was Guli's playfellow and friend. They had an estate at Crowell, in Oxfordshire, and went to live there shortly before the Pennington family took up their abode at the Grange. It was only a ride of fifteen miles across country, and father and son soon went over, but were astonished to find how grave their friends had become. The dinner "was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse." On the occasion of a second visit, a few months afterwards, the Ellwoods went with their friends to a meeting at an old house called "The Grove," which, though partially rebuilt and embellished, is still standing, and Thomas was so much struck that he

himself. He comprehended, moreover, that her true love had not yet gone out to anyone, and when, in 1668, she and William Penn met, he saw at once that "he for whom she was reserved" had come and conquered the citadel of Guli's heart.

For his religious opinions Isaac Pennington underwent various imprisonments, and his father's estates being confiscated, he lost the Grange, after which the family was scattered, he being in Aylesbury gaol, his wife in a small house near him, some of the children in lodgings at Chalfont with Ellwood, others at school at Waltham Abbey, and Guli with a friend at Bristol. The letters written by the husband to the "dear love whom my heart is still with, and whose

happiness and full content is my great desire and delight," show how true and deep was their affection. After his release the pair built themselves a house at Woodside, near Amersham, which still stands, but in 1679 they went into Kent to see their tenants in that county, and there Isaac died after a short illness, and was carried to Jordans for burial. His widow survived him only three years, and died at Worminghurst, in Sussex, the house of her daughter Guli, then Lady Penn, and she also was interred at Jordans.

William Penn and the fair Guli had a rather long and peculiarly blissful courtship, and after their marriage, in 1672, they spent a long, sweet honeymoon at Rickmansworth, about six miles from Chalfont. There they entertained George and Margaret Fox, and other prominent Friends, and there their two first children were born, as well as Springett, whose grave may still be seen at Jordans. Five years later they removed to Worminghurst, and on Lady Penn's paternal acres they settled down comfortably till the King paid the debt he had long owed to Admiral Penn by conferring on his son the province of Pennsylvania, and he embarked on board the *Welcome* in July, 1682, to begin his duties as governor of the new State. The parting with the "love of his youth" and "joy of his life" was sad (and sad indeed would her heart have been had she known how small-pox broke out on board the *Welcome*), though she shared all her husband's hopes and aspirations, and looked forward to going out to live with him and her children in Philadelphia, their own city, in the lovely land where the woods were scarcely more impenetrable than those amid which they had lived in Buckinghamshire. He came home, however, in about two years, and endured many unjust suspicions, besides suffering imprisonment, and seeing William III. annex the province for which he dreamed of a government based on peace and goodwill, to the colony of New York. Lady Penn, how-

ever, had fallen into ill-health, and at length he had to relinquish the hope of taking her to the New World, and saw her fading before his eyes, till at last, in 1693, she died in his arms with her head on his faithful breast, and he laid her by her mother's side, under the shadow of the great trees at Jordans.

Three years afterwards William Penn married Hannah Callowhill, of Bristol, who, during the first five weeks of her wedded life, most tenderly nursed Springett, her husband's eldest son, who died, and was buried near his mother. William, the next son, married and remained in England, and Letitia, Guli's only surviving daughter, accompanied her father and stepmother to Pennsylvania in 1699. They lived for a time in the young city of Philadelphia, but moved to a summer residence on the banks of the Delaware, which they called Pennsbury Manor, while the large tract of country round it bore the name of Bucks County. Here they lived in some state, and two sons were born; but after a while they returned to England, where many trials, monetary and otherwise, awaited them. Going back to Pennsylvania grew more and more impossible, and they settled at Ruscombe, in Berkshire, where paralysis overtook the "Friend of the Indians," and he died in May, 1718, and was carried across the lovely rural country where he had been so well known, to rest with his own people at Jordans. There, too, his widow was brought when her time came, and she was buried in the same grave with him in 1726.

After the marriage of sweet Guli Springett to William Penn, Thomas Ellwood chose him a wife, Anne Ellis, with whom he lived happily for many years, until they also were gathered to their brethren in the faith in the burying-ground at Jordans. The influence and example of the Friends must have been very far-reaching in the neighbourhood where they lived, for even to the present day the Puritan element is strong in South Bucks. E. CLARKE.



THE SEASON'S CHANGE.

THE later flowers now find their grave;
Old Time is busy mowing;
October winds in anger rave,
And trees are leafless growing.
The throstle's song is hushed; y once more
The swallow hath departed;
Still boundless blessings are in store
For you, the hopeful-hearted.

Bright berries cluster on the thorn,
And many a bead of coral
Is by the prickly holly worn,
While brighter glows the laurel.

With golden grain your barns are filled,
By kine your stalls are crowded;
Then never let the heart be chilled,
Or faith be overclouded.

For soon again the sun will shine,
Dispelling clouds of sadness,
And 'neath his radiance benign
All nature warm to gladness.
Regenerated by her rest,
The earth shall wake to glory,
And donning all her brightest, best,
Repeat the old, old story.

JOHN GEORGE WATTS.

CHRIST: THE GENTLE WORKER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BROOKS.



WHAT was the spirit of Jesus Christ as a teacher, a preacher, a worker? To this most vital question an answer is, happily, supplied by inspiration; so that we can be in no doubt about it. Here it is: "Then the Pharisees went out, and held a council against Him,

how they might destroy Him. But when Jesus knew it, He withdrew Himself from thence: and great multitudes followed Him, and He healed them all; and charged them that they should not make Him known: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, 'Behold My Servant, whom I have chosen; My Beloved, in whom My soul is well pleased: I will put My Spirit upon Him, and He shall show judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory. And in His name shall the Gentiles trust.'" (St. Matt. xii. 14—21.)

So that Jesus Christ was chosen by God as His Minister, and anointed by His Spirit to proclaim His Will to the nations, and ensure the triumph of that Will over the enmity and passion of men. It was in the capacity of Servant that Christ came into the world, and hence, in assuming the Ministry which He came to perform in obedience to the Father's Will, He made His Divine appointment and mission His theme. The profound and consoling words of Isaiah were discoursed upon at Nazareth by Him in whom they found their fulfilment: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (St. Luke iv. 18, 19.) Anointed by God—to preach—to preach the glad tidings—to preach the glad tidings to the poor! Surely we have here a Preacher worthy of devoutest study! Isaiah portrays before our eyes the ideal Minister; in Jesus we see the ideal realised. That which is but a picture to the inspired imagination of the prophet, becomes historic fact to those who behold the glory of the Incarnate Word.

In contemplating the spirit of Christ's Ministry, let us remember that in Him we have the only perfect manifestation of the Divine disposition towards man; that He came to reveal to us the love of the Father, and His own; that He understood the nature and effects of sin as no mere man could ever do; and

that He was, and is, infinitely more concerned to save the human race from sin than any mere man could ever be. In the tears which He shed beside the grave of Lazarus, and over the apostate city of Jerusalem; in the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane; and in the bitter pang and the dread solitude of Calvary, we have evidences of an earnestness which is nothing short of awful, and which inspires with awe all who are capable of being affected by it. The saintly men and women who have been consumed by passion for souls have but faintly shadowed forth the spirit which dwells in, and which they caught from, their Divine Master.

And yet, although Christ had so profound and tender a pity for men, though He yearned so intensely for their salvation, His Ministry was marked by few of those characteristics which are now held to betoken and prove earnestness. How gentle He was! No declamation, no ostentation, no vulgarity, no violent appeal to the emotions, still less to the ruder and baser passions; no blatant, flashy, artificial oratory. His tone was always calm and subdued; His style always simple and natural. Any speaker more unlike the common popular preacher than our Lord it would be impossible to imagine. Can we, without a wresting of the Gospel narrative, without a violent shock to the finest sensibilities of our own moral nature, conceive of Him as ranting, haranguing, and gesticulating in the style of that modern idol of the Church, the apostle of unhealthy excitement? Let us take, for example, the Sermon on the Mount. Do we not think of this, to use Archdeacon Farrar's words, "as flowing forth in divinest music amid all the calm and loveliness of the clear and quiet dawn;" as "uttered by a sweet human voice that moved the heart most gently in words of peace;" and as being intended to soothe the human spirit with "peace and love?" Can we think of this discourse as having been spoken in the inflamed and hysterical manner which is now in many quarters thought to be the most perfect style of preaching? Suppose we tried to picture to ourselves the kind of man who would have been most worthy to have uttered those words. Should we not portray a man of meek and saintly spirit; gentle and undemonstrative in speech? Would not fidelity to the Gospel narrative, as well as our own nobler instincts, demand that we should do this?

Or suppose we take the parable of the prodigal son, or of the ten virgins, or the discourse on the Last Judgment, or any of those speeches delivered to the multitudes which are recorded in the Fourth Gospel, or His last discourse to the disciples? It is absolutely impossible, to my mind at least, to think of any of Christ's addresses as having been delivered with boisterous vehemence, or even with sparkling vivacity.

Even His burning denunciations of the Pharisees and hypocrites must have been spoken in tones of quiet force, which is always more effective than wild and tempestuous wrath. Some of Jonathan Edwards' sermons on the doom of the impenitent are terrible reading; a fierce fury seems to burn through them; but as they were spoken in the melting and loving tones of the meek and saintly pastor they broke the hearts of those who heard them; they were simply the affectionate and powerful entreaties of an earnest heart. No; the ideal Minister, the Preacher Who spake as never man spake, and Who was gladly heard by the common people, did not strive nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets. His spirit was refined and gentle; His manner mild and benignant. He honoured human nature by appealing to that in it which was noblest, and not to that in it which was basest. His inspiration was drawn rather from the inherent grandeur and nobility of His work than from any of the incidental circumstances connected with it. Hence He could preach with as much care and earnestness to an individual as to a multitude. The ardour and force of the professional revivalist are apt to evaporate if the expected crowd fails to come; his method is suited only to a large and excited audience. It is not so with the true Christian preacher. Like his Master, he knows that one soul outweighs worlds in value, and his conception of the essential nature of his work is such that he is not much moved by its mere accidents; he preaches to the few with an intensity and depth of conviction which cannot be augmented when he stands before the many. No doubt the preacher who does this is an ideal preacher; but the man who is most like the Master will most nearly approach to the ideal.

And how condescending and considerate was the Ministry of Christ! Condescending in fact, and yet it hardly appeared to be so in form. What a stoop it was from Heaven's throne to Bethlehem's manger! What humility in the Lord of angels becoming the servant of men! But though He stooped so low, He did it with such ease and grace that it seemed not to be stooping at all. No self-assertion characterised Him—except, indeed, when He was dealing with the great men of earth. To the vile and degraded He was a Brother; to the publicans and sinners a Friend. He came down to the level of the very lowest in all respects, save partaking of their sin. Among men He was a man, His purity and perfection not repelling, but attracting those about Him, and showing them what they might through Him become. The Messiah, God's anointed Minister, was meek and lowly of heart. Learn of Him, O man or woman who art serving others in the Gospel, and not of the great and popular ones of earth. The truly great man always looks at that in his fellow which makes them kin, rather than at that in himself which might tend to destroy their kinship. No man can be more than a man, whatever his riches and rank; no man

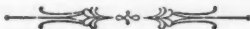
who is good and true can be less than a man, whatever his poverty and obscurity. Christ was not anxious to be above men, except as to moral excellence, but to be among them and of them. Hence He tried to avoid popularity. Those rewards which consist in the homage and applause of ignorant, excited multitudes had no charm for Him. More precious in His sight was the true love of one true heart than all the impulsive hosannahs of a city. He discouraged all manifestations of approval which were not based on matured and intelligent conviction. It was His habit to straitly charge those whom He had healed and blessed, not to speak of Him, or of what He had done for them; and this He did, not for reasons of mere expediency, but in obedience to the great principle which underlay all His life and work. It was not simply because His hour was not yet come that He acted thus; nor merely because He knew that the converts themselves would be harmed by hastily expressing their views about that which they so imperfectly understood; but in order that the Father's Will might be fulfilled. He "charged them that they should not make Him known, *that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Behold My Servant. . . He shall not strive, nor cry,*" etc. That He might be the gentle and lowly Servant of God, according to Isaiah's prediction, that He might reach and fill the Divine ideal, He charged the people not to make Him known. He was content to have done the work; that men should see it and approve it was rather a disadvantage than otherwise. His Father saw it; the results of it would surely appear; by those results men would be blessed; and in their being blessed He would have His reward. Would that we could be content to do our work, His work, in this selfsame spirit!

And how this great Minister considered the weak! How kind He was to the little ones! He welcomed them, the only innocent human beings He found on earth, with open arms, though the disciples would have kept them away. The Gentle Shepherd not only feeds His flock, sheep and lambs both; but the lambs, which are weak and soon weary, He gathers with His arm, and carries them in His bosom. What tender love! What patient care! All this, moreover, He would have His servants be and do; for in His last counsels to the Apostles He thought of the lambs before the sheep, and specially charged His ministers to feed them. Whom did He overlook that needed His help? Poor blind Bartimeus was rebuked by the people for his cries; but Jesus called him and gave him eyesight. He allowed "the woman that was a sinner," an odious wrong-doer, to minister to His person. With publicans and sinners He ate and drank. All who needed pity found in Him a Friend, and the more they were despised by men the warmer was the love of His great heart towards them. The bruised reed He did not break, the dimly burning wick He did not quench. Weakness in any form touched His sympathy and commanded His help. Timid, shrinking souls!

For you the Saviour will reserve His warmest welcome. To you He has a special mission. He is appointed to free the captive, to heal the wounded, to comfort the mourner. Bruised and broken heart! place thyself in His gentle, skilful hands and His life shall quicken thee anew, and His love shall lift thee into strength. No touch so delicate as His, no skill so perfect, no love so tender.

"O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

"But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.



SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

No. 15. THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

To read—Joshua i. 1—21. Golden Text—Ephesians vi. 14.



GOD'S COMMAND TO JOSHUA.

(1—4.) Notice the circumstances.

Israelites encamped in plain of Moab, at foot of Mount Nebo on east side of Jordan. Moses, their forty-years leader, now dead. Joshua already been presented to the people as Moses' successor. (Num. xxvii. 22.) Now ready to undertake the charge. He waits till he receives direct command from God.

Notice his commission.

(a) Canaan to be entered at

once. The iniquity of the people of the land now full—no more time for repentance—Israelites to be God's ministers to punish them.

(b) The extent of the kingdom. (See Gen. xv. 18.) TO BE SHOWN ON A MAP. Boundaries were—north, Mount Lebanon and the River Euphrates; south, the River of Egypt, i.e., a river at S.E. of Palestine separating Canaan from Egypt; east, the desert beyond Gilead and Bashan on the east of Jordan; west, the great sea, i.e., Mediterranean. The greater part of this land (on west of Jordan) occupied by Hittites, chief of the seven nations of Canaan. Such was the "Promised Land."

II. GOD'S ENCOURAGEMENT. (5—9.) (a) Success. No man shall be able to stand before him.

(b) Support. God would be with him as had been with Moses. Remind of God's unfailing support to Moses at Red Sea, Mount Sinai, etc.

But Joshua must do his part. What must he be?

(a) Courageous. Joshua had already shown himself so when fighting Amalekites. (Exod. xvii. 13.) Must prove doubly so now with increased foes.

(b) Devout. He must keep in God's ways, study God's law, be strong in God's strength.

III. JOSHUA'S COMMANDS TO THE OFFICERS. (10, 11.) All eagerly waiting for commands. Mourning for Moses ended. People ready to accept Joshua as commander. Now joyful news come after forty years' waiting. In three days will cross the Jordan and enter the Promised Land.

Notice how often three days occur in Scripture. Abraham when offering up Isaac. (Gen. xxii. 4.) Jonah in whale's belly. (Jonah i. 17.)

IV. LESSONS. Joshua a type of Christ in his name and work, but also type of a Christian soldier. All such have—

(a) Enemies to fight—the devil, world, and flesh.

(b) A land to gain—promised to them that love God.

(c) Preparations to make—to be clad in God's armour—truth, righteousness, etc. (Golden Text.)

(d) Encouragement to persevere—"Lo, I am with you always."

No. 16. CROSSING THE JORDAN.

To read—Joshua iii. 5—17. Golden Text—Isaiah xliii. 2.

I. THE BEGINNING. (5—7.) The three days' waiting over—tents struck for the last time in the wilderness—preparations all ready. But before actually start two things must be done.

(a) Joshua magnified, i.e., in some open way approved by God to the people, to give them confidence in their leader.

(b) People sanctified, i.e., begin this great day with solemn prayer and self-dedication to God. They have often sinned in the wilderness—must now start afresh.

II. THE MIDDLE. (8—13.) Now the people are all ready by the side of the river. Stream very full—winter snows of Lebanon melted by summer sun—river overflowed (ver. 15)—is now a swift, broad, dangerous stream. No boats, no bridge. But the people wait patiently. Have heard their fathers tell story of crossing Red Sea forty years before—so they stand still and wait orders. The order of march arranged.

First, priests are to march carrying the ark.

Then twelve men, one from each tribe.

The people to follow in order.

Now a strange thing happens. The priests reach the brink—touch the water, and lo! it is cut off! The ground before them is dry!

The water from above is stopped—the water below flees away.

The priests with the ark stand on dry ground in the middle of the river's bed.

III. THE END. (14—17.) The long procession advances.

The ark stands first, borne by the priests.

All the people pass by on dry ground.

The other side is reached in safety.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

IV. LESSONS. 1. *Where the ark was there was safety.* Where the presence of Christ is need be no fear. Daniel in den of lions—three children in the fire—St. Paul in the shipwreck—all realised this. So may we.

2. *Jordan a type of death.* Wilderness of this life passed, death comes between us and the Better Land. But Christ our High Priest has passed it safely. He promises His presence, support, blessing (Golden Text), therefore need fear no evil.

3. *Delay is dangerous.* The people hastened and passed over (iv. 10). No hesitation now in entering the good land. They trusted their leaders—obeyed their commands—were eager to cross, so all was well.

What a lesson to children starting in life! There should be—

(a) *Dedication* of themselves to God.

(b) *Looking up* to Christ as Guide and Leader.

(c) *Ready obedience* to His commands.

Then all will be well in life, death, eternity.

NO. 17. THE STONES OF MEMORIAL.

To read—*Joshua iv.* 18—24. *Golden Text*—*Joshua iv.* 22.

I. STONES SET UP. (8—13.) Passage of Jordan safely made—such a wonderful miracle to have special commemoration. Two memorial pillars to be built—one where the priests stood as the people passed by—the other at the first place of halting across Jordan.

Such memorial pillars common in those days.

(a) Jacob at Bethel as witness of his vow. (Gen. xxviii. 18.)

(b) Laban at Mount Gilead as witness of covenant between him and Jacob. (Gen. xxxi. 52.)

(c) Jacob over Rachel's grave at Bethlehem. (Gen. xxxv. 20.)

(d) Moses at Mount Sinai. (Exod. xxiv. 4.)

What would these stones teach the Israelites?

(a) *To remember* their wonderful entrance into Canaan.

(b) *To thank* God for all His mercies.

And now, the two pillars set up, the twelve men return to their places, the priests bearing the ark pass on to the front, the two and a half tribes come forward armed to help their brethren to conquer before settling down themselves on the east side of Jordan. (Chap. i. 12—14.)

II. JOSHUA MAGNIFIED. (14—20.) Notice (a) *The time*—tenth day of first month, day appointed for taking the lambs for the Passover. (Exod. xii. 3.)

(b) *The place*—in the Plains of Jericho, noted for its palm-trees.

(c) *The person*—Joshua, leader and commander of the people.

(d) *The witnesses*—all the Israelites gathered together.

(e) *The event*—he was magnified, *i.e.*, openly received as leader of all the people.

(f) *The result*—he began his great conquest, and was feared all the days of his life.

See in all this a wonderful type of Christ.

On this same day He, the true Joshua, Lord and Saviour of His people, was magnified before all the people. With palm-branches waving and multitudes rejoicing (St. Matt. xxi. 8), He made His triumphal entry to Jerusalem. By His resurrection He conquered His enemies (1 Cor. xv. 25, 26), and for ever shall receive glory from all.

III. CHILDREN TAUGHT. (21—24.) This event never to be forgotten. In days of no books or records parents must teach children history of the past. This provided for also at institution of Passover. (Exod. xii. 26.) What does this show?

(a) That God cares for children.

(b) That children should notice important things.

(c) That parents should teach children.

(d) That God's might is to be told in all the world.

IV. LESSONS. 1. God's mercy endureth for ever.

2. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

NO. 18. THE FALL OF JERICO.

To read—*Joshua vi.* 1—16. *Golden Text*—*Hebrews xi.* 30.

I. JERICO SURROUNDED. (1—10.) Three days have passed since Jordan was crossed—several things have happened in that time, as follows:—

(a) People been circumcised—to renew covenant with God (ver. 7).

(b) Feast of Passover eaten (ver. 10).

(c) Manna ceased—Israelites eat corn of Canaan (ver. 12).

(d) God appeared to Joshua in human form (ver. 13). Can picture the two scenes inside and outside Jericho.

Inside (ver. 1). Alarm, confusion, preparing for defence, arranging troops, etc., hasty consultations, closing of gates, etc.

Outside. Calm and quiet, waiting for orders. Forty thousand soldiers prepared (iv. 13). Joshua confident.

Now God gives His instructions. Notice—

(a) The battle is the Lord's—He will give the city into their hands.

(b) The people are to march round once daily for six days, and then seven times the seventh day.

(c) Silence is to be kept till the last moment (ver. 10).

So the solemn procession is arranged.

First the armed men in ranks.

Then the priests in sacred vestments, carrying trumpets and bearing the ark.

More armed men in the rear.

What a strange sight! Can fancy the people in the city watching eagerly and curiously all the six days. Day by day the trumpet blows, but no other sound heard (ver. 8).

II. JERICO TAKEN. (11—16.) The last day has come. An early start is made—much work to be done

this day. Once more the procession surrounds the city—trumpets are blown—but no return to the camp today. Seven times the procession goes round, and then stands still. A solemn pause—dead silence. Then Joshua's voice rings out—"Shout!" Forty thousand soldiers' and priests' voices answer, and lo! the walls fall down flat, and the soldiers march straight into the city.

Must draw veil over the massacre of the inhabitants. One household alone saved—Rahab's—because had hidden the spies. What does all this teach?

1. *Sin must be punished.* Canaanites, noted for

extreme wickedness—had had time for repentance—failed to use it—now cut off.

2. *The power of God.* Not Israel's might, but God's, made the walls fall down.

3. *The power of faith.* Joshua, the priest, soldiers, people, all believed, did as they were bid, and the result followed. (Golden Text.)

Another lesson to us. We too have a city to take—an enemy to conquer. God's people must conquer SIN. They have the same God, the same weapons of faith and prayer, and the same assurance of victory.

"Let Everlasting Glories Crown."

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by LANGDON COLBORNE, Mus.D.
(Organist of Hereford Cathedral.)

1. Let ev - er - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my Sa - viour and my Lord;

Thy hands have brought sal - va - tion down, And writ the bless - ings in Thy Word.

2.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3.

How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!

Thy promises how firm they be!

How firm our hope and comfort
stands!

4.

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous
art,

I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

THE OLD STORY.

BY SARAH PITT.

PART II.—COUNTING THE COST.



HE one more Sunday came, a still, blue summer day. By some mysterious perversion of spirit, instead of making the most of her last free walk, Madge hurried to church by obscure back streets and alleys, her chief desire being not to meet 'Mr. North or to have to speak to him. She saw him glance round at her place in some perplexity as he came in; he did not understand how he had contrived to miss her, and he took care to be at the door before her when they came out.

"I thought you must be staying at home to-day; I saw nothing of you on the way," he said.

"I was rather sooner than usual."

They fell into step, their faces turned homeward; at one of the cross-roads that looked right up the breezy stretch of the Braid Hills Mr. North made a—for him—daring proposition.

"It is a pity to be inside, a day like this. Let us go that way home; there is plenty of time."

By what process of reasoning those distant slopes were supposed to lead toward a place within five minutes' range, he did not specify, and Madge did not inquire too closely. It would be like a walk right up to the very gates of Eden, even though she was never to go in. She resolutely put all thought of that fateful tea-party next Saturday into the background, and went.

Mr. North did most of the talking to-day—what talk there was—for Madge made no attempt at eloquence. He gave her a criticism—a very fair one, too—of the sermon, an account of an expedition he had taken this last week to some iron-foundry, and the different processes of manufacture; then he touched on his domestic difficulties with his landlady, who was "dowie" as usual.

"She is scarcely fit to have anyone; she can't make you comfortable," said Madge.

"Not particularly, perhaps; but she seems to be in need of the money, and when a man has only himself on hand, he can put up without a good many odds and ends. Some day, I hope—"

"How do you do, Miss Madge? I did not expect the pleasure of meeting you out here—Mr. North, too."

It might be an unexpected, but it hardly seemed an unmitigated, pleasure, judging by the expression on Mr. Smart's face as he took up his position at her other side as a matter of course.

"I am going into town, so I'll see you home on the way."

"But we were not thinking of turning back yet," interposed Mr. North sturdily; "we are going on to the foot of the Braids."

"I am afraid that will be too far for to-day," said Madge; "and my mother is by herself: it is time to go back now."

Quite time. Mr. Smart's advent had changed the whole aspect of affairs. Perhaps it was quite as well; the spell was broken, the walk spoilt. One could not have everything in this world; there would be copper saucepans and domestics in abundance in her lot. She must do without blue hills and blissful Sundays.

So back they went, an uncomfortable trio. Mr. Smart took charge of the conversation now, and addressed his remarks to Madge, with a significant air of half-proprietorship that brought the colour to her face. Mr. North stalked grimly on a foot or two in advance. Neither he nor Miss Linn was sorry when the walk ended at Mrs. Linn's door.

She went up the stone staircase with a brief "Good-afternoon" to them both, and they walked on together up the steep street.

There was a low knock at the door that same evening as Mrs. Linn and her daughter were sitting in the twilight, Madge reading, or pretending to read. Greatly to Mrs. Linn's surprise, it was their next neighbour, Mr. North. He had never favoured them with a call before, and now he declined to sit down, or make any stay.

Mrs. Bird was not well, he said, and would like to see Mrs. Linn. He was going out, and would open the door for her if she could go now.

Of course she would go. Mrs. Linn was always at the beck and call of anybody who was in difficulties. She went away to get a shawl, and the visitor turned to Madge—

"I understand you are going to spend next Saturday at Mr. Smart's house?"

"Yes," Madge never lifted her eyes from the piece of string she was twisting.

"I had no knowledge that you were on such intimate terms"—this almost contemptuously. "Indeed, from something you half said the first time I saw you, I believed it was quite otherwise, or you may be very sure I would not have attempted to interfere with your change of mind this afternoon."

"Now, Mr. North, I am quite ready; I have not kept you long."

Long enough for Madge. The door closed behind them, and she was left by herself to contemplate at leisure her coming greatness.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, the week went flashing by; Madge stitched from morning to night, and seemed bent on trying how much work she could put into the days, how little space leave for day-dreams; and yet, before she had accomplished half she had laid out for herself, Saturday was here, and she and her mother in their best gowns on their way to the feast.

Mr. Smart's house stood nearly two miles up the road towards the Braids; they knew it well by sight, but had never yet passed within the imposing portals. Mrs. Linn looked up with respectful interest at the



"Listen to this, Madge."—p. 907.

big stone porch and the tower built out at the side, with still more interest at the owner himself, who came down the steps to meet them; she fancied he looked much more important on his own territory, and there was little doubt that he thought the same.

"Come away in, Mrs. Linn; come in, Miss Madge; you are very welcome to my little place."

"Little!" echoed Mrs. Linn. "I was just thinking how much bigger it looked than I expected from the road view."

"Ah, well—little, comparatively speaking. Oh, this is my housekeeper, Mrs. Taylor; she has my commands to make you as comfortable as possible."

Mrs. Taylor might have the commands, but the will was evidently missing; she marshalled the

visitors away to take off their bonnets in stony silence, and declined to be propitiated by Mrs. Linn's polite admiration of the order and neatness everywhere displayed. She stood by with visible impatience till they were ready, and then hurried them down to a long, ponderously furnished dining-room, where a massive silver tea-service was set out on a table that would easily have accommodated twelve.

"Now I promised Miss Madge she should pour out to-day," said Mr. Smart, rubbing his hands gaily; "and there's a fine teapot for you, young lady! I bought it myself more than ten years ago, and for less than half what it originally cost."

Miss Madge took the place assigned her with a grave dignity that her host thoroughly approved of.

It had not been without much grave doubt and consideration that he had decided upon offering such a distinguished position to a person who was only a dressmaker. He would certainly have preferred that she had been the descendant of a hundred earls, and would have cherished no fears about his own acceptability; but unfortunately he numbered no one anywhere near that rank among his acquaintances, and it might be that such a personage would have exalted notions of her own importance, and launch him into various expenses that someone of lower degree would not dream of. Madge looked a thorough lady, the dressmaking notwithstanding, and he might go far and find no fairer face or figure to take charge of that imposing teapot and all its attendant paraphernalia.

It is a comfortable reflection to feel perfectly satisfied with one's own line of conduct. Mr. Smart was in that complacent state of mind; he beamed upon his visitors as an amiable philanthropist and benefactor to his race. Mrs. Linn was not a profound judge of character, but once or twice during that lengthy tea-hour she caught herself remembering how she and Madge used to speak of him as the spider, and any fresh client as the fly. She wondered if Madge had forgotten it—Madge had spoken so little about him of late days. She wished the girl looked a shade brighter about the matter; it was not like Madge to be so dull.

"It's a beautiful house; everything in it that one can wish, Madge," she said in a hurried whisper when Mr. Smart, proposing a stroll in the garden, left them to get his hat. "If it depends on money, you should be very happy here."

"And we have had every opportunity of finding out how much does depend on money, mother," was the answer. "Why, he is bringing that Mrs. Taylor with him, as well as the hat."

"I've been thinking perhaps your mother would like to look round the rooms a bit," he suggested. "Mrs. Taylor could show her round, while I take you to see the greenhouse."

Poor Mrs. Linn! she would have stayed behind with the greatest pleasure, but she did feel it rather hard to be handed over to the guardian dragon without her daughter to stand by her. She looked wistfully after the pair, as they crossed the lawn and disappeared through the glass door opposite.

"Your daughter looks very sickly, ma'am," began the housekeeper, opening the campaign.

"Oh, do you think so?" said Mrs. Linn, in a startled voice. "She never has much colour."

"I've buried four, ma'am; so I should be able to speak on the matter."

"Oh, certainly. She has not been out this week; that may account for it. Mr. Smart looks well," she added, hoping to find a safer topic—"as if he had been taken good care of out here."

"That he has, and nobody knows what that means till he has tried him. He's subject to jaundice, and while it lasts he's fit for nothing but the asylum."

"Oh! dear, dear!" from Mrs. Linn, who felt she had truly slipped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"Not but he has some good points," proceeded the

other magnanimously; "but they're no easy to find. And, with all his fine house, he's as close over a sixpence as any other would be over a five-pound note."

"Shall we go and look at the rooms?" proposed Mrs. Linn desperately.

But, mercifully, just then Mrs. Taylor was summoned away to a conference in the kitchen; and Mrs. Linn, with a little flush of annoyance on her face, sat down again, and furtively watched that greenhouse door.

It was a good half-hour before it opened. Madge came out first, then Mr. Smart; he shut it to behind him with a decided bang. At the first glance it was clear that something had gone wrong; the benevolent air had vanished like mist in sunshine. He stalked round by himself to the front door, and came in that way; Madge made for the window and her mother. Mrs. Taylor reappeared on the scene at the same moment.

"Were the flowers very beautiful?" asked Mrs. Linn feebly.

"No—yes," was the lucid answer. "Mother dear, it is quite time we set out for home. Never mind coming up-stairs again; I will bring your bonnet down."

"We have to thank you for a pleasant afternoon," began her mother, while she was gone.

"Not at all, madam," said her host shortly; "it has been anything but pleasant—for me, at any rate. I consider I have been made a fool of, madam; and what object the pair of you had in coming here to-day puzzles me completely."

"Why—why—what is the matter?" gasped Mrs. Linn.

"The matter is that your daughter doesn't know her own mind, or a good offer when she gets one. It'll be a long day before she finds a better one, I can tell her."

"Then she said 'No,' after all?"

"Yes, she did say 'No,' and I only wish the day mayn't come when she'll wish with all her heart she'd said 'Yes.'"

"I couldn't help it, mother," cried Madge when they found themselves in the quiet road outside. "I did mean to take him all along; I wanted to be rich badly; but when it came to the point I couldn't do it. I'm like the man who began to build the tower and didn't count the cost. I'd rather cut out dresses all the days of my life than go inside his fine house again. It's been a horrid time!"

And so in this dignified and comfortable manner ended Miss Linn's one chance of fortune.

And, to all appearance, her other chance likewise. Restless and mortified, yet with a new glad sense of freedom, she watched next day for any sign from next door. Mr. North was not at church, and there were no evening visitors this Sunday, with the exception of Mrs. Bird, her head muffled up in flannel, who came to be condoled with.

"As if this neuralgia was no bad enough, there's me losin' my lodger too. I'll no get another like him for peaceableness."

"He's not going, is he?" asked Mrs. Linn in surprise.

"Aye, he's going this week; wants to stay more out in the country—where he'll get a walk in and out, he says."

"I'm rather sorry for that," said Mrs. Linn. "We saw very little of him, but he was a pleasant, dependable young fellow about the premises; very different from those students up above."

Madge got up and crept away unnoticed to her room. Yes, she had lost this hope too. She had only herself to blame for it; but that knowledge did not make it any easier. She put her head down on the window-ledge, and cried salt tears for the bright spring that had withered into such a dreary summer. There was nothing left to fall back upon but her work and her mother now.

But one's own work and one's own mother are not items to be despised, even though all other joys should have taken wings to themselves and flown; and as the months wore past, Madge found that that exasperating "system" was gradually losing half its terrors, that seams and curves began to fall into their appointed places without a separate battle royal over each one. Of course that meant speedier work and increased pay. And then there was always her mother to believe in and encourage her. We never realise how much these mothers mean, till they have slipped from their places beside us. If Mrs. Linn regretted that lost chance, she said little; her conversation with the housekeeper had done much to rob it of its charm.

Mr. Smart they saw nothing of; the rent was sent to the office, and there was no more talk of repairs or improvements, either for the chimneys or elsewhere. With the ironmonger opposite they held no intercourse either. Madge saw him pass in and out at his regular hours; possibly she may have watched longingly for stray glimpses of his tall figure and grave, matter-of-fact face; but not for twice the wealth she had missed, would she have put herself in his way, or lingered about the street when he was likely to be passing. Madge may have had faults in abundance, but forwardness was not one of them.

"We are making some headway at last, mother," she said, one bright autumn morning, "and we are getting used to hard work; that counts for a good deal. I hated it so at first, but it seems now as if any change would be a change for the worse."

Mrs. Linn was glancing over the weekly paper; she suddenly crumpled it up in great excitement. "Listen to this, Madge; there's a change here, and no mistake.

'On the 20th, by the Rev. Somebody, Daniel Smart, Esq., to Janet, widow of the late Fergus Taylor.' Oh, Madge! and after all that woman said against him to me!"

"Didn't some wise person say, 'Beware of the grumblers'?" laughed Madge, dropping her work and coming to read it herself. "Well, she will be endowed with the celebrated teapot now. How she must have trembled for it that day!"

That was the only comment Madge made upon the news, but she sewed a good many reflections into the sleeves of Miss Smith's new brown silk gown. "Any change a change for the worse!" Why, all her pulses were beating at the thought of one faded hope that might spring up again now that Mr. Smart had gone out of the road for ever.

When she came in from church the next afternoon she found someone sitting beside her mother. The room was dim and shady, and the reflection of the sun outside still in her eyes; it was her mother's voice that told her who the visitor was.

"Madge, this is Mr. North come in to see us; he is going to take tea with us."

"I have been talking a long time to your mother, and she is kind enough to ask me," he said, as he shook hands.

He made no reference to that notice in the paper yesterday, but Madge knew quite well he had heard the whole history from her mother. The pair seemed on excellent terms, and Mrs. Linn well versed in the state of the iron trade, which, it appeared, had flourished from the first.

"I'm sure I don't know where we got the impression from that it had not," she said in half-apology; "we must have regulated your affairs by our own, which were not particularly bright just then."

Madge took no part in the explanation; she had been a rather silent member at the little table. She was standing by the window afterwards, when the visitor came up beside her.

"It will not be dark for an hour yet; will you come out for a turn?"

"Very well," agreed Madge, very meekly; "where to?"

"Towards the Braids. You remember, we never finished our last walk there."

Ah, well! they finished it that night, and in the old fashion.



HARVEST GLADNESS.

PRAISE be Thine, eternal King,
 Young and old 'Hosanna' sing;
 Thou hast blest us far and wide
 At the beauteous harvest-tide;
 Angel-voices high are blending
 In the anthem never-ending;

Praise for sun and praise for dew
 Praise for love for ever new!
 Praise for bounties richly shed,
 That Thy children may be fed;
 Bread of Life, for all availing,
 Vine the true, the never-failing!



Hear us, while we fain would render
 Praise for mercies kind and tender.

Lord, 't is Thine almighty hand
 That enwreathes the radiant land,
 That the pastures doth enfold
 In a royal robe of gold;
 Shining vineyards, hill-tops hoary,
 Woods aflame declare Thy glory;
 Thou hast hung the fruitage glowing
 Where the orchard-boughs are blowing.

Feed our souls, in Thee confiding,
 Keep our lives in Thine abiding.

Old and young their music raise,
 All things breathing chant Thy praise;
 Every season, every year,
 Are Thy tender mercies near;
 Thou, our Hope, our Help for ever,
 God of harvest! leave us never,
 Till we reach our Father's portal,
 Bearing Homeward sheaves immortal!

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

TRUE MANHOOD.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

"Quit you like men; be strong."—1 CORINTHIANS XVI. 13.



WHAT is a man? Not a mere physical animal, to be scientifically classified by physiologists, or muscularly employed in working. In most languages there are two words to designate the human creature: one, the designation of the species—the human race as distinguished from brutes; the other, the designation of distinctive character—the human creature, that is, true to the possibilities and responsibilities of his manhood.

"Quit you like men." There is only one word in the Greek; it is a verb, and occurs only here; it means, "Be men." Not human creatures, of course—they had no option in that; but, "Realise the full possibilities of your manhood; be all and do all that your faculties and opportunities enable." It is not every human creature that is a man. In most circles of life you have to accept strange composites for men—rudiments of manhood, but with a melancholy admixture of "wood, hay, stubble"; good principles and impulses sadly qualified by evil; qualities of noble feeling mixed with much selfishness and meanness; outward propriety covering pitiable worthlessness, meanness, selfishness, falsehood. What poor creatures one has in courtesy to call men!

When one does meet with a genuine man—a man of truth and righteousness, of generosity and chivalry; who scorns a lie and the faintest semblance of deceit; who is incapable of what is selfish or mean, of taking undue advantage, of envious depreciation; who has gracious human sympathies, and puts a generous interpretation upon his brother's doings; who thinks no evil because himself incapable of it—how marked a man he is, how distinct in our thoughts, how separated from his fellows in our feeling!

We apologise for shortcomings by saying that "no man is perfect," which is only confessing the evil; and so we accept the world of unmanly men as they are, as they follow their divers pursuits of pleasure, and money-getting, and fashion, and frivolity. This is not the Christian conception of manhood. The Bible always puts great emphasis upon manly qualities. Both in the physical and in the moral world true nobility is highly honoured. Religion, especially, has respect to manhood in its entirety—"body, soul, and spirit." It does not pertain to the soul merely, but to the common practical human life as well. Its home is not the church or the cloister, but the market and the family.

These sharp, quick imperatives, "Watch," "Be steadfast," "Be true men," "Be strong," are the

rapid watchwords of religion in the strenuous battle of life.



THE IDEAL MANLINESS.

WE are to set before us an ideal of manly character and life, and practically to seek its realisation.

Manliness is not realised by perfect physical and intellectual development. Mere muscular prowess is not manhood. A sinewy frame, a digestion like that of the ostrich, iron nerves that are never shaken, physical courage like that of a bulldog—fine manly qualities! Yes, of a physical kind, by no means to be undervalued; but we have but little responsibility in this. Were this the test of manhood, it would give only a poor chance for men of frail physical structure, impaired by disease and nervous sensibility; or to delicately organised women; even to Paul himself, whose "bodily presence was weak."

Many a man, full of physical courage, who could dare any peril and go into battle without a quickened pulse, is an utter moral coward, who would shrink from the defence of truth, and purity, and goodness, and religion. And many a man, physically weak and nervous, who starts at the slamming of a door, would, like Paul, be full of moral fidelity and strength, enduring all things, even death itself, for the sake of truth and right. God does not bid us all be physical athletes—agile at cricket, eager in hunting, courageous in fighting; but He does bid us all "quit ourselves like men"—be morally strong, with a grand, God-like, Christ-like strength; the strength of an inward noble spirit and life—truthful, honest, pure, faithful to all moral convictions, courageous and steadfast in maintaining the right, resisting all temptation to wrong, whatever the endurance and the disadvantage. "Be strong, and of good courage"—strong in God's strength and in dependence upon God's help, so that sneaking, meanness, untruth, base passion, moral cowardice before wrong-doers, shall be impossible to you. The Roman word for courage was "virtue." True courage includes all that is best in moral character. It is not stoicism; it is not foolhardiness; it is not insensibility. It is a steadfast adherence to what is true, and right, and good, on the simple ground of moral principle and feeling. It is true, and right, and good. God, my Heavenly Father, has enjoined it; Christ, my Redeemer, died to maintain it; therefore I will endure all things for the maintenance of it.

I need not say that moral manhood is inspired by intelligent principles—that it is not mere passion or

religious emotion. Many a religious man is largely the creature of religious passion or sentiment; loud in his own religious life and worship, he is very demonstrative against sin. He agitates against every wrong; he is full of passionate invective and denunciation. The stronger, more effective man does not so "cry aloud or lift his voice in the street." He does not hold his tongue; he does what he can to excite interest and sympathy with the evil; but he quietly goes to work to remedy it. A man who unostentatiously works in a ragged-school is far stronger and more manly than the mere declaimer about London ignorance and vice. A man is not a very religious man because he makes a great religious clamour. A passionate, blustering man, even in the name of religion, is presumably weak rather than strong. Passion is not strength. The maniac whom you hold down by force is not a strong man. Nor is the mere sentiment of benevolence or of religion ideal manhood. Many a sentimentalist, who will weep over a pathetic novel, never moves a finger to relieve the actual misery of the world.

There is, too, a certain temper of penitence, of conscious unworthiness before God, which is unmanly. Nothing can be more manly than a genuine sorrow for sin—shame for our unworthy conduct and character; but penitence, humility, even of the profoundest character, is not a craven, crawling thing—it is not a Uriah Heep kind of humility. Nothing is worse than to use before God exaggerated words of self-debasement, unless it be worse to work oneself into the debased feeling of which they are the true expression. Pride is not true manliness, neither is a craven humility. Let our sorrow for sin be simple, sincere, profound, but let it be manly—the sorrow of a child, not the writhing of a slave. God bids us "stand up" before Him—be manly to Him as well as to our fellows. Meanness and humility are very different things.

Nor does manliness depend upon our great achievements—the actual deeds of life that one does. Many great deeds are heroic in the noblest sense of the term. They are done in the domain of noble moral principle and feeling—a domain far higher than the causation of mere animal instincts, mere excited passion, mere selfish good-nature. But a great deal of the manliness of life is obscure and undemonstrative. You do not appraise your pictures by the square yard, nor your libraries by the length of the well-filled book-shelves. Physical magnitude is no measure of moral greatness. The greatest heroism of life is often exhibited in unknown homes, in obscure daily struggles, in silent patience and self-sacrifice. There are heroes of the nursery, the kitchen, the sick-room, the hospital, the workshop; there are battle-fields of poverty, suffering, and self-sacrifice that will be illustrious in the annals of God's book of life. There is more demand for true manhood, and more room for it, in the obscure places of life than there is in its high places. It

may be easier to do the work of a General Gordon than to live the life of a London sempstress. True heroism is oftenest found in the struggle, endurance, and self-sacrifice of common life.

What a grand ideal of manhood this is, compared with all others! In the Sermon on the Mount our Lord affirms the supreme blessedness of being lowly in spirit, meek, merciful, pure in heart, a peacemaker. With what scorn and incredulity men receive such a teaching!—the proud, the physical-force men, the "swashbucklers," the so-called men of honour who fight duels and wage battles, and make force the criterion of right and wrong. If you can win a battle, annex a territory, achieve a place for a party, subdue your neighbours, bully the weak—that is the most manly thing to do. Or he is the most manly man who has amassed the greatest riches—"worth so much," as with unconscious irony we phrase it; or the learned man is the ideal man; or the man of genius. Over against all such conceptions God sets the *moral* man. God would not enthrone the genius even of a Shakespeare if his moral goodness were not supreme, much less your Alexanders, and Cæsars, and Napoleons—men of unscrupulous force; or your statesmen of unprincipled purpose, immoral method, and unscrupulous determination; or your literary genius of unrighteous advocacy, or obscene delineation. God's ideal of a man is one who does righteousness and seeks truth. The ideal is embodied for us in Jesus Christ, who neither won battles, nor amassed wealth, nor acquired learning, nor produced works of genius, nor aggrandised His nation by astute statesmanship. The almost shock that we feel at such suggestions simply shows how very far from God's ideal of manhood some of our popular conceptions are.

THE ELEMENTS OF TRUE MANHOOD.



HALL I specify *integrity* as one of the constituents of true manhood, in respect of which we are to "quit ourselves like men"?

In our own political, commercial, and social life there is, thank God, much of true manhood. There are just kings, and righteous statesmen, and conscientious members of Parliament, who rule in righteousness and fear God—men in whom there is moral courage simply to do what is right, who boldly lead the nation from wrong paths to right ones, whatever the cost.

But are there not many who fall far short of this—statesmen who cynically tell you that "morals have no place in politics"—ambitious, scheming, selfish men, "removing their neighbours' landmarks," annexing territory wherever it can be done with impunity; as despotic at home as they are aggressive abroad; never thinking in legislation of simple principles of

righteousness, but only of arbitrary power, or the triumph of political party. What a grand thing it is to see a statesman make a conscience of politics—honestly try to do right, bravely stem the torrent of wrong and selfish passion! Does it not need all the moral sentiment of a people to keep its statesmen right?

Do we always in our commerce find men who simply and strongly do what is right? Sometimes we do, and generally, perhaps, a higher moral sentiment of business is developing. Commerce would be impossible without the confidence that a general integrity inspires. But "integrity" is a narrow and inadequate word. A "good man" is more than a "righteous man." Integrity prevents fraud, but does it always prevent undue advantage, profiting by a man's ignorance, or by his necessities? One does sometimes hear of questionable things done even by religious merchants and tradesmen.—a kind of coercion of little men, in making bargains with them, in closing markets against them, in attempts to disable their fair competition. Many things that law, that technical righteousness, do not forbid are sins against the higher sentiment that should rule business and inspire God's true men. We do not "do to others as we would have others do unto us."

I do not say that true men—thoroughly upright and noble—are not numerous in every commercial circle; but it is easy to find scores who are not such.

Taking God's standard, who could speak very confidently about the morality of modern commerce? Things are done in our shops and streets, almost without conscious wrong, because they are so generally done. Think of lying advertisements, fraudulent circulars, false ticketing of goods, petty frauds across the counter, adulterations of goods, the worthless work of builders, the fraudulent indolence of workmen.

Think of reckless over-trading, of unprincipled over-spending and borrowing, of dishonest bankruptcies. May we not predict the kind of record that will be found in the newspapers to-morrow morning?

So long as men can maintain the seeming of righteousness and trade upon it, they care very little about its reality. They think more about seeming than about being.

The stamp that God puts upon all this is that it is not manly. Not only is it wicked—it is mean. There is about it a sneakiness, a dastardliness, a low oily cunning, that makes it despicable. It is a serpent sin. Its doer crawls in the dust. Some sins, equally immoral, are yet bold and open; you recognise the frankness while you deplore the godlessness. Even thieves make a distinction between a housebreaker and a pickpocket. It is a sin of the Mammon kind—"the least erected spirit that fell."

Paul would say to the commercial men of London:

"Quit you like men; do your business honestly; do not require those you employ to do dishonest work, to tell lies across a counter; and if you be workmen or shopmen, be courageous enough to say, 'I will not do it; whatever the consequences, I will not degrade and corrupt my manhood; I will maintain my integrity though I die.'"

Is not purity an essential of manhood?

As of brute force, so of foul passions—some men boast of them as the notes and marks of manhood. It is effeminate to be pure. Initiation into vice is the baptism of manhood. Virtue in a young man is the theme for a gibe, the mark for the finger of scorn. Many a young man is shamed into vice; he would rather be a profligate than a milksoop; as if dissipation could bring a lofty consciousness; as if degradation was the seal of noble character! So the young man used to be jeered at, who would not be the companion of drunkards. Moral determination has conquered that—a total abstainer no longer incurs reproach. Is it not the note of a nobler manhood, "My soul, come not thou into their secret, and to their assembly be not thou united"? Is it manly to indulge base passions at the cost of all that is precious and noble in man?

THE PLACE OF RELIGION.



Is not religion an element of manliness?

I do not mean the religion of monks, or of ecclesiastics, or of sentimentalists; but the religion of Jesus Christ—a reverent recognition of God, of holiness, of human life, such as we see in Jesus Christ Himself. Can anything be more noble than fidelity to the noblest things we know? Is there anything sentimental or mean or sneaky in this? Is not the only shame of a man his shallow godlessness and conscious wrong-doing? Has the world any heroes like the heroes of religious life, any nobleness like the nobleness of holy character? A man ashamed of religion because his companions scoff at it has sunk to the lowest point of meanness and cowardice. How often Paul speaks about the courage of true religiousness—of the man who fears God and sin, and fears nothing else besides. Think of men like Paul, and Luther, and Bunyan, and Havelock, and Gordon—simple, strong, holy, without crotchetyness, fastidiousness, or fear; in God's strength doing simply what has to be done. The coward is the man who is ashamed of God and of right.

Will not a manly man be great in service? The manly men of the Church are not your sentimental religionists, your *dilettanti* church-goers, your frivolous pleasure-takers, who care for anything rather than to do work for Christ; who, with the world of sinful, degraded men around them,

never put their hand to any helpful thing. Are there not scores of competent, vigorous young men in the families of the Church who have no name or place among its workers, who see fathers and sisters and friends trying to do something to fulfil Christ's great purpose, but indolently or scornfully stand aloof themselves? Is it a manly religiousness? Is it not cowardly, and wayward, and selfish? What

can the Master say to them but that most terrible of all words of condemnation to such as might and do not, "Inasmuch as ye did it not—" Young men! the appeal is to your manhood. "Make full proof" of it. Whatever your gifts, use them to the utmost. Were the youth of the Church thus consecrated to its ministry, to its missions, the conversion of the world would not be far distant.

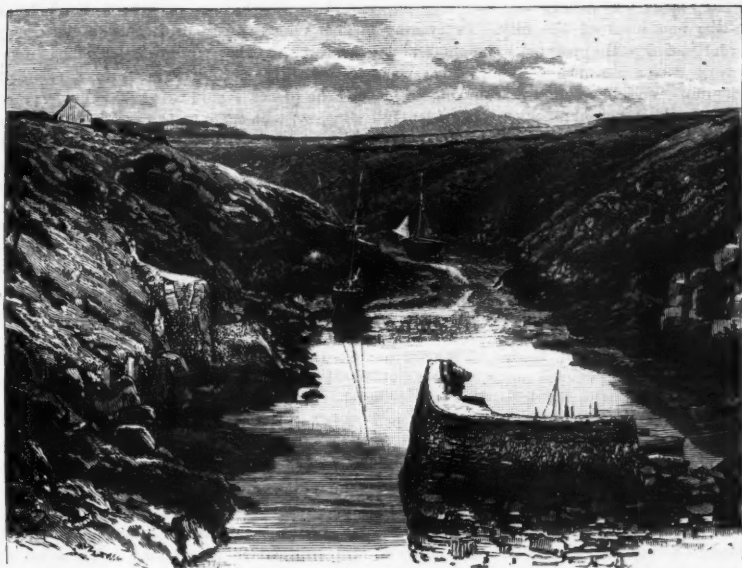
AN ANCIENT CATHEDRAL CITY.



ST. DAVID'S.

"A CITY sixteen miles from a railway! Surely not an English city in this ninth decade of the nineteenth century!" some readers may mentally exclaim. Well, not *English*, but *British*, and, moreover, south of the Tweed. *British*, in the most accurate sense of the word, a school and centre of Christianity before our English forefathers had renounced their idols, or crossed the German Ocean to effect the conquest of this island. The *village-city* to which I refer is St. David's, called after David, the patron saint of Wales. This David was the son of the native Prince of Cardiganshire, then called Ceretica, and born towards the end of the fifth century. On the death of Dubricius he became Archbishop of Caerleon, at that time

the Metropolitan Church of Wales, but he translated the See to Menevia, which ever since his time has been called St. David's. David had the reputation of great learning and piety, and was the founder of twelve monasteries, the principal of which was in the Vale of Ross. St. David's is certainly the most distant and inaccessible city south of the Tweed in these days of rapid locomotion. If you left the Great Western station, Paddington, by the newspaper train at 5.30 a.m., you might, if you had a prosperous journey, reach St. David's between six and seven o'clock in the evening, after a drive, as the local saying is, of *sixteen miles and seventeen hills*. There is no ordinary public coach, omnibus, or conveyance of any kind; you must hire for yourself at Haverfordwest. Two horses will be necessary, and the said horses will require a feed and a short rest when they have completed half the distance. A little inn stands in a most sequestered spot by the seaside for this purpose, in a pleasant nook of St. Bride's Bay, where the coast sweeps westward towards St. David's Head.



POTHELAIS HARBOUR, ST. DAVID'S.

A more tiring and treeless road you will scarcely find in the three kingdoms than that from Haverfordwest to St. David's, but the hedgerows and banks are, in their season, prettily variegated with flowers, and the bright golden gorse is plentiful and richly scented. Haverfordwest, where you leave the train, is the principal town of Pembrokeshire; it serves, indeed, as the county town, far surpassing Pembroke in size, and is the centre of a district sometimes called "England beyond Wales." It is distant about six miles from the far-famed Milford Haven, where all the navies of Europe could ride in shelter and security, and the river on which it is situated forms one of the arms of the Haven.

The town itself is a straggling, sprawling place, with irregular, precipitous streets—some of them very narrow. The back-streets and alleys are very uncouth and ill-favoured; but the shops are, for the most part, good, substantial, and well stocked. The spacious and dismantled castle, which has still a commanding appearance, is used as a prison, or, rather, as a lock-up. If you are of a merciful disposition, you will, notwithstanding your long railway journey, walk up the first of the seventeen hills, as you turn your back upon Haverfordwest along the city road. The said hill is short, but precipitous. Very sparse are the human habitations which you pass, and no sooner have you reached the top of a hill (or "bank," as the local word is) than you descend again into the dale. Occasionally, you may enjoy about a mile of fairly level road before you re-ascend. After about seven miles of stiff, hard driving, you come in sight of the sea, and travel alongside it for some distance. At the little solitary

inn at Newgull, you think what a delightful situation the coast affords for a quiet watering-place, if only it were more easily accessible. The cliffs are bold and variegated, and present a delightful shelter from the north. I have spent two very pleasant days there on the shore, our party taking provisions from home, for the little inn would, I fear, afford but very scanty store. It exists for the convenience of horses and drivers. A long and tedious hill has to be climbed immediately—the longest, if not the steepest, on the road.

Halfway between Newgull and St. David's, you come upon the *large* village of Solva. Large for a Welsh village, and as quaint as any I ever remember to have seen. Clean, too, and tidy—which is not always to be said concerning Welsh villages. The sea here forms a natural harbour, running a long way inland through a very narrow creek. Your impression in driving through Solva is that you would like to visit it again when you have leisure. You see nothing of St. David's until you come into it—not even of the cathedral, which stands in a hole so deep that the top of the tower is little more than on a level with the ground on which other parts of the *city* are built. And what a truly rural place it is when you do arrive there! Straggling houses rather than a street; a few villas, a restored market-cross, the ruins of a college and of a bishop's palace. The bishops have for centuries fled from the city which gives them a title, and resided in the more central and populous town of Caermarthen. A small cathedral establishment, however, is kept up, and utilised, as far as may be, to meet existing needs. The services are rendered in Welsh and English, and when I was there (at the

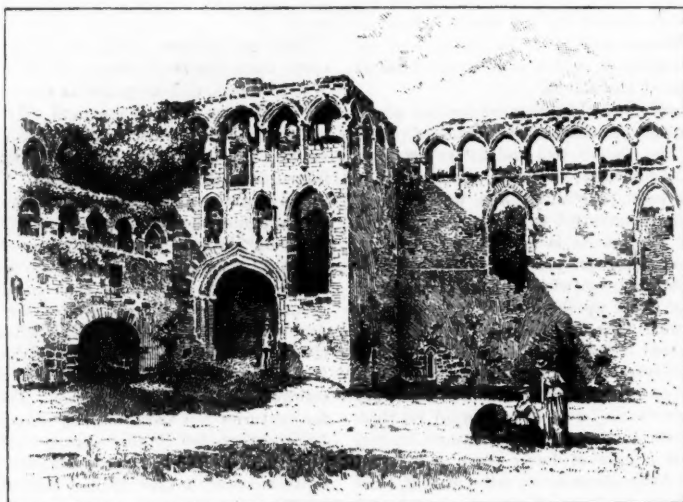
English service) there was a very fair congregation, considering the smallness of the city. Everything was neat, orderly, and well appointed; the choir very small, but very good; and the sermon, which was extempore, a simple and unaffected discourse. From his pronunciation, the reverend preacher was evidently a Cambrian. At St. David's—unlike Haverfordwest and Tenby—you come upon a purely Welsh population, and one that speaks Welsh rather than English. In Haverfordwest, numbers of those who are Welsh by blood are unacquainted with the Welsh language. They can neither read it nor speak it. Two miles beyond St. David's city is the famous St. David's Head—the most westerly point in England and Wales except the Land's End; a bleak and desolate spot, but commanding a grand view of the Atlantic Ocean, with the small Bay of St. Bride's on the south and the large Cardigan Bay on the north. When the wind blows from the north-west here, the few inhabitants must sometimes fear that they will be swept away.

Perhaps no place in the kingdom gives one such a notion of greatness and splendour that has entirely passed away as St. David's. Of late years the cathedral has been in some measure restored, but a great part of it remains a ruin. All that is left of St. Mary's College is the chapel, 69 feet in length and about 24 in width. At the west end is a square tower 70 feet high. This collegiate institution was founded in 1365 by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the protector of Wycliffe, and by Adam Houghton, then bishop of the diocese, for a master and seven fellows.

The bishop's palace must at one time have been a magnificent building. It was erected by Bishop Gower about the year 1328, and even in its ruins is a noble monument of his taste and liberality. The period between the years 1307 and 1377 is the richest

and most glorious period of English architecture. The characteristics of this style are geometrical tracery in the windows, enriched doorways, and beautifully arranged mouldings. The dilapidation of the palace is said to have commenced with Bishop Barlow, who came to the see in 1536. He was one of those men who naturally come to the front in times of political and ecclesiastical excitement, and are anything but an ornament to their sacred vocation. He wanted to induce the king to consent to his removing the see to Caermarthen, which in itself was reasonable enough. With this view he alienated the Church lands, stripped the lead from the castle of Lawhaden and the palace at St. David's, and committed other acts of spoliation. This castle of Lawhaden was a princely residence of the Bishops of St. David's, standing on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the Cleddaw, the chief river of Pembrokeshire, the two arms of which, when united, broaden into Milford Haven.

Few strangers would care to remain long in St. David's. When they have seen the cathedral and the adjacent ruins, they have seen all. An air of desolation prevails everywhere. The sea-shore, which is about a mile distant from the little city, possesses no superlative attractions. Universal consent proclaims Tenby the prettiest watering-place of the county, if not of the whole southern half of the Principality. It is noteworthy that, with the exception of Bangor, all the old cities of Wales are little more than villages. Still, all of them, except St. David's, have the advantage of communication by railway with the world outside. St. Asaph has a large industrial population in its vicinity, though not in the actual city. Llandaff has almost become, nay, in fact is, a suburb of Cardiff. St. David's is a solitary monument of fallen greatness, seldom visited and



THE BISHOP'S PALACE, ST. DAVID'S.

little regarded. It is not likely to rise again. Of recent years it has been known to the world principally in connection with its scholarly bishop, the late Dr. Connop Thirlwall. Whether or not a great theologian and bishop, it is certain he was a great historian, enjoying a European reputation; a man, too, of great industry, who had taught himself to preach fluently in Welsh, a rare accomplishment, then as now, for those who are not "to the manner born." The ill-fated Laud was bishop of the see from 1621 to 1627. No other prelate of St. David's has a name which figures in our national history; but many, we may hope, have quietly and unostentatiously done

their duty in ruling the portion of the Church committed to their charge. Not always have those done their duty best, whose names have been most before the world. The work of the world and of the Church alike, has been often most efficiently and patiently performed by those whose names have been unacknowledged and almost unknown. The "flowers born to blush unseen" have their uses, nor is their sweetness wasted. Such were the thoughts that rose in my mind as I gazed and mused on the departed glories of St. David's. S. C. OVERTON, M.A.

. The illustrations to this paper are from photographs by Messrs. Poulton and Sons, Lee.

THE WHEAT-COVERED GRAVE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



ANY are the false emblems which are to be found over the resting-places of the dead. These pudding-faced cherubs, with wings growing out of the napes of their necks, are either symbolised as being abnormally fat, or else blowing invisible trumpets, the music of which, if only we could hear it, we have sad misgivings would be harsh and out of tune. Or suppose a man never to have pitched on those explosive faces, as likely as not he will come on some piece of poetry, an equal monstrosity in its way, or perhaps an inscription of the same kith and kin as that on a tombstone not far from where I am writing: "Here lies the husband of Mrs. McKnab." Poor Mac! evidently you were extinguished long before you died; it is perhaps your fate and your epitaph (name only being changed) that are reserved for more than one of us in the coming age. However, let that pass. I believe in some tomb-stones; and because I believe in the one of which I now write, I tell you about it, and what I think about it; for I knew well the man who lies under the "wheat-covered grave," and the emblem that is over him is truly descriptive of him. He was a harvest-sower while he lived, and, in humble reliance on the Lord of the harvest, he was a harvest expecter when he died.

There lies in a Leicestershire graveyard an honest Englishman, with a large heart and a large hand—such, at least, were his in life. His was an ear that was open to every tale of woe, his the heart that felt it, his the hand that relieved it. His big brain planned great things in merchandise, and greater still in charity. Why God cut him down in life's prime is for God alone to know; influence, money, all that man can give, he was sowing for Him when his hand was stayed; and the Lord of all present sowings and of all future harvests said to him, "Sow no more." Life-sowings, life-existings, life-expectings, they are all embodied in the sheaf, the stony sheaf on that wheat-covered grave.

Life-sowings! We know what they are with only too many: they are sowings to the flesh in some form, the harvest of which in some form also will be corruption—the bad seed of a bad crop.

But there are some sowings, the seed of which is good enough, and a harvest from which will be the same; but will that harvest be for him who has sown the seed? It dropped from the palsied fingers of a dying hand; nay, from the dead hand whose grasping power was gone—a hand which opened when it could keep no longer closed. Men sometimes leave as charitable legacies what they can no longer keep.

"Death-givings" are good when they are the continuations of "life-givings." The wheat-sheaf on the grave is no fit emblem for him whose *only* sowing is after death.

But the sowings of the man over whom this harvest emblem lies were in life. The action of life was with him to open the heart, and with it the hand. His givings were the outcome of his great self. He—he himself was in them. They were life-sowings of his self-life, and they were sown *in* life; and so by them he still lives—"he, being dead, yet speaketh." He lives in the almshouse, and the hospital, and the church, and the school, and in many hearts. The seed-grain was sown in them during his life; and it is growing, and will grow, until that harvest which shall be reaped when there shall be an ending of all death.

The hand which now lies stiff and cold beneath the wheat-covered slab may now rest from its labours—its works do follow. Its scattering-time is passed—its harvest-time lies on before.

And to us there comes a voice: Do life's work in life. "Whilst there is time [or opportunity] let us do good unto all men." Let us sow good out of our very selves—out of the very goodness that is in us by the grace of God. A living man should sow in life, and not wait to scatter his seed in death.

Life-existings! The testimony of the rocks tells us only of what has been—true testimony, but only of the physical. The moral, indeed, connected with them, whatever it was, may have *teachings*, but no *existings*, for us now; nor yet for those who have to come. The

physical of the past is, indeed, in many cases living now. Its once living trees and ferns and reeds are revolutionising the physical life of man by steam, but it has, apart from its teachings about God, no living spirit-life amongst us now—none which, so far as we know, can be developed in life to come.

I like the wheat-sheaf on the grave—the connection between the sheaf and the man. Some, seeing this emblem, and hearing casually that a good man sleeps beneath, might pass on, giving just the casual thought to the “buried,” the “invisible,” the apparently “lost,” and “passed away.” But there are others who will ask, What did this man do?—in what is he living now? And even if man never cared to ask this, there is One higher Who will think about it. God, before Whom live all people and things, and all in connection with them, and their connection with each other, will keep ever before Him as one, the good that is done, and the one by whom it is done. The life-existings of all and each are before Him—the thistle-crops of the present and the future of some, and the men and women themselves—the wheat-crops of others, of their present and their future, and in connection with their very selves.

A true emblem is that stone-wheat—an emblem of living harvest being reaped, and sowing and re-sowing itself again and again until the great harvest-home, when the stone-sheaf emblem shall be needed no more, for the solid realities of harvest shall be seen.

And you, good reader—what is now, what will be when you shall have passed away, the fitting emblem of your life? If someone were to set up a stone to

your honour now—a statue, if you like—what emblems could they fitly carve around its base? I mean what *true* emblems?—not what fancy or partiality might suggest. Would that pediment have to be carved with thistles and brambles, the tokens of an evil life? or would it have to be left cold and unadorned and bare, eloquent in its being untouched by any tool—saying, as plainly as any words could say, “The life of him to whom this memorial is erected was, or is, an evil one—thorns and thistles does it bring forth!”—or “It was, or is, an empty one—the man whom God made for ‘something’ turned out to be ‘nothing’—life-failure is the meaning of this blank—of this unstoried stone.” God grant that neither of these may be the story of our lives!

Life-expectations! There remains the wheat-covered stone, exposed to all weathers, now looked at by this one and by that, as a casual visitor comes to the lonely patrimony of the dead—fulfilling its office of prophecy, being, as were the ancient seers, a preacher and a prophet too—a prophet of the future, into which the life-expectations of God’s people run. For they look for a future—a harvest—a living harvest; they ask of their Father bread, and He will not give them a stone. And it is a preacher of the present, saying to us, “Work while it is day. Work for harvest. Be buried full of death-hope, and with the hopes of all who knew thee best—*honest* hopes that thine will be a harvest—by God’s grace the harvest of a life, the earthly end of which is symbolised, as was this good man’s, by the sheaf on the WHEAT-COVERED GRAVE.”

PEACE.



’ER crowded high-roads, footsore and oppress,

A weary traveller I:

And once I said, “Is anywhere sweet rest

Under this burning sky?”

I dreamed of water under grey, cool skies,

Where tall trees, mirrored, sway;

A spot remote, where sleep might steal on eyes

Dazed with the glaring day.

A spot remote: and still my road doth lead

Where crowds go hurrying by:

And once I cried, “To gain the peace I need,

Might I lie down and die!”

My peevish cries did alter not my lot;

The road I steadfast keep;

Now on my fretful soul—though death comes not,

Nor spot remote for sleep—

There falls a peace, than sleep or death more blest:

Calm on my road I press.

He doth not murmur of this truth possess—

Peace comes through faithfulness.

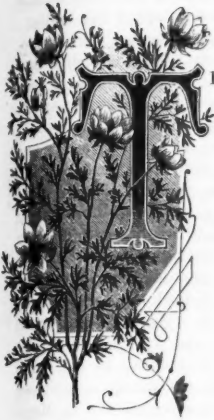
E. E. BEIGHTON.



RECENT MISSIONARY ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., F.R.S.E. EDINBURGH.

(IN PERILS OFT.—V.)



HE opening-up of Africa is an enterprise which has been achieved within the memory of living men. Africa has been the great field of research and adventure in the latter half of the nineteenth century. When it shall have been thoroughly explored, it is hard to say where men born with the soul of travellers will be able to find a fresh field to roam in. The romance and the perils are not now what they were; and

when we hear of ladies leaving their drawing-rooms at home to become Christian labourers in Africa, we are apt to conclude that the people cannot be so fierce and repulsive after all. But thirty years ago, things were very different. Africa was then unexplored. Dreadful rumours were in circulation of the ferocity of its chiefs. Warriors like Mosilikatse occasionally started up, spreading devastation on every side. The author of "King Solomon's Mines" gives us a glimpse of the awful scenes of slaughter that used to take place when hostile tribes faced each other in the field. If we would gauge aright the heroism and the faith of the early missionaries, we must remember that the people they went among were credited with all the vices and cruelties ever known. Whoever plunged into the interior took his life in his hand. It was far more likely that he would be tortured and eaten, than that he would come out in the condition in which he went in.

The chapter of recent missionary adventure in Africa is so copious and varied that, within our present limits, we can but tap it here and there. Perhaps we shall fairly achieve our purpose—which is to illustrate the faith and courage of modern missionaries—if we glance, first, at the experience of Livingstone; second, the Universities Mission; third, Bishop Hannington; and fourth, the Baptist missionaries on the Congo.

I.—LIVINGSTONE.

LIVINGSTONE'S first great achievement was to cross the Kalahari desert and reach Lake 'Ngami, the rumour of which, brought by natives, haunted his mind and made him unable to rest. Many considerations had led him to a clear conviction that, in order to benefit Africa as a missionary, he must explore it as a traveller. The risks he ran, even in the journey to Lake 'Ngami, were very great. As he meant to settle in those parts, he took his wife and children with him. For four days they were absolutely without water.

The supply carried in the waggons had been wasted by a careless servant. The fourth night was a terrible one, and it seemed as if there was no alternative but that the children should perish before his eyes. It was not till the afternoon of the fifth day that some of the men returned with a supply of the fluid the value of which they had never rightly appreciated before.

But the risks of crossing the Kalahari were trifling compared with those of penetrating to the seaside in order to discover a channel for legitimate commerce and suitable stations for Christian missions. Advertising to the prevalence of fever in some parts of the route, Livingstone said in his journal: "I offer myself as a forlorn hope, in order to ascertain whether there is a place fit to be a sanatorium for more unhealthy spots. May God accept the service, and use me for His glory. A great honour it is to be a fellow-worker with God." "It is a great venture," he writes to his sister (28th April, 1851); "fever may cut us all off. I feel much when I think of the children dying. But who will go if we don't? Not one. I would venture everything for Christ. Pity I have so little to give; but He will accept of us, for He is a good Master—never one like Him. He can sympathise. May He forgive, and purify, and bless us."

It was in this spirit of absolute consecration to God's service, and thorough trust in His fatherly protection and care, that Livingstone went forth, not knowing whither he went. In this spirit he bore with unrivalled patience all the strange experiences of that unexampled journey. All his miserable attacks of fever in his lonely hut; all his anxieties about food; his uncertainty as to the way; his perils from native chiefs and tribes; the self-denial at Loanda, that would not suffer him to return to England, because he had promised to conduct his followers in safety to their homes; the disappointment when he reached the coast at not finding a single letter; the weary tramp from west to east, with fresh griefs at every turn, occasioned by revelations of the slave trade; the troubles caused by the folly or the perversity of his followers; his anxiety about his family, and his difficulty in persuading the directors of the London Missionary Society to endorse his plans; all this varied experience of grief and peril became bearable simply because he knew he was in the way of duty, and was assured that God would protect and bless him.

Did his troubles and his perils cease when he became a Government employé, and wore a gold band round his cap? Or were his new acquaintances, the Portuguese, less a trouble and a torment than the natives of the interior? Did it not seem as if the serious difficulties of his life only began when he stepped on board the *Ma-Robert*? Collisions with some of his comrades; shallows and sand-banks perpetually stopping the progress of the vessel; her bad machinery; renewed attacks of fever; difficulties with members of the Universities Mission; the death of his wife;

awful experiences of slave-trade horrors; interruptions on every side to his main work; the recall of the expedition; the withdrawal of the Universities Mission; the acquisition of a vessel of his own, which he could not launch on Lake Nyassa; the brave endeavour by hard tramping round Lake Nyassa to gain the needful information; the daring voyage in his little craft across the Indian Ocean to Bombay—why, the bare enumeration of these things presents a list of perils almost equal to St. Paul's, to bear up against which, with anything like equanimity, demanded qualities of the rarest temper, a will inflexible as iron, and a heart as tender as an angel's.

And then came the last act of this singular drama—that last and most lonely time of wandering, when all troubles seemed to accumulate and all horrors to multiply around him. We dare not expatiate on the terrible chapter. The loss of his medicine-chest, which came on him like a death-warrant; the faithlessness of his followers; the wretchedness of his food; the miserable state of his health, and his long detention in Manyema; the refusal of canoes at the very crisis of his inquiries; the sense of being in hell amid the horrors of an Arab massacre; the pitiable condition in which Stanley found him; his stern refusal to go home until his work should be finished; and, last of all, his living martyrdom on the banks of Lake Bangweolo; and the touching death scene in the Ilala hut. Again we ask, how was he able to endure all this? There are entries in his journal that give us glimpses of his state of mind and reveal the secret of his strength: "I read the Bible four times from beginning to end during my detention at Manyema." "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

II.—THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION.

LIVINGSTONE'S visit to Cambridge, after his first period of African labour, was a grand triumph. At the close of his lecture in the Senate House (December 4th, 1857) he said: "I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." As he uttered these words he is said to have looked up to the galleries, crowded with undergraduates, as if to show that the moral of his tale was intended chiefly for them.

Two years later a memorable meeting was held in the Senate House. It was called at the time "the great Zambesi meeting." Among the speakers were the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Walpole, and Sir George Grey. The result was the establishment of the Universities Mission; and the man who was asked to head it was Charles Frederick Mackenzie, Dean of Pietermaritzburg, Natal. Mr. Mackenzie accepted the post, and at Cape Town was consecrated missionary bishop of Central Africa. He was a man of self-denying, devoted spirit; one to whom it was a delight to show kindness to his fellows; a zealous Churchman and a devout Christian.

It was no slight trial to undertake the task of founding a mission on the banks of the Shiré, even

though Dr. Livingstone was there to give counsel and aid. A medical gentleman in England brought out the real state of the case when he remarked to Miss Mackenzie, who proposed to accompany her brother: "Now, remember that if Mr. Mackenzie were to propose to any insurance company to insure his life, they would probably not think it worth two years' purchase." And the doctor was right in so far as the duration of his life was concerned.

Mackenzie, with his clergy and other helpers, was settled at Magomero, among the Manganza tribe. But they were not long in finding that the Manganza had powerful enemies, the Ajawa tribe, who were at war with them, and were ever and anon attacking their villages, and making slaves of their people. Contrary to the advice of Livingstone, the missionaries took the side of the Manganza, and helped them successfully to drive off the attacks of the Ajawa. This deprived them of all influence with the Ajawa, and in this way Bishop Mackenzie came to have in his hands some two hundred rescued slaves, whom he proposed to form into a settlement in connection with Magomero. But man proposes, God disposes. The bishop had an engagement to meet Dr. Livingstone at the confluence of the rivers Ruw and Shiré. Three of his party, whom he sent before him to explore the way, were attacked by an unfriendly tribe, and barely escaped with their lives. The bishop himself was afterwards in jeopardy through the upsetting of a boat on the Ruw, by which accident all his medicines were lost; and soon after, he himself was attacked with fever. After a week's delirious struggle with the disease, in a poor hut without medicines or comforts, he succumbed. The chief had insisted on his being removed from his hut when he was almost in the very throes of death. Mr. Burrup, one of his staff who was with him, stricken by the same disease, contrived to reach Magomero; but only to die. The bishop's sister and Mr. Burrup's wife, who had remained for a time at Cape Town, on reaching the Zambesi were appalled with tidings of the death, the one of her brother, the other of her husband. No space remains to tell of the sad deaths, one after another, of other members of the mission party, or of the abandonment of the mission under Bishop Tozer, who succeeded Mackenzie. It would be a more grateful work to tell of its subsequent resuscitation under Bishop Steere, of its occupation of an important part of the country in the neighbourhood of the river Rovuma, and of the devotion of many noble men from the Universities who, undeterred by the fate of the first company, determined, in God's strength, that the mission should not perish.

III.—BISHOP HANNINGTON.

IN another part of Africa, Uganda, in the Lake Nyanza district, another Englishman, within the last few years, has left a still more noble record of heroic devotion and marvellous endurance. James Hannington was one of those men in whom a remarkable vivacity of nature, entirely consecrated to the service of Christ, gave birth to a character that made him no less delightful

as a friend and companion than devoted as a missionary. The idol of his friends and family, and hardly less of an attached English congregation, he heard the call of his Lord with reference to Equatorial Africa—"Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" And without hesitation he answered, "Here am I, send me."

His first experience of Africa was utterly disastrous; broken in health, he had rapidly to return to his native land. But with the return of health the purpose to devote himself to Africa came back in overwhelming strength. A model of physical strength and manly courage, as well as spiritual earnestness, he set himself heart and soul, when consecrated Bishop of Equatorial Africa, to take steps for the extension of the mission which had prospered so greatly in the dominions of King Mtesa. Journeys long and wearisome were cheerfully undertaken, perils from fierce animals fearlessly encountered, opposition from "uncanny" natives bravely and skillfully overcome, in the endeavour to accomplish his undertaking. How lightly he could take the losses and disappointments of travellers is seen, for instance, in the playful manner in which he tells his wife that, "Having no watch, I don't wake up in the night to see if it be time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do." The dangers he apprehended were all on the way to Uganda, and when he arrived at the confines of that country he believed himself to be among friends. From this dream of safety he had a rude awakening. King Mtesa had died, and had been succeeded by his son Mwanga, a weak youth, and a tool in the hands of the enemies of Christianity. Some of the native Christians had been put barbarously to death. "Three of them were tortured, their arms were cut off, and they were bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was kindled, and so they were slowly burned to death. The lads continued to sing hymns of praise to Jesus until their shrivelled flesh could sing no more.

When Bishop Hannington came within the Uganda territory, he was apprehended and imprisoned. His treatment in prison was most barbarous, the scenes of filth in the midst of which he was confined being all too disgusting to be described. The depressing influences around him weighed down his spirits, but his note-book tells of comfort and encouragement derived from the twenty-seventh and other Psalms. At length, when he was probably expecting to be set at liberty, he was led out for execution. "With a wild shout, the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up, he looked around, and as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons, he spoke a few words which graven themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the king that he

was about to die for the Ba-ganda, and that he had purchased the road to Bu-ganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leapt forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

IV.—THE CONGO.

THESE glances at the perils of modern missionaries in Africa cannot be closed without a passing tribute to the Congo Baptist Mission, whose disasters, falling in such numbers and with such rapidity, have appalled the stoutest hearts. It was a beautiful spectacle, when the Congo State was organised, to see men and women offering themselves for mission service as readily and cordially as if it had been the most desirable work at home. For a little while all seemed to go well. The glad tidings of Divine grace and love seemed likely to be spread over the whole of the newly opened State. But too soon began the despatch of those sad missives which told of this young life and the other falling under the malarial influence of the place. Sometimes the same mail carried tidings of two deaths. On one occasion it told of two labourers cut off within five minutes of each other. Out of fourteen agents, brought out at one time, no fewer than nine were speedily in their graves. To vary the calamity, the headquarters of the mission were consumed by fire, and a loss incurred of £4,000. And then, to crown all, news was brought in 1887 that the Rev. T. J. Comber, the heart and soul of the mission, had succumbed to fever and died at sea.

What has been the result? A reign of terror paralysing all, and frightening all who had thoughts of the mission field from offering themselves? The very reverse! Men and women have come forward to be baptised for the dead. The noble purpose has arisen, in not a few hearts, not to allow these pioneer missionaries to perish in vain. The heart of the home Church has been touched and thrilled, and the missionary enterprise has assumed a nobler and brighter aspect. A new light has been thrown on the text—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." And, withal, a new evidence has been given to the world of the reality and the heavenly power of faith in Christ. Thirty years ago, a well-known sceptical professor, thinking of the easy-going laxity around him, asked: "Who would think of dying for his faith in the nineteenth century?" Evidence has multiplied from quarters without number, that faith in Jesus Christ is yet as powerful as it was in what—*par excellence*—we call the age of the martyrs, and that there are yet believing men and women in many lands who can use the Apostle's language:—"Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." Napoleon's testimony remains as true as ever: "Jesus Christ achieved His conquests by love; and to-day millions would die for Him."



THE LAST WORDS OF ST. PAUL.

BY THE VENERABLE ARTHUR GORE, M.A., ARCHDEACON
OF MACCLESFIELD.



OUR years elapsed between St. Paul's release from his first captivity* and his martyrdom. We have early and strong evidence that, when set free, he at once took his purposed journey into Spain. Clement, one of his immediate followers, and afterwards Bishop of Rome, tells us that he reached the "boundary of the West;" and, these words being written in Rome, Bishop Lightfoot concludes that they must

signify the western extremity of Spain—the Pillars of Hercules. The Muratorian Fragment (A.D. 170—200) plainly asserts that he "set out from the city into Spain." All that is wanted to warrant confident assertion is some trace of the journey itself, whether in the writings of others or in the Apostle's letters to Timothy and Titus. If we accept the journey, then it is natural to think of a landing in Crete on the way back to the East. Under any circumstances, Crete was visited, and Titus was left there to set in order the things that were wanting and to ordain elders in every city.† This language, and, indeed, the whole Epistle, implies that there had been a church in the island for a considerable time. Cretes were among those who heard the Gospel in their own tongue on the first day of Pentecost.‡ If these were its heralds at home, and if the island had only occasional and irregular intercourse afterwards with other churches, it would require much setting in order by the time of Paul's arrival. It is worth while noticing how completely he assumed Apostolic authority, and how unhesitatingly he appointed his delegate, Titus, to a supreme position, although there is no probability that he had founded the Church, or had exercised previous control over it.

As to St. Paul's other journeyings we have hints which do not indeed enable us to construct his itinerary, but which do mark some interesting points on the way. No suggestion occurs of a journey to Jerusalem, nor was there anything to draw him thither. St. James was dead, and the Apostles were, for the most part, dispersed. The clouds, pregnant with doom, were gathering thickly over the devoted city. Besides, his own churches were nearest to his heart,

and had the first claim on his care. In the earlier Epistle to Timothy we have only one note of his movements. On his way into Macedonia he exhorted Timothy to tarry at Ephesus. That is all, but it is enough to bring the old scenes back upon our view—Ephesus, Colossæ, Laodicea, Troas, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, possibly all of them revisited.

When he writes to Titus, he is on his way to Nicopolis, there to winter.* When he writes again to Timothy he is once more in prison, his journeys over; but there are references, either to visits or missions, to Troas, Corinth, Miletus, Thessalonica, Galatia (or perhaps Gaul), and Dalmatia, which prove that his sympathies had been as active and widespread as ever.† It seems likely that he was finally arrested in Nicopolis. It was a city of Epirus, founded by Augustus to commemorate the battle of Actium. There, in a Roman colony, he would find protection from any but Roman persecutors, yet his recent residence in Rome and among the soldiers would lead to his recognition as a ringleader of the now hated Christians. As the crime of burning the Imperial city, imputed to the Christians, had been committed in Rome, he would, as a matter of course, be sent thither. There, not in his own hired house but in a felon's cell, he endured for a time. But the lion's mouth was open; and though at his first answer he escaped it, yet the end was not long deferred. Late in 67, or in the spring of 68, he passed out of darkness into everlasting light, and received from his Lord the amaranthine crown. A few months later Nero died by his own hand.

We will turn now to the Epistles. That to Titus and the first to Timothy were written while he was at liberty; the second came from the Roman dungeon. If we wish for a picture of Church life, we may treat them as one, since they were written at short intervals. In his missionary travels, the Apostle is still surrounded by friends and ministers, some of them our old acquaintances—Timothy, Titus, Tychicus, Apollos—and some whom we meet for the first time, as Artemas and Zenas the lawyer. Whether Zenas was learned in Roman or Jewish law is not certain. If in the former or in both, it would be interesting to think that his skill had been used in the defence of St. Paul; and that, as once a bodily infirmity had brought to his side Luke the beloved physician, so again, the oppression of his countrymen won to him, and through him to Christ, Zenas the lawyer. Neither did the closing of the prison door close the heart of the Apostle or dry up his sympathies. The second Epistle has a much longer list of names than those of earlier date. St. Mark and St. Luke, Tychicus and Trophimus, Demas and Erastus, Aquila and Priscilla appear; and Crescens, Eubulus, Linus (probably afterwards

* It would be outside my purpose to examine the controversy as to whether St. Paul was once or twice imprisoned. Suffice it to say, that in no instance has the old and orthodox view been more clearly or completely vindicated than in this.

† Titus i. 5.

‡ Acts ii. 11.

* Titus iii. 12.

† 2 Tim. iv. 9—22.



"I dreamed of water under grey, cool skies,
Where tall trees, mirrored, sway."

"PEACE."—A. 916.

Bishop of Rome), and Pudens and Claudia—the former, it may be, a Roman centurion who married Claudia, a British lady born in Colchester—are mentioned for the first time. But if St. Paul appears, as of old, surrounded by a group of friends ready to do anything anywhere at his behest, the Church is changed, fallen from its first love. The tares have sprung up and are growing among the wheat. Men like Hymenæus and Philetus and Alexander have made shipwreck of the faith, or thrown themselves into unscrupulous opposition to it. Others are idling time with those fables and endless genealogies which were beginning to be troublesome in earlier days. In many ways men are turning aside to vain jangling, misapplying the law, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons (spiritual existences separated from the body): with their foolish views about the inherence of evil in matter, they are forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats. And, as very commonly happens, moral evil goes hand-in-hand with doctrinal. Men are speaking lies in hypocrisy; their consciences seared with a hot iron; with all their holding of the form of godliness, they are denying the power thereof. And some of them are influenced by the meanest motives, creeping into houses, leading captive silly women laden with sins, themselves corrupt in mind, reprobate concerning the Faith, defiled, unbelieving, to whom nothing is pure, abominable, disobedient, unto every good work reprobate.

This sad description, I will not say of the Church, but of the perverters of the Church, goes far to justify all that had been lately written by St. Jude and St. James, and marks an agreement between the three far more important than any discrepancies which have been alleged on the other side. Nor is it in his dealing with notorious sinners only that St. Paul agrees with the Apostles of the Circumcision. Underlying his instructions and admonitions we can discover a picture of the religious world, very human, but very unlike the calling in Christ. In women, the pride in braided hair, in gold, in pearls, in costly raiment, the petty love of notoriety, not quite content to learn from their husbands at home. Even when they hold office as deaconesses, they are not always of grave demeanour, nor do they always refrain their lips from slander, nor are they always self-controlled. The younger widows learn to be idle, going about from house to house, tattlers, busybodies, speaking things they ought not. And in men, the customary failings of men are reprovèd. Love of wine, love of money, love of pre-eminence are prevalent; envy, jealousy, false accusation are not unknown. In some respects matters were worse in those days than they could well be in our own. To our ears it is strange to hear Timothy cautioned, in making choice of men to serve in the sacred ministry of the Word, that the pastor must be no brawler, no striker, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of

filthy lucre. And further, St. Paul's account of the grievous times which should be in the last days is not to be dissociated altogether from what was actually happening before the eyes of Timothy:—Men shall be lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, haughty, railers, disobedient to parents, without natural affection, implacable, slanderers, fierce, no lovers of good, traitors, headstrong, puffed up, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God.

I have chosen these delineations almost at random from the three Epistles, because the picture does not vary as we pass from one to the other. Gloomy as it is, it is worth looking at. It not only corroborates all that may be read in St. Jude and St. James, it prepares us for what we meet afterwards in the Epistles to the Seven Churches. In this way we gain much by reading our Bibles in order of time. It is often most misleading to take a text here and a text there, and to join them without consideration of place or date or circumstance. On the other hand, if we are careful to read the words as they were written, a flood of light shines on their interpretation. Such a description of the Church as this could not have been given at the earlier date which some modern critics try to assign to these Epistles; while no other description would have been true in the after-days. Another reason also suggests itself for noticing this grievous growth of the tares. Christianity was still a new religion; it had now become a hated religion, everywhere spoken against. It had been, and was being, subjected to a persecution of revolting cruelty; and now within its borders was springing up this rank crop of pestilent and choking weeds. Let us place ourselves in the circumstances. What should we have thought? Should we have hesitated, faltered, quailed, perhaps despaired, if we had been in the place of these men? There was reason to do so: but where is the faltering in St. Jude, St. James, St. Paul, St. John? Which of them doubted for a moment concerning the faith once for all delivered to the saints? Which of them did not know that the foundation of God stood sure? Which of them was not content to wait with patience for the coming of their Lord? Nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since those truly terrible days. The faith for which they strove and died has surmounted the waves, has triumphed over alike the violence and the wiles of the enemy. Shall we, who have received it, ever suffer a doubt of its Divine origin to harbour in our minds?

While the three Pastoral Epistles are of equal value in regard to the public history of the Church, the third of them, that written from the prison-house to Timothy, his beloved son, is the richest, because it throws the last gleam of light on the Apostle himself. It is not that his thoughts are greatly occupied with his own affairs. His solicitude centres in Timothy—that he may be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus; that he may be able to endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ; that he may present himself approved unto God, a workman that

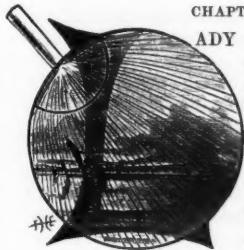
needeth not to be ashamed; that he may preach the Word, instant in season and out of season; that he may do the work of an evangelist, and make full proof of his ministry. But no man writing from his heart can help disclosing his heart; no man so full as St. Paul was of the interests of life can avoid revealing himself in connection with them. This Epistle, then, admits us into the prison. The prisoner is almost alone. Demas has forsaken him; others, with his customary unselfishness, and in his anxiety for his churches, he has sent on various missions. To one—Onesiphorus, perhaps since dead—he makes a very touching reference; others, again, there were who had not been able to accompany him to Rome; only Luke is with him. He has been once already before the judgment-seat, and there he stood absolutely by himself. "No one took my part, but all forsook me: may it not be laid to their account." Yet he was not alone, nor did his spirit quail. "The Lord

stood by me and gave me power . . . that all the Gentiles might hear." There is, perhaps, no immediate prospect of death; he hopes to see Timothy again. "Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me." "Take Mark and bring him with thee: for he is useful to me for ministering." But he looks for no release. "I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." And, in prospect of death, he is full of comfort. "I know Whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him." "If we died with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we endure, we shall also reign with Him." "The Lord will save me unto His heavenly Kingdom; to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Thus we part, in this world, from the noblest man, being only man, who ever lived.

THE BEAUFORTS OF BEATRICE GARDENS.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XIX.



ADY STANHOPE was looked upon with more awe than affection by the greater number of her friends. She was a stately dame, and at first sight was supposed to have a very cold and ungracious manner. This wore off on nearer acquaintance, and those who knew her well, loved her.

Thus her few friends were real friends, but they were not many, because in the first place she was extremely fastidious and difficult to please, and in the second her own great reserve, and almost shyness of manner, chilled those whom she would have liked to know more of.

Louis dearly loved his mother; he of course long ago had got beneath the coldness, and found the warm heart which glowed under so freezing an exterior. When alone with him she was all that was delightful, but he owned to a little uneasiness as he introduced her for the first time to the Morris family.

"Now, mother, just remember that forms and ceremonies are things unknown at Chalford; don't expect too much from my gay little cousins, and don't—don't—frighten them, mother."

"My dear Louis!" Lady Stanhope swept her mantle about her, and stepped out of the railway carriage.

A bevy of Morrisses had come to meet them, happy, laughing, merry lads and lasses. No grand dame could sober their inexhaustible high spirits nor long check their flow of words. Two or three of them

conveyed Lady Stanhope to the carriage where Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Forrester awaited her. Her reception pleased her, the perfect homeliness of her surroundings melted her reserve, and she showed at her best.

Mrs. Forrester's face looked excited and eager—she thought a great deal of Lady Stanhope's arrival; she was nervously anxious and fearful about Elizabeth. Had Elizabeth returned—was she coming back? The moment they reached the house she went to Louis and asked the question.

"Have you heard or seen anything of Elizabeth? She has not written—your mother is here, and she has not come; it is more than provoking."

"What is more than provoking?" asked the young man, with an imperturbable face.

"Elizabeth not having returned. It is a slight to your mother."

"I don't think so at all. I happened to meet Miss Cunningham in St. James's Park, and she told me to give you a message. She cannot possibly leave Beatrice Gardens just now—her uncle is alarmingly ill. She asks you to make your plans without her."

"Oh, the dear impulsive creature!" said Mrs. Forrester, her brow clearing when she heard Stanhope had met Elizabeth. "Well, well, well, I must say something pretty to Lady Stanhope."

She bustled off, and Louis, with a slightly sarcastic smile, turned down a passage which led to the garden.

All was gaiety, and laughter, and pleasure at Chalford, but Stanhope's heart was heavy within him. Patty had managed to wound him deeply, and Elizabeth's revelations had only served to bewilder him.

"I was a fool to suppose that that pretty, sweet

little girl would learn to care for me so easily," he said to himself. "And yet, and yet, I can never know a moment's happiness till I have won her."

He walked on, shunning his cousins and their guests, and gave himself up to melancholy musing. "I am glad at the least that the manuscript is accepted," he murmured. "Poor little Patty! what store she did set by it! She will be pleased, and we'll all do our utmost to make it a big success. How she does love that old father of hers! What a jolly thing it would be if she loved me only half as well! Now, what am I thinking of? I must—I must—I will win her. I wonder if the mater would help me? I have a strong suspicion that that gentle little Patty would exactly suit my gracious and beautiful mother. Well, well, I'll just sound her on the subject."

Meanwhile Lady Stanhope, enjoying a cup of tea in one of the drawing-rooms, was being gently purred over, in a way she detested, by Mrs. Forrester.

"I am terribly vexed about Elizabeth not being here," she began; "the dear girl was so delighted at the thought of meeting you, Lady Stanhope. I know, all things considered, that nothing but the strongest sense of duty would keep my niece from Chalford now you have arrived."

"It would be very extraordinary if Miss Cunningham did leave her uncle now he is so dangerously ill," replied Lady Stanhope, in her most freezing voice.

"Yes—oh—do you think so? I thought you cared for Elizabeth."

"So I do; I have a sincere regard for Miss Cunningham; but I should have very little opinion of any girl who put pleasure before a manifest duty of this sort. Besides, I am quite sure she could not be happy here while those who have been so very kind to her are in trouble."

"Kind to her? Do you mean those poor Beau-
forts?"

"Yes, I mean the Beauforts. My son has been telling me something about them, and I am much interested. Now, if you will excuse me, I will go to my room to rest a little bit before dinner."

Mrs. Forrester was nonplussed. She had a kind of vague idea that Lady Stanhope could see through her, and rather despised her, but the thought only came to her vaguely, for she was in no sense a sensitive person.

Meantime the evening passed, and the idea of consulting his mother grew and grew on Stanhope. Although no one would have said it to look at them—for they both possessed a rather distant and repellent manner—these two were in many respects an ideal mother and son.

That evening, when Lady Stanhope was resting in her boudoir, there came a slight, imperative tap at her door.

"Come in," she said; and her son's handsome face and figure appeared.

"Are you too tired to speak to me, mater?" he asked, as he came up to her chair.

"Too tired? I am delighted, my son. Why, my boy, it is months since we met! Sit down by the fire. These autumn evenings are growing quite cold, and a fire is agreeable."

"I am glad you made up your mind to come to Chalford, mother; I have always wanted you to know the Morrisies."

"Yes, my dear, yes; and they seem nice agreeable people—unaffected, friendly. The girls are fresh and comely, but not beautiful. Rupert seems a good sort of fellow; you might ask him for the late shooting, Louis. By the way, I don't care for that other lady, Mrs.—Mrs. Forrester."

"Oh, my dear mother, no more do I. Indeed, to be frank with you, I detest her."

"But you seem very intimate with her, Louis. I even fancied I heard her calling you by your Christian name."

"Well, you see, she is a cousin of Mrs. Morris's, and everyone here gets into a cousinly frame of mind somehow or other. I do know her rather well; she is Miss Cunningham's aunt, you know."

"Ah, yes; but how different from Elizabeth! By the way, Louis, I am really sorry that nice, fresh, handsome girl is not here. I took a great fancy to her; I looked forward to meeting her; I enjoyed her visit to me greatly last year—in short, I may as well own that I should not have come to Chalford if I had not felt sure of meeting her again."

"Yes, mother; but that is scarcely flattering to me."

Here Louis paused, and his face reddened a little.

Lady Stanhope darted a quick glance in his direction; then she took up some knitting and pretended to occupy herself with it.

"You could have come to me, Louis," she said. "But—but—is there anything the matter, my son? You don't look quite so bright as you used to. Is there anything wrong? Tell me, my boy; remember, I am your mother."

"I do remember it," said Stanhope. "The fact is, I am in trouble, and have come to consult you about it."

When her son said "I have come to consult you about it," a gratified and soothed expression spread over Lady Stanhope's face, making her look for the moment almost beautiful.

"You always told me all your troubles when you were a little fellow," she said, stretching out her hand to him. "I was ready to listen and sympathise then. I am the same mother now."

"I know it," said Stanhope, deeply touched, and he raised his mother's hand to his lips.

"Tell me what worries you, my boy," said Lady Stanhope.

"An ordinary story, mother, only it happens to be intensely painful to the sufferer—in short, he feels inclined not to submit; I have fallen in love with a girl—I want her to be my wife."

Lady Stanhope's face grew perceptibly paler.

"I might have guessed it," she murmured under her breath.

Aloud she said—

"Well, Louis, who is the young lady? May I try to guess her name?"

"You could not—you don't know her. She has refused me."

"What, Elizabeth Cunningham has refused you?"

"Mother dear, you do know Miss Cunningham."

Here Louis rose to his feet.

"On all hands," he said, "from every quarter, I hear hints with regard to Miss Cunningham and myself. Mrs. Forrester whispers it in every word she speaks; my cousins look meaningly at me whenever her name is mentioned. Rupert quizzes me about her; even the men at my club dare to insinuate that there is something between us; and now you, mother, even you! Good gracious, I don't care for Elizabeth Cunningham!"

"My dear Louis, she is a nice girl, a good girl—in every way suited to be your wife. If her name has been spoken of so much in connection with yours, it is your duty as a gentleman to propose for her."

Stanhope looked aghast.

"You can't mean what you say, mother," he said.

"Elizabeth and I understand each other perfectly—we are the best of friends, but no more. It is another girl whom I love—another girl has refused me. I've spoken to Elizabeth about her. Elizabeth knows the whole story."

"That alters the case then, Louis. Sit down, my son, and let us discuss this matter quietly. What is the young lady's name?"

"Miss Beaufort—Patty Beaufort."

"Oh, the daughter of the man who is so ill? They are very poor people, are they not?"

"Yes, they are undoubtedly poor."

"This girl, then, whom you want to marry, has nothing?"

"Nothing! Why, my dear mother, she seems to me to possess more of all those qualities which can make a man happy than any other girl I ever met."

Lady Stanhope smiled a little sarcastically.

"That goes without saying, my son; the fact, however, remains that Miss Beaufort has no money. I thought it was always agreed between us that you should try to find a wife with a modest fortune of her own."

Stanhope felt angry.

"I might have said something unreasonable of the sort," he said. "If so, I must now retract my words. Miss Beaufort has no money, and she is the only girl in the world whom I will marry. Good-night, mother; I am sorry I have worried you—good-night; sleep well!"

"My dear Louis, what do you think of your own mother? You are determined not to marry money? Well, my dear, I am sorry—Elizabeth Cunningham would have suited me, and her money would have been remarkably good for the estate. However, I am not the person to cry over spilt milk. Tell me all about this young lady who has dared to say 'No' to my son's offer."

"There, you are my own dear mother again! Patty is—oh, mother, if you could see her!"

Here followed a long rhapsody, to which Lady Stanhope listened with marvellous patience. Afterwards the two had a conversation which lasted far into the night.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. BEAUFORT to all appearance was in an absolutely stationary state. Day after day brought no change for the better; also, the doctors said, no change for the worse.

Elizabeth had her own way—she got in a trained nurse; and she saw that the household purse was kept sufficiently full to enable Jane to get what necessities were required for the family, and what luxuries were essential for the invalid.

In his present state of torpor, however, Mr. Beaufort needed nothing except constant watching. This watching the hired nurse undertook by night, and Patty by day.

In the daytime no one could induce Patty to absent herself long from her father's room. "He cannot speak, but he knows I am here—I am certain he knows I am here," she said, once or twice; and certainly the sick man lay quieter, with less of that painful, interminable movement of his hands over the bed-clothes, when Patty was present.

"I will not leave him," she said, and finally she was allowed to have her own way, and even to sleep on a sofa in his room at night.

One day the post brought two letters, one for Miss Beaufort, the other for Miss Cunningham. Elizabeth, who had quite established herself as the temporary head of the house, received the two, and carried them unopened into the room where Patty kept watch by her father.

Elizabeth had seen the magical name of Sharp and Jones on the back of the envelope, and she was curious to observe what effect their communication would have on her little cousin.

Mr. Beaufort had now been over a week in his present state of stupor, and those who were with him had grown so accustomed to his noticing nothing, to his marble, impassive, apparently unseeing face, that things were said aloud in his presence under the supposition that he neither heard nor heeded.

Patty received her letter with a little cry.

"This is from those dreadful publishers," she said. "It is to ask me for stamps to return father's poem."

"Hush!" said Elizabeth, for she thought she detected the ghost of a movement from the bed. Then a sudden idea flashed like lightning through her brain—it brought a vivid colour to her cheeks and a light to her eyes: she would try it—she would dare the doctors. Leaving Patty standing by the fire, she went over to a little table which stood close to her uncle's bedside, and pretended to busy herself arranging the flowers.

"Read the letter aloud, Patty," she said; "I am so anxious about Uncle Egbert's poem, and I want to hear what those dreadful publishers have decided."

"They have decided already, you know," said Patty, lowering her voice. "This is only about stamps, I am sure."

Then she opened the envelope, glanced hastily at the contents of the letter, and uttering another cry, loud and joyful, ran over to Elizabeth, and thrust the open sheet of letter-paper into her hands.

"Read it to me, Betty, my eyes are dazzled; it—it isn't what I thought."

Elizabeth took the letter, and read its contents in a quiet, clear voice :—

"DEAR MADAM,—Since our last interview with you we have been enabled to alter our decision with regard to your father's poem, 'London of To-day.' We now offer to bring out the poem without putting you or your family to any expense in the matter, only asking you to leave the question of profits for future consideration. By this we wish you to understand that we do not purchase the copyright, which still remains Mr. Beaufort's property. As for many reasons we are anxious that this striking poem should make one of the features of the coming book-season, we are having the MS. put at once into type. You will receive proofs in a day or two, which kindly correct, and return in every instance, if possible, by following post.—Yours faithfully,

"SHARP, JONES AND CO."

There was a silence when the letter was finished. Betty looked up. Why did not her impulsive, excitable little cousin exclaim? But no, Patty was doing something else—she had her arms round that still figure lying on the bed, her cheek was pressed to his cheek, her dark curly hair touched his thin grey locks.

"Father, father darling, beloved! you have succeeded—you are the best, the first of men," she kept murmuring into his ear; and, wonder of wonders! he responded. His eyes looked with recognition into hers, his lips moved—spasmodically, but still they moved.

"Thank God, child!" he said; "now I can sleep."

He closed his eyes again, and sank no longer into torpor, but into a quite child-like, gentle slumber.

In the excitement consequent on the receipt of this wonderful letter, and in the still greater excitement which the unexpected change for the better in Mr. Beaufort had caused, Elizabeth forgot that she also had received a letter. She found it in her pocket that evening, and opened it just before she went to bed. Its contents were as follows :—

"Chalford, October 5th.

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—I must call you so, for we have always been good friends,—I am anxious to see you, and wonder if it would greatly inconvenience you if I called some morning at Beatrice Gardens. I was much disappointed to find you were not at Chalford before me, but the Morris girls have given me a full account of your present occupation, and, my dear, you couldn't do otherwise.

"Elizabeth, my dear, I am anxious to see you, and as you cannot possibly come to me, will you spare me half an hour at Beatrice Gardens?

"If I do not hear to the contrary, I will be with you on Thursday, at twelve o'clock.—Yours affectionately,

"LAURA STANHOPE."

Elizabeth could not help feeling queer when she read this note. "Has Louis told her? Does she want to see me in order to see Patty?" she said to herself; "and I have not yet had an opportunity—no, not the ghost of an opportunity—of telling her I am not engaged to her Louis. Her Louis! Good heavens! the idea! the bare idea of anybody supposing that I could

engage myself to another girl's Louis! Well, Lady Stanhope, you must come, and I know you are far too much of a lady to make anything uncomfortable for me, or to think the worse of dear little Patty because she lives in a shabby house."

The improvement in Mr. Beaufort was quite marked the next morning. The doctors said that the pressure was being gradually lifted from his brain, and there was now every probability that he would quite get over his present attack.

"Keep up his spirits; give him plenty of hope, and no shocks, Miss Patty," he said to that young lady.

Shortly after the doctor had left, Elizabeth came into Mr. Beaufort's room to pay her usual morning visit. While there she said, in a careless tone, to Patty—

"By the way, I cannot go out this morning. Lady Stanhope—Louis's mother—is coming from Chalford to see me, at twelve o'clock."

Patty turned very white, and clasped her hands.

"Oh, Betty, Louis's—I mean, Mr. Stanhope's mother! Oh, Betty, the drawing-room is so shabby!"

Betty nodded her head brightly.

"We'll hide the shabbiness with flowers," she said. "I'm going out this moment for the very purpose."

Patty's cheeks had now grown as red as they were pale.

"It doesn't so greatly matter, after all," she said.

"Lady Stanhope comes to see you, Elizabeth, and this is not your house."

Elizabeth went up to her cousin and kissed her.

"Patty, you are a little goose," she said. "Lady Stanhope certainly comes to see me, but I suspect—I strongly suspect—oh, no, I'm not going to say. Patty dear, Lady Stanhope has no special reason for coming to see me—nothing beyond that of an old friend. Patty, will you oblige me by doing something?"

"What is that, Betty?"

"Put on that soft grey tweed dress, with a little crimson knot at your throat. There, that is all. Good child! Stay with your father until I call you."

Elizabeth hurried out of the room without once again glancing at her cousin, put on her own hat and jacket, and ran down-stairs.

"Jane," she said to the old servant, "a friend of mine is coming at twelve o'clock. I may induce her to stay to lunch."

"To lunch, Miss Cunningham! Oh, no, miss; really—I'm always plain-spoken—it can't be done."

"But if I give you leave to buy anything you fancy, Jane, couldn't you manage it just to oblige me?"

"It isn't the eatables, miss—money will buy them ready cooked from the shop; but 't is the waiting, and the table-linen, and the dinner-service, which is that cracked and patched up with odds and ends as you wouldn't put down before any lady as knows any better."

Elizabeth stood in a deliberating attitude.

"I'm afraid Lady Stanhope does know what a very nice lunch means," she said.

"Lady Stanhope! A title! My word, then that quite puts an end to it. I'm sorry to disoblige you,

miss; but the odds and ends of crockery are such as no grand lady could do anything but turn up her nose at."

"Well, well, Jane, I am sorry, particularly as I know I am convinced; but this I tell you in the utmost confidence—that she takes a great interest in Miss Patty."

"My word! in Miss Patty? Is she one of the grand ladies whom Miss Patty met when she was away, Miss Cunningham?"

"No; but she met Lady Stanhope's son, which is more to the purpose."

"Oh, Miss Cunningham! well, well, well!"

"He is extremely well off."

"I suppose so, miss, seeing that he has a mother with a handle to her name."

"That does not always follow, Jane. However, it is true enough in this case. I am given to understand that he—the son, I mean—thinks there never was so sweet a girl as my cousin Patty."

"Oh, bless her heart! she's an angel out and out!"

"It seems a great pity we could not ask Lady Stanhope to lunch, Jane. I know Patty will be very shy about meeting her, and if we had lunch she would come down naturally, and it would be all right."

"Dear me, miss! of course Lady Stanhope must be asked to lunch. I ain't the one to throw obstacles in the way."

"I thought you said the dinner-service——"

"Oh, we can find odds and ends to make the luncheon-table look nice."

"And the table-linen——"

"There's a beautiful old cloth belonging to Miss Patty's mother, as white as the driven snow it is, and as fine as silk, that shall go down."

"But about the attendance, Jane?"

"Couldn't you wait on yourselves, if I put everything as proper as should be on the table?"

Elizabeth said afterwards that she felt it difficult at that moment to refrain from embracing honest, hard-working Jane. As it was, however, she gave the old servant's hand a hearty squeeze, and hurried out to purchase fruit and flowers.

CHAPTER XXI.

"YES, my dear; I will own that it was a disappointment to me not to find you at Chalford. I expected—oh, yes, I expected you to be there, but it could not really be helped. And so Mr. Beaufort is getting better?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth; "will you sit by the fire, Lady Stanhope? There was a great change for the better yesterday. My uncle had just received some good news—rather unlooked-for good news. Patty, she is impulsive—she spoke of it before him; it had an extraordinary effect—it broke the torpor. Patty is so pleased."

"Is Miss Patty your uncle's only daughter?"

"Oh no, there are two other girls, Ethel and Constance."

"They must also have been delighted."

"They were delighted, but Patty loves her father best."

"Is Miss Patty with him now?"

"Yes—nothing will induce her to give up her charge. We have a nurse but Patty makes her post an easy one."

Lady Stanhope fidgeted with her mantle.

"I," she said, after a pause—"I should like to see the little Miss Beaufort who cares so much for her father."

Here her eyes fell, and she avoided Elizabeth's face.

"I may as well own," she proceeded, as Miss Cunningham did not reply; "I may as well own that I have come here with the express desire of making Miss Beaufort's acquaintance."

"I know that, dear Lady Stanhope; it can be easily managed. Will you stay to lunch?"

"My dear, I should take up too much of your time."

"Not at all. I am not such an overpoweringly busy person—the heavy work of this house rests on Patty's shoulders, not on mine."

"What a wonderful little paragon Patty! Elizabeth! why, when, and how did Louis fall in love with her?"

Elizabeth's fair, handsome face became flushed.

"Your son ought to answer that question best himself," she said. "If I might venture to respond to it, I would say he fell in love with her because he could not help it, and the first moment he saw her."

"Is she, then, so fascinating?"

"To those who do not know her, she may not be at all fascinating; those who do, generally manage to love her very much."

"You are a good friend, Elizabeth. I will stay to lunch, and make Miss Patty's acquaintance. Now draw your chair to the fire, my dear. I want to consult you about another aspect of this affair."

"What is that?"

"Why did Miss Beaufort refuse my boy?"

"Ah! I cannot quite fathom her reasons. I believe one thing, however, emphatically—and I have ventured to hint a word to your son—she did not refuse him because she was indifferent to him."

"Then, my dear Elizabeth, what was her reason? Surely, surely, she was satisfied with having secured one of the truest of hearts; and also, my dear, Miss Beaufort is poor. Louis, from a worldly point of view, would be considered in point of position—in every way—an excellent match for her."

"Those considerations would not weigh with Patty. She is absolutely unworldly; she would fail to understand anyone who told her that she had made a good match because she had married a rich man, or a man who is thought well of by society. A good match, in her acceptation of the word, would mean a man who loved her very much, and to whom she had given her whole heart in return. If such a man took her to live in an attic with him, she would still consider she had done excellently for herself."

"Perhaps so, Elizabeth. I admire a girl for being simple-minded; but, I must confess, I like a tinge of common-sense to accompany it. Love in an attic would not last long. Well, my dear, you have not answered my question—why did Miss Beaufort refuse Louis?"

"I do not know the reason, but I can guess it."



"'Betty, Betty! they've come!'"— p. 929.

"Oh, you can guess it! Then I have not come here in vain to-day. Sit close to me, Elizabeth. Let us have a long, comfortable, confidential chat. Elizabeth, you will not be offended if I am very, very frank with you?"

"I have no doubt you will be very frank; I hope you will also be merciful, and not hurt my feelings."

"My dear child, this has nothing to say to you personally. Ah, Betty, I've always liked you very much—I have had dreams about you."

"Don't tell me your dreams, Lady Stanhope," interrupted Elizabeth, almost haughtily, a great flush of colour coming into her face. Then she paled down, and said in a gentle voice, "Forgive me; I have been

worried lately. People have been planning out my life for me to an alarming extent. I am tired of it. This conversation is to be about Patty, is it not?"

"Yes, yes—and I was going to be frank; my dear, when Louis told me he had fallen in love, irrevocably in love, with your little penniless cousin, I had to go through a struggle. My son knew, for we had often talked it over, that although he was not to seek for an heiress, yet a girl with some money would be in all respects suitable for his wife. I did not want to welcome this girl as my daughter, first because she was penniless; second, because I wanted—well, I won't go into that. I told Louis, I told him frankly, that I could not approve of Miss Beaufort."

"He soon talked you round, of course,"

"Why 'of course,' Elizabeth! Am I a person so easily influenced?"

"By the world at large, no; by your son, yes; he is as the apple of your eye."

Lady Stanhope smiled.

"You are right, Betty," she said. "You read me well; yes, the boy did talk me over."

"That is right! I am so glad. May I kiss you for being such a true, dear mother?"

"My dear child! To confide in you absolutely, Elizabeth, I would rather the estate were sold over our heads than that Louis should have a shadow on his heart."

"Oh, I knew that perfectly."

"You did! You are a naughty, bewitching maid. Now, my dear, how are you and I to get that little Patty to change her mind?"

"I think we can manage it, Lady Stanhope. She thinks you have come to see me solely, but you will meet her at lunch, and then I don't think I need tell you what to do. Your own heart will tell you how to win Patty over. When you look at her you will remember two things: first, that Louis loves her; second, although she will not own it to herself, that he is the first and best in all the world to her."

"Yes, my dear; and then?"

"I must have a talk with Patty; there are one or two clouds which I can clear away. Oh, I am quite certain that everything will come right in the end, and Louis will value his wife all the more if she is a little hard to win."

Lady Stanhope was about to reply, when there came a sudden interruption. Quick, light steps were heard hurrying down the stairs, the drawing-room door was burst impetuously open, and a little figure with a flushed face, eyes sparkling through tears, and lips quivering, rushed in.

Not the Patty whom poor Elizabeth pictured—not Patty in her soft grey dress with her hair in order, and her features composed, but an untidy girl in a print dress which she had outgrown, her dark hair pushed back anyhow, her words coming out rapidly.

"Betty, Betty! they've come! Here they are! Look at them! Oh, I have been crying over them; read them, read them—do look at them, Betty dear."

"What, the first proofs of the poem?" said Elizabeth. "Patty dear, this is Lady Stanhope; I told you she might call this morning."

"How do you do?" said Patty, just glancing at the tall, stately lady, and then bending her head to devour the closely printed pages.

Elizabeth sighed.

"It is absolutely true," she said to herself, "that at this moment that child has even forgotten Louis; she thinks of no one, and of nothing but her father's great poem."

"Oh, Betty, how splendidly it reads in print! but I have been afraid to show it to father; and yet he ought to see it. I mean he ought to have it read to him. I cannot, my voice shakes so; would you, could you, dear Elizabeth? The proofs must go back by the next post; would you read the poem to father at once?"

"But, Patty, Lady Stanhope is here!"

"You won't mind, will you?" said Patty, turning round eagerly to the lady. "This is so very, very important—the most important thing in all the world to us just now. You don't know the story of that poem. If you did, if you even knew half its story, you would never expect any girl to stand on ceremony with you at such a moment."

Patty's eyes were full of tears—she was holding out her hands, which Lady Stanhope now took within her own.

"You are right, my dear little girl!" she said gently. "Go away, both of you; I will rest here quite contentedly till lunch is ready."

CHAPTER XXII.

BUT Mr. Beaufort was not strong enough to listen to his own poem—a word or two was sufficient to tire him; he could talk a very little, to-day, but he could follow no consecutive line of thought.

"I cannot listen," he whispered to Patty; "I—it upsets me—take it away. I know it will appear; I rest in the thought, but I cannot listen now."

Patty looked in consternation at her cousin.

"Uncle Egbert must not be worried," said Elizabeth with decision. "Patty, lunch is ready. Uncle Egbert, we will leave you for a little in Mrs. Stephens' care—trust to everything being done right about the poem."

She took Patty's hand and led her out of the room.

"I don't understand you, Betty," said the young girl, with almost irritation. "If father is not able to correct the proofs, the poem cannot be published, and then—and then—Betty, I just have longed for it so—I have so longed to show the world what my father really is, to show them that he is not a failure, but a great, grand success—that I can scarcely bear this fresh delay and disappointment. Betty, don't be angry with me."

"I am not angry, dear; you are unreasonable because you are a little over-excited. How can you expect Uncle Egbert to be fit to attend to any mental efforts to-day? It was folly of me even to begin to read the poem aloud to him. Come down-stairs, Patty—try not to look so hopelessly doleful; and oh, my dear, could you not change your dress before lunch?"

"Oh, Elizabeth, let me be! Lady Stanhope is nothing to me—she is not, really. I am so anxious about the poem."

"Well, dear, come down to lunch as you are; don't let us keep Louis's mother waiting any longer. Patty, you are really shamefully untidy."

"Perhaps I am—I forgot about Louis; I mean, I forgot that Lady Stanhope had anything to say to Louis—to—to Mr. Stanhope. Betty, you must be a very happy girl!"

She raised her head, gave her cousin a swift, eager kiss, and ran into her own room.

So it happened that Lady Stanhope did see the soft grey dress, and a very pretty and presentable Patty, after all.

"We are in perplexity," said Elizabeth, as she gracefully presided at her uncle's table. "Patty and I are quite in trouble, for Uncle Egbert, although a great

deal better, is still too ill to correct the proof-sheets of his poem."

"And the publishers are waiting for it," said Patty. "I had a letter from them—Messrs. Sharp and Jones: such *very* good publishers!—and they want the proofs always to be sent back by the next post. What shall we do?"

"Has your father made a careful copy?" asked Lady Stanhope of the girl; "for if he has, and the alterations required are not many, I see a way of getting you out of your difficulty. My son is a very fair amateur poet, and has even published verses: suppose you entrust your proof-sheets to his supervision?"

"What a delightful thought!" said Elizabeth.

"It would give Mr. Stanhope a great deal of trouble," said Patty, some quick blushes rising to her cheeks.

"Not at all, my dear. Louis is an idle man at present, and will be grateful for the occupation. Shall we settle it so, then? and shall he call at Beatrice Gardens every morning to find out if there are any proofs waiting for him?"

"That must be as Elizabeth likes," said Patty.

"Nay, Patty," retorted Elizabeth gravely, "this arrangement has nothing whatever to say to me. I think it rests with you to accept Lady Stanhope's offer, for your father's sake."

"Then I will do so," said Patty, raising her clear brown eyes to the lady's face. "My father will be greatly obliged to Mr. Stanhope."

"Then that is settled," said Lady Stanhope, giving the girl back a puzzled, curious glance. "My dear, I am so pleased to have conferred on you even a small favour. Now, will you do something for me in return?"

"I will gladly, Lady Stanhope."

"I have ordered a carriage to call for me at two o'clock; will you come for a drive with me? I have heard a good deal about you from my son, and I should like to know you better. Will you come for a drive, and let us become acquainted with each other?"

"Not me. You must mean Elizabeth."

"No; I mean Miss Patty Beaufort."

Patty went for her drive, and came back again looking quiet and thoughtful. She avoided Elizabeth, taking care never to be in the room alone with her. She would not talk about Lady Stanhope, nor make any allusions to her drive, but, taking refuge in her father's sick-room, devoted herself to the perusal over and over again of the cherished proof-sheets.

Her sisters could not make her out. Knowing nothing of Louis or Lady Stanhope, except by the most distant repute, they could get no key to the mystery of this changed and altered Patty.

Her father was getting better; the great poem was about to be published; for some inexplicable reason, the hard pressure of poverty seemed lifted from the household, and yet Patty was grave and silent. Her face grew paler instead of brighter, her eyes had a wistful glance: she looked like a girl who was struggling very hard with herself.

"I can't understand her," said Ethel one day to Elizabeth. "I was awfully frightened for her when

father was so ill, for Patty has always, as you know, just worshipped him; but now the doctors say he will certainly get well, and with care may remain well for years: the poem is also coming out, and—and—the old Patty would have been treading on air—her cheeks would have been like roses. The rest of us old sobersides would have found her too much for us—her gaiety would have been simply overpowering, whereas now— What does it all mean, Elizabeth?"

"Patty has had a shock," said Elizabeth gently. "She kept up when there was excitement and danger; this is the reaction. She will be better presently."

"Well, it's very odd," said Ethel. "She was always a silly little thing, not good for a great deal—not capable of earning her living, I mean, or anything of that sort, but very bright and useful in a house, and so companionable. And now, I do assure you, when that handsome Mr. Stanhope calls, as he does every day, to look over father's proofs, nothing will induce her to go into the room where he is working. Of course, Constance and I cannot leave our work to attend to him, and it is positively rude of Patty to let him sit in the drawing-room by himself, and send him messages by Jane."

Elizabeth sighed slightly.

"Things will come right in time," she said. "Patty wants time, and no one to notice her. Now, Ethel, will you come out with me? it is your birthday, and I want to buy you a present."

During these days Mr. Beaufort made rapid progress towards recovery; in a week he was able to talk about his poem to Patty, and to express the strongest interest in its appearance.

One day he asked her a direct question.

"The proofs come in every day, don't they, Patty?"

"Yes, father—at least, nearly every day."

"And that young man—what is his name?—he corrects them carefully, I hope?"

"I—I suppose so, father."

"Speak up, child; I don't quite hear you. He has undertaken an important task. What did you say his name was, Patty?"

"Stanhope, father—Louis Stanhope."

"Oh, I hope he will be careful with regard to the punctuation of the opening paragraph of Book V. Is he down-stairs now, Patty? I am much better to-day. I—I—might see him for a moment on that point."

Patty's face grew very pale.

"I believe Mr. Stanhope is down-stairs," she said; "I heard Jane letting him in half an hour ago. Are you sure you are fit to see him, father?"

"Yes, yes, child! don't oppose me; the punctuation of Book V. is most important; it commences, you remember, with Cyndric's great speech when he addresses his political supporters. False punctuation there might spoil the sense. Let me see this young Stanhope; bring him up to me without delay."

"I will ring for Jane, and tell her to ask him to come up," said Patty, rising and going to the bell. "While he is with you I can run away and change my dress, can I not, father?"

"What do you mean, Patty? You know my articulation is not very clear yet, and Stanhope, being a

stranger, may not understand me. Of course you must stay, child—certainly you must stay."

"Then I will run down-stairs and fetch Mr. Stanhope myself," said Patty.

She ran out of the room, a wild look, half of delight, half of fear, growing and deepening on her face.

"There, I am not to blame—Elizabeth is out—I have kept out of his way," she murmured; "this I cannot, cannot help."

She rushed down-stairs, pushing back her tumbled, untidy hair, and ran into the room where Stanhope, looking as sombre and bored as man could look, was wearily revising Mr. Beaufort's proofs.

"How do you do?" said Patty, her face all glowing like the heart of a rose. "Father wants you; he will see you now—at once. Let me take you to his room at once."

Stanhope rose and held out his hand; the reflection of Patty's brightness stole into his face. He squeezed her hand, looked into her eyes, and followed her up-stairs as if he were treading on air.

Mr. Beaufort had an earnest discussion with this valuable proof-reader, and Patty, standing by, had to act interpreter. Almost every line of the great poem seemed stamped into her brain. It was above her, doubtless; but she understood it by the intuition of her great love.

Mr. Beaufort was soothed and elated by two such enthusiastic critics. The moments became half-hours; the half-hours lengthened out into one, two, three—no one was tired; all were interested; when suddenly the room door was opened, and Elizabeth came in.

Stanhope was seated in a chair by the sick man's side; Patty, standing near him, was eagerly commenting and explaining. Stanhope had raised his head to look at her, and was challenging her merry face and quick repartee, when he suddenly saw a change. The little, rosy, glowing face grew white.

"Betty!" said Patty; and she sprang away from Stanhope, and took Elizabeth's hands in hers, as if she were praying her to forgive her. Then she looked into her cousin's eyes in astonishment.

"Patty dear," said Elizabeth, stooping down, and whispering in the young girl's ear, "I am so happy—so happy to see you thus."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Stanhope left Mr. Beaufort's room, Elizabeth followed him down-stairs.

"I hope you are satisfied now," she said.

"What about?"

"That Patty loves you. Why don't you speak to her? She is shy and frightened and miserable, but she loves you with all her heart. I have seen her day after day up in my uncle's room: taking care of him, loving him, and tending him, but looking all the time like a ghost: no light in her eyes, no spirit in her voice. I came in just now, and found that you made a third to the little party; and, behold! Patty was like a rose—all glowing and joyous and lovely.

You made the change; how can you doubt that she loves you?"

Stanhope was looking thin and worried. His duties at Beatrice Gardens—which he had undertaken willingly enough, and inspired with much hope—had proved irksome in the extreme. No Patty made her appearance; no word, no message, did she vouchsafe to him. He was close to her, and yet far away from her. He loved her devotedly—the hours spent at Beatrice Gardens became in consequence torture to him.

"I won't stand it much longer," he had said that morning to his mother. "You and Elizabeth believe that Patty cares for me, but no girl who had a spark of regard for a fellow would treat him as she treats me. She avoids me in the most marked manner. There can be only one construction for her conduct."

So Louis had said, and he had resolved that not even for Mr. Beaufort's interests, not even for the sake of the great poem, would he take that daily pilgrimage any longer to Bayswater, when suddenly, lo and behold! for him the sun came out, figuratively, and the blushing, dimpled, charming Patty of old once more put in a shy appearance.

"You are always preaching hope to me, Elizabeth," he said now; "you have always been more than good, still—still—how am I to take all the comfort of your words in the face of facts?"

"See Patty, and ask her once again if she loves you."

"How am I to accomplish the great feat of seeing her? My lucky chance of to-day may not repeat itself."

"It will, if you are courageous enough to do the right thing."

Stanhope's face flushed.

"I am not wanting in courage," he said. "What is the right thing?"

"Send her a message by me. Tell her you desire to see her at once."

"I—how can I? That is scarcely the message from a man to a girl who professes not to care for him."

Elizabeth felt inclined to stamp her foot.

"Never mind her professions. Will you trust me enough to send the message?"

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, yes—anything to get out of a state of suspense."

"That is right. I am waiting for your commands."

"My commands! What do you mean?"

"Your message to Patty."

"Oh, you know what to say."

"I know what I should say; but these would not be your words. This is an important message, and it must proceed from your lips. I will take care to repeat it verbally, as you have delivered it to me, adding not a word, omitting not a word. Now, are you ready?"

"You puzzle me, Elizabeth; you puzzle me, and yet you fill me with hope. I don't know why I feel quite elated just now—something as I did when she, little darling! was standing by my side up-stairs. I feel quite cheerful; my fears have vanished. I am courageous; I even have a faint sensation of victory."

"Then send a victorious message, great conqueror; I am waiting for your words."

"Say—oh, Miss Cunningham, how difficult it is—say—I, Louis, want you, Patty; come to me at once."

Elizabeth smiled—she instantly left the room. She ran up-stairs, and went straight to her uncle's bedroom.

"Uncle Egbert," she said, "can you manage without Patty for half an hour?"

A slightly annoyed expression came over the sick man's face. Patty saw it, and frowned at her cousin.

"I am reading to father," she said; "we are both interested. Will it do after lunch, Betty?"

"No, it will not," said Elizabeth, in her most peremptory tones; "what I want you for is important, and pressing. Uncle Egbert, can you manage with Mrs. Stephens for a few moments? I will return to you myself as soon as possible."

"Go, child," said the sick man; "come back soon; I presume it is a new dress," he added, with a smile; "a new dress or some feminine folly of that kind; go, Patty, go—your old father can well understand that a demand of that nature must be pressing."

Patty felt very angry. When the two girls reached the landing, she turned almost fiercely upon her cousin—

"This is really unreasonable of you, Betty—when I am engaged with father; when I am reading to him nothing can be of importance to me in comparison."

"Don't be a little goose!" said Elizabeth, taking Patty's two hands and drawing her into her bedroom. "Here, make yourself presentable; let me brush that untidy cloud of hair. I presume, Patty, that you will not disregard a message sent to you by your lord and master!"

Patty stared.

"My lord and master!" she repeated. "Do you mean father?"

"No, I do not, you silly, silly child—I mean the man who loves you, and who is breaking his heart for you, and whom you love, and are breaking your heart to be with. There! as if I did not guess—as if I did not know everything for weeks past. Go down to Louis at once, Patty—he has sent for you—he is waiting in the drawing-room for you. These were his words—this was his exact message—'I, Louis, want you, Patty; come to me at once.'"

"Louis said that?" said Patty. "Louis said that—to me—of me?"

Here she covered her burning face with her two hands. Elizabeth put her arms round her.

"He did, darling, and he was peremptory enough; I should advise you not to keep him waiting—he is naturally a masterful man; by-and-bye, Patty, you won't have a scrap of will of your own."

"Then he's not," said Patty—"he's not *your* Louis after all?"

"*Mine!* good gracious, child! he never was, and never wished to be! Put that idea out of your head once and for ever. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all yours. How long are you going to keep this lordly personage waiting? Must I repeat his message again—'I, Louis—'"

But Patty was gone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN the news of Patty's engagement became known, no one was more emphatic in her sentiments of approval than that honest and hard-working individual, Jane.

"I always did know that Miss Patty was the flower of the family," said Jane; "and for sure and certain I guessed there'd be a prince coming along. Life always goes by contraries; and she, poor darling, who have had, you may say, from her birth to look twice at every sixpence, to twist it and turn it and see if it would do the work of sevenpence, why, now she'll have pounds and pounds more than she knows what to do with. It's a blessed relief, and I'm more pleased than I can say."

Patty, who, although dearly loved, had always occupied, to a certain extent, the position of Cinderella in the household, was now lifted on all hands out of this somewhat servile position, and petted and made much of. Constance and Ethel regarded their little sister with some awe, some wonder, and perhaps a tiny, tiny share of envy. Betty was openly in raptures, Mr. Beaufort in a dreamy way thoroughly well pleased, while as to Patty herself, although she was as modest and charming and bright as ever, she was secretly, in her heart of hearts, the most elated of all.

"There must really be something very nice about me, or *he* would not love me," she whispered to herself many times a day. "I cannot make out what he can see in me, but I must believe that there is something delightful, for he has told me so often. Oh, what a happy, happy girl I am! I have secured the love of the most splendid man in all the world!"

Stanhope, an excellent fellow, but perhaps not altogether a hero, was much elated by Patty's adoration.

"What an opinion she has of me!" he said to himself. "Well, there is nothing for me but to try to live up to it."

Mrs. Forrester took an early opportunity of calling at Beatrice Gardens to congratulate Patty.

"My dear child," she said, as she kissed the youngest Miss Beaufort, and folded her in her embrace, "how obliged, how greatly obliged you must be to me!"

"Why so?" asked Patty, raising her honest brown eyes, and gazing full at her visitor.

"Oh, now, my dear, you know perfectly, perfectly, that I made the match! Ah, Patty, you shy little thing! do you remember that evening in Scotland when Louis covered your poor little shabby nun's-veiling dress with that wild clematis? Ah, my dear, I knew then how things would be—I knew then that my pretty little Patty had won the heart of that dear, good, captivating fellow."

"Did you really?" said Patty, in her quiet voice. "I always hoped, I always greatly hoped you did not know."

"My dear child, what do you mean?"

"I always tried to excuse you in that way, Mrs. Forrester, when you were so very, very unkind to me. I always whispered to myself—She cannot possibly guess that there is any likelihood of our loving each other."

Patty's words were so simple and earnest that Mrs. Forrester for once in her life found herself blushing ; and some further words which she intended to use with regard to an invitation for herself to Silverdale, Stanhope's beautiful place, died away unspoken on her

"There is one thing that troubles me," said the young girl to her favourite cousin, Betty. "What will father do when I am gone? He is much better, and the poem is really out, and selling well, is it not, Betty?"



"Mr. Beaufort was soothed and elated by two such enthusiastic critics."—p. 931.

lips. When anyone read her through and through as thoroughly as Patty Beaufort had done, she felt that the less she had to say to that person in the future, the better. Accordingly she shortened her visit, and beyond sending Patty a trifling wedding present, took no further notice of her.

It was decided that Patty's wedding-day was to arrive just a week before Christmas.

"Yes, dear, the reviews have been excellent, and Messrs. Sharp and Jones give most satisfactory reports of the sales."

"Yes—well, you see, although father is perfectly happy and thankful, and nearly as well as ever, yet I am sure he will feel a little blank when I am not with him. Louis says he must come to Silverdale, and Lady Stanhope is very sweet about wishing him

to come too; still, still, that won't be like having me living quite quietly with him here."

"Which you can do no longer, Patty; that part of your life is quite ended—your first duty now is to your husband."

"To Louis? of course, I know that."

"Look at me, darling. Are you really troubled about Uncle Egbert?"

"I am afraid I am, Betty; sometimes I wake at night and think of him, and although I am so very very happy, I cry when I picture how very lonely he will be."

"Now, Patty, look at me; in the first place, even if Uncle Egbert did remain on here, and things were as they have always been in Beatrice Gardens, I don't believe he would be anything like as lonely as you imagine. He loves you, dear—he loves you, I know, better than anyone; but his nature is naturally abstracted, and he would soon bury himself again in his books and papers. The success he has now undoubtedly won will give a zest and pleasure to his life, and in all probability any future poems which he may write he will have little difficulty in securing a market for."

"But," said Patty, "but——"

"I know, Patty; I am coming to that part. The doctor does not wish him to use his brain much for at least a year. Now, this is my idea. You know that I have just come of age, and I am rich: for a girl who has no particular claims and no particular expenses, I am very rich. I do not want to stay in Beatrice Gardens, nor do I want to live with my aunt, Mrs. Forrester. If I ever made any plans to this effect, I have told her they must come to an end. Now, this is what I want to do: I want to shut up this house, and I want Uncle Egbert and Constance and Ethel to come abroad with me for a year. Poor Con and Ethel! they do want a holiday and a little bit of pleasure sadly."

"Oh, Betty, I really never knew anyone like you!"

said Patty; "I do think you were sent into the world to make everyone you came across happy. I think you are *too* good; oh, darling! you are almost an angel!"

"Not a bit of it, darling; just a girl with plenty of faults and weaknesses, but with a trust which I do long to use worthily."

Elizabeth's lovely eyes were full of tears, and Patty, flinging her arms round her neck, cried a little too, for joy.

In this way everything came right for the Beauforts, and on a certain frosty morning in December a very pretty little bride stood by Louis Stanhope's side, and was made his for better, for worse—a quiet-looking little bride, but with such radiant eyes, and so sweet a smile of gentle happiness, that she took the hearts of all beholders with storm.

"Now, Patty," said her husband, as they drove away that afternoon together, "I should like to know what you meant by refusing me that day when you were leaving Chalford."

"Louis, you know—you must know—I thought you cared for Elizabeth, and that she cared for you."

"Mrs. Forrester put that into your head?"

"She did. Don't let us think of that now."

"I won't. I want to ask you another question. Why did you condemn me to solitary state in that dismal drawing-room at Beatrice Gardens, when I was longing for you——"

"Louis—Louis—because I loved you so much!"

"A queer way of showing it! Do you know, Patty, that I don't believe we should ever be husband and wife but for Elizabeth? I will own that I was almost in despair; in short, I should never have won you to my side but for her."

"Louis," said Patty, "I want to say one thing. I am your wife now, and I am, oh! the happiest and the proudest girl in all the world; but I do think there is one girl too good even for you, and her name is Elizabeth."

THE END.

ALMSGIVING.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

"Jesus sat over against the treasury."—ST. MARK xii. 41.

THE scene recorded in this passage took place in the Court of the Women, within the precincts of the Temple. Thirteen chests stood there to receive the alms of worshippers. Some were intended for the education of children, some for the ornamentation of the Temple; others served for the maintenance of its service; and others, again, provided for the poor. This was the last survey Christ took of the devotional life of His people—the last test He made of its reality. And the final impression left upon His mind was the picture of the widow who bequeathed

her entire living to one of these sacred objects. It was well that this, at any rate, should soothe the horror of His Passion.

But Jesus has never surrendered the seat He took that day. Christ still sits over against the Treasury, and beholds with unerring vision how the people cast money therein.

I am anxious, therefore, to consider the subject of *Almsgiving*, and to free it, if possible, from the chance of impulse by placing it upon the firmer foundation of Christian principle. Impulse may, under strange circumstances, outstrip the wildest hopes. When Dean Kirwan attempted to plead for

orphans in Dublin, and, seized with sudden illness, turned round to the children in the church with the exclamation, "Alas! my children, you have lost your advocate," the touching pathos of the scene so stirred the multitude that watches, bracelets, and costly jewels filled the plates. But we are building up not mere occasions of generosity. It is ours to build the Church, and to build it so that it will endure the brunt of lengthened years and the rebukes of bad times and shrunken fortunes.

Let us see what, then, are the principles upon which Christ and His Apostles place the whole matter.

I. The first principle I find is this—that we are responsible to God for the use of our money.

A personal and individual responsibility is one of the foremost doctrines of the New Testament. Many Jews had forgotten the message of Ezekiel, and tried to shelter themselves under the shadow of ancient privilege and national covenant. Christ would have nothing of either. Even the Baptist exclaimed that the stones might, under the creative command of Heaven, be transformed into the possession of the same advantages. The unit in Christianity is the individual, and every individual is held to answer for the opportunities—nay, for all that his humanity includes throughout his life. Almost on the very day when Christ sat there, He explained much of this responsibility. In the Parable of the Virgins we are held responsible for the use of our time in the interval while the Bridegroom comes not. It is our duty, if nothing else offers, to make ready and to be ready for the office which His approach involves. The responsibility of *influence* is enforced in the Parable of the Talents, and that of *opportunity* and *ability* in the description of the Judgment.

But there is a truth to which Christ leaps, and which crowns our responsibility. It is that of the Eternal Fatherhood of God. From that fact all is derived. It is this which propagates the luxurious growth of Christian beneficence. The order of truth is this: First, that God is our Father; second, that God is good to every man, making the bounty of nature contribute its rain and its sunshine alike to all; and then, as from the summit of some mountain peak the mighty mass of towering giants, and dark gorges, and hungry ravines bursts upon the view, so here unfolds, as suddenly and with a splendour equally grand, the prolific fact of human brotherhood.

But that brotherhood is more than a fact. It is in Christ's eye full of duties. "No man liveth unto himself," is the great truth that hedges it round. Within that brotherhood the expenditure of all our means is made. We cannot get beyond its limits, we cannot elude its touch. Whatever we spend, and whatever we hoard, affects our brothers for good or ill.

No man, therefore, is at liberty to say that he will do what he likes with his own. Our very bodies are not our own, much less the money with which their

labour is rewarded. Therefore we have two truths: (1) that no man may use money to the hurt of his neighbour; (2) that, as brothers, we are bound to help our neighbour in his weakness or distress.

II. *The Bible supplies ample principles upon which we are to use our means.*

(1) We are bound to expend some of them upon ourselves. There arose at one time a conception that we could please Heaven best by voluntary pauperism. It was not a rule of universal application, and it seems to me strangely alien from the whole spirit of Christianity. The Jewish Law contemplated the luxuries and abundance of the Land of Promise, and the prophets expected an ideal state of society, where every man should enjoy his own vine and fig-tree. Even Jesus spake, not once or twice, of rewards in kind following upon the distribution of alms to others, and almost held them out as an inducement to holy deeds. This expenditure is not a duty that mankind are liable to overlook.

But the second portion of our goods belongs only to our brethren. The Bible teaching upon this is clear and emphatic. (1) Under the Law, a double tithe was compelled from the people. Part went to the Priests and Levites, part to the service of the Temple, and part to the poor. (2) Christ elucidated the same principle, and inspired it with vitality, when He laid down His two rules of giving. The first rule was to give in secret—not by heading subscription lists, but by preventing even the one hand from knowing what the other did. The second rule was to give generously. One of His utterances has been omitted by the Evangelists, but preserved by St. Paul: viz., that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Therefore He said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." (3) Coming down to the Church of the Apostles, we find that the impulse of the early days, when no man counted any of his wealth as his own, has developed a sounder series of principles, which fit into the life of Corinth as well as Jerusalem, and the life of London as well as that of Rome. Under St. Paul, almsgiving became one of the energies of Christian existence. It is the object of labour—"Let every man labour that he may have to give to him that needeth." It must be done gladly, and it must be as great as our ability. These are the final directions of the Bible.

III. *The standard of Christ's approval is self-denial.* This widow has been somewhat maligned in modern times. Her two mites have dwindled through the proverb into one, and her gift has been measured at half a farthing instead of all her living. As a great writer remarked, she might have retained the second mite for herself had she desired, and given one coin instead of the two. What Christ commends is not the amount of the gift, but the sacrifice it involved.

In the Christian Church we have often to glorify God for the generosity of His people. No nation has ever given away so much money as ours, and the gifts of many individuals can be described by

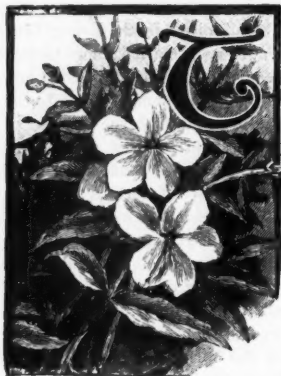
no meaner words than noble and princely. But two things may be pointed out: The first is a fact—that the great gifts of the Church to all causes are the action of a few people. If you will examine any list of subscriptions—those in parishes or those of the great missionary and philanthropic societies—you will find that the same names occur again and again. On the other hand, if you will take any Directory, and compare the names of the residents in any neighbourhood with the names in these lists, you will be astounded at the numbers who help no cause whatever. It may be answered that they give secretly (according to Christ's advice), and withhold their names, but unfortunately the anonymous gifts are so few that no room is left even for this charitable suggestion.

The second is a doctrine of Christ—that real giving, true and pure and acceptable to God, only begins when sacrifice begins and selfishness ends. If I am wealthy and give—as, thank God, so many wealthy people do give—a thousand pounds to help a church or enlarge a hospital, I have done a good work. And yet

it may not come within that narrow circle of Christ's doctrine of self-denial. It needs more than a large sum to admit there. I must deprive myself of some pleasure or advantage—crucify, in fact, a portion of my desire or my life, submit to some inconvenience or want, before I can claim the proud reward of His smile. The talent must leave my possession and go out to the usury of His people. Myself must be involved in the visitation of the captive and the sick, before I hear the "Well done" of my Master.

I can lay down no rule of amount and no proportion of earnings or property. Some advocate a tenth still, but I cannot see the authority for this in the Bible; and I know that a tenth to a man with a hundred a year is infinitely more than a tenth to a man with a thousand. All we can suggest is that we shall remember the responsibility of wages and property, the principles of energetic beneficence and of willingness, and the standard of Heaven's approbation, namely, the sacrifice we suffer on behalf of our brethren.

AFOOT ON THE HIGHWAY.



O every contemplative mind and lover of nature it must be apparent, however saddening, that our go-ahead existence seems to be coming far in the way of decreeing that there shall be, in the near future, little or nothing of the ringing, healthy tread of the human foot on the fresh hard grit of those delightful breezy

highways which intersect our land in such picturesque combinations, and to such charming issues. In these days of hurry and scramble, a fiat, strong and final, seems to have gone forth against the pleasant and healthful recreation of walking. Your genuine pedestrians of light heart, observant soul, and firm swaying step, whether on the green turf of the breezy downs, or on the hard king's highway which leads from village to town, are now few and far between.

At the present rate of development in the means of locomotion, and the control we practically have over time and space, walking, as a health-giving exercise, or as the means of intellectual quest, will soon be,

with us, a lost art. The moss-fringed wayside wells, those delightful resting-places for weary souls, will by-and-by be neglected and then utterly forgotten. There will soon be no more genial salutations by passing pilgrims at evening's close, in feeling akin to that in which Wordsworth taught us that every touch of human sympathy is eternal. It will be remembered that as the poet walked one summer evening on the highway skirting Loch Katrine, the western sky all glowing like ruddy ore, he was greeted by the salutation of a Highland woman, "What! you are stepping westward?" This, as we all know, the poet moulded into a hallowed poetic greeting for all time:—

"The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy.
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice inwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way."

That these opportunities of having fascinating companionship with Nature are fast receding from us is subject for the deepest regret. The number of weary feet is greater than ever, though not weary through treading in ways of pleasantness or paths of peace. And souls are sick and hearts are sore, and yet in the ever-increasing speed and fret and fury of this hurrying world we have seldom the quiet hour to look into Nature's shining face, or to touch with reverent finger the hem of her healing garment.

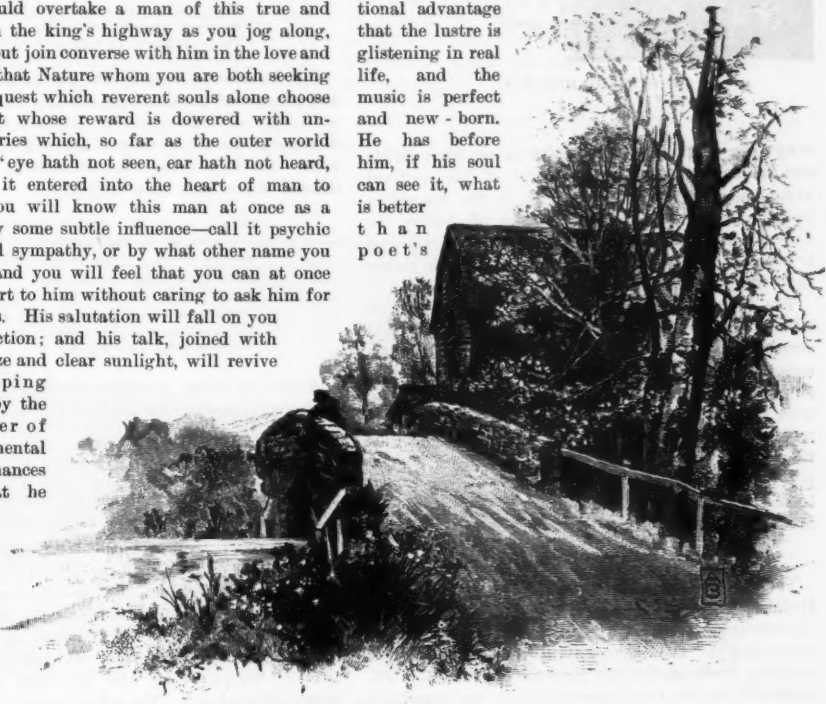
Those summer morning greetings and glimpses of homely joy so precious in the days of Izaak Walton are gone for ever. The calm picturesque meetings between "Piscator" and "Venator" at Tottenham High Cross, in the dewy freshness of a May morning, belong to the peaceful scenes of the Arcadian past as much as do any of the idyllic scenes of Spenser or Chaucer. No more can be heard an invitation such as that given by the genial Walton to his friend, which is as beautiful and fresh as a snatch of pastoral poetry: "I'll now lead you to an honest inn, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall."

Our landscapes of quiet pastoral beauty, and our quaint time-stained interiors, which would have inspired a Cuyp or a Rembrandt, are visited by fewer pilgrims year by year. Our bright breezy highways which cross hill and dale, and our footpaths, in all their picturesque windings and revelations of natural beauty and human interests, will soon be relegated to the penniless tramp and the old white-haired chapman tottering under his modest pack of homely merchandise. In the way of cheerful sunny presence, however, the highway yet happily possesses one splendid, if solitary, exception—the man who loves walking for Nature's sake. It is comforting to find, in these degenerate days, that this heroic class is not extinct. Firm of foot, pure of conscience, and blithe of heart, they trudge along with clear eye and receptive soul, touching the nourishing heart of Nature at a thousand points.

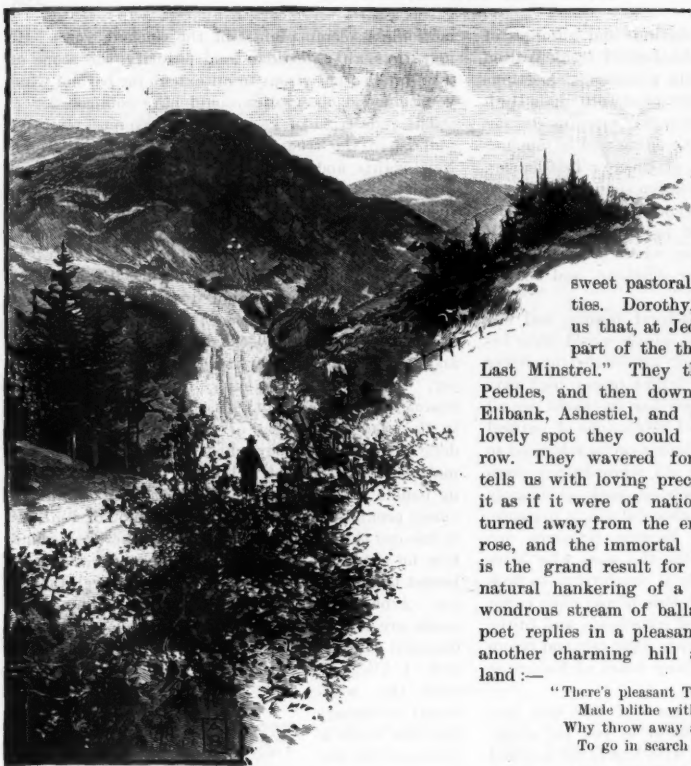
If you should overtake a man of this true and loyal order on the king's highway as you jog along, lose him not, but join converse with him in the love and reverence for that Nature whom you are both seeking after in that quest which reverent souls alone choose to follow, yet whose reward is dowered with unspeakable glories which, so far as the outer world is concerned, "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." You will know this man at once as a true friend by some subtle influence—call it psychic force, spiritual sympathy, or by what other name you may choose—and you will feel that you can at once open your heart to him without caring to ask him for his credentials. His salutation will fall on you like a benediction; and his talk, joined with the fresh breeze and clear sunlight, will revive your drooping spirits as if by the subtle power of some strong mental tonic. The chances are, too, that he may be able to throw tender side-lights on the opening verdure of the willow-holts, on the dark recesses of the fir-woods, or the

motionless solemn plumes of the ancient yews. He may thus alike broaden and beautify the scope of your intellectual vision to an extent far beyond what your unaided observation could have compassed.

The pedestrian of keen eye and reverent receptive soul is, in the true sense of the term, a discoverer. New sights and sounds crowd around him in an infinity of form and tone, bearing with them fresh revelations of suggestiveness and beauty. His firm foot tastes the hard ground; and the ringing sound of his steps, joined with the glorious sense of progressive motion, fills him with delight. He hears the far-off din of labour, mellowed and subdued by the sweetening intervening space; he sees, with a sense of receptive peace, the flocks dotting the distant hills, and the kine in the near meadows feeding in a quiet joy. He sees, from the sunny highway all aglare in summer light, the miller bustling round his hopper in the shadowy recesses of the mill, and hears with delight the farmer's boy whistling to his team, or the maiden calling the cattle home. To his ear there is no babble of confusion in all the sounds of human voices around him, nor is there any blot of foulness to his eye throughout all the land. There is around him no sound of strife, but the delectable music of honest labour and the melodious strains of well-earned joy. Around him, and within his soul's immediate reach, are living poetic idylls more precious than the daintiest conceits of Suckling or Herrick. "Lycidas" and "L'Allegro" are here reproduced before his eyes, with the additional advantage that the lustre is glistening in real life, and the music is perfect and new-born. He has before him, if his soul can see it, what is better than poet's



THE ROAD BY THE MILL.



THE SUNNY HIGHWAY.

song: the pastorals of humanity in all their lights and shadows are within the scope of his spiritual vision, and he is poor indeed if, in the sounds of human voices and the minstrelries of Nature, he does not feel that, in the sweet compass of all that is peaceful and lovely around him, "more is meant than meets the ear."

The keen seeker after the bewitching secrets of Nature has, from the very compass of his spiritual structure, a double power of vision; and to him come messages from the Infinite which ordinary mortals never know. He walks, "with looks commercing with the skies," by smiling village and willow-holt, by breezy downs all aglow with the golden gorse, or beneath the hallowing noonday twilight of the solemn pines, till the amber bars of sunset have grown cold in the western sky, and from out of the deepening blue of the east comes forth

"The star that bids the shepherd fold."

The highways and footpaths around Grasmere and Rydal Mount, with their happy hamlets and peaceful churchyards, are invested with a poetic halo in almost every page of "The Excursion," whilst the picturesque winding roads amidst the pastoral dales of Selkirkshire will be for ever associated with the matchless

natural setting of that immortal poem, "Yarrow Unvisited." Every reader of Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journal of a Tour in Scotland" knows

how the great poet and his devoted sister trudged along, in the ineffable joy which children of Nature alone know, through the

sweet pastoral dales of the Border Counties. Dorothy, that loving chronicler, tells us that, at Jedburgh, Scott read to them a part of the then unfinished "Lay of the Last Minstrel." They then footed the highway to Peebles, and then down the Tweed by Traquair, Elibank, Ashestiel, and on to Clovenford. At this lovely spot they could have turned aside to Yarrow. They wavered for a few moments, Dorothy tells us with loving precision—the dear heart writes it as if it were of national importance!—and then turned away from the enchanted land towards Melrose, and the immortal poem "Yarrow Unvisited" is the grand result for all time. Dorothy has the natural hankering of a romantic mind to see this wondrous stream of ballad lore. To this desire the poet replies in a pleasant put-off, suggesting many another charming hill and dale in this dowered land:—

"There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?"

But he soon falls back into his natural reverence, and in some of the tenderest conceits in all the range of poetry of this order he teaches the stern sad doctrine of the illusiveness of life and the disappointments which, mayhap, fall even after some of our dearest hopes have been realised:—

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it!
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow;
For when we're there, although 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow."

Again, in sweet melodious tones he sings of the tender compensation for many of the bitter disappointments of life:—

"Should life be dull and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show—
The bonnie holms of Yarrow."

Again, your genuine enthusiastic pilgrim receives from a thousand channels an enjoyment which the stay-at-home man can never experience. He is on the best of terms with Nature; and with that frankness which tenderness and love can alone beget she charms him with some of her most precious secrets. Happy is he who has thus got into the secrets of her heart. The robin's warbling, even with

its somewhat broken stave, becomes to him a song of idyllic sweetness; the night winds as they pass through the solemn pines become to him the grand swaying measures of a holy psalm; while the amber cloud-bars, glowing like ruddy ore in the deepening green of the west, are as shining strands set on the bosom of an emerald sea.

The man who trudges on foot along the highway amidst the brightness of a breezy summer day, all other things being equal, has with him, at all events, some of the conditions of happiness. Sunlight, scenery, and the fresh breeze, act on him like a mental tonic; and if he has set out with the slightest shadow of despondency, it is soon left behind. Avarice, pride, jealousy, and kindred demons, are left far behind; while virtue and charity keep by his side with steady pace. He fears not open vice nor sneaking hypocrisy, for all the soothing sights and sounds of Nature go with him, strong as battalions; and there comes on him a sense of calm akin to that serenity which descends from the silent, pulsing stars.

To the walker of keen intelligence and reverential spirit, as he merrily jogs along the highway, there belongs a glorious freedom which the etiquette of kingly courts denies to emperors and princes. He cares nothing for the intrigues of kings or the latest *coup* in diplomatic falsehood, but much for the joy which the first note of the cuckoo gives him as it falls like a Heaven-sent revelation on his startled ear. The arrival of the first flight of swallows from the sunny South is to him of vastly more importance than the concentration of opposing armies on bristling frontiers. Ambassadors may go, and couriers may come, but the little winged couriers which most of all delight his heart are the strong-winged swifts which, mayhap, have nestled a few days before in the rose-gardens of Damascus, or twittered around the mosques of Cairo while o'er the land echoed the loud call to evening prayers. A bird's song is dearer far to him

than a budget of scandal; the latter, he is convinced, is certain to leave a bad taste on his spiritual palate, but the former in its divine mission will sink into and purify the soul.

The delightfully freshening experiences which the manly, fearless walker passes through in his journey through homely hamlets or solitary dales is to him not only a revelation, but an educative force which he could not compass by book-lore. He has Nature here at first hand. Art, for the time, is unknown. But the enthusiastic pilgrim desires nothing of Art; that picturesque group in the quiet green hollow under the sheltering plumes of the solemn fir-wood, sitting in the twilight by the ruddy glow of their camp-fire, gipsies though they be, are to him of infinitely more interest than would be the finest paintings of Jacob Ruysdael or Claude Lorraine. The lowing of the kine, heard afar off, acts on his mind like a spiritual sedative, while the incessant drowsy monotone of the cooing pigeons on the barn-roof are to his ear sweeter than song. He is in love with all the surroundings of Nature, and his reverent heart is satisfied with the smallest gifts. To him the idle homely lilt of the maiden on her way to the spring becomes an engrossing melody, perchance of love, or it may be of—

"Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, or may be again."

And when he begins, on his homeward journey in the sacred peaceful twilight, to cast up accounts of his day's experiences, of the lights and shadows of human life which he has seen, he will return with a new-born delight and content within his soul—that loyal modest satisfaction so well expressed by Wordsworth—

"The common growth of Mother Earth
Sufficeth me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears."

ALEXANDER LAMONT.



HOME IN THE TWILIGHT.

GROWN GREY IN THE SERVICE.



ONRAD and Daisy found their new home altogether delightful. There was so much to interest them in the quaint old cathedral town, and in the pretty green country beyond, that they often wondered how it was any people chose to live in big, ugly towns like Portsmouth, Woolwich, or Manchester, which places had hitherto been in turn their home.

"Of course *we* had to go with the regiment, because our papa was the commanding officer till he retired," the little boy would explain to the new nursery-maid, for both he and his little sister

were exceedingly proud of their recent connection with the army; "but I do wonder why civilians choose to live in such nasty places, for, of course, nobody *cares* a bit what *they* do!"

The house to which Colonel Manners had lately succeeded (and to which he had brought his delicate young wife, as soon as the doctors had definitely warned him that the bustle and tumult of the life she had hitherto led were telling prejudicially upon her) was situated amongst the cathedral precincts of Minsterton—not in the close itself, but immediately behind it. It formed part of what might be termed a secondary close—a sort of green quadrangle, with a house or two on three sides, mostly inhabited by lesser clerical dignitaries, and the choristers' school upon the fourth. This school was one of the most interesting parts of the place to Conrad and Daisy. They could not see much of the boys, it is true, because the garden and playground, where much of their recreation time was spent, lay at the back; but they saw them march out every day as the cathedral bells were ringing for morning and evening service; and they got to know all the faces quite well, because their own seats were in the chancel, and commanded a good view of the white-robed choir.

But, besides the rosy-cheeked boys and the grave-looking master, who always accompanied them on their walks, there was another object of interest in connection with the choir school that attracted the Colonel's two children perhaps even more. This was the person of an elderly man, who appeared to be a sort of custodian of the school precincts. He also kept in order the grass of the quadrangle, and took the mowing-machine over it whenever it began to get the least bit long or untidy. He carried some big keys always in his pocket, and went in and out of a gate under the wall that nobody else ever seemed to use, and he put up his hand to his forehead just like a soldier when any of the clergy passed, and held himself always very erect, notwithstanding that he did not appear to be very strong, and limped a little in his walk.

Perhaps it was the military look about the old man which first attracted the children's notice.

"I'm sure he is a soldier—or has been one," Conrad said, almost from the first; and when Daisy demurred, on the ground of his looking so old, and having grizzled hair and a white moustache, her brother explained that, of course, he wasn't a soldier *now*, because he was discharged, and had a small pension if he had served his time; but the boy reiterated his conviction that he had been a soldier once, which was soon shared quite as warmly by Daisy.

"We'll make friends with him some day," said the boy. "Soldiers are always much nicer than civilians. Only we won't do it when nurse is with us. She'll only take us away in the middle of a conversation. I believe mamma will soon let us go out by ourselves, because it isn't like Portsmouth here—it's almost country; and if she does, we'll go and talk to the soldier. Papa always let me talk to his men, and I'm sure he'd like us to be kind to that nice old fellow. He doesn't look very happy, I think; and I've seen the choir-boys tease him, and say rude things and make faces. But we'll be kind and nice. I don't think it's right to treat old people so. Papa says brave men are always specially courteous to old people and to ladies. I mean to be just like papa when I grow up;" and Conrad drew his small figure to its utmost height, and looked very much like a miniature edition of Colonel Manners.

Daisy admired Conrad only second to their father, and was always pleased to follow out any suggestion of his. It so happened that on the very first occasion when the children were permitted to walk out alone, the old man in whom they took so much interest was mowing the grass in the enclosure, and Conrad went boldly up and entered into conversation with him. At first the care-taker seemed little disposed to talk, and although he was very punctilious and respectful in his manner to the children, it did not seem as though he were much inclined to respond to advances. But he admitted he had been a soldier once, and that immediately unloosed the tongues of both the children, who began chattering like a pair of jackdaws, till the worn, weather-beaten face relaxed its lines of severe gravity, and looked quite kind and benevolent, as they were quick to see.

They told him a great deal about themselves, whilst he listened with great attention, and if he hardly said a word himself, they were far too much engrossed to notice. They fancied they had learned a great deal about him before they let him continue his work; but, as a matter of fact, they knew nothing beyond the bare facts that he was an old soldier grown grey in the service, that he had once been a good many years in India ("like papa," as Daisy remarked), and that he was now in the service of the cathedral chapter, with a certain round of light duties to do.

"But we don't know his name," whispered Daisy to Conrad as at length they reluctantly turned away.

"Do ask him what it is. He won't mind telling us his, because we've told him ours."

"What is your name?" asked the boy, turning back and speaking loud, for the machine made a good deal of noise.

It was almost a minute before the old man paused and turned round with an answer.

After the children had gone away, the old soldier paused over his work, standing still a long time, gazing in the direction in which they had disappeared.

"His children," he murmured at length to himself.

"His children, without a doubt. He was not married then, but that was years and years ago. The boy



"He went in and out of a gate under the wall."—p. 940.

"My name is Francis, sir," he answered, with the military salute, and then he quickly resumed his task, whilst the children walked away.

"He is a nice old man," observed Daisy. "I like him."

"So do I; and I think papa will like him when he comes here to settle. I should like him to make Francis our gardener, or coachman, or something. I believe he'd like it better than belonging to the Chapter, for of course he must like soldiers better than other people. I wonder if he ever knew papa in India? We never asked him what regiment he belonged to."

has his look over again: there can be no manner of doubt about it—name, regiment, and all correspond. And he is coming himself soon, they said—is only detained by some business at Portsmouth. And when he comes I shall see him every day. Well, and what if I do? He will not know me, a broken-down old fellow, the wreck of what I once was. He never had a thought to spare for me even, after *that*. Is it likely he will heed or care now? If I thought he would know me, I would go; but there is no danger—I am too much changed. I should know him anywhere, but I was never anything to him. No, no,

I must stay; I cannot afford to indulge my whims as those who have means at their command. After all, it matters little enough; yet I will take care to keep out of his way at first. Some men have a singular memory for faces, and I *do not* wish to be acknowledged now. Some benefits come too late. Once, I looked for some token of gratitude, and was fool enough to feel pain because it never came. I am cured of my folly now. I know human nature better. If he were to offer me what once would have seemed almost my due, I would refuse it with scorn. If I am poor, whilst he is rich, I can show myself as proud as he."

Weeks glided quickly by, and the children of Colonel Manners improved their acquaintance with their old friend in every way in their power. They talked to their invalid mother about their new *protégé*, the soldier Francis; and she was pleased that they should do what they could to cheer up his lonely life by showing him small kindnesses. The Colonel himself was little at home just now. Business connected with the service he was quitting kept him constantly occupied in other places, and though he generally managed to spend his Sundays at home, he was almost always absent the greater part of the week.

One hot summer's day Conrad and Daisy were wandering hand in hand along a cool green path that lay beside the river. They did not often go this way alone, for when sent out without a servant in attendance, they were generally told either not to leave the cathedral precincts, or else to keep to a certain straight road that was by no means interesting; but to-day no instruction had been given to them, and as it was extremely hot and dusty, they thought it would be very pleasant to take the shady walk by the river.

And very pleasant indeed they found it. They wandered on hand in hand, very much pleased with themselves and their surroundings; and presently Conrad suggested that they might make a boat, and sail it down the swiftly flowing stream. He was a clever little fellow with his fingers, and there were plenty of pieces of dried wood and bark lying about. Very soon he had constructed a little craft, half boat, half raft, that floated easily enough when put into the water. That point settled, the next thing was to get it well out into the current, which was done by means of a long stick, and when once the stream had fairly caught the little vessel, it was whirled along at a rate which obliged the delighted children to trot briskly along in order to keep up with it.

The voyage promised to be most successful. The little craft rode gaily and boldly along. If only it would keep going for a mile, it would reach a point from which the children's home could be gained by quite a short cut. The river made a kind of horse-shoe bend around the cathedral precincts and part of the town. The little ones were wildly excited by the hope of accomplishing the long voyage triumphantly.

But all of a sudden an unexpected check occurred. The little craft got stranded amid some water-weeds, and though it seemed to struggle bravely to free itself, the strong lily stems held it fast, and it appeared as if the voyage must end then and there. It was all the

more tantalising that a little light wooden bridge spanned the stream in this spot, and the children were only just a few feet above the little boat that had travelled so bravely and well.

"I'll tell you what," cried Conrad: "I can reach it with a stick!"

He rushed off excitedly, and came back quickly with a long, flexible hazel wand. The bridge was one of light wooden construction; and some of the wood-work at one side had broken away, leaving a considerable space unprotected. This hole just suited Master Conrad's purpose.

"Now, look here, Daisy. I shall lie flat down and lean right over, and then I believe I can reach the boat with the end of my stick. You can hold my legs if you like, but I shan't fall. I can reach it quite easily, I am sure."

Daisy was never afraid for Conrad: she had implicit confidence in him. He lay flat down, as he had said, leaning over the water, and trying to touch the boat, which was swaying about in the water-weeds below. Daisy held his legs and his jacket, but Conrad kept wriggling more and more over the bridge in his efforts to reach his toy, calling out to her not to hold too tight, and that it was "all right."

How the catastrophe happened in the end the little girl could never clearly recall. All she knew was that there was a sudden slip and cry; Conrad disappeared altogether from view, and there was the sound of a great splash in the water below.

Afterwards Daisy fancied that she had heard the sound of a voice shouting somewhere, even before Conrad fell; but she had been much too engrossed in the matter in hand to pay any great heed. Now, in her despair, gazing wildly round for help, her eyes caught sight of the figure of the old soldier hurrying with all speed along the bank. He was pulling off his coat as he ran, and the moment he had reached the spot where Conrad had disappeared, he sprang boldly into the water and struck out towards mid-stream.

What happened afterwards always seemed like some horrid dream to the terrified child. She knew that she ran sobbing and crying along the path by the river, and that several navvies came rushing down to the water's edge from their work on the bank above. There was a great noise of shouting, and a great waving of arms, and a bewildering tumult of voices, and presently Conrad was handed, dripping and senseless, to those on shore, and the old soldier, who had hardly strength himself to crawl up the bank, managed to gasp out that it was Colonel Manners' son, describing the locality of the children's home. Then one of the big men took Daisy by the hand and led her away too, and she followed, perfectly dazed and docile, and remembered little more till she found herself sobbing out all the story upon her father's breast many hours later.

A telegram had summoned the Colonel home, but before he arrived all anxiety about Conrad was at an end. The boy was doing as well as possible—had not even taken a chill; and the nervous excitement of the little sister and delicate mother were likely to be the most serious result of the accident. But the presence of husband and father soon acted like a charm upon

both, and when Daisy had had her cry out, and had been really made to understand that no harm had happened to Conrad, and that she might go to him tomorrow, when he had had a good sleep, she was able to cease trembling and starting, and tell her father and mother, more connectedly, what had happened.

"Do you know which of the navvies it was, little one, who really jumped into the river after Conrad?"

"It wasn't a navvy at all," answered Daisy, promptly and decidedly. "It was our old soldier."

The Colonel glanced at his wife, who asked—

"Do you mean the old man who mows the grass here? Are you sure, Daisy?"

"Yes, mamma, quite sure. It was the old soldier who jumped in after Conrad, and got him out of the water. It was only the navvies who carried him home. They were very kind: but it wasn't any of them that saved Conrad, really."

"They said they had done nothing, those who brought the children home," explained Mrs. Manners: "but I supposed the real rescuer was one of their gang."

But Daisy was quite sure she had made no mistake, and she was greatly delighted to hear her father and mother discussing in undertones what they could do for the man to whom they owed so much.

Next day Conrad was so much better that he declared it was quite ridiculous having his breakfast in bed; and as soon as the doctor had been, he was allowed to get up, and was, in fact, taken off the sick-list altogether. He listened eagerly to Daisy's account of the accident, which was but a dim memory to him, and was delighted to hear that it was their old soldier who had jumped into the river after him. The children settled themselves at the nursery window to watch for their friend, resolved to run to their father the moment he should appear, and beg him to come out with them and thank him; but though they waited and watched all the morning and afternoon, the old caretaker never appeared, and that perplexed them mightily, for they could not remember any other day since their first arrival, when they had not seen him somewhere about the place.

But when the next day came without bringing him, and a strange man came to cut the edges and unlock the gates, and perform the various little duties of the caretaker, the children became quite excited and distressed. Conrad ran out to speak to the new man, and came rushing back to his father with the news that old Francis was ill, with rheumatics in all his joints, from a wetting he had got, and begging earnestly that he and Daisy might go and see him, because it must have been jumping into the river that made him ill.

Colonel Manners, who was anxious himself to see the man, and had only been awaiting the first suitable opportunity to do so, at once announced his own intention of going to visit him; and after sending Conrad to inquire where he lived, the father started off in the direction of the humble dwelling, with his children on each side of him.

The old soldier lived not far from the river-banks, in a small cottage rented by a widow woman, who had accommodation for one lodger. She admitted the guests, telling them that the man was "main bad with

rheumatics," and ended by ushering them straight into the clean little bedroom where he lay.

The children ran in fearlessly and eagerly.

"Oh, Francis, we are so sorry!" "Oh, Francis, we've come to see you and thank you!" "Mamma is sending you some soup." "Nurse is going to make you a flannel waistcoat!" "We want to know how you are—we're so sorry—it was so kind of you!" There was such a tumult of greeting for a moment that Colonel Manners felt it hopeless to try and get in a word. He stood in the shadow of the doorway, and looked about him at the simple little room and its homely furnishing. Close beside him was a table, on which a well-worn Bible lay. The cover was open, and the light breeze had blown back the leaves, exposing the title-page to view. The Colonel's eye, resting unconsciously upon it, caught the name written there in large characters, "Francis Brownlow," and with a sudden start he turned to gaze upon the face of the old man in the bed.

Then he made two steps forward.

"Brownlow," he said, in a strange, muffled voice, "do you know me? Thank God, I have found you at last! How hard I have tried to trace you, you can guess perhaps better than I can tell you."

The old man's eyes turned fixedly upon the speaker; his hand was raised in the familiar salute.

"You wanted me?—you tried to find me? I thought you had forgotten, or that you had never forgiven—" And then, to the utter amazement of the astonished children, their old friend burst into tears and sobbed aloud.

"Take Daisy home, my boy," said the Colonel in a low voice to Conrad; "I will follow you presently."

The children obeyed promptly, burning with curiosity; and as soon as they reached home they established themselves by the hall-window to watch for their father's return. They knew he would have a story to tell them, and a story, too, about their friend and hero. Nor were they mistaken; for soon after their father got in he called them to him, and said he had something to say.

"About our old soldier, papa?" asked Daisy, nestling to him.

"Yes, my dear; about your soldier, as you call him. Do you know, Daisy, that he was once one of my soldiers, when I was a young man, and he a great many years my senior? and when I first saw him he had the reputation of being the worst man in the regiment."

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, so it was, and he was a very unpromising subject in those days, I must admit; until at last he did something which, if it had become known, would have ruined him altogether, and if there had been a court-martial upon him, might—well, never mind what might have been. Nobody knew of it but myself, and I had a long talk with him, and in the end I promised to keep the secret and protect him, if he really would show me that he intended, by God's grace, to lead a new life. He was thoroughly humbled and penitent, and seemed from that day to turn over a new leaf. He became one of my most trusted servants, and in that battle I have so often

told you of, it was Francis Brownlow who saved my life at the risk of his own."

"Saved your life, too, papa, as well as mine! Oh, good, brave Francis!"

"I was invalided home at once, whilst he still lay in hospital. I could not even see him before I left; but I laid instructions on my subordinates to care for him, and send me word of him later. But I never heard a word. The country was disturbed—all this happened in India, you know—the regiment kept moving about; its officers changed; and, in a word, do what I would, I never could find out exactly what had become of Brownlow. He had exchanged into a regiment bound for China; that much I did learn, but beyond that I could discover nothing. Until chance, or rather Providence, guided me to him to-day I have never seen him since the day he saved my life on the battle-field; and he, poor fellow, not unnaturally believed himself forgotten, and thought that the memory of his past misconduct had been the cause of my silence and neglect. Poor fellow! he has gone through much, but, like gold tried in the furnace, he has come out all the better for the sorrows he has suffered. I owe to him, not only my life, but that of my only son. It shall not be our fault, children, if his old age is not more happy for the debt of gratitude we owe him."

So wise heads and willing hands were set to work, and the result was that, by the time old Francis (as the children continued to call him) could leave his bed, and hobble about by the help of his trusty staff, he was led up to the Colonel's house, and through the

garden, to a bright little cottage that stood at the end, in a little bit of ground of its own, bright now with summer flowers; and he was told by the triumphant and delighted children that this cottage was his very own, and ten shillings a week, as well as his own soldier's pension, and that he was to live in it and take care of their garden for them, "Not to do any hard work, you know," explained Daisy, "but just to see that the big boy does his work properly, and tell him how to do it."

The old man sank down, in his astonishment, in the easy-chair prepared for him, and listened almost helplessly whilst the children poured information into his ears.

"Aren't you pleased?" asked Daisy at last, half disappointed at his silence; and then the tears suddenly started to the old man's eyes, and he drew the child towards him with a tender gesture.

"Pleased?" he repeated, looking into her eager upturned face with a beaming smile. "Pleased hardly seems the word to use, little lady, for one so proud and glad and happy as I am this day! It seems like a dream—too wonderful to be true. I'm ashamed now of the way I've often grumbled to myself, thinking that I had grown grey in the service, and was little better than a pauper at the end of it. I knew better all the time, though; and I was not really discontented, though now and again life did look hard. But I might have had more faith than I had, for there is One's service that no one grows grey in, in vain, and He is teaching me now that I need never have feared for my old age, when once I had put my life in His hands."

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

SHORT SAWS WITH LONG TEETH.

"I LOVE you for yourself alone," as the blackbird said when he swallowed the gooseberry.

This is the commonplace expression of false friends, who, while they make the utmost use of us, even to abuse, profess the most unbounded admiration of, and regard for, us.

"That's neither here nor there," as the crow said when an egg fell out of her nest.

How many of us have to lament the spoiled life, the wasted opportunity for good, the lost time, the possibility that was in our life and went out of it, the wreck of this image God made!

"I'll never do that again," as the monkey said when he fell from the top of the mango tree and broke his back in the fall.

There are many people who take credit to themselves for abstention from evil when they are not able to commit the evil they renounce. The sick man says, "I tear myself away from the world;" the poor man, "I deny myself the luxuries of life;" the old man, "I abstain from the follies of youth;"

the blind man, "I take no pleasure in riotous living;" the deaf man, "I make a point of never listening to the whispers of scandal."

"Oh, you swindler, you've a stone inside you!" as the wasp said when he ate into the plum.

Few people are more virtuously indignant than the cheat when he finds himself outwitted.

"This is a thing that ought not to be permitted," as the fox said when he found the henroost empty.

The assumption of virtue is common to mankind, but none assume it so loudly as those who have the least right to it. By such people any shortcoming on the part of others is made a subject of complaint.

"You've got a bee in your bonnet," as the hive said when the old lady came to look at the honey.

While it is an inherent weakness of human nature to love to find fault without reason, in none is that weakness so fully developed as in those who are most guilty of "little sins."

EAST END POVERTY.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE RIGHT REV. R. C. BILLING, BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD'S STUDY.

(At Spitalfields Rectory.)



HE curse of London is indiscriminate charity. We feel that in the East End. We deplore the waste of money that might do so much good, and that now causes, alas! so much evil and so much suffering."

Such is the opinion of the present "Bishop of the East End," the Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, who, for ten years before his elevation to the episcopate, was well known as the Rev. R. C. Billing, rector of Spitalfields. This large East End parish has a population of over twenty thousand souls. Perhaps a greater number in proportion of the criminal classes and of the "lapsed masses" are to be found here than in any other parish in London. Jews and foreigners, and those people who have no home of their own, but live in lodging-houses, are increasing here, and the descendants of the Huguenots, the silk-weavers, are disappearing. What has the late rector of such

a strange and difficult parish to say upon East End poverty?

First, then, as to the causes. "They are not," said the Bishop, "far to seek. They arise to a large extent from the constant immigration from all parts of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of foreign immigration. No sooner are any benefited and removed, it may be, to better quarters, than their places are filled by others who come in in an increasing stream. But the real cause of a great deal of the distress that exists may be found in reckless and improvident marriages, and in the sad lack of temperance and of thrift. Those who earn high wages at certain times live up to their income and trust to charity or chance to provide for them, when they might have very well provided for themselves. Another fruitful cause of distress is the reckless way in which what is called charity is distributed, destroying all sense of independence, and leading so many to trust in what they are pleased to call Providence rather than to God's blessing on their own industry

and endeavour. The Poor-Law as administered in many districts has contributed to this destruction of a proper feeling of independence, and led many to think that it is but right if they lack anything that their more fortunate neighbours should, through a system of compulsory taxation, provide for them. Besides all this, in such a community there will be always a large number of those who are physically weak, and who must go to the wall in the struggle for existence."

Then as to the best methods of coping with and relieving distress. Bishop Billing's programme briefly is this:—The amendment of the Poor Law, the better organisation of charity, and the inculcation of thrift and temperance. "The Poor Law should be amended," he said, "making it less easy to come upon the rates, and making the Poor Law system more conducive to the formation of habits of industry and thrift than at present. It should be more educational, in the best sense of the word."

With regard to the organisation of charity, which; we venture to think, is one of Bishop Billing's cardinal points, he gave this striking testimony to the work of the Charity Organisation Society. "Without the Charity Organisation Society," he said, "we should be utterly unable to administer charity profitably in such a district as this. But when I say I adopt the principles and use the services gratefully of the Charity Organisation Society, I don't mean to say I approve of every utterance of the Central Council, or of everything the Central Council has done. The actual work of the Charity Organisation Society depends very largely upon the constitution of the local committees. Give me everywhere such a committee as we have in Whitechapel, and I'm sure that all prejudice about the work of the Charity Organisation Society would quickly disappear."

The Church, of course, should not neglect this work. "The Church," said the Bishop, "should take care of those that are of the Household of Faith; but so far as the general relief of the poor is concerned, whilst church competes with church, and church with chapel, and chapel with chapel, and there is no organisation, the most deserving will be neglected, and cadgers and hypocrites will be encouraged. We want to get rid of our sectarian jealousies; and the distribution of charity requires to be studied as a science, and not to be taken up on impulse."

The true object of charity, in the Bishop's opinion, is not "merely to relieve present distress, but permanently to benefit the recipient—certainly not to be bestowed to relieve the feelings of the giver." The real aim and object should be "to place the recipient in such a position as not to require charity. In every sense it is more economical to spend a considerable sum on one case, and do permanent good to one man and his family, than to distribute the same amount in small doles among a number of people."

Dr. Billing did not speak so strongly against indiscriminate charity without supporting his statements. "Every penny," he said, "given to women singing

with children in the streets but rivets the chains on those poor children. Children for begging purposes," he added, "are worth so much in the open market. I have known them sold; a girl is worth more than a boy." This seems to be because, as the Bishop said, they are "more patient under imposed suffering," and because we imagine they touch the hearts of the public quicker, and bring more money from their beggary.

Such horrible cruelty and hypocrisy are enough to cause one to say "that the curse of London is indiscriminate charity." But the Bishop is able to bring forward still further evidence. "The Trafalgar Square craze was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by many of the people down here. Food" (*i.e.*, he explained, food given them as destitute) "was brought down in large quantities and sold by regular auction in the lodging-houses. Of course the auctioneers were unlicensed! And money was never so plentiful among this class; indeed, they said they never earned it so easily as they did night after night in Trafalgar Square. Some thought it a bad night if they did not realise 'five bob.' Of course few, if any, were the better for this, and thought it very hard when they were no longer permitted to live as gentlemen."

How, then, are the public to know where to bestow their charity with confidence that it will not be abused. They should certainly not act as their own almoners, the Bishop maintained, "without seeking the guidance of those who have graduated in the school of experience. I should say, 'Place the money at the disposal of one of the recognised and well-organised charities for the relief of the poor.' What can be better," he said, "than the Society for the Relief of Distress, or the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association, or the Children's Holiday Fund?"

Dr. Billing is also a warm supporter of the London Polytechnics, and the beneficent work which has already been begun in them, and which, it is hoped, will be largely extended. He regards the work that the People's Palace and the Polytechnics are accomplishing "as almost the most important part of Christian work." "It has been sadly too much neglected," he said. His lordship is also a strong supporter of the principle of manual training in Board schools. "All our teaching in the elementary schools, both Board and voluntary, requires to be reconsidered. We want more physical training, and more technical education. Every elementary school ought to provide manual training as a necessary part of its course of education; and I believe that we need to give more attention to awakening and cultivating the intelligence of the children rather than to cramming them with facts which do not of themselves constitute knowledge."

With regard to the causes of wretched dwellings, the Bishop says boldly they result from "the cupidity of the owners of property, of inadequate inspection, and the difficulty of enforcing sanitary laws that are in existence." In improving such dwellings

Dr. Billing testifies that "the Mansion House Council has been of great service, and some local authorities are alive to their responsibilities. But some of these bodies," he added, "seem rather to desire to conserve the interests of their own members and neighbours who are owners of houses than to give the poor the full benefit of existing laws made in their behalf."

But slowly, though surely, Dr. Billing believes the condition of East London as a whole—physically, morally, and religiously—to be certainly improving, though his lordship pointed out that of course where there is the constant inflow of foreign paupers, and paupers from all parts of the kingdom, there can necessarily be little improvement. Respecting the vexed question of exceptional distress, his lordship is of opinion that there has been but little—"certainly nothing to justify the Mansion House Relief Fund of last year, which, unless most carefully administered, and through a *real* labour-test, must," he says, "do more harm than good."

This same principle of careful administration applies also to the free breakfast plan of help. Breakfasts given regularly and at stated times, the Bishop thinks, "seldom benefit those for whom they are intended. They help to maintain in idleness, or partial idleness, a regular set of loafers. But free breakfasts occasionally given, and followed by a wise and well-considered effort to discriminate between man and man, and to help those who are willing to be helped to get out of their miserable condition; breakfasts for which the tickets are carefully distributed—and I would give none away until after one o'clock a.m., by which means you get at all events at those who for that night are houseless—such breakfasts may and do accomplish much good."

It can now be clearly seen that Dr. Billing distinguishes between real deserving distress and the trade of the cadger and the loafer, and his point is that charity should be organised so as to relieve the former, and to lift the pauper out of the quagmire of his poverty, and place his feet firm on the rocks of self-reliance and self-help. Great stress also does he lay upon the necessity of rescuing or helping people before they get into the lodging-houses and become demoralised.

Before Dr. Billing was rector of Spitalfields he was vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington, between three and four years, having come there from Louth, where he was vicar for ten years. He took a B.A. degree at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1857, and was curate of St. Peter's, Colchester, from his ordination until 1860, and for one year he held a curacy at Compton Bishop, Somersetshire. Then in 1861 he became one of the Church Missionary Society's secretaries in the diocese of York, and two years later vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth. His appointment to the Suffragan Bishopric of Bedford was generally approved, and gave much satisfaction. Like his predecessor, he was appointed to the living of St. Andrew's Undershaft, but he continued to reside for

some weeks at the Rectory, Spitalfields, in the scene of so much of his work, before removing to the previous Bishop's residence, Stainforth House, Clapton, in the north-east of the huge metropolis, and from which various parts of his large district are of easy access.

Spitalfields Rectory is a plain, somewhat narrow, and old house, immediately behind the church. From the square entrance hall, and close beside the street-door, on the right, a staircase, which twice bends in its course at right angles, and rejoices in its carved and twisted balusters, leads us to the first floor, where, at the end of a short corridor, is the present Bishop's study. Opposite the door is a fine bow-window, looking out on a pleasant avenue of plane-trees—the finest in the city of London. Before the window is a large and wide table, covered with books and papers and writing materials; while round the walls are shelves of books. The trees in front are in the garden and churchyard, and form a beautiful spot in the East End surroundings. The ground is available for the use of the boys in the Homes, and often in fine weather classes, both of Sunday and day schools, connected with the church may be seen meeting beneath their shades.

The work of the church, under Dr. Billing's care, was very varied and comprehensive. By means of an "Association of Lodging-house Visitors," religious services were, and still are, held every Sunday evening in the kitchens of all the largest houses—six of which are provided with reading-rooms, and supplied with books and papers by the church. Some of the people found therein have been assisted to emigrate, some helped to return to a better life, and some have been rescued before sinking down to a demoralised and almost hopeless state. Services in the open air, and also in a mission-hall, are held, and a laundry kept for employing poor women and assisting them to regain their character. A "needlework room" sometimes keeps fifty good needlewomen at work. No "middleman" makes profit here, and the women get all they earn. It has saved many a family. Then there is a "boys' refuge," the work of which is almost described by its title, and which seeks to set poor boys at work, and help them to attain an independent position. Two other homes for working boys are affiliated to the church, which has seldom fewer than one hundred and twenty lads thus under its care. There are also three clubs—one for men, one for boys, and one for girls—in connection with the church; and a parish kitchen, providing suitable and appetising food for the infirm and the sick.

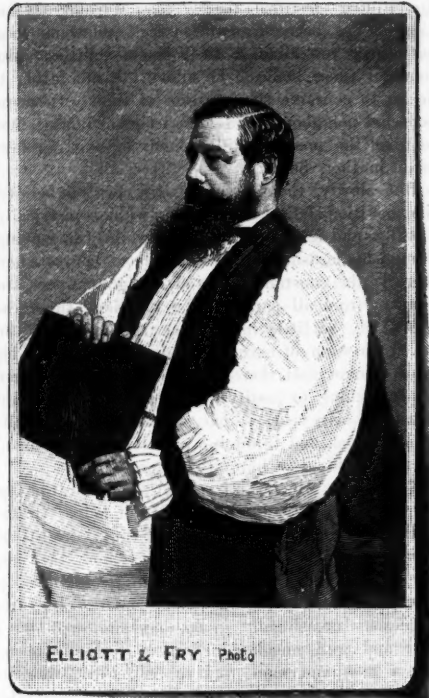
In addition to these various agencies there are night schools for boys, girls, and adults; a band of hope and temperance society, a drum-and-life band, and weekly social evenings. The casual ward is regularly visited, and a service held therein every Sunday morning. Mothers' and fathers' meetings are held at three different places, and waifs and strays are diligently sought after. A great deal of night work is carried on regularly. Then there are

Sunday and day schools and cottage meetings; and on Sundays there is a large attendance of scholars in the evenings.

Bishop Billing believes that the great difficulty in the East End is, not to get preachers and speakers, but workers who would go, not as spies or patrons, but to seek to do good.

In preparing his sermons he often writes much more than he can use when preaching; but, as his sight is not good, he finds that a few clear and simple notes are, as a rule, the best helps in the pulpit. His lordship has the highest opinion of expository sermons, "but," he said, "they are not so easy to preach as some people imagine." By an expository sermon he does not mean "a poor running commentary on any passage of Scripture. It should be something," he said, "that expounds the text. I believe nothing is more profitable, both for preacher and hearer, than courses of lectures on particular books of Scripture, or on connected topics and subjects."

Dr. Billing is now rector of St. Andrew's Under-shaft; but it may be stated that a very efficient deputy-rector has charge of the church and parish. The services are well conducted, and there is a good choir. But while the Bishop realises as fully as did his predecessor the claims of the East End upon the Church, and has almost as intimate a knowledge of it, from the position he occupied under the late Bishop, yet his lordship said he can never hope to give to it the time and attention Dr. Walsham How did, because the district committed to his especial care is more than twice as large. It embraces the whole of the Archdeaconry of London, with the Rural Deanery of Enfield. But though this is the case, we do not think the claims of the East End are likely to suffer in the hands of so



THE RIGHT REV. DR. BILLING, BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

hard-working and practical a man, and one, moreover, who knows his district so well as the present Bishop of Bedford



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 872.

81. "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity." (Ecclesiastes i. 2.)

82. He declares that he was an eyewitness of the work of Jesus, and that he not only saw Him but touched Him with his own hands. (1 John i. 1-4.)

83. In the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. (Isaiah i. 1.)

84. "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." (Isaiah ix. 6.)

85. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight

in the desert a highway for our God." (Isaiah xl. 3.)

86. St. Peter, who says the world will be destroyed by fire. 2 Pet. iii. 7, 12.

87. (1 John iii. 17.)

88. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isaiah i. 18.)

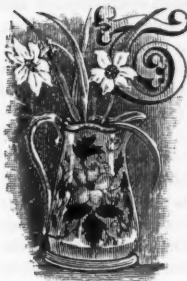
89. By representing the glad tidings of the Gospel as being given freely to all people. (Isaiah lv. 1.)

90. By a gradual advancement from diligence in the cause of truth to the end of charity towards all men. (2 Pet. i. 5-8.)

SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"THE LORD THINKETH UPON ME."



HERE are some who act and speak as if only our more important movements were ordered by our heavenly Father; but who shall judge which of our steps is least or greatest—for sometimes on actions that seem trivial hang eternal results! Surely the child of God may commit every step to Him, and be conscious of His mindfulness, His guidance, even when little things seem to be against us, and "little tangles" perplex.

"What is the lesson I am taught,
Daily and hourly, Friend Divine?
Oh, may I learn it as I ought,
To have no will but Thine!"

A Christian lady, not long ago, was returning home weary and ready for rest, when heavy rain set in, and, being delicate, she felt somewhat dismayed, and scarcely knew which way to turn. It crossed her mind that she might go down a certain street, and take shelter in the house of a poor woman on whom she would not otherwise have called that day; something seemed to bid her go there, and to be urging her footsteps across that threshold. She asked pleasantly for shelter; the woman was just coming forth herself, but turned back sulkily to receive her; she seemed very miserable, and said several times she must be going out. The lady prevailed on her, however, to stay and keep her company, and, seeing her look of despair, resolved to win her confidence. After some time, the story of intemperance and trouble in the family came out, and the woman confessed that, as her visitor entered, she was going forth with the deliberate intention of ending her days in the river. Solemn words were tenderly spoken to her, and she was not left till she had seen the sin of such a thought, and confessed the sin and sorrow upon her knees, and sought help and pardon from Him who had thought even upon the sufferer, by so many blamed, unpitied. The storm that had seemed to His servant a hindrance and annoyance was thus as the messenger of God, to direct her to a soul in sorest need.

THE LETTER MISSION.

"Our work has always been a very quiet one," says the Secretary of this Mission, that is carried on at Clapham, and which has year by year been the means of blessing and helping the perplexed. Twenty workers help the Superintendent, living in different localities, but uniting in a correspondence which has for its aim and end the glory of God. More than a hundred friends are banded together in a daily prayer-union for blessing on the work, which has been the

means of bringing many to joy and peace in believing, restoring backsliders, and leading Christian lives into fuller, deeper consecration. Invalids have been comforted by loving messages from God's Word, the doubting have been strengthened, and the anxious dealt with lovingly in the quietude of their own homes. We may add that the Christian character of each helper in the Letter Mission is vouched for by a minister of religion. Such work as this is most valuable in the cases of anxious, timid ones who feel scarcely able to describe their state of mind to those around them. Sometimes it is easier to hold such communion with a stranger, and it is on behalf of these timid ones that the Letter Mission offers its aid. This ministry suggests to us how much good and lasting work may go on quietly, unobtrusively, scarcely noticed save by the Master Himself; also two personal questions—whether our own bearing towards those around us is inviting them to seek our Christian help, or repelling such confidence, and whether any of the many letters that day by day we write are calculated to serve as heavenly messages, or to lead any correspondent of our own a little nearer to the Lord we love.

THE GUARDIAN OF FAITH.

Patience has been defined as the guardian of faith, and Luther reminds us that, if we would be victors in the conflict, there is a sweet and loving herb to serve us named *Patentia*. Have we no need of Patience? Some of us are beset by discouragements, seeing no fruit of all our efforts, meeting with hindrances even perhaps where it might be expected we should be cheered and helped. "Do not give up," solemnly said an aged minister, speaking to Christian workers whose hearts might be failing them; "do not choose the easy life because others seem to be enjoying themselves therein; remember how, when the disciples were toiling in rowing, there was One who saw them from the heights—One who did not leave them lonely or unhelped." Let us remember, even amid difficulties and discouragements, that there is One still watching us, understanding every effort put forth for His sake, and beholding the immortal fruit of which perchance we have begun to despair; be it ours to plant and water and to faint not in well-doing—only God can give the increase, and He will. A Sunday-school teacher, who has trained many, told us lately of two men who had recalled themselves to his mind: "Twenty-five years ago I was a scholar under you," said one, "and I have not followed your counsel yet. You urged me to become a Christian, but I cannot say I have done so." Any teacher would feel depressed to hear such words; but, where he has experienced one discouragement, our friend has received testimonies of help and blessing a hundredfold. Another of his former lads came forward to him at a missionary-gathering: "I was your scholar twenty-five years ago," he said, "and

now I am a clergyman in Australia." He is in the front ranks of Christian and temperance work. Who can tell what part of the seed sown shall spring to a harvest like this? Let us have faith and patience; those who are fellow-workers with God may well "learn to labour and to wait!" "I do not despair of the sceptic either," said the teacher who related this experience. "He invited me to visit him, and I shall do so, and I trust yet to see him too upon the Master's side."

A WELCOME DISTRICT-VISITOR.

Excellent as are the intentions of many estimable people who visit the poor, such work is sometimes less successful than might be the case, because of failure in thoughtfulness and tact. Questioning a hard-working district-visitor as to her method and secrets of success, we were told that she took special note of the day set apart for special work, such as cleaning, washing, and ironing, and timed her calls so as to avoid interference with such duties. "I never go in anywhere unless invited," she added, "except under very rare circumstances; even a poor person's cottage or room is entitled to respect, and I would no more enter it without knocking and consulting the wishes of the owner than I would visit richer people intrusively." Good advice

can be given without adopting the lecturing, patronising tone that some seem to think appropriate to such visits; it is better to avoid the arguments started for talking's sake by those who sometimes wish to display their abilities, and to retire after a few kind, pleasant words, when greeted with rudeness and surliness. On another occasion circumstances may be more propitious; we do not always feel in the humour for visitors ourselves, and we cannot tell what may be the cause of the irritability and ill-temper we deplore. A gift of food, a little practical help, has ere this thawed hearts seemingly hard and cold; and there is a lesson for all Christian workers in the story of the friends who met to pray for a destitute family, and the worthy man who could not join them but sent his prayers in the form of a partful of flour and other good things. A district-visitor should cultivate the art of *listening*, for it is a relief to the troubled one to pour out perplexities, and explanations, and juvenile biographies, and to be

conscious that the Master's servant somehow represents His sympathy; in this, as in every form of service, love begets love, heart touches heart at last, and the district-visitor, who described to us her extensive East End work, relates she has not only been offered a share in the little children's half-finished confectionery and the parents' bottle of medicine—"splendid stuff, ma'am, just feel the weight of the bottle!"—but one old lady in her district always bestows upon her a kiss, and it does her heart good to hear the greeting from one and another, "We're always glad to see you come round."

A FOUNTAIN OF WATER.

Mrs. A. E. Robertson, 1, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead,

is the hon. sec. of the Association for the Free Distribution of the Scriptures—a Society which aims at supplying every race and every soul with a copy of God's Word. The distributors work gratuitously; so that every penny subscribed goes directly to the purchase of Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels. Some are inclined to look coldly on this movement, believing that what is *purchased*, rather than freely received, will be more truly prized; but there are hundreds who would not care about *buying* the Bible, having no idea of its value; and others, who might desire it, are extremely poor: so that there is abundant need for the great and



"A district-visitor should cultivate the art of *listening*."

glorious work of this association. From all sides testimonies flow in as to the joy of those who are partakers of the gift. A Christian worker writes from Asia Minor:—"When it was heard that I was distributing the Word of God without money, the people ran to me as thirsty sheep run to a fountain of water, and they thank God, and bless the givers who sent to them such a treasure." Well may we question our own hearts as to the value we set upon God's Word in this privileged land, and in these days of bountiful provision for the Christian life! The need of Spain, writes another friend, is that the Bible be sown broadcast over the land; and the French distributor testifies:—"Your association is here doing more good than you perhaps dare to hope." A striking instance is related of the power of God's truth, apart from human instrumentality: in a remote Brazilian village an old man who had received a Bible and read it earnestly prayed for years that a preacher of the Gospel might visit the place before he

died. At last a missionary passed that way, and was told that one "Biblia" was in the neighbourhood. For three days and nights the Gospel was proclaimed, and the result is now a church—a little flock of believers—of which that aged Christian is as the pastor and shepherd.

"THE MARRIAGE RING."

To those about to marry, and to those but newly married, Dr. Landels has addressed some timely words of advice in "The Marriage Ring," of which a new edition has just been issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The work is intended for a gift-book, and is most tastefully put forth in an appropriate and pretty cover, which renders it very suitable for a wedding present. Perhaps no chapters in the book are of greater value than those which speak of mutual consideration, forbearance, sympathy, and confidence. We extract, almost at random, the following passage, typical of many in this useful work:—"Having the management of his home, being acquainted with his cares and difficulties, noticing his various moods of mind, a prudent woman may be worth more to her husband than to an army hard pressed by the foe are reinforcements which enable it to turn the tide of battle and seize the victory. He is not only cheered in his toil when he thinks of the worth and affection of one who is to share its fruits; but, in moments when his courage falters, she can speak those cheering words, and exert that animating influence which, like as the timely application of a single match rekindles a dying fire, will revive his drooping hopes, and stimulate him to fresh endeavours. When, from consciousness of failure, he loses confidence in his own powers, she can restore his faith in himself, and lead him to make his past failure the starting-point of further advances. Ah! many a wife has, like a good angel, kept before the eye of her husband the motto, 'Excelsior'; and, by the exercise of a cheering and stimulating influence, urged him to attempt and achieve his best."—In another direction, Messrs. Cassell have issued a work which should be not less useful, in the shape of "The Miniature Cyclopædia," a work of reference so tiny as to admit even of being carried in the pocket, but so comprehensive in character as to include no less than 30,000 references, compressed into this convenient form by the use of an ingenious and intelligible system of abbreviations.

HOW TO HELP OUR WORKING BOYS.

The most helpful expression of "the great heart's goodwill" is found in schemes that put our fellow-creatures in the way of helping themselves, and foster the spirit of industry, energy, and self-respect. Jeremy Taylor says that God is pleased with no music below so much as in the thanksgiving of supported orphans and relieved, comforted persons, and that the overflowing of our brother's comfort is to ourselves a heavenward-bearing stream. Those helped by God feel they must be helping their brethren also, and surely there never was a time when love, the vital power in religion, worked so diligently for all classes,

seeking to lead one and all into the ways of pleasantness and peace. Are we privileged to be sharing in some ministry of helpfulness and love; are we fellow-workers with Him whose joy it was to uplift, and who went about doing good? Sympathy and wisdom have taken in hand the working boys of London, and for their sake several homes are now in existence, such as Haddo House, Blackfriars Road, Pelham House, Spital Square, &c.; the office of this scheme is at 8, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. Here lads are encouraged to work for their living, and are helped upward and onward by many friendly agencies, finding council and guidance when, "in the slippery paths of youth," they most need a friend to take them by the hand. London is full of temptations for the young. "I wonder they ever come to our meetings at all," said a Christian worker, speaking of the cheap places of amusement with evil tendencies that abound for young folks when their day's work is done; but lads and lassies alike appreciate the provisions of Christian thoughtfulness, filling their leisure with instructive and recreative pursuits. This year a gentleman invited the London working boys to his country park, and gave them three days' holiday amid the freedom of nature—a treat to be long remembered with thankful hearts! Perhaps we cannot all to such an extent show sympathy with our working boys and girls, but our grounds and gardens *might* be able to accommodate one or two of our young friends sometimes, and their London neighbours have on some occasions arranged most enjoyable tea-parties. Those whose orchards are overflowing, and who are rich in flowers, possess likewise the means of cheering and brightening these homes for London's young workers.

A KEY TO EVERY DOOR.

The Sage of Chelsea held that *obedience* is a virtue forgotten in modern days, and needing to become universally known once more; even the most zealous Christians are apt at times to put their own ideas in place of "Thus saith the Lord," and to lose sight of the fact that to do His will is the highest work that men or angels can accomplish. It is far easier sometimes to devise plans of our own making rather than simply accept what it has pleased God already to provide, yet teachings beyond our dreams await the soul that simply, trustfully *obeys*, and thus finds what a popular writer calls "a key to open every door." Yes, "What wilt *Thou* have me to do!" is a question which solves many a problem, and makes many a labyrinth straight; it is well with those who with full purpose of heart are content to obey the voice of the Lord. A gentleman who has interested himself in a beautiful model of the Tabernacle told us his greatest difficulty was to get the workmen who undertook to carry out his designs to keep to his bidding; they argued and suggested, and improved upon his plans in their own ideas, while the one thing he required of them was *obedience*—and this fact suggested to him the spiritual lesson of the value in the Master's sight of simple, humble performance of His Word. The old tapestry worker who in early life tried to excel his master's

appointings found all his own designs gently effaced :—

"And whilst I sore lamented for beauty swept away,
'More beauty hath obedience,' I heard the Master say."

"THEY BROUGHT UNTO HIM ALL THAT WERE DISEASED."

When our Lord was on earth He often influenced the troubled soul by healing the pain and comforting the body of the patient; and sickness is still as His messenger, beckoning to the Great Physician, and revealing as never before our human helplessness and our need of Him. Abroad, as at home, the work of healing is found a blessed aid to that of teaching and preaching. Concerning the Mission Hospital at Antananarivo, we read that the average attendance of out-patients is about one hundred weekly, and that "not only are the physical ailments of the sick alleviated, but doctors and nurse endeavour, under the Divine guidance, to lead the sufferers to the true Physician of souls." A new hospital is here most urgently required, for the present situation has become unhealthy, there being offensive smells from the neighbouring market, etc. A site has been found in a high and healthy district, where this valuable work could be continued under advantages sadly lacking at present. The secretaries for the new Mission Hospital are Mr. Henry Newman, Leominster, and Mr. Charles Linney, Hitchin, and it is desired to take active steps in the matter at once. The London Missionary Society bore the chief expense of erecting the present building, in 1865; the responsibility of keeping it up now rests with the Friends' Foreign Mission Committee, but this medical mission is of such value that the London Society contributes to the expenses and earnestly commends the appeal. Would that Christians of varying names were universally united in good and loving works! John

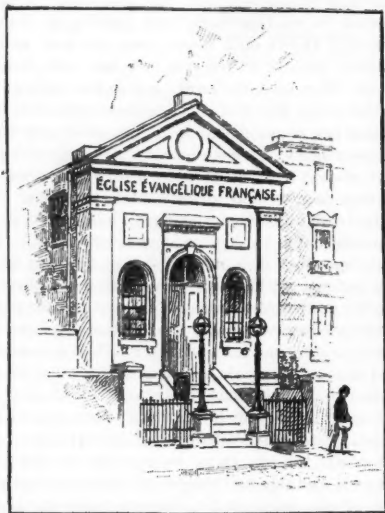
Bunyan likens them to varying flowers in a garden, which, swayed by the wind, should *minge their dew*, and thus become jointly nourished.

"LOVE YE THE STRANGER."

It is said that the French-speaking population in London increases at the rate of 400 souls a year. Many of these have doubtless vague and suspicious ideas as to Protestants and Protestantism, and it must come to them as a gladdening surprise that for their benefit, spiritually and temporally, there exists in this strange land the mission in connection with the French Protestant Evangelical Church, Bayswater, of which the superintendent is Pasteur Du Pontet de La Harpe. This mission has several branches and agencies busily at work, among which we may mention the religious services, the Governesses' Home, "Bienvenue"—the day and Sunday school, the Medical Mission, the Young Women's Society, the Reading-Room, the Window-Gardening Mission, the "Ouvroir" for the poor and aged women, etc. "During the twenty-five years of this mission," say the workers therein, "the souls to which we have been privileged to speak of a crucified yet living Saviour are to be counted by tens of thousands." The poor and distressed are fed and aided, the perplexed counselled and cheered, and situations are found, when possible, for those out of place. The need of such care and sympathy is shown by the cases of three foreign girls, who were ladies' maids in Paris, but who were brought to London by a lady who promised them splendid situations. They were taken to an agent, whom they paid heavily for board and lodging, and who told them at last that, as they had come to their last penny, he would turn them out of doors were it not Easter Sunday. They then realised their position, and, having heard of the Protestant Mission-Church, they turned thither at that time of trouble. All are now placed out in good situations, thanks to the efforts of Christian compassion. "I often say to myself," remarked a sick man helped by the mission, "it was a good thing for thee when *le bon Dieu* sent thee to London to hear the Gospel, for in Paris thou didst not trouble thyself much about it!"

"YE ARE ALL BRETHREN."

Mr. Ruskin gives it as his conviction that pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes; the worth of a work surely has relation to its inspiration by love, and "when pride begins, love ceases." Christian work necessarily brings together people of differing character, education, and position—they are one in Christ, all labourers in the Lord's harvest-field—and it is good to see how in His service all distinctions are oftentimes forgotten, and shoulder to shoulder His work goes on. But this is not invariably the case; sometimes we are courteous and friendly to our fellow-workers openly, but in select coteries we say smart little things concerning them that it surely must grieve our Master to overhear, and we heard of an instance in which a company of teachers, working in the evenings, became aware that one of the afternoon band had spoken somewhat haughtily of forming an acquaintance with them.



THE FRENCH PROTESTANT EVANGELICAL CHURCH,
BAYSWATER.

A difference of social position seemed the barrier here. We are not required, of course, to be on terms of intimate friendship with every fellow-worker; but Christian courtesy and humility are duties we cannot dare to overlook, and to forget them will be to put the prosperity of our work itself in danger. The

school has also been opened for poor destitute children, who attend various classes, and share gifts of food and clothing as far as the funds permit. Already improvement is seen even in outward appearance, and efforts are put forth through the scholars to reach the parents, on whose behalf prayer-meetings



A GROUP OF SCHOLARS AT AMLWCH.

(From a Photograph.)

harvest is great, and the time is short; instead of criticising Christians of differing position or name, let our watchword be "To the work!" Let our hearts be left in His keeping, who came in deep humiliation to seek and to save us all; and let us remember that in a few short years all earthly distinctions will be as nought, and we shall be in the presence of the King of kings, who bids us walk humbly with Him, and learn to be meek and lowly in heart.

SEEDS OF PROMISE IN ANGLESEA.

Mr. Richard Morgan, Amlwch, Anglesea, is sowing good seed beside many waters, cheered by the sympathy of various friends in London, and praying and hoping that yet further interest may be awakened in the work he is carrying on. The reading-room for sailors is provided with books, and writing materials, and tracts and magazines are distributed to every vessel going out of port; these efforts have proved of great benefit to many coming and going. "My only regret is," says Mr. Morgan, "that, not being a man of means myself, I am compelled through heavy expenses to appeal for help, but I began the work through faith in God, and He has helped me forward through discouragement and anxiety." Various societies have helped by tracts and books; the work is known, among others, to Miss Agnes Weston, Portsmouth. A ragged-

are carried on, as many seem too poor to attend church or chapel. May this distant branch of ragged-school work be prospered abundantly, and a glorious harvest be the result at last of the seed our friend has scattered in faith and prayer.

"LET A MAN EXAMINE HIMSELF."

A present-day danger is that of over-crowded time. The hours seem so full and busy—in many cases profitably so—that most of us meditate less than we ought, and scant indeed is the leisure we spare for self-examination. In the "society with the beautiful name," as the Friends have been well described, stress is laid on the necessity, the value of meditation, as inspiring worthy action, and, above all, conducing to earnest prayer. A rush through the day, even though this may have accomplished busy Christian service, too often means hurried prayer and imperfect waiting upon God; but if, like the Psalmist, we resolve to meditate in God's law, if we decide that henceforth we will take time or *make* time for the development of our own spiritual life, we shall come to the Mercy Seat with fresh earnestness, and to our duties with a new outpouring of the Divine strength. Self-examination with some people, no doubt, exists to an extent almost morbid—they dwell inwardly upon their condition as miserable sinners, their failures, their weakness, till,

but for God's grace, they would come to believe they will assuredly be lost. It is right for us to think quietly over the day's doings, how the hours have been spent, and how they could better have ministered to God's glory; but this examination is not the remedy and cure for failure. Mr. Spurgeon reminds us that it is a good thing at times to *feel the pulse*, but this must not be put in the place of strengthening food and tonic medicine. If the self-examination be a bright retrospect, let us give glory to Him who has kept us from falling; if reminded of failure and error, let us confess our sins to Him who is willing to forgive, and depend more absolutely for restoration upon the Divine Physician. And, as a necessity in this age of busy work, let each and all determine for part of each day—even for a few brief minutes—to practise contemplation concerning God and our own souls.

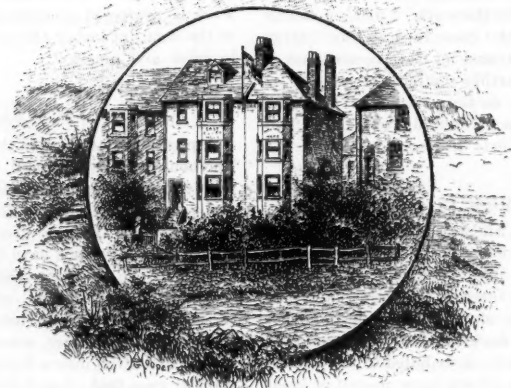
GOSPEL WORK AMONG FOREIGN JEWS.

It is most encouraging to find that many Jews are now reading in the Gospels of Christ crucified, and that Jewish children are singing the Redeemer's praise, learning Bible-texts, and listening to Christian teaching. Mr. Israel Aschkenasi (himself a Jew) whose private address is 52, Alconbury Road, Clapton, has for about seven years carried on Gospel-work among foreign Jews in London—work which seems to have been greatly owned and blessed to the removal of prejudices and the awakening of faith in the true Messiah. A hall has been hired in Brick Lane, E., where many Jews and Jewesses and a throng of children have attended the weekly meetings; Mr. Aschkenasi now desires to carry on daily work, to arrange mothers' meetings, free teas, a reading-room and

institution, and several gentlemen offer their names as referees concerning Mr. Aschkenasi and his good work. More Jews come to the mission-room than can be found in many a synagogue, and hundreds listen to a Hebrew Christian preaching salvation by Jesus Christ. House-to-house visitation is carried on; some of the poorest Jews are clothed and fed, the distress of several poor refugees being very great. May it be for their eternal blessing that these poor foreign Jews came flocking to our shores! may we pray and labour for their salvation, and strengthen the hands of those who are revealing to their hearts Jesus of Nazareth as the true and promised Messiah.

FOR THE LONDON POOR.

East Cliff House, Folkestone, represents a most important branch of benevolent work on behalf of the London poor. Originally established by Mrs. Reaney, now of Manchester, it has become "Mrs. Mearns' Convalescent Home," and here poor creatures, coming from homes of need and dark surroundings, will continue to enjoy a bright, peaceful resting-place, overlooking the sea, and in the midst of bracing air. The Rev. A. Mearns, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, will be glad to receive aid towards this most necessary institution, many of the inmates of which could not afford even the very moderate payment fixed for visitors. Sympathisers are asked to aid in this good work. Many are the helpful plans that will occur to hearts touched by the thought of weakly, struggling lives, on the verge of sickness or in process of recovery, with no chance of leaving the slums and breathing the pure sea air except by the help of compassion and kindness. During four and a half



EAST CLIFF HOUSE, FOLKESTONE.

dispensary, etc. For these purposes, and for a school for the children, a suitable hall is necessary, of which the expenses of rent, etc., would amount to £50 or £60. Help would be thankfully received towards such an

years the Home at Folkestone received seventeen hundred patients; specimen cases given are those of children who for four years had never sat down to a meal, the family only possessing one chair and one

little East End room at 1s. 6d. a week. The father, mother, and three children were set up by visits to the Home; the little things came there white-faced and weak-eyed, but changed into romping, merry little witnesses to the virtues of comfort, plenty, and ozone. How solicitously those of us who are more fortunately situated arrange a change of scene for our dear ones when weakened by illness! How much more is the country outing a godsend to our poorer brethren whose eyes are familiar only with smoke, crowded streets, the factory, and the work-room.

A CALL TO SERVICE.

In a contemporary of late there was a touching poem descriptive of an old man who toiled one hot Sabbath to church, and found a notice on the door that the place was closed for a time—"pastor away on vacation." He sat down bewildered and grieved, and the thought crossed his mind—what if on reaching the portals of heaven he were to find the *Master* away, and the shining gates should be shut? This incident is presumably a reference to the closing of certain places of worship during the very hot weather in America. It seems a pity that such a practice should be necessary, though many of those who usually attend have emigrated to a cooler district, where the customary means of grace likewise exist to help them. At the same time, Sabbath work must nowhere be neglected, and suitable provision should in every case be made for the needs of those who are left behind. By this time most of these vacations will be ended; and may we all with the darkening, shortening days be found again in the thick of work, leaving no vacant places where once we toiled in the first ardour of our love to God. We have seen new evidences of our Father's glory in His wondrous works, in the sweet looks of nature and the Love that has vouchsafed us rest and gladness; we have worshipped with brethren hitherto unknown, yet claimed as "kindred in Christ, for His dear sake;" now let us respond—tried workers and fresh recruits alike—to His words, "Whom shall I send?"—"Here am I, send me!" and let us go forth to His warfare, fulfilling the end of our being, to be about our Father's business. If every Christian would be up and doing, the strongholds of evil would shake and fall; let us each see we have a share in the great Christian conflict, meant, says Howitt, "to break all bands of body and soul, and to cast down every temporal and spiritual tyranny."

"THE QUIVER" WAIFS FUND.

List of contributions received from July 26th, 1888, up to and including August 23rd, 1888. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

E. Yates, 2s.; Irene, Lynetta, and Guy, Blackheath, 2s. 6d.; J. W. Camden Town, third donation, 7s. 6d.; M. Marty, New Mexico, 10s. 3d.; Mrs. F. Minster Lovell, 5s.; Alfred, 1s.; Gerty and Bertha, 1s.; J. J. E. Govan, ninth donation, 5s.

"BLIND AND HELPLESS."

In response to our appeal on page 313 of our February number, we have received the following

subscriptions from July 26th, 1888, up to and including August 23rd, 1888:—

Oulton, Stone, Staffs., 10s.; J. Buckley, Pendleton, 2s. 6d.; Miss C. A. Gladstone, Botley, £1 1s.; M. A. H. Hampstead, 5s.; J. R. A., Motherwell, 1s. 6d.; M. Marty, New Mexico, 10s. 3d.

The Editor begs to thank those of his readers who have so generously helped to relieve this very distressing case. The list is now closed, and the balance will be forthwith handed to the organist.

The Editor begs to acknowledge, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo, the receipt of 5s. from J. W. C., for the Homes.

THE QUIVER ORDER OF HONOURABLE SERVICE.

We regret to state that Alexander Beaton, the King of the Order, died at Insch, Aberdeenshire, on the 10th August last, in his 102nd year.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE READING SOCIETY.

SELECTED PASSAGES FOR OCTOBER.

DAY.	MORNING.	EVENING.
1.	Isaiah li., from ver. 7.	Hosea ii., from ver. 19; v., ver. 15; vi., to ver. 6.
2.	Isaiah lvii., from ver. 15; lviii., to ver. 8.	Hosea xi.
3.	Isaiah lx., to ver. 10, and ver. 19, 20.	Hosea xii.
4.	Isaiah lxi.	Hosea xiii., ver. 1-4, 9, 14; xiv.
5.	Isaiah lxii.	Joel ii., to ver. 14.
6.	Isaiah lxiii., to ver. 10; ver. 17-19.	Joel ii., from ver. 21.
7.	Isaiah lxiv.	Joel iii., from ver. 9.
8.	Isaiah lxv., ver. 8-10, and from ver. 17.	Amos iii., to ver. 11.
9.	Isaiah lxvi., ver. 1, 2, and 10-18.	Amos iv., from ver. 6; v., ver. 4.
10.	Jer. i., to ver. 10, and from ver. 17.	Amos v., ver. 6-14.
11.	Jer. ii., to ver. 13.	Amos vi., ver. 15-24.
12.	Jer. iii., ver. 4, and ver. 12-19.	Amos vii., to ver. 15.
13.	Jer. iv., to ver. 14.	Amos viii., 4-7; ix., from ver. 8.
14.	Jer. vii., ver. 17-28.	Obadiah ver. 1-4, 15-21.
15.	Jer. viii., from ver. 11.	Jonah i., to ver. 10.
16.	Jer. ix., to ver. 9, and ver. 23, 24.	Jonah i., from ver. 11.
17.	Jer. x., to ver. 10, and ver. 23-25.	Jonah ii.
18.	Jer. xi., to ver. 12.	Jonah iii., to ver. 9.
19.	Jer. xii., to ver. 7, and ver. 14-17.	Jonah iii., ver. 10; iv.
20.	Jer. xiii., to ver. 11, and ver. 15, 16.	Micah i., to ver. 6; ii., to ver. 3 and ver. 7.
21.	Jer. xiv., ver. 7-12, and from ver. 19.	Micah ii., ver. 12, 13; iii., from ver. 5.
22.	Jer. xv., from ver. 10.	Micah iv., to ver. 7.
23.	Jer. xvii., to ver. 14.	Micah iv., from ver. 8.
24.	Jer. xviii., to ver. 6, and ver. 14-20.	Micah v., to ver. 7.
25.	Jer. xx., to ver. 13.	Micah v., from ver. 8.
26.	Jer. xxi., to ver. 12.	Micah vi., to ver. 8.
27.	Jer. xxii., 13, 21; xxiii., 5-8.	Micah vi., from ver. 9.
28.	Jer. xxiv.	Micah vii., to ver. 8.
29.	Jer. xxvi., to ver. 16.	Micah vii., from ver. 9.
30.	Jer. xxvii., from ver. 12.	Nahum i., to ver. 12.
31.	Jer. xxviii., to ver. 11, and from ver. 13.	Nahum i., ver. 15; ii., to ver. 8.

SUNDERED.



HE little recked, when rose the morn,
And sunshine kissed Nevada's crest,
That ere another day was born
Despair would be her guest.

Forth on a mission lone and long,
With hasty marches hies her lord,
Amid the mountains fast and strong,
Where hides the robber horde.

And aye the thought of one fair face
Went with him over hill and dell,
And aye he felt the fond embrace
Of her he loved so well.

Now haste thee, haste, my noble knight,
For thee the wily bandit waits,

And thou must ride with main and might
To gain the castle gates.

In vain. They met him in the wold,
And fierce and cruel waged the strife:
A victim to their lust for gold,
He yielded up his life.

Now, all unconscious of his doom,
His widowed bride has gone to wait,
In shadow of her lonely room,
For him who tarries late.

Alas for thee, fond faithful heart!
Where shall thy sorrow find repose?
Christ only can remove the smart:
He wept for human woes.

S. S. McCURRY.

